

THE OXFORD DICTIONARY OF QUOTATIONS



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INTRODUCTION

By BERNARD DARWIN

QUOTATION brings to many people one of the intensest joys of living. If they need any encouragement they have lately received it from the most distinguished quarters Mr Roosevelt quoted Longfellow to Mr. Churchill; Mr. Churchill passed on the quotation to us and subsequently quoted Clough on his own account. Thousands of listeners to that broadcast speech must have experienced the same series of emotions. When the Prime Minister said that there were some lines that he deemed appropriate we sat up rigid, waiting in mingled pleasure and apprehension. How agreeable it would be if we were acquainted with them and approved the choice! How flat and disappointing should they be unknown to us! A moment later we heard 'For though the tired waves, vainly breaking' and sank back in a pleasant agony of relief. We whispered the lines affectionately to ourselves, following the speaker, or even kept a word or two ahead of him in order to show our familiarity with the text. We were if possible more sure than ever that Mr Churchill was the man for our money. He had given his ultimate proofs by flattering our vanity. He had chosen what we knew and what, if we had thought of it, we could have quoted ourselves. This innocent vanity often helps us over the hard places in life; it gives us a warm little glow against the coldness of the world and keeps us snug and happy. It certainly does its full share in the matter of quotations. We are puffed up with pride over those that we know and, a little illogically, we think that everyone else must know them too. As to those which lie outside our line of country we say, with Jowett as pictured by some anonymous genius at Balliol, 'What I don't know isn't knowledge.' Yet here again we are illogical and unreasonable, for we allow ourselves to be annoyed by those who quote from outside our own small preserves. We accuse them in our hearts, as we do other people's children at a party, of 'showing off'. There are some departments of life in which we are ready to strike a bargain of mutual accommodation. The golfer is prepared to listen to his friend's story of missed putts, in which he takes no faintest interest, on the understanding that he may in turn impart his own heart-rending tale, and the bargain is honourably kept by both parties. The same rule does not apply to other people's quotations, which are not merely tedious but wound us in our tenderest spot. And the part played by vanity is perhaps worth pointing out because everybody, when he first plunges adventurously into this great work, ought in justice to the compilers to bear it in mind.

It is safe to say that there is no single reader who will not have a mild grievance or two, both as to what has been put in and what has been left out. In particular he will 'murmur a little sadly' over some favourite that is not there. I, for instance, have a small grievance. William Hepworth Thompson, sometime Master of Trinity, the author of many famous and mordant sayings on which I have been brought up, is represented by but a single one. Can it be, I ask myself, that this is due to the

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fact that an Oxford Scholar put several of the Master's sayings into his Greek exercise book but attributed them to one Talirantes? Down, base thought! I only mention this momentary and most unworthy suspicion to show other readers the sort of thing they should avoid as they would the very devil. It is not that of which any one of us is fondest that is entitled as of right to a place. As often as he feels ever so slightly aggrieved, the reader should say to himself, if need be over and over again, that this is not a private anthology, but a collection of the quotations which the public knows best. In this fact, moreover, if properly appreciated, there ought to be much comfort. 'My head', said Charles Lamb, 'has not many mansions nor spacious', and is that not true of most of us? If in this book there are a great many quotations that we do not know, there are also a great many that we do. There is that example of Clough with which I began. We may have to admit under cross-examination that we have only a rather vague acquaintance with Clough's poems, but we do know 'Say not the struggle', and there on page so-and-so it is. Both we and the dictionary's compilers are thereupon seen to be persons of taste and discrimination.

If I may be allowed to harp a little longer on this string of vanity, it is rather amusing to fancy the varied reception given to the book by those who are quoted in it. They will consist largely of more or less illustrious shades, and we may picture them looking over one another's pale shoulders at the first copy of the dictionary to reach the asphodel. What jealousies there will be as they compare the number of pages respectively allotted to them! What indignation at finding themselves in such mixed company! Alphabetical order makes strange bedfellows. Dickens and Dibdin must get on capitally and convivially together, but what an ill-assorted couple are Mrs. Humphry Ward and the beloved Artemus of the same name! George Borrow may ask, 'Pray, who is this John Collins Bossidy?' Many readers may incidentally echo his question, and yet no man better merits his niche, for Mr. Bossidy wrote the lines ending 'And the Cabots talk only to God', which have told the whole world of the blue blood of Boston. John Hookham Frere, singing of the mailed lobster clapping his broad wings, must feel his frivolity uncomfortably hushed for a moment by his next-door neighbour, Charles Frohman, on the point of going down with the *Lusitania*. And apropos of Frere, there rises before me the portentous figure of my great-great-grandfather, Erasmus Darwin. He was thought a vastly fine poet in his day and there is a family legend that he was paid a guinea a line for his too fluent verses. And yet he is deservedly forgotten, while those who parodied him in the *Anti-Jacobin* attain an equally well-deserved immortality. He was a formidable old gentleman, with something of the Johnson touch, but not without a sense of humour, and I do not think he will be greatly hurt.

The most famous poets must be presumed to be above these petty vanities, though it would be agreeable to think of Horace contemplating his array of columns and saying, 'I told you so—Exegi monumentum'. In any case the number of columns or pages does not constitute the only test. Another is the number of words in each

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line by which any particular quotation can be identified, and this gives me a chance of making my compliments to the ingenuity and fullness of the index. The searcher need never despair and should he draw blank under 'swings' he is pretty sure to find what he wants under 'roundabouts'. There is a little game to be played (one of the many fascinating games which the reader can devise for himself) by counting the number of 'key words' in each line and working out the average of fame to which any passage is entitled. Even a short time so spent shows unexpected results, likely to spread envy and malice among the shades. It might be imagined that Shakespeare would be an easy winner. It has been said that every drop of the Thames is liquid history and almost every line of certain passages in Shakespeare is solid quotation. Let us fancy that his pre-eminence is challenged, that a sweepstake is suggested, and that he agrees to be judged by 'To be or not to be'. It seems a sufficiently sound choice and is found to produce fifty-five key words in thirty-three lines. All the other poets are ready to give in at once, they cannot stand against such scoring as that and Shakespeare is about to pocket the money when up sidles Mr. Alexander Pope. What, he asks, about that bitter little thing of his which he sent to Mr. Addison? And he proves to be right, for in those two and twenty lines to Atticus there are fifty-two key words. I have not played this game nearly long enough to pronounce Pope the winner. Very likely Shakespeare or someone else can produce a passage with a still higher average, but here at any rate is enough to show that it is a good game and as full of uncertainties as cricket itself.

Though the great poets may wrangle a little amongst themselves, they do not stand in need of anything that the dictionary can do for them. Very different is the case of the small ones, whose whole fame depends upon a single happy line or even a single absurd one. To them exclusion from these pages may virtually mean annihilation, while inclusion makes them only a little lower than the angels. Their anxiety therefore must be pitiful and their joy when they find themselves safe in the haven proportionately great. Sometimes that joy may be short-lived. Think of Mr. Robert Montgomery, who was highly esteemed till the ruthless Macaulay fell upon him. With trembling hand he turns the pages and finds no less than four extracts from 'The Omnipresence of the Deity'. Alas! under his own letter M the traducer is waiting for him, and by a peculiar refinement of cruelty there are quoted no less than five of Lord Macaulay's criticisms on that very poem. This is a sad case, let us take a more cheerful one and still among the M's Thomas Osbert Mordaunt has full recognition as the author of 'Sound, sound the clarion, fill the fife', after having for years had to endure the attribution of his lines to Sir Walter Scott, who in pure innocence put them at the head of a chapter. This to be sure was known already, but whoever heard before the name of the author of 'We don't want to fight', the man who gave the word 'Jingo' to the world? We know that the Great McDermott sang it, but even he may not have known who wrote it, just as Miss Fotheringay did not know who wrote 'The Stranger'. Now G. W. Hunt comes into his kingdom and with him another who helped many thousands of

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soldiers on their way during the last war. Mr. George H. Powell is fortunately still alive to enjoy the celebrity of 'Pack up your troubles in your old kit bag'. How many thousands, too, have sung 'Wrap me up in my tarpaulin jacket' without realizing that it was by Whyte Melville? To him, however, recognition is of less account. His place was already secure.

Among the utterers of famous sayings some seem to have been more fortunate than others. Lord Westbury, for instance, has always had the rather brutal credit of telling some wretched little attorney to turn the matter over 'in what you are pleased to call your mind', but how many of us knew who first spoke of a 'blazing indiscretion' or called the parks 'the lungs of London'? We may rejoice with all these who, having for years been wronged, have come into their rights at last, but there are others with whom we can only sympathize. They must be contented with the fact that their sayings or their verses have been deemed worth recording, even though their names 'shall be lost for evermore'. The Rugby boy who called his headmaster 'a beast but a just beast' sleeps unknown, while through him Temple lives. He can only enjoy what the dynamiter Zero called 'an anonymous infernal glory'. So do the authors of many admirable limericks, though some of the best are attributed to a living divine of great distinction, who has not disclaimed such juvenile frolics. So again do those who have given us many household words from the advertisement hoardings, the beloved old jingle of 'the Pickwick, the Owl, and the Waverley pen', the alluring alliteration of 'Pink Pills for Pale People'. Let us hope that it is enough for them that they did their duty and sent the sales leaping upward.

So much for the authors without whom this book could never have been. Now for the readers and some of the happy uses to which they will put it. 'Hand me over the Burton's *Anatomy*', said Captain Shandon, 'and leave me to my abominable devices'. It was Greek and Latin quotations that he sought for his article, but fashion has changed and to-day it would rather be English ones. Here is one of the most obvious purposes for which the dictionary will be used. It cannot accomplish impossibilities. It will not prevent many an honest journalist from referring to 'fresh fields and pastures new' nor from describing a cup-tie as an example of 'Greek meeting Greek'. There is a fine old crusted tradition of misquoting not lightly to be broken and it might almost seem pedantry to deck these ancient friends in their true but unfamiliar colours. Misquoting may even be deemed an amiable weakness, since Dickens in one of his letters misquoted Sam Weller, but here at least is a good chance of avoiding it. There is likewise a chance of replenishing a stock grown somewhat threadbare. 'Well, you're a boss word', exclaimed Jim Pinkerton, when he lighted on 'hebdomadary' in a dictionary. 'Before you're very much older I'll have you in type as long as yourself'. So the hard-pressed writer in turning over these pages may find and note many excellent phrases against future contingencies, whether to give a pleasing touch of erudition or to save the trouble of thinking for himself. These, however, are sordid considerations, and the mind loves rather

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to dwell on fireside quoting-matches between two friends, each of whom thinks his own visual memory the more accurate. There are certain writers well adapted to this form of contest and among the moderns Conan Doyle must, with all respect to Mr. Wodehouse, be assigned the first place. Sherlock Holmes scholars are both numerous and formidable; they set themselves and demand of others a high standard. It is one very difficult to attain since there often seems no reason why any particular remark should have been made on any particular occasion. This is especially true of Dr. Watson. He was constantly saying that his practice was not very absorbing or that he had an accommodating neighbour, but when did he say which? Even the most learned might by a momentary blunder confuse 'A Case of Identity' with 'The Final Problem'. It would be dry work to plough through all the stories, even though the supreme satisfaction of being right should reward the search. Now a glance at the dictionary will dispose of an argument which would otherwise 'end only with the visit'.

It is incidentally curious and interesting to observe that two authors may each have the same power of inspiring devotion and the competitive spirit, and yet one may be, from the dictionary point of view, infinitely more quotable than the other. Hardly any prose writer, for instance, produces a more fanatical adoration than Miss Austen, and there are doubtless those who can recite pages of her with scarce a slip, but it is perhaps pages rather than sentences that they quote. Mr. Bennet provides an exception, but generally speaking she is not very amenable to the treatment by scissors and paste. George Eliot, if we leave out Mrs. Poyser, a professed wit and coiner of aphorisms, is in much poorer case. Another and a very different writer, Borrow, can rouse us to a frantic pitch of romantic excitement, but it is the whole scene and atmosphere that possess this magic and we cannot take atmosphere to pieces. These are but three examples of writers who do not seem to lend themselves to brief and familiar quotations. They have jewels in plenty, but these form part of a piece of elaborate ornament from which they cannot be detached without irreparable damage. The works of some other writers may by contrast be said to consist of separate stones, each of which needs no setting and can sparkle on its own account. Dickens is an obvious and unique instance. Stevenson, too, has the gift of producing characters such as Prince Florizel and Alan Breck, John Silver and Michael Finsbury, whose words can stand memorable by themselves, apart from context or atmosphere. Those who share my love for Florizel will rejoice to observe that he has had some faithful friend among the compilers. As for Michael I cannot help feeling that he has been rather scurvily used, for 'The Wrong Box' is admirably suited to competition and even learned Judges of the Court of Appeal have been known, all unsuspected by their ignorant auditors, to bandy quotations from it on the Bench. Here, however, I take leave to give any indignant reader a hint. Let him not cry too loudly before he is hurt! It is true that 'nothing like a little judicious levity' is not in the main body of the dictionary, but someone awoke just in time and it is among the addenda.

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To return to those friends by the fireside whom I pictured indulging in a heated quoting-match, it may be that they will presently become allies and unite to use the dictionary over a cross-word puzzle. It is hardly too much to say that the setters of these problems should not use a quotation unless it is to be found in the dictionary. A cross-word quotation should not be too simple, but it should be such that that hypothetical personage, the reasonable man, might have heard of it. The solver demands fair play, and the setter who takes a volume of verse at haphazard, finds a word that fits, and substitutes a blank for it, is not playing the game. There are solvers whose standard of sportsmanship is so high that they would as soon allow themselves to cheat at patience as have recourse to a book. We may admire though we cannot emulate this fine austere arrogance. It is the best fun to win unaided, but there is good fun too in ferreting out a quotation. It well repays the arduous of the chase. Moreover a setter of puzzles who oversteps honourable limits should be fought with his own weapons. He has palpably used books and this is an epoch of reprisals. Then let us use books too and hoist him with his own petard.

It is difficult to-day not to deal in warlike metaphors, but perhaps the truest and most perfect use of the dictionary is essentially peaceful. Reviewers are apt to say of a detective story that it is 'impossible to lay it down till the last page is reached'. It is rather for books of reference that such praise should be reserved. No others are comparable with them for the purposes of eternal browsing. They suggest all manner of lovely, lazy things, in particular the watching of a cricket match on a sunshiny day. We have only dropped in for half an hour, but the temptation to see just one more over before we go is irresistible. Evening draws on, the shadows of the fielders lengthen on the grass, nothing much is happening, a draw becomes every minute more inevitable, and still we cannot tear ourselves away. So it is with works of reference, even with the most arid, even with Bradshaw, whose vocabulary, as Sherlock Holmes remarked, is 'nervous and terse but limited'. Over the very next page of Bradshaw there may be hidden a Framlingham Admiral; adventure may always be in wait a little farther down the line. So, but a thousand times more so, is some exciting treasure-trove awaiting us over the next page of this dictionary. What it is we cannot guess, but it is for ever calling in our ears to turn over just one more. We have only taken down the book to look up one special passage, but it is likely enough that we shall never get so far. Long before we have reached the appropriate letter we shall have been waylaid by an earlier one, and shall have clean forgotten our original quest. Nor is this all, for, if our mood changes as we browse, it is so fatally, beautifully easy to change our pasture. We can play a game akin to that 'dabbing' cricket, so popular in private-school days, in which the batsman's destiny depended or was supposed to depend—for we were not always honest—on a pencil delivered with eyes tightly shut. We can close the book and open it again at random, sure of something that shall set us off again on a fresh and enchanting voyage of not too strenuous discovery.

Under this enchantment I have fallen deep. I have pored over the proofs so that

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only by a supreme effort of will could I lay them down and embark on the impertinent task of trying to write about them. I now send them back to their home with a sense of privation and loneliness. Here seems to me a great book. Then

Deem it not all a too presumptuous folly,
this humble tribute to Oxford from another establishment over the way.

May 1941

B. D

THE COMPILERS TO THE READER

'Classical quotation', said Johnson, 'is the *parole* of literary men all over the world.' Although this is no longer strictly true the habit of quoting, both in speech and writing, has steadily increased since his day, and Johnson would undoubtedly be surprised to find here eight and a half pages of his own work that have become part of the *parole* of the reading public. Small dictionaries of quotations have been published for many years—in 1799 D. E. Macdonnell brought out a *Dictionary of Quotations chiefly from Latin and French translated into English*—and during comparatively recent years several large works of American editorship have been produced. In this book the Oxford Press publishes what it is hoped will be a valuable addition to the Oxford Books of Reference already in existence.

The work remained in contemplation for some time before it first began to take shape under the general editorship of Miss Alice Mary Smyth, who worked, for purposes of selection, with a small committee formed of members of the Press itself. The existing dictionaries were taken as a foundation and the entries, pasted up onto separate cards, considered individually for rejection or inclusion. With these as a basis the most important authors were again dealt with either by the expert, or in committee, or by both. The Press is indebted for a great deal of work to the late Charles Fletcher, who among others made the original selections from Shakespeare, Milton, Pope, Tennyson, and Dryden: among those who dealt with single authors were Lady Charnwood and Mr. Bernard Darwin, who did the Dickens entries, Professor Dewar the Burns, Professor Ernest de Selincourt the Wordsworth: Mr. Colin Ellis did the Surtees, Sterne and Whyte Melville, Mr. E. Latham contributed the French quotations, and Mr. Harold Child made many valuable suggestions. A great many people, whom it is impossible to name individually, sent in one or more quotations.

During the whole work of selection a great effort was made to restrict the entries to actual current quotations and not to include phrases which the various editors or contributors believed to be quotable or wanted to be quoted: the work is primarily intended to be a dictionary of *familiar* quotations and not an anthology of every author good and bad; popularity and not merit being the password to inclusion. The selections from the Bible and Shakespeare were the most difficult because a great part of both are familiar to most people; but as concordances of both the Bible and Shakespeare are in print the quotations here included are meant to be the most well known where all is well known.

It has been found very difficult to put into precise words the standard of familiarity that has been aimed at or to imagine one man who might be asked whether or not the particular words were known to him. But it is believed that any of the quotations here printed might be found at some time in one or other of the leading articles of the daily and weekly papers with their wide range

of matter—political, literary, descriptive, humorous, &c. So much for the very elastic standard to which the quotations conform. No one person having been imagined to whom everything included in this book would be familiar, the committee have tried to keep in mind that a number of different kinds of readers would be likely to use the book. these are the 'professionals', such as journalists, writers, public speakers, &c ; the crossword devotee, since this form of intellectual amusement appears to have come to stay, the man who has in his mind either a few or many half-completed or unidentified quotations which he would like to complete or verify; and (since, as Emerson wrote—'By necessity, by proclivity—and by delight, we all quote') everyone who has found joy and beauty in the words of the writers and wishes to renew that pleasure by using the words again—he whom perhaps Johnson meant by 'the literary man'. The book is not intended as a substitute for the complete works nor as an excuse to anyone not to drink deep of the Pierian spring. But it is hoped that the lover of Dickens, for instance, may find pleasure in reading through his entries and that even his detractors will have to admit how good he is in quotation: that the man who has always regarded Milton as a heavy and dull poet may here come across some lovely line and be inclined to read *Paradise Lost*. If the book serves to start people reading the poets it will have accomplished a great deal besides being a work of reference.

It is interesting to observe that the following are the most quoted writers (arranged in the order in which they appear here). Browning, Byron, Cowper, Dickens, Johnson, Kipling, Milton, Shakespeare, Shelley, Tennyson, Wordsworth, the Bible, and the Book of Common Prayer. On the other hand, certain authors of accepted merit or favour such as Trollope, Henry James, Jane Austen, and P. G. Wodehouse have none of them as much as one page to their credit: it would seem that their charm depends on character and atmosphere and that quotability is no real criterion of either popularity or merit in a writer.

The arrangement of authors is alphabetical and not chronological. The Book of Common Prayer and the Bible come after this alphabetical arrangement, followed immediately by the Anonymous and Miscellaneous entries. After this come the Latin and Greek sections and then the foreign quotations. A short section of Addenda has been added containing a few quotations that have become familiar since the first part was printed off and certain omissions that have been noted in time for inclusion. Under each author the arrangement of the extracts is alphabetical according to the title of the poem or work from which the quotation is taken. When authors have written both poetry and prose the poetry is given first. The text is, wherever possible, the acknowledged authoritative text and the source of the quotation is always given as fully as possible. Some quotations have had to be omitted because every effort to trace their source has failed—e.g. 'Home, James, and don't spare the horses'. Proverbs and phrases are not included, since these have been dealt with fully in the *Oxford Dictionary of Proverbs and Phrases*.

It is to be expected that almost every reader will be shocked by what he considers obvious omissions. Should the reader's indignation be strong enough to prompt him to write pointing these out it is to be hoped that he will give the source of all his suggestions. It is not possible to give all the quotations familiar to every reader; almost all households have favourite books and authors from whom they frequently quote. to one family Stevenson is known and quoted by heart, to another the whole of the *Beggar's Opera* is as familiar as the extracts given here. Nor must the user expect to find here every quotation given in crossword puzzles: compilers of these often seek to be obscure rather than familiar.

Latin is no longer a normal part of the language of educated people as it was in the eighteenth century; but from that age certain classical phrases have survived to become part of contemporary speech and writing. It is these 'survivals' that have been included here together with a few of the sayings or writings of the Schoolmen and early theologians. In many places more of the context of the actual familiar phrase has been given than is strictly necessary, but this has been a practice throughout the book, and one which it was thought would add to its value and charm. The translations are usually taken from the works of the better-known translators. Some one or two of the Greek quotations may be known to the general reader in their English versions—e.g. 'The half is better than the whole' or 'Call no man happy till he dies'; but no apology is needed for the inclusion of two pages of matter most of which cannot pretend to be familiar to any but classical scholars.

The foreign quotations are not intended to satisfy the foreigner. they include such things as have become part of the speech and writings of English-speaking people either in their own language, such as 'les enfants terribles', or in an English translation, such as 'We will not go to Canossa'. As hardly any Spanish and no Russian or Swedish quotations are familiar to English readers most of these have been given only in translation.

The index occupies approximately one-third of the total bulk of the book. A separate note will be found at the beginning of the index explaining the arrangement that has been adopted. Of the Latin quotations only those phrases that are familiar to the reader have been indexed, the unfamiliar context has not. In the English translations much the same principle has been followed: where the quotation is known to the reader in its English equivalent it has been indexed; where only the Latin is familiar and a translation is merely supplied to assist the reader it is left unindexed. A great deal of care has been spent on the index and the compilers look at it with some pride, believing that unless the searcher has to say 'Iddy tiddy' for every important word in the quotation he is looking for he will be able to find it; if, like Pig-wig (in Beatrix Potter's *Pigling Bland*), he has only forgotten some of the words, the index is full enough for him to trace it.

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DICTIONARY OF QUOTATIONS

CHARLES FOLLEN ADAMS

1842-1918

But ven he vash asleep in ped,
So quiet as a mouse,
I prays der Lord, 'Dake anyding,
But leaf dot Yawcob Strauss' *Yawcob Strauss*

CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS

1807-1886

It would be superfluous in me to point out to your
lordship that this is war
Dispatch to Earl Russell Sept 5, 1863 C F
Adams's 'Charles Francis Adams', p 342

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS

1767-1848

Think of your forefathers! Think of your posterity!
Speech, 22 Dec 1802

SAMUEL ADAMS

1722-1803

A Nation of shop-keepers are very seldom so dis-
interested *Oration said to have been delivered at*
Philadelphia, 1776, p 10 [Phrase 'nation of shop-
keepers' also said to have been used by Napoleon
and others]

SARAH FLOWER ADAMS

1805-1848

Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me
Still all my song shall be
Nearer, my God, to Thee—
Nearer to Thee! *Nearer, my God, to Thee!*

JOSEPH ADDISON

1672-1719

Pray consider what a figure a man would make in
the republic of letters *Ancient Medals, 1*
There is nothing more requisite in business than
dispatch *Ib 5*
And, pleas'd th' Almighty's Orders to perform,
Rides in the Whirl-wind, and directs the Storm
The Campaign, 1 291
And those who Paint 'em truest Praise 'em most
Ib 1 476
The dawn is overcast, the morning lowers,
And heavily in clouds brings on the day,
The great, the important day, big with the fate
Of Cato and of Rome *Cato, 1 1 1*

'Tis not in mortals to command success,
But we'll do more, Sempronius, we'll deserve it
Ib 11 43

Blesses his stars, and thinks it luxury *Ib 14 70*

'Tis pride, rank pride, and haughtiness of soul,
I think the Romans call it stoicism *Ib 82*

Were you with these, my pounce, you'd soon forget
The pale, unripened beauties of the north *Ib 134*

Am I distinguished from you but by toils,
Superior toils, and heavier weight of cares?
Painful pre-eminence! *Ib 111 v 23*

The woman that deliberates is lost *Ib 14 1 31*

Curse on his virtues! they've undone his country
Such popular humanity is treason *Ib 14 35*

Content thyself to be obscurely good
When vice prevails, and impious men bear sway,
The post of honour is a private station *Ib 139*

It must be so—Plato, thou reason'st well!—
Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
This longing after immortality?

Or whence this secret dread, and inward horror,
Of falling into naught? Why shrinks the soul
Back on herself, and startles at destruction?

'Tis the divinity that stirs within us,
'Tis heaven itself, that points out an hereafter,
And intimates eternity to man
Eternity! thou pleasing, dreadful thought! *Ib v 1 1*

If there's a power above us,
(And that there is all nature cries aloud
Through all her works) he must elight in virtue
Ib 15

But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,
Unhurt amidst the wars of elements,
The wrecks of matter, and the crush of worlds *Ib 28*

From hence, let fierce contending nations know
What dire effects from civil discord flow *Ib 14 111*

Music, the greatest good that mortals know,
And all of heaven we have below
Song for St Cecilia's Day, st 3

Round-heads and Wooden-shoes are standing Jokes
Prologue to the Drummer

I should think my self a very bad Woman, if I had
done what I do, for a Farthing less
The Drummer, Act 1

He more had pleas'd us, had he pleas'd us less
English Poets (referring to Cowley)

For wheresoe'er I turn my ravished eyes,
Gay gilded scenes and shining prospects rise,
Poetic fields encompass me around,
And still I seem to tread on classic ground
Letter from Italy

A painted meadow, or a purling stream *Ib 1701*

Thus I live in the world rather as a spectator of man-
kind than as one of the species *The Spectator, No 1*

When I am in a serious humour, I very often walk
by myself in Westminster Abbey *Ib No 26.*

A perfect Tragedy is the noblest Production of human Nature
The Spectator, No 39

In all thy Humours, whether grave or mellow,
Thou'rt such a touchy, testy, pleasant Fellow,
Hast so much Wit, and Mirth, and Spleen about thee,
There is no living with thee, nor without thee
Ib No 68

There is no place in the town which I so much love to frequent as the Royal Exchange
Ib No 69

The infusion of a China plant sweetened with the pith of an Indian cane
Ib No 69

Sir Roger will suffer nobody to sleep in it [the church] besides himself, if he sees anybody else nodding, either wakes them himself, or sends his servants to them
Ib No. 112

Sir Roger told them, with the air of a man who would not give his judgment rashly, that much might be said on both sides
Ib, No. 122

My friends Sir Roger de Coverly and Sir Andrew Freeport are of different principles, the first of them inclined to the *landed* and the other to the *momed* interest
Ib No 126.

It was a saying of an ancient philosopher, which I find some of our writers have ascribed to Queen Elizabeth, who perhaps might have taken occasion to repeat it, that a good face is a letter of recommendation
Ib No 221 13 Nov 1711

I have often thought, says Sir Roger, it happens very well that Christmas should fall out in the Middle of Winter
Ib No 269 8 Jan 1712

These Widows, Sir, are the most perverse Creatures in the World
Ib No 335 25 Mar 1712

One Englishman could beat three Frenchmen
Ib No 383 20 May 1712.

This Mr Dryden calls 'the fairy way of writing'
Ib No 419 1 July 1712

The Lord my Pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a Shepherd's Care,
His Presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful Eye
Ib, No 441 26 July 1712

When all thy Mercies, O my God,
My rising Soul surveys,
Transported with the View, I'm lost
In Wonder, Love, and Praise
Ib No 453 9 Aug 1712

For oh! Eternity's too short
To utter all thy Praise
Ib
We have in England a particular bashfulness in every thing that regards religion
Ib No 458 15 Aug 1712

The spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky
Ib No 465 23 Aug 1712 *Ode*

And nightly to the listening Earth
Repeats the story of her birth
Ib
Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets, in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole
Ib
In Reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious Voice,
For ever singing as they shine,
'The Hand that made us is Divine.'
Ib

A woman seldom asks advice before she has bought her wedding clothes
Ib No 475

Our Disputants put me in mind of the Skuttle Fish, that when he is unable to extricate himself, blackens all the Water about him, till he becomes invisible
Ib No 476

I value my garden more for being full of blackbirds than of cherries, and very frankly give them fruit for their songs
Ib No 477

If we may believe our logicians, man is distinguished from all other creatures by the faculty of laughter
Ib No 494

'We are always doing', says he, 'something for Posterity, but I would fain see Posterity do something for us'
Ib No. 583

I remember when our whole island was shaken with an earthquake some years ago, there was an impudent mountebank who sold pills which (as he told the country people) were very good against an earthquake
The Tatler, No 240

I have but ninepence in ready money, but I can draw for a thousand pounds [On his deficiency in conversation] *Boswell's Life of Johnson*, 7 May, 1773

See in what peace a christian can die
Dying words to his stepson Lord Warwick
Young's Conjectures on Original Composition, 1759

Should the whole frame of nature round him break,
In ruin and confusion hurled,
He, unconcerned, would hear the mighty crack,
And stand secure amidst a falling world
Translation of Horace, Odes, Bk III III

THOMAS ADY

c 1655

Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John,
The Bed be blest that I lie on
Four angels to my bed,
Four angels round my head,
One to watch, and one to pray,
And two to bear my soul away
A Cradle in the Dark, p 58 (1655)

CHARLES HAMILTON AIDÉ

1830-1906

I sit beside my lonely fire,
And pray for wisdom yet—
For calmness to remember
Or courage to forget
Remember or Forget

ARTHUR CAMPBELL AINGER

1891-1919

God is working His purpose out as year succeeds to year,
God is working His purpose out and the time is drawing near,
Nearer and nearer draws the time, the time that shall surely be,
When the earth shall be fill'd with the glory of God as the waters cover the sea
God is Working His Purpose Out

MARK AKENSIDE

1721-1770

Such and so various are the tastes of men
Pleasures of Imagination, bk III, l 567

HENRY ALDRICH

1647-1710

Hark! the bonny Christchurch Bells,
One, two, three, four, five, six,
They sound so woundly great,
So wond'rous sweet,
And they troul so merrily
Hark the Bonny Christchurch Bells

If all be true that I do think,
There are five reasons we should drink,
Good wine—a friend—or being dry—
Or lest we should be by and by—
Or any other reason why
Reasons for Drinking

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH

1836-1907

The fair, frail palaces,
The fading alps and archipelagoes,
And great cloud-continent of sunset-seas
Sonnet • Miracles

CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER

1818-1895

All things bright and beautiful,
All creatures great and small,
All things wise and wonderful,
The Lord God made them all
All Things Bright and Beautiful

The rich man in his castle,
The poor man at his gate,
God made them, high or lowly,
And order'd their estate
Ib

By Nebo's lonely mountain,
On this side Jordan's wave,
In a vale in the land of Moab
There lies a lonely grave
The Burial of Moses

Do no sinful action,
Speak no angry word,
Ye belong to Jesus,
Children of the Lord
Do No Sinful Action

There's a wicked spirit
Watching round you still,
And he tries to tempt you
To all harm and ill

But ye must not hear him,
Though 'tis hard for you
To resist the evil,
And the good to do
Ib.

Every morning the red sun
Rises warm and bright
Every Morning the Red Sun

Jesus calls us, o'er the tumult
Of our life's wild restless sea
Jesus Calls Us
Once in royal David's city
Stood a lowly cattle shed,
Where a Mother laid her Baby
In a manger for His bed
Mary was that Mother mild
Jesus Christ her little Child,
Once in Royal David's City

With the poor, and mean, and lowly,
Lived on earth our Saviour Holy
Ib
Christian children all must be
Mild, obedient, good as He
Ib

For He is our childhood's pattern,
Day by day like us He grew,
He was little, weak, and helpless,
Tears and smiles like us He knew,
And He feebleth for our sadness,
And He shareth in our gladness
Ib

There is a green hill far away,
Without a city wall,
Where the dear Lord was crucified,
Who died to save us all
There is a Green Hill

He only could unlock the gate
Of Heav'n, and let us in
Ib

The roseate hues of early dawn,
The brightness of the day,
The crimson of the sunset sky,
How fast they fade away!
The Roseate Hues of Early Dawn

We are but little children weak
Nor born in any high estate
We are but Little Children Weak

There's not a child so small and weak
But has his little cross to take,
His little work of love and praise
That he may do for Jesus' sake
Ib

SIR WILLIAM ALEXANDER, EARL OF STIRLING

1567?-1640

The weaker sex, to piety more prone
Doomsday, Hour v, lv

Yet with great toil all that I can attain
By long experience, and in learned schools,
Is for to know my knowledge is but vain,
And those that think them wise, are greatest fools
The Tragedy of Cræsus, II 1

HENRY ALFORD

1810-1871

Come, ye thankful people, come,
Raise the song of Harvest-home
All is safely gathered in,
Ere the winter storms begin
Come, Ye Thankful People, Come

Ten thousand times ten thousand,
In sparkling raiment bright
Ten Thousand Times Ten Thousand

RICHARD ALISON

fl c 1606

There cherries grow, that none can buy
Till cherry ripe themselves do cry
An Hour's Recreation in Music

ELIZABETH AKERS ALLEN

1832-1911

Backward, turn backward, O Time, in your flight,
Make me a child again, just for to-night!
Rock Me To Sleep, Mother

WILLIAM ALLEN

1803-1879

Fifty-four forty (54° 40' N), or fight
In the U S Senate On the Oregon Boundary Question (1844)

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM

1828-1889

Up the airy mountain,
Down the rushy glen,
We daren't go a-hunting,
For fear of little men
The Fairies
Four ducks on a pond,
A grass-bank beyond,
A blue sky of spring,
White clouds on the wing
What a little thing
To remember for years—
To remember with tears!
A Memory

MAXWELL ANDERSON

1888-

What Price Glory? *Title of Play, 1924*

BISHOP LANCELOT
ANDREWS

1555-1626

The nearer the Church the further from God
Sermon on the Nativity before James I (1622)

ARCHIBALD DOUGLAS,
FIFTH EARL OF ANGUS

1449?-1514

I shall bell the cat
Attr by J Man in Buchanan's Rerum Scotticarum Historia, 1762, bk xii, § 41, note

CHRISTOPHER ANSTEY

1724-1805

If ever I ate a good supper at night,
I dream'd of the devil, and wak'd in a fright.
The New Bath Guide Letter 4 A Consultation of the Physicians

You may go to Carlisle's, and to Almanac's too,
And I'll give you my head if you find such a host,
For coffee, tea, chocolate, butter, and toast
How he welcomes at once all the world and his wife,
And how civil to folk he ne'er saw in his life
Ib (1766), *Letter 13, A Public Breakfast*

Hearken, Lady Betty, hearken,
To the dismal news I tell,
How your friends are all embarking
For the fiery gulf of hell
Ib Letter 14

CHARLES JAMES APPERLEY

see

NIMROD

THOMAS APPLETON

1812-1884

A Boston man is the east wind made flesh. *Attr*
Good Americans, when they die, go to Paris
O W Holmes, Autocrat of the Breakfast
Table, ch 6

JOHN ARBUTHNOT

1667-1735

He warns the heads of parties against believing their
own lies *The Art of Political Lying, 1712*
John Bull *The History of John Bull, 1712*
Law is a bottomless pit *Ib*, ch xxiv
Hame's hame, be it never so hamely
Law is a Bottomless Pit
One of the new terrors of death
[Of Edmund Curll's biographies] R Car-
ruthers' *Life of Pope* (1857), p 199

ROBERT ARMIN

fl 1610

A flea in his ear *Foole upon Foole, 1605, c 3*

LEWIS ADDISON ARMISTEAD

1817-1863

Give them the cold steel, boys!
Attr remark during Am Civil War, 1863

JOHN ARMSTRONG

1709-1779

Virtuous and wise he was, but not severe,
He still remember'd that he once was young
Art of Preserving Health, 1744, bk iv, l 226
Much had he read,
Much more had seen, he studied from the life,
And in th' original perus'd mankind *Ib* l 231
'Tis not for mortals always to be blest *Ib* l 260.
Of right and wrong he taught
Truths as refin'd as ever Athens heard,
And (strange to tell) he practis'd what he preach'd
Ib l 303
'Tis not too late to morrow to be brave *Ib* l 460

GEORGE ARNOLD

1834-1865

The living need charity more than the dead.
The Jolly Old Pedagogue

EDWIN ARNOLD

1832-1904

That what will come, and must come, shall come well
The Light of Asia, bk vi

Veil after veil will lift—but there must be
 Veil upon veil behind *Ib* bk viii
 Nor ever once ashamed
 So we be named

Press-men, Slaves of the Lamp, Servants of Light
The Tenth Muse, st 18.

MATTHEW ARNOLD

1828-1888

And we forget because we must,
 And not because we will *Absence*.
 Hath man no second life?—Pitch this one high!

Was Christ a man like us?—Ah! let us try
 If we then, too, can be such men as he!
Anti-desperation

Their ineffectual feuds and feeble hates,
 Shadows of hates, but they distress them still
Balder Dead, iii 472

The same heart beats in every human breast
The Buried Life, l 23

A bolt is shot back somewhere in our breast
 And a lost pulse of feeling stirs again

A man becomes aware of his life's flow,
 And there arrives a lull in the hot race

And then he thinks he knows
 The Hills where his life rose,
 And the Sea where it goes *Ib* l 84

The sea of faith
 Was once, too, at the full, and round earth's shore
 Lay like the folds of a bright girdle furled,
 But now I only hear
 Its melancholy, long, withdrawing roar,
 Retreating to the breath
 Of the night-wind down the vast edges drear
 And naked shingles of the world
Dover Beach, l 21

And we are here as on a darkling plain
 Swept with confused alarms of struggle and flight,
 Where ignorant armies clash by night *Ib* l 35

The Will is free
 Strong is the Soul, and wise, and beautiful
 The seeds of godlike power are in us still
 Gods are we, Bards, Saints, Heroes, if we will!
Written in a copy of Emerson's Essays.

Be neither Saint nor Sophist led, but be a man
Empedocles on Etna, l ii 136

We do not what we ought,
 What we ought not, we do,
 And lean upon the thought
 That Chance will bring us through,
 But our own acts, for good or ill, are mightier powers.
Ib 237

Nature, with equal mind,
 Sees all her sons at play,
 Sees man control the wind,
 The wind sweep man away *Ib* 257

Is it so small a thing
 To have enjoy'd the sun,
 To have liv'd light in the spring,
 To have lov'd, to have thought, to have done,
 To have advanc'd true friends, and beat down baffling
 foes *Ib* 396

Far, far from here,
 The Adriatic breaks in a warm bay
 Among the green Illyrian hills,

And there, they say, two bright and aged snakes,
 Who once were Cadmus and Harmonia,
 Bask in the glens or on the warm sea-shore,
 In breathless quiet, after all their ills *Ib* 427

Not here, O Apollo!
 Are haunts meet for thee
 But, where Helicon breaks down
 In cliff to the sea *Ib* ii 421

'Tis Apollo comes leading
 His choir, the Nine
 The Leader is fairest,
 But all are divine *Ib* 445

The Day in his hotness,
 The strife with the palm,
 The Night in its silence,
 The Stars in their calm. *Ib* 465

Eyes too expressive to be blue,
 Too lovely to be grey *Faded Leaves*, 4 *On the Rhine*

This heart, I know,
 To be long lov'd was never fram'd,
 For something in its depths doth glow
 Too strange, too restless, too untam'd
A Farewell, st 5

I too have long'd for trenchant force
 And will like a dividing spear,
 Have prais'd the keen, unscrupulous course,
 Which knows no doubt, which feels no fear
Ib st 9

Come, dear children, let us away,
 Down and away below *The Forsaken Merman*, l 1
 Now the great winds shorewards blow,
 Now the salt tides seawards flow;
 Now the wild white horses play,
 Champ and chafe and toss in the spray *Ib* l 4.
 Sand-strewn caverns, cool and deep,
 Where the winds are all asleep,
 Where the spent lights quiver and gleam,
 Where the salt weed sways in the stream,
 Where the sea-beasts rang'd all round
 Feed in the ooze of their pasture-ground,

Where great whales come sailing by,
 Sail and sail, with unshut eye,
 Round the world for ever and aye? *Ib* l 35.

Children dear, was it yesterday
(Call yet once) that she went away?
The Forsaken Merman, l 48

Children dear, were we long alone?
The sea grows stormy, the little ones moan
'Long prayers', I said, 'in the world they say',
Ib l 64

But, ah, she gave me never a look,
For her eyes were seal'd to the holy book
'Loud prays the priest, shut stands the door'
Come away, children, call no more
Come away, come down, call no more *Ib* l 80

She will start from her slumber
When gusts shake the door,
She will hear the winds howling,
Will hear the waves roar
We shall see, while above us
The waves roar and whirl,
A ceiling of amber,
A pavement of pearl
Singing, 'Here came a mortal,
But faithless was she
And alone dwell for ever
The kings of the sea' *Ib* l 112

Who saw life steadily, and saw it whole
The mellow glory of the Attic stage,
Singer of sweet Colonus, and its child
Sonnet to a Friend 'Who prop, thou ask'st'

A wanderer is man from his birth
He was born in a ship
On the breast of the River of Time
The Future, l 1.

And the width of the waters, the hush
Of the grey expanse where he floats,
Freshening its current and spotted with foam
As it draws to the Ocean, may strike
Peace to the soul of the man on its breast
As the pale Waste widens around him—
As the banks fade dimmer away—
As the stars come out, and the night-wind
Brings up the stream
Murmurs and scents of the infinite Sea *Ib* l 78.

Ah! not the nectarous poppy lovers use,
Not daily labour's dull, Lethæan spring,
Oblivion in lost angels can infuse
Of the soil'd glory, and the trailing wing
To a Gipsy Child by the Sea-shore

Not as their friend or child I speak!
But as on some far northern strand,
Thinking of his own Gods, a Greek
In pity and mournful awe might stand
Before some fallen Runic stone—
For both were Faiths, and both are gone
The Grande Chartreuse, st 14, l 79

What helps it now, that Byron bore,
With haughty scorn which mock'd the smart,
Through Europe to the Aetolian shore
The pageant of his bleeding heart?
That thousands counted every groan,
And Europe made his woe her own?
Ib st 23, l 133

There may, perhaps, yet dawn an age,
More fortunate, alas! than we,
Which without hardness will be sage,
And gay without frivolity *Ib* st 27, l 157

It is—last stage of all—
When we are frozen up within, and quite
The phantom of ourselves,
The world applaud the hollow ghost
Which blamed the living man *Growing Old*
So thou arraign'st her, her foe,
So we arraign her, her sons
Yes, we arraign her! but she,
The weary Titan! with deaf
Ears, and labour-dummed eyes,
goes passively by,
Staggering on to her goal,
Bearing on shoulders immense,
Atlantean, the load
Of the too vast orb of her fate *Heine's Grave*, l 85
Who, Goethe said,
'Had every other gift, but wanted love' *Ib* l 99

Only he,
His soul well-knit, and all his battles won,
Mounts, and that hardly, to eternal life *Immortality*
I must not say that thou wert true,
Yet let me say that thou wert fair,
And they that lovely face who view,
They will not ask if truth be there *Indifference*, l
The solemn peaks but to the stars are known,
But to the stars, and the cold lunar beams.
Alone the sun arises, and alone
Spring the great streams *In Utrumque Paratus*
The unplumb'd, salt, estranging sea
Isolation, or To Marguerite (contd)

Calm soul of all things! make it mine
To feel, amid the city's jar,
That there abides a peace of thine,
Man did not make, and cannot mar!
Lines written in Kensington Gardens

Calm, calm me more! nor let me die
Before I have begun to live *Ib* st 11
Let the long contention cease!
Geese are swans, and swans are geese.
The Last Word, l 5

Let the victors, when they come,
When the forts of folly fall,
Find thy body by the wall *Ib* l 13

This truth—to prove, and make thine own
'Thou hast been, shalt be, art, alone' *To Marguerite*
When Byron's eyes were shut in death,
We bow'd our head and held our breath.
He taught us little but our soul
Had felt him like the thunder's roll

We watch'd the fount of fiery life
Which serv'd for that Titanic strife
Memorial Verses, l 6

He spoke, and loos'd our heart in tears
He laid us as we lay at birth
On the cool flowery lap of earth [Wordsworth]
Ib l 47

Time may restore us in his course
Goethe's sage mind and Byron's force:
But where will Europe's latter hour
Again find Wordsworth's healing power? *Ib* l 60
All this I bear, for, what I seek, I know
Peace, peace is what I seek, and public calm
Endless extinction of unhappy hates *Merope*, l. 100

With women the heart argues, not the mind

Merope, 1 341

He bears the seed of ruin in himself *Ib* 1 862

For this is the true strength of guilty kings,
When they corrupt the souls of those they rule.

Ib 1 1451.

We cannot kindle when we will

The fire that in the heart resides,

The spirit bloweth and is still,

In mystery our soul abides

But tasks in hours of insight will'd

Can be through hours of gloom fulfill'd

Morality, st 1

With aching hands and bleeding feet

We dig and heap, lay stone on stone,

We bear the burden and the heat

Of the long day, and wish 'twere done

Not till the hours of light return

All we have built do we discern

Ib st 2

Ere the parting hour go by,

Quick, thy tablets, Memory!

To My Friends

Strew no more red roses, maidens,

Leave the lilies in their dew

Pluck, pluck cypress, O pale maidens!

Dusk, O dusk the hall with yew!

The New Sirens, 1 269

But Wordsworth's eyes avert their ken

From half of human fate

In Memory of the Author of Obermann, 1 53

What shelter to grow ripe is ours?

What leisure to grow wise?

Ib 1 71

Too fast we live, too much are tried,

Too harass'd, to attain

Wordsworth's sweet calm, or Goethe's wide

And luminous view to gain

Ib 1 77

We, in some unknown Power's employ,

Move on a rigorous line

Can neither, when we will, enjoy,

Nor, when we will, resign

Ib 1 133

On that hard Pagan world disgust

And secret loathing fell

Deep weariness and sated lust

Made human life a hell

Obermann Once More, 1 93

The East bow'd low before the blast,

In patient, deep disdain

She let the legions' thunder past,

And plunged in thought again

Ib 1 109

That gracious Child, that thorn-crown'd Man!

He lived while we believed

Now he is dead Far hence he lies

In the lorn Syrian town,

And on his grave, with shining eyes,

The Syrian stars look down

Ib 1 167

Say, has some wet bird-haunted English lawn

Lent it the music of its trees at dawn?

Parting

Hark! ah, the Nightingale!

The tawny-throated!

Hark! from that moonlit cedar what a burst!

What triumph! hark—what pain!

Listen, Eugenia—

How thick the bursts come crowding through the leaves!

Again—thou hearest!

Eternal Passion!

Eternal Pain!

Phulomela, 1 32.

Cruel, but composed and bland,

Dumb, inscrutable and grand,

So Tiberius might have sat,

Had Tiberius been a cat

Poor Matthias

Nature's great law, and law of all men's minds?

To its own impulse every creature stirs

Live by thy light, and Earth will live by hers

Religious Isolation

Strew on her roses, roses,

And never a spray of yew

In quiet she reposes

Ah! would that I did too

Her cabin'd ample Spirit,

It flutter'd and fail'd for breath

To-night it doth inherit

The vasty Hall of Death

Requiescat

Coldly, sadly descends

The autumn evening The Field

Strewn with its dark yellow drifts

Of wither'd leaves, and the elms,

Fade into dimness apace,

Silent

Rugby Chapel, 1 1

Somewhere, surely, afar,

In the sounding labour-house vast

Of being, is practised that strength,

Zalous, beneficent, firm

Ib 1 40

Friends who set forth at our side

Falter, are lost in the storm!

We, we only, are left!

Ib 1 102

Therefore to thee it was given

Many to save with thyself,

And, at the end of thy day,

O faithful shepherd! to come,

Bringing thy sheep in thy hand

Ib 1 140

Then, in such hour of need

Of your fainting, dispirited race,

Ye, like angels, appear,

Radiant with ardour divine

Beacons of hope, ye appear!

Languor is not in your heart,

Weakness is not in your word,

Weariness not on your brow

Ib 1 188

Ye fill up the gaps in our files,

Strengthen the wavering line,

Stablish, continue our march,

On, to the bound of the waste,

On, to the City of God

Ib 1 204

But so many books thou redest,

But so many schemes thou breedest,

But so many wishes feedest,

That thy poor head almost turns *The Second Best*

Others abide our question Thou art free

We ask and ask Thou smilest and art still,

Out-topping knowledge *Sonnet, Shakespeare*

And thou, who didst the stars and sunbeams know,

Self-school'd, self-scann'd, self-honour'd, self-secure,

Didst walk on Earth unguess'd at Better so!

All pains the immortal spirit must endure,

All weakness that impairs, all griefs that bow,

Find their sole voice in that victorious brow *Ib*

Curl'd minion, dancer, coiner of sweet words!
Sohrab and Rustum, l. 458.

Truth sits upon the lips of dying men *Ib.* l. 656

But the majestic River floated on,
 Out of the mist and hum of that low land,
 Into the frosty starlight, and there mov'd,
 Rejoicing, through the hush'd Chorasman waste,
 Under the solitary moon he flow'd
 Right for the Polar Star, past Orgunjè,
 Brimming, and bright, and large then sands begin
 To hem his watery march, and dam his streams,
 And split his currents, that for many a league
 The shorn and parcell'd Oxus strains along
 Through beds of sand and matted rushy isles—
 Oxus, forgetting the bright speed he had
 In his high mountain cradle in Pamere,
 A foil'd circuitous wanderer—till at last
 The long'd-for dash of waves is heard, and wide
 His luminous home of waters opens, bright
 And tranquil, from whose floor the new-bath'd stars
 Emerge, and shine upon the Aral Sea *Ib.* l. 875

France, fam'd in all great arts, in none supreme
To a Republican Friend (contd.)

The high
 Uno'erleap'd Mountains of Necessity *Ib.*
 Not deep the Poet sees, but wide *Resignation*, l. 212

Yet they, believe me, who await
 No gifts from Chance, have conquer'd Fate
Ib. l. 245

Go, for they call you, Shepherd, from the hill
The Scholar-Gipsy, st. 1

All the live murmur of a summer's day *Ib.* st. 2

Tir'd of knocking at Preferment's door *Ib.* st. 4

In hat of antique shape, and cloak of grey,
 The same the Gipsies wore *Ib.* st. 6

Crossing the stripling Thames at Bab-lock-hithe,
 Trailing in the cool stream thy fingers wet,
 As the slow punt swings round *Ib.* st. 8

Rapt, twirling in thy hand a wither'd spray,
 And waiting for the spark from Heaven to fall
Ib. st. 12

The line of festal light in Christ-Church hall
Ib. st. 13

Thou waitest for the spark from Heaven and we,
 Vague half-believers in our casual creeds

Who hesitate and falter life away,
 And lose to-morrow the ground won to-day—
 Ah, do not we, Wanderer, await it too? *Ib.* st. 18

With close-lipp'd Patience for our only friend,
 Sad Patience, too near neighbour to Despair
Ib. st. 20

This strange disease of modern life *Ib.* st. 21

Still nursing the unconquerable hope,
 Still clutching the inviolable shade *Ib.* st. 22

As some grave Tyrian trader, from the sea,
 Descried at sunrise an emerging prow
 Lifting the cool-hair'd creepers stealthily,
 The fringes of a southward-facing brow
 Among the Aegean isles,
 And saw the merry Grecian coaster come,

Freighted with amber grapes, and Chian wine,
 Green bursting figs, and tunnies steep'd in brine,
 And knew the intruders on his ancient home,

The young light-hearted Masters of the waves,
 And snatch'd his rudder, and shook out more sail,
 And day and night held on indignantly
 Oe'r the blue Midland waters with the gale,
 Betwixt the Syrtis and soft Sicily,
 To where the Atlantic raves
 Outside the Western Straits, and unbent sails
 There, where down cloudy cliffs, through sheets
 of foam,
 Shy traffickers, the dark Iberians come;
 And on the beach undid his corded bales
Ib. st. 24, 25

Resolve to be thyself and know, that he
 Who finds himself, loses his misery
Self Dependence, l. 31.

And see all sights from pole to pole,
 And glance, and nod, and bustle by;
 And never once possess our soul
 Before we die *A Southern Night*, l. 69

Mild o'er her grave, ye mountains, shine!
 Gently by his, ye waters, glidel
 To that in you which is divine
 They were allied *Ib.* l. 237

Still bent to make some port he knows not where,
 Still standing for some false impossible shore
A Summer Night

The signal-clm, that looks on Ilsley downs,
 The Vale, the three lone weirs, the youthful Thames
Thyrsis, st. 2

And that sweet City with her dreaming spires,
 She needs not June for beauty's heightening *Ib.*
 But Thyrsis of his own will went away *Ib.* st. 4
 It irk'd him to be here, he could not rest.

He went, his piping took a troubled sound
 Of storms that rage outside our happy ground,
 He could not wait their passing, he is dead!
Ib. st. 5

So have I heard the cuckoo's parting cry,
 From the wet field, through the vext garden-trees,
 Come with the volleying rain and tossing breeze
 'The bloom is gone, and with the bloom go I'
Ib. st. 6

Too quick despairer, wherefore wilt thou go?
 Soon will the high Midsummer pomps come on,
 Soon will the musk carnations break and swell,
 Soon shall we have gold-dusted snapdragon,
 Sweet-William with his homely cottage-smell,
 And stocks in fragrant blow. *Ib.* st. 7

For Time, not Corydon, hath conquer'd thee
Ib. st. 8

She loved the Dorian pipe, the Dorian strain
 But ah, of our poor Thames she never heard!
 Her foot the Cumner cowslips never stirr'd!
 And we should tease her with our plant in vain
Ib. st. 10

I know what white, what purple fritillaries
 The grassy harvest of the river-fields,
 Above by Ensham, down by Sandford, yields,
 And what sedg'd brooks are Thames's tributaries
Ib. st. 11

The foot less prompt to meet the morning dew,
The heart less bounding at emotion new,
And hope, once crushed, less quick to spring again.

Thyrsis, st 14

Hear it, O Thyrsis, still our Tree is there!—
Ah, vain! These English fields, this upland dim,
These brambles pale with mist engarlanded,
That lone, sky-pointing tree, are not for him
To a boon southern country he is fled,
And now in happier air,
Wandering with the great Mother's train divine

Within a folding of the Apennine *Ib* st 18

Why faintest thou? I wander'd till I died,
Roam on! the light we sought is shining still
Dost thou ask proof? Our Tree yet crowns the hill,
Our Scholar travels yet the loved hill-side *Ib* st 24

Know, man hath all which Nature hath, but more,
And in that more he all his hopes of good
To an Independent Preacher

Philip's peerless son,
Who carried the great war from Macedon
Into the Soudan's realm, and thunder'd on
To die at thirty-five in Babylon *Tristram and Iseult*, III.

For this and that way swings
The flux of mortal things,
Though moving only to one far-set goal
Westminster Abbey

Nor bring, to see me cease to live,
Some doctor full of phrase and fame,
To shake his sapient head and give
The ill he cannot cure a name *A Wish*

Calm's not life's crown, though calm is well
'Tis all perhaps which man acquires,
But 'tis not what our youth desires *Youth and Calm*

And sigh that only one thing has been lent
To youth and age in common—discontent
Youth's Agitations

[Oxford] Beautiful city! so venerable, so lovely, so
unravaged by the fierce intellectual life of our century,
so serene! whispering from her towers the
last enchantments of the Middle Age Home of
lost causes, and forsaken beliefs, and unpopular
names, and impossible loyalties!

Essays in Criticism, First Series, preface

The magnificent roaring of the young lions of the
Daily Telegraph *Ib*

Wragg is in custody
Ib. Functions of Criticism at the Present Time

I am bound by my own definition of criticism a dis-
interested endeavour to learn and propagate the
best that is known and thought in the world *Ib*

It always seems to me that the right sphere for
Shelley's genius was the sphere of music, not of
poetry *Ib Maurice de Guérin*, footnote

Philistine must have originally meant, in the mind of
those who invented the nickname, a strong, dogged,
unenlightened opponent of the chosen people, of
the children of the light *Ib Heinrich Heine*

Philistinism!—We have not the expression in English
Perhaps we have not the word because we have so
much of the thing *Ib*

The absence, in this country, of any force of educated
literary and scientific opinion

Ib Literary Influence of Academies

The great apostle of the Philistines, Lord Macaulay
Ib Joubert

His expression may often be called bald . . . but it is
bald as the bare mountain tops are bald, with a
baldness full of grandeur

Ib, Second Series, preface to *Poems of Wordsworth*

Nature herself seems, I say, to take the pen out of his
hand, and to write for him with her own bare,
sheer, penetrating power. *Ib*

In poetry, no less than in life, he is 'a beautiful and
ineffectual angel, beating in the void his luminous
wings in vain'

Essays on Criticism, Second Series, Shelley
[Quoting his own sentence in his essay on
Byron, *Essays on Criticism*, Second Series]

The difference between genuine poetry and the poetry
of Dryden, Pope, and all their school, is briefly
this their poetry is conceived and composed in
their wits, genuine poetry is conceived and com-
posed in the soul *Ib Thomas Gray*

Our society distributes itself into Barbarians, Philis-
tines, and Populace, and America is just ourselves,
with the Barbarians quite left out, and the Populace
nearly *Culture and Anarchy*, preface

The great aim of culture [is] the aim of setting our-
selves to ascertain what perfection is and to make
it prevail *Ib* p 12

The pursuit of perfection, then, is the pursuit of
sweetness and light He who works for sweetness
and light united, works to make reason and the will
of God prevail. *Ib* p 47

The men of culture are the true apostles of equality
Ib p 49

One has often wondered whether upon the whole
earth there is anything so unintelligent, so unapt to
perceive how the world is really going, as an ordi-
nary young Englishman of our upper class
Ib pp 70-1

For this [Middle] class we have a designation which
now has become pretty well known, and which we
may as well still keep for them, the designation of
Philistines *Ib* p 97

But that vast portion, lastly, of the working-class
which is now issuing from its hiding-place to
assert an Englishman's heaven-born privilege of
doing as he likes, and is beginning to perplex us by
marching where it likes, meeting where it likes,
bawling what it likes, breaking what it likes—to this
vast residuum we may with great propriety give the
name of Populace

Thus we have got three distinct terms, Barbarians,
Philistines, Populace, to denote roughly the three
great classes into which our society is divided.

Ib pp 104-5

Hebraism and Hellenism—between these two points
of influence moves our World Hebraism and
Hellenism are, neither of them, the law of human
development . . . they are, each of them, contribu-
tions to human development *Ib* pp 143, 157.

'He knows', says Hebraism, 'his Bible'—whenever we hear this said, we may, without any elaborate defence of culture, content ourselves with answering simply 'No man, who knows nothing else, knows even his Bible' *Culture and Anarchy*, pp 181-2

The grand, old, fortifying, classical curriculum

Friendship's Garland

The translator of Homer should above all be penetrated by a sense of four qualities of his author—that he is eminently rapid, that he is eminently plain and direct both in the evolution of his thought and in the expression of it, that is, both in his syntax and in his words, that he is eminently plain and direct in the substance of his thought, that is, in his matter and ideas, and, finally, that he is eminently noble *On Translating Homer*, 1

Wordsworth says somewhere that wherever Virgil seems to have composed 'with his eye on the object', Dryden fails to render him. Homer invariably composes 'with his eye on the object', whether the object be a moral or a material one. Pope composes with his eye on his style, into which he translates his object, whatever it is *Ib*

He [the Translator] will find one English book and one only, where, as in the *Iliad* itself, perfect plainness of speech is allied with perfect nobleness, and that book is the Bible *Ib* 11

Nothing has raised more questioning among my critics than these words—noble, the grand style. I think it will be found that the grand style arises, in poetry, when a noble nature, poetically gifted, treats with simplicity or with severity a serious subject *Ib* Last Words

Miracles do not happen

Literature and Dogma, preface to 1883 edition, last words

Culture, the acquainting ourselves with the best that has been known and said in the world, and thus with the history of the human spirit

Ib preface to 1873 edition

Terms like grace, new birth, justification terms, in short, which with St Paul are literary terms, theologians have employed as if they were scientific terms *Ib* ch 1, § 1

When we are asked further, what is conduct?—let us answer Three-fourths of life *Ib* ch 1, § 1

The true meaning of religion is thus not simply morality, but morality touched by emotion

Ib ch 1, § 2

Conduct is three-fourths of our life and its largest concern *Ib* ch 1, § 3

Let us put into their 'Eternal' and 'God' no more science than they [the Hebrew writers] did—the enduring power, not ourselves, which makes for righteousness *Ib* ch 1, § 5

For it is what we call the Time-Spirit that is sapping the proof from miracles. The human mind, as its experience widens, is turning away from them *Ib* ch v, § 3

What is called 'orthodox divinity' is, in fact, an immense literary misapprehension *Ib* ch vi, § 3

The eternal not ourselves which makes for righteousness *Ib* ch viii, § 1

But there remains the question what righteousness really is. The method and secret and sweet reasonableness of Jesus *Ib* ch xii, § 2

For the total man, therefore, the truer conception of God is as 'the Eternal Power, not ourselves, by which all things fulfil the law of their being'

Ib Conclusion, § 2

So we have the Philistine of genius in religion—Luther, the Philistine of genius in politics—Cromwell, the Philistine of genius in literature—Bunyan *Mixed Essays*, Lord Falkland

SAMUEL JAMES ARNOLD

1774-1852

Our ships were British oak,

And hearts of oak our men

Death of Nelson

THOMAS ARNOLD

1795-1842

What we must look for here is, 1st, religious and moral principles 2ndly, gentlemanly conduct 3rdly, intellectual ability

Arnold of Rugby (ed J J Findlay), p 65

My object will be, if possible, to form Christian men, for Christian boys I can scarcely hope to make

Letter, in 1828, on appointment to Headmaster-ship of Rugby

GEORGE ARTHURS

Where there's a girl there's a boy. *Title of song*

GEORGE ASAF

(GEORGE H. POWELL)

1880-

What's the use of worrying?

It never was worth while,

So, pack up your troubles in your old kit-bag,

And smile, smile, smile

Pack Up Your Troubles In Your Old Kit-Bag

THOMAS ASHE

1836-1889

Meet we no angels, Pansie? *At Altenahr*, 11 *Poems*

HERBERT HENRY ASQUITH, EARL OF OXFORD

1852-1928

Wait and see

Phrase used repeatedly in speeches in 1910
Spender and Cynil Asquith's *Life of Lord Oxford and Asquith*, vol 1, p 275

We shall never sheathe the sword which we have not lightly drawn until Belgium receives in full measure all and more than all that she has sacrificed, until France is adequately secured against the menace of aggression, until the rights of the smaller nationalities of Europe are placed upon an unassailable foundation, and until the military domination of Prussia is wholly and finally destroyed *Speech at the Guildhall*, 9 Nov 1914

SIR JACOB ASTLEY

1579-1652

O Lord! thou knowest how busy I must be this day
if I forget thee, do not thou forget me
*Prayer before the Battle of Edgehill (Sir Philip
Warwick, Memoires, 1701, p. 229)*

HARRIET AUBER

1773-1862

And His that gentle voice we hear,
Soft as the breath of even,
That checks each fault, it calms each fear,
And speaks of heaven
Our Blest Redeemer, ere He breathed

JOHN AUBREY

1626-1697

Here is Hey for Garsington! and Hey for Cuddesdon!
and Hey Hockley! but here's nobody cries, Hey for
God Almighty! *Brief Lives Ralph Kettel*
He was so fair that they called him the lady of
Christ's College *Ib John Milton*
When he killed a calf he would do it in a high style,
and make a speech *Ib William Shakespeare*
He was a handsome, well-shaped man very good
company, and of a very ready and pleasant smooth
wit *Ib*

ALEXANDER BOSWELL,
LORD AUCHINLECK

1706-1782

He gart kings ken that they had a lith in their neck
[Of Cromwell] gart ken -- made to know, lith =
hinge *Boswell, v. 382, n. 2*

JANE AUSTEN

1775-1817

An egg boiled very soft is not unwholesome (Mr
Woodhouse) *Emma, ch. 3*
One half of the world cannot understand the pleasures
of the other (Emma) *Ib ch. 9*
A basin of nice smooth gruel, thin, but not too thin
Ib ch. 12
She believed he had been drinking too much of Mr
Weston's good wine *Ib ch. 15*
So extremely like Maple Grove (Mrs Elton)
Ib ch. 32
They will have their barouche-landau, of course
(Mrs Elton) *Ib*
How shall we ever recollect half the dishes for grand-
mamma? (Miss Bates) *Ib ch. 38*
Let other pens dwell on guilt and misery
Mansfield Park, ch. 48

'And what are you reading, Miss --?' 'Oh! it is only
a novel!' replies the young lady while she lays
down her book with affected indifference, or mo-
mentary shame -- 'It is only Cecilia, or Camilla,
or Belinda' or, in short, only some work in which
the most thorough knowledge of human nature,
the happiest delineation of its varieties, the liveliest
effusions of wit and humour are conveyed to the
world in the best chosen language

Northanger Abbey, ch. 5

But are they all horrid, are you sure they are all
horrid? (Catherine) *Ib ch. 6*

All the privilege I claim for my own sex is that
of loving longest, when existence or when hope is
gone (Anne) *Persuasion, ch. 23*

It is a truth universally acknowledged, that a single
man in possession of a good fortune, must be in
want of a wife *Pride and Prejudice, ch. 1*

'Kitty has no discretion in her coughs,' said her
father 'she times them ill'

'I do not cough for my own amusement,' replied
Kitty fretfully *Ib ch. 2*

How can you contrive to write so even? (Miss Bingley)
Ib ch. 10

Mr Collins had only to change from Jane to Elizabeth
-- and it was soon done -- done while Mrs Bennet
was stirring the fire *Ib ch. 15*

An unhappy alternative is before you, Elizabeth
from this day you must be a stranger to one of your
parents -- Your mother will never see you again if
you do not marry Mr Collins, and I will never see
you again if you do (Mr Bennet) *Ib ch. 20*

Nobody is on my side, nobody takes part with me I
am cruelly used, nobody feels for my poor nerves
(Mrs Bennet) *Ib*

No arguments shall be wanting on my part, that can
alleviate so severe a misfortune or that may com-
fort you, under a circumstance that must be of all
others most afflicting to a parent's mind The
death of your daughter would have been a blessing
in comparison of this (Mr Collins) *Ib ch. 48*

You ought certainly to forgive them as a christian,
but never to admit them in your sight, or allow
their names to be mentioned in your hearing (Mr
Collins) *Ib ch. 57*

For what do we live, but to make sport for our
neighbours, and laugh at them in our turn? (Mr
Bennet) *Ib*

I have been a selfish being all my life, in practice,
though not in principle (Mr Darcy) *Ib ch. 58*

If my young men come for Mary or Kitty, send
them in, for I am quite at leisure (Mr Bennet)
Ib ch. 59

An annuity is a very serious business (Mrs Dis-
wood) *Sense and Sensibility, ch. 1*

'I am afraid,' replied Elinor, 'that the pleasantness of
an employment does not always evince its pro-
priety' *Ib ch. 13*

Lady Middleton exerted herself to ask Mr
Palmer if there was any news in the paper
'No, none at all,' he replied, and read on *Ib ch. 19*

ALFRED AUSTIN

1835-1913

An earl by right, by courtesy a man. *The Season*

Across the wires the electric message came.

'He is no better, he is much the same'

On the illness of the Prince of Wales, afterwards Edward VII Attr to Austin, but probably not his
See J Lewis May in the Dublin Review, July 1937

ROBERT AYTOUN

1570-1638

I loved thee once, I'll love no more,
 Thine be the grief, as is the blame,
 Thou art not what thou wast before,
 What reason I should be the same?

To an Inconstant Mistress

WILLIAM EDMONDSTOUNE AYTOUN

1813-1865

Take away that star and garter—
 Hide them from my aching sight!
 Neither king nor prince shall tempt me
 From my lonely room this night

Charles Edward at Versailles on the Anniversary of Culloden

Nowhere beats the heart so kindly
 As beneath the tartan plaid!

Ib 1 219

Sound the fife, and cry the slogan—
 Let the pibroch shake the air

The Burial-march of Dundee, 1

On the heights of Killiecrankie
 Yester-morn our army lay

Ib 1 49

Like a tempest down the ridges
 Swept the hurricane of steel,
 Rose the slogan of Macdonald—
 Flashed the broadsword of Lochcail!

Ib 1 137

So, amidst the battle's thunder,
 Shot and steel, and scorching flame,
 In the glory of his manhood
 Passed the spirit of the Graeme!

Ib 1 165

News of battle!—news of battle!
 Hark! 'tis ringing down the street
 And the archways and the pavement
 Bear the clang of hurrying feet

Edinburgh after Flodden, st 1

Warder—warder! open quickly!
 Man—is this a time to wait?

Ib st 2

Do not lift him from the bracken,
 Leave him lying where he fell—
 Better bier ye cannot fashion
 None beseeems him half so well
 As the bare and broken heather,
 And the hard and trampled sod,

Whence his angry soul ascended
 To the judgement-seat of God!

The Widow of Glencoe, st 1

They bore within their breasts the grief
 That fame can never heal—
 The deep, unutterable woe
 Which none save exiles feel

The Island of the Scots, xii

Fhairshon swore a feud
 Against the clan M'Tavish,
 Marched into their land
 To murder and to rafish,
 For he did resolve
 To extirpate the vipers,
 With four-and-twenty men
 And five-and-thirty pipers

The Massacre of the Macpherson, 1

Fhairshon had a son,
 Who married Noah's daughter,
 And nearly spoiled ta Flood,
 By trinking up ta water.

Which he would have done,
 I at least pelieve it,
 Had the mixture peen
 Only half Glenlivet.

Ib vii, viii

Come hither, Evan Cameron!
 Come, stand beside my knee

The Execution of Montrose, 1

And some that came to scoff at him
 Now turned aside and wept

Ib vi

But onwards—always onwards,
 In silence and in gloom,
 The dreary pageant laboured,
 Till it reached the house of doom

Ib vii

The master-fiend Argyle!

Ib

The Marquis gazed a moment,
 And nothing did he say

Ib viii

Then nail my head on yonder tower—
 Give every town a limb—
 And God who made shall gather them.
 I go from you to Him!

Ib xii

'He is coming! he is coming!'
 Like a bridegroom from his room,
 Came the hero from his prison
 To the scaffold and the doom

Ib xiv

The grim Geneva ministers
 With anxious scowl drew near,
 As you have seen the ravens flock
 Around the dying deer

Ib xvii

Like a brave old Scottish Cavalier,
 All of the olden time! *The Old Scottish Cavalier*

Have you heard of Philip Slingsby,
 Slingsby of the manly chest,
 How he slew the Snapping Turtle
 In the regions of the West?

The Fight with the Snapping Turtle

The earth is all the home I have,
 The heavens my wide roof-tree

The Wandering Jew, 1 49.

FRANCIS BACON

1561-1626

For all knowledge and wonder (which is the seed of knowledge) is an impression of pleasure in itself

Advancement of Learning, bk 1 1 3 (ed 1605)

Time, which is the author of authors

Ib iv 12

If a man will begin with certainties, he shall end in doubts, but if he will be content to begin with doubts, he shall end in certainties

Ib v 8

[Knowledge is] a rich storehouse for the glory of the Creator and the relief of man's estate

Ib 11

Antiquities are history defaced, or some remnants of history which have casually escaped the shipwreck of time

Ib bk 11 11 1

The knowledge of man is as the waters, some descending from above, and some springing from beneath, the one informed by the light of nature, the other inspired by divine revelation

Ib v 1

There was never miracle wrought by God to convert an atheist, because the light of nature might have led him to confess a God

Ib vi 1

They are ill discoverers that think there is no land, when they can see nothing but sea

Ib vii 5

Words are the tokens current and accepted for concepts, as moneys are for values

Ib xvi 3

But men must know, that in this theatre of man's life it is reserved only for God and angels to be lookers on

Ib xx 8

We are much beholden to Machiavel and others, that write what men do, and not what they ought to do

Ib xxi 9

Men must pursue things which are just in present, and leave the future to the divine Providence

Ib 11

Did not one of the fathers in great indignation call poesy *virum dæmonum*?

Ib xxii. 13

All good moral philosophy is but an handmaid to religion

Ib 14

Man seeketh in society comfort, use, and protection

Ib xxiii 2

A man must make his opportunity, as oft as find it

Ib 3

Cæsar, when he went first into Gaul, made no scruple to profess 'That he had rather be first in a village than second at Rome'

Ib 36

Fortunes come tumbling into some men's laps

Ib 43

That other principle of Lysander, 'That children are to be deceived with comfits, and men with oaths'

Ib 45

It is in life as it is in ways, the shortest way is commonly the foulest, and surely the fairer way is not much about

Ib

There are in nature certain fountains of justice, whence all civil laws are derived but as streams

Ib 49

The inseparable propriety of time, which is ever more and more to disclose truth

Ib xxiv

Books must follow sciences, and not sciences books

Proposition touching Amendment of Laws

Anger makes dull men witty, but it keeps them poor [Related as a remark of Queen Elizabeth]

Apothegms, 5

A beautiful face is a silent commendation

Ib 12

Wise nature did never put her precious jewels into a garret four stories high and therefore exceeding tall men had ever very empty heads.

Ib 17

Hope is a good breakfast, but it is a bad supper

Ib 36

Like strawberry wives, that laid two or three great strawberries at the mouth of their pot, and all the rest were little ones

[A saying of Queen Elizabeth] *Ib* 54

Sir Henry Wotton used to say, 'That critics are like brushers of noblemen's clothes'

Ib 64

Mr Savill was asked by my lord of Essex his opinion touching poets, who answered my lord, 'He thought them the best writers, next to those that write prose'

Ib 66

Alonso of Arragon was wont to say, in commendation of age, 'That age appeared to be best in four things: 'Old wood best to burn, old wine to drink, old friends to trust, and old authors to read'

Ib 97

Demosthenes when he fled from the battle, and that it was reproached to him, said, 'That he that flies mought fight again'

Ib 169

One of the Seven was wont to say, 'That laws were like cobwebs, where the small flies were caught, and the great brake through'

Ib 181

Pyrrhus, when his friends congratulated to him his victory over the Romans, under the conduct of Fabricius, but with great slaughter of his own side, said to them again, 'Yes, but if we have such another victory, we are undone'

Ib 193

Cosmus duke of Florence was wont to say of perfidious friends, 'That we read that we ought to forgive our enemies, but we do not read that we ought to forgive our friends'

Ib 206

One of the fathers saith that old men go to death, and death comes to young men

Ib 270

Diogenes said of a young man that danced daintily, and was much commended. 'The better, the worse'

Ib 266

Riches are a good handmaid, but the worst mistress

De Augmentis Scientiarum, pt 1, bk vi, ch 3

Antitheta, 6 (ed 1640, trans by Gilbert Wats)

The voice of the people hath some divineness in it, else how should so many men agree to be of one mind?

Ib 9

Envy never makes holiday

Ib 16

No terms of moderation takes place with the vulgar

Ib 30

Silence is the virtue of fools

Ib 31

The worst solitude is to be destitute of sincere friendship.
Ib 37

Omnia mutari, et nil vere interire, ac summam materiam prorsus eandem manere, satis constat
(That all things are changed, and that nothing really perishes, and that the sum of matter remains exactly the same, is sufficiently certain Tr Spedding) *Cogitationes de Natura Rerum, v*

I hold every man a debtor to his profession
The Elements of the Common Law, preface

My essays come home, to men's business, and bosoms
Essays Dedication of 1625 edition

What is truth? said jesting Pilate, and would not stay for an answer
Ib 1 Of Truth

A mixture of a lie doth ever add pleasure
Ib

It is not the lie that passeth through the mind, but the lie that sinketh in, and setteth in it, that doth the hurt
Ib

The inquiry of truth, which is the love-making, or wooing of it, the knowledge of truth, which is the presence of it, and the belief of truth, which is the enjoying of it, is the sovereign good of human nature
Ib

Certainly, it is heaven upon earth, to have a man's mind turn upon the poles of truth
Ib

Men fear death as children fear to go in the dark, and as that natural fear in children is increased with tales, so is the other
Ib 2 Of Death

There is no passion in the mind of man so weak, but it mates and masters the fear of death Revenge triumphs over death, love slights it, honour aspereth to it, grief flieth to it
Ib

It is as natural to die as to be born, and to a little infant, perhaps, the one is as painful as the other
Ib

Above all, believe it, the sweetest canticle is *Nunc dimittis*, when a man hath obtained worthy ends and expectations Death hath this also, that it openeth the gate to good fame, and extinguisheth envy
Ib

All colours will agree in the dark
Ib 3 Of Unity in Religion

Revenge is a kind of wild justice, which the more man's nature runs to, the more ought law to weed it out
Ib 4 Of Revenge

Why should I be angry with a man for loving himself better than me?
Ib

A man that studieth revenge keeps his own wounds green
Ib

It was a high speech of Seneca (after the manner of the Stoics) that, 'the good things which belong to prosperity are to be wished, but the good things that belong to adversity are to be admired'
Ib 5 Of Adversity

It is yet a higher speech of his than the other, 'It is true greatness to have in one the frailty of a man, and the security of a God'
Ib

Prosperity is the blessing of the Old Testament, adversity is the blessing of the New
Ib

The pencil of the Holy Ghost hath laboured more in describing the afflictions of Job than the felicities of Solomon
Ib

Prosperity is not without many fears and distastes, and adversity is not without comforts and hopes
Ib

Prosperity doth best discover vice, but adversity doth best discover virtue
Ib

The joys of parents are secret, and so are their griefs and fears
Ib 7 Of Parents and Children

Children sweeten labours, but they make misfortunes more bitter
Ib

The noblest works and foundations have proceeded from childless men, which have sought to express the images of their minds where those of their bodies have failed
Ib

He that hath wife and children hath given hostages to fortune, for they are impediments to great enterprises, either of virtue or mischief
Ib 8 Of Marriage and Single Life

There are some other that account wife and children but as bills of charges
Ib

A single life doth well with churchmen, for charity will hardly water the ground where it must first fill a pool
Ib

Wives are young men's mistresses, companions for middle age, and old men's nurses
Ib

He was reputed one of the wise men that made answer to the question when a man should marry? 'A young man not yet, an elder man not at all'
Ib

The speaking in a perpetual hyperbole is comely in nothing but in love
Ib 10 Of Love

It has been well said that 'the arch-flatterer with whom all the petty flatterers have intelligence is a man's self'
Ib

Men in great place are thrice servants servants of the sovereign or state, servants of fame, and servants of business.
Ib 11. Of Great Place

It is a strange desire to seek power and to lose liberty
Ib

The rising unto place is laborious, and by pains men come to greater pains, and it is sometimes base, and by indignities men come to dignities The standing is slippery, and the regress is either a downfall, or at least an eclipse
Ib.

Set it down to thyself, as well to create good precedents as to follow them
Ib

Severity breedeth fear, but roughness breedeth hate Even reproofs from authority ought to be grave, and not taunting
Ib

As in nature things move violently to their place and calmly in their place, so virtue in ambition is violent, in authority settled and calm
Ib

All rising to great place is by a winding stair
Ib

There is in human nature generally more of the fool than of the wise
Ib 12 Boldness

He said it that knew it best
Ib

In civil business, what first? boldness, what second and third? boldness and yet boldness is a child of ignorance and baseness
Ib

Boldness is an ill keeper of promise
Ib

Mahomet made the people believe that he would call a hill to him, and from the top of it offer up his prayers for the observers of his law. The people assembled. Mahomet called the hill to come to him again and again, and when the hill stood still, he was never a whit abashed, but said, 'If the hill will not come to Mahomet, Mahomet will go to the hill.'
Essays 12 Boldness

The inclination to goodness is imprinted deeply in the nature of man, inasmuch, that if it issue not towards men, it will take unto other living creatures
Ib 13 Goodness, and Goodness of Nature

If a man be gracious and courteous to strangers, it shows he is a citizen of the world
Ib

It is a reverend thing to see an ancient castle or building not in decay
Ib 14 Of Nobility

New nobility is but the act of power, but ancient nobility is the act of time
Ib

Nobility of birth commonly abateth industry
Ib

The four pillars of government (which are religion, justice, counsel, and treasure)
Ib 15 Of Seditions and Troubles

The surest way to prevent seditions (if the times do bear it) is to take away the matter of them
Ib

Money is like muck, not good except it be spread
Ib

The remedy is worse than the disease
Ib

I had rather believe all the fables in the legend, and the Talmud, and the Alcoran, than that this universal frame is without a mind
Ib 16 Atheism

God never wrought miracle to convince atheism, because his ordinary works convince it
Ib

A little philosophy inclineth man's mind to atheism, but depth in philosophy bringeth men's minds about to religion.
Ib

They that deny a God destroy man's nobility, for certainly man is of kin to the beasts by his body, and, if he be not of kin to God by his spirit, he is a base and ignoble creature
Ib

It were better to have no opinion of God at all than such an opinion as is unworthy of him, for the one is unbelief, the other is contumely
Ib 17 Of Superstition

There is a superstition in avoiding superstition
Ib

Travel, in the younger sort, is a part of education, in the elder, a part of experience. He that travelleth into a country before he hath some entrance into the language, goeth to school, and not to travel
Ib 18 Of Travel

Let diaries, therefore, be brought in use.
Ib

It is a miserable state of mind to have few things to desire and many things to fear
Ib 19 Of Empire

Books will speak plain when counsellors blanch
Ib 20 Of Counsel

There be that can pack the cards and yet cannot play well, so there are some that are good in canvasses and factions, that are otherwise weak men
Ib 22 Of Cunning

In things that are tender and unpleasing, it is good to break the ice by some whose words are of less weight, and to reserve the more weighty voice to come in as by chance.
Ib

I knew one that when he wrote a letter he would put that which was most material in the postscript, as if it had been a bymatter
Ib

Nothing doth more hurt in a state than that cunning men pass for wise
Ib

Be so true to thyself as thou be not false to others
Ib 23 Of Wisdom for a Man's Self

It is a poor centre of a man's actions, himself
Ib

It is the nature of extreme self-lovers, as they will set a house on fire, and it were but to roast their eggs
Ib

It is the wisdom of the crocodiles, that shed tears when they would devour
Ib

As the births of living creatures at first are ill-shapen, so are all innovations, which are the births of time
Ib 24 Of Innovations

He that will not apply new remedies must expect new evils, for time is the greatest innovator
Ib

I knew a wise man that had it for a by-word, when he saw men hasten to a conclusion, 'Stay a little, that we may make an end the sooner.'
Ib 25 Of Despatch

To choose time is to save time
Ib

The French are wiser than they seem, and the Spaniards seem wiser than they are
Ib 26 Of Seeming Wise

It had been hard for him that spake it to have put more truth and untruth together, in a few words, than in that speech 'Whosoever is delighted in solitude is either a wild beast, or a god.'
Ib 27 Of Friendship

A crowd is not company, and faces are but a gallery of pictures, and talk but a tinkling cymbal where there is no love
Ib

It [friendship] redoubleth joys, and cutteth griefs in halves
Ib

Cure the disease and kill the patient
Ib

Riches are for spending
Ib 28 Of Expense

A man ought warily to begin charges which once begun will continue
Ib

Neither is money the sinews of war (as it is trivially said)
Ib 29 Of The True Greatness of Kingdoms

Neither will it be, that a people overlaid with taxes should ever become valiant and martial
Ib

Thus much is certain, that he that commands the servants at great liberty, and may take as much and as little of the war as he will
Ib

Age will not be defied
Ib 30 Of Regimen of Health

Suspensions amongst thoughts are like bats amongst birds, they ever fly by twilight
Ib 31 Of Suspicion

There is nothing makes a man suspect much, more than to know little
Ib

Intermingle jest with earnest *Ib 32 Of Discourse*
 If you dissemble sometimes your knowledge of that
 you are thought to know, you shall be thought,
 another time, to know that you know not *Ib*
 Defer not charities till death, for certainly, if a man
 weigh it rightly, he that doth so is rather liberal of
 another man's than of his own *Ib 34 Of Riches*
 [Dreams and predictions] ought to serve but for
 winter talk by the fireside *Ib 35 Of Prophecies*
 He that plots to be the only figure among ciphers, is
 the decay of the whole age *Ib 36 Of Ambition*
 Nature is often hidden, sometimes overcome, seldom
 extinguished *Ib 38 Of Nature in Men*
 Chiefly the mould of a man's fortune is in his own
 hands *Ib 40 Of Fortune*
 Young men are fitter to invent than to judge, fitter
 for execution than for counsel, and fitter for new
 projects than for settled business
Ib 42 Of Youth and Age
 Virtue is like a rich stone, best plain set
Ib 43 Of Beauty
 That is the best part of beauty, which a picture can-
 not express *Ib*
 There is no excellent beauty that hath not some
 strangeness in the proportion *Ib*
 Houses are built to live in and not to look on, there-
 fore let use be preferred before uniformity, except
 where both may be had *Ib 45 Of Building*
 God Almighty first planted a garden, and, indeed, it
 is the purest of human pleasures *Ib 46 Of Gardens*
 It is generally better to deal by speech than by letter
Ib 47 Of Negotiating
 Lookers-on many times see more than gamesters
Ib 48 Of Followers and Friends
 There is little friendship in the world, and least of all
 between equals *Ib*
 Studies serve for delight, for ornament, and for
 ability *Ib 50 Of Studies*
 To spend too much time in studies is sloth *Ib*
 They perfect nature and are perfected by experience
Ib
 Read not to contradict and confute, nor to believe
 and take for granted, nor to find talk and discourse,
 but to weigh and consider. *Ib*
 Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed,
 and some few to be chewed and digested, that is,
 some books are to be read only in parts, others to
 be read but not curiously, and some few to be read
 wholly, and with diligence and attention. Some
 books also may be read by deputy, and extracts
 made of them by others *Ib*
 Reading maketh a full man, conference a ready man
 and writing an exact man *Ib*
 Historics make men wise, poets, witty, the mathe-
 matics, subtle, natural philosophy, deep; moral,
 grave, logic and rhetoric, able to contend. *Ib*
 Light gains make heavy purses
Ib 52 Of Ceremonies and Respects

Small matters win great commendation *Ib*
 He that giveth another occasion of satiety, maketh
 himself cheap *Ib*
 A wise man will make more opportunities than he
 finds. *Ib*
 Fame is like a river, that beareth up things light and
 swollen, and drowns things weighty and solid
Ib 53 Of Praise
 It was prettily devised of Aesop, 'The fly sat upon the
 axletree of the chariot-wheel and said, what a dust
 do I raise.' *Ib 54 Of Vain-Glory*
 The place of justice is a hallowed place
Ib 56 Of Judicature
 In the youth of a state arms do flourish, in the middle
 age of a state, learning, and then both of them
 together for a time, in the declining age of a state,
 mechanical arts and merchandise
Ib 58 Of Vicissitude of Things
 I have often thought upon death, and I find it the
 least of all evils *An Essay on Death, § 1*
 I do not believe that any man fears to be dead, but
 only the stroke of death *Ib 3*
 Why should man be in love with his fetters, though of
 gold? *Ib 4*
 He is the fountain of honour *Essay of a King*
 Lucid intervals and happy pauses
History of King Henry VII, par 3
 Quare videmus araneam aut muscam aut formicam,
 in electro, monumento plus quam regio, sepultas,
 aeternizari
 (Whence we see spiders, flies, or ants, entombed
 and preserved for ever in amber, a more than royal
 tomb *Tr Spedding*)
Historia Vitae et Mortis, Provisional Rules
Concerning the Duration of Life and the Form
of Death, rule 1, Explanation
 I have taken all knowledge to be my province.
Letter to Lord Burleigh, 1592.
 Opportunity makes a thief
Letter to the Earl of Essex, 1598
 I am too old, and the seas are too long, for me to
 double the Cape of Good Hope
Memorial of Access
 I would live to study, and not study to live *Ib*
 God's first Creature, which was Light *New Atlantis*
 Quatuor sunt genera Idolorum quae mentes humanas
 obsident. Iis (docendi gratia) nomina imposui-
 mus, ut primum genus, Idola Tribus, secundum,
 Idola Specus, tertium, Idola Fori, quartum, Idola
 Theatri vocentur
 (There are four classes of Idols which beset
 men's minds. To these for distinction's sake I have
 assigned names—calling the first class, Idols of
 the Tribe, the second, Idols of the Cave, the third,
 Idols of the Market-place, the fourth, Idols of the
 Theatre *Tr Spedding*)
Novum Organon, Aphor xxxix
 Quod enim mavult homo verum esse, id potius credit
 (For what a man had rather were true he more
 readily believes *Tr Spedding*) *Ib xlix*

Magna ista scientiarum mater
(This great mother of the sciences [natural philosophy] Tr Spedding) *Ib* lxxx

Naturae enim non imperatur, nisi parendo
(We cannot command nature except by obeying her Tr Spedding) *Ib* cxxix

Nam et ipsa scientia potestas est (Knowledge itself is power) *Religious Meditations Of Hereses*

De Sapientia Veterum. (The wisdom of the ancients Tr Sir Arthur Gorges, 1619) *Title of Work*

Praecipue autem lignum, sive virga, versus superiorem partem curva est
(Every rod or staff of empire is truly crooked at the top) *Ib* 6, *Pan, sive Natura*

Universities incline wits to sophistry and affectation
Valerius Terminus of the Interpretation of Nature, ch 26

I have rather studied books than men
Advice to Sir Geo Villiers, Works, ed 1765, vol II, p 258

For my name and memory, I leave it to men's charitable speeches, and to foreign nations, and the next ages
Last Will (Dec 19, 1625) *Ib* vol III, p 677

The world's a bubble, and the life of man
Less than a span *The World*

Who then to frail mortality shall trust,
But limns the water, or but writes in dust *Ib*

What is it then to have or have no wife,
But single thralldom, or a double strife? *Ib*

What then remains, but that we still should cry,
Not to be born, or being born, to die *Ib*

WALTER BAGEHOT

1826-1877

The mystic reverence, the religious allegiance, which are essential to a true monarchy, are imaginative sentiments that no legislature can manufacture in any people

The English Constitution Ch 1 *The Cabinet*

The Crown is, according to the saying, the 'fountain of honour', but the Treasury is the spring of business. *Ib*

It has been said that England invented the phrase, 'Her Majesty's Opposition', that it was the first government which made a criticism of administration as much a part of the polity as administration itself. This critical opposition is the consequence of cabinet government *Ib*

The Times has made many ministries. *Ib*

We turned out the Quaker (Lord Aberdeen), and put in the pugilist (Lord Palmerston). (Change of Ministry, 1855) *Ib*

The best reason why Monarchy is a strong government is, that it is an intelligible government. The mass of mankind understand it, and they hardly anywhere in the world understand any other

Ib Ch 2 *The Monarchy*

The characteristic of the English Monarchy is that it retains the feelings by which the heroic kings governed their rude age, and has added the feelings by which the constitutions of later Greece ruled in more refined ages *Ib*

Women—one half the human race at least—care fifty times more for a marriage than a ministry *Ib*

Royalty is a government in which the attention of the nation is concentrated on one person doing interesting actions. A Republic is a government in which that attention is divided between many, who are all doing uninteresting actions. Accordingly, so long as the human heart is strong and the human reason weak, Royalty will be strong because it appeals to diffused feeling, and Republics weak because they appeal to the understanding *Ib*

An Englishman whose heart is in a matter is not easily baffled *Ib*

Throughout the greater part of his life George III was a kind of 'consecrated obstruction'. *Ib*

But of all nations in the world the English are perhaps the least a nation of pure philosophers *Ib*

The order of nobility is of great use, too, not only in what it creates, but in what it prevents. It prevents the rule of wealth—the religion of gold. This is the obvious and natural idol of the Anglo-Saxon *Ib* Ch 4 *The House of Lords*

The House of Peers has never been a House where the most important peers were most important. *Ib*

A severe though not unfriendly critic of our institutions said that 'the cure for admiring the House of Lords was to go and look at it' *Ib*

Nations touch at their summits *Ib*

Years ago Mr Disraeli called Sir Robert Peel's Ministry—the last Conservative Ministry that had real power—an 'organized hypocrisy', so much did the ideas of its 'head' differ from the sensations of its 'tail' *Ib*

It has been said, not truly, but with a possible approximation to truth, 'that in 1802 every hereditary monarch was insane' *Ib*

Queen Anne was one of the smallest people ever set in a great place *Ib* Ch 7 *Checks and Balances*

The soldier—that is, the great soldier—of to-day is not a romantic animal, dashing at forlorn hopes, animated by frantic sentiment, full of fancies as to a love-lady or a sovereign, but a quiet, grave man, busied in charts, exact in sums, master of the art of tactics, occupied in trivial detail, thinking, as the Duke of Wellington was said to do, *most of the shoes of his soldiers*, despising all manner of *éclat* and eloquence, perhaps, like Count Moltke, 'silent in seven languages' *Ib*

The most melancholy of human reflections, perhaps, is that, on the whole, it is a question whether the benevolence of mankind does most good or harm *Physics and Politics*, No. v.

Wordsworth, Tennyson, and Browning, or, Pure, Ornate, and Grotesque Art in English Poetry *Title of Essay, National Review, November 1864.*

PHILIP JAMES BAILEY

1816-1902

We live in deeds, not years, in thoughts, not breaths,
In feelings, not in figures on a dial
We should count time by heart-throbs He most lives
Who thinks most—feels the noblest—acts the best
Festus, v

Envy's a coal comes hissing hot from hell *Ib*
America, thou half-brother of the world,
With something good and bad of every land *Ib x*
And these are joys like beauty, but skin deep *Ib.*
A double error sometimes sets us right *Ib xx*

JOANNA BAILLIE

1762-1851

Uprouse ye, then, my merry men!
It is our op'ning day *Orra III 1*

HENRY WILLIAMS BAKER

1821-1877

The King of Love my Shepherd is,
Whose goodness faileth never
Hymns Ancient and Modern The King of
Love my Shepherd is

There is a blessed home
Beyond this land of woe
Ib There is a Blessed Home

JOHN BALE

1495-1563

Though it be a foul great he Set upon it a good face
King John, I 1978

ARTHUR JAMES BALFOUR

1848-1930

Defence of philosophic doubt Article in *Mind*, 1878

The energies of our system will decay, the glory of the
sun will be dimmed, and the earth, tideless and
inert, will no longer tolerate the race which has for
a moment disturbed its solitude Man will go down
into the pit, and all his thoughts will perish
The Foundations of Belief, pt 1, ch 1

It is unfortunate, considering that enthusiasm moves
the world, that so few enthusiasts can be trusted to
speak the truth *Letter to Mrs Drew, 1918*

Frank Harris said 'The fact is, Mr Balfour,
all the faults of the age come from Christianity and
journalism' 'Christianity, of course, but why
journalism?'
Autobiography of Margot Asquith, vol 1, ch 10

JOHN CODRINGTON BAMPFYLDE

1754-1796

Rugged the breast that beauty cannot tame
Sonnet in Praise of Deha

GEORGE BANCROFT

fl 1548

Where Christ erecteth his church, the devil in the
same churchyard will have his chapel
Sermon preached at Paul's Cross, 9 Feb 1588

GEORGE BANCROFT

1800-1891

It [Calvinism in Switzerland] established a religion
without a prelate, a government without a king
History of the United States vol III, ch 6

EDWARD BANGS

fl 1775

Yankee Doodle, keep it up,
Yankee Doodle dandy,
Mind the music and the step,
And with the girls be handy
Yankee Doodle or Father's Return to Camp See
Nicholas Smith, Stories of Great National Songs

Yankee Doodle came to town
Riding on a pony,
Stuck a feather in his cap
And called it Macaroni *Ib*

GEORGE LINNÆUS BANKS

1821-1881

For the cause that lacks assistance,
For the wrong that needs resistance,
For the future in the distance,
And the good that I can do
Daisies in the Grass What I Live For

ANNA LETITIA BARBAULD

1743-1825

So fades a summer cloud away,
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er,
So gently shuts the eye of day,
So dies a wave along the shore
The Death of the Virtuous

The world has little to bestow
Where two fond hearts in equal love are joined
Deha

And when midst fallen London, they survey
The stone where Alexander's ashes lay,
Shall own with humbled pride the lesson just
By Time's slow finger written in the dust
Eighteen Hundred and Eleven

Of her scorn the maid repented,
And the shepherd—of his love
Leave Me, Simple Shepherd

Life! we've been long together,
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather
Life

Then steal away, give little warning,
 Choose thine own time,
 Say not Good-night, but in some brighter clime
 Bid me Good-morning! *Ib*
 Society than solitude is worse,
 And man to man is still the greatest curse
Ovid to His Wife

JOHN BARBOUR

1316?-1395

Storys to rede ar delitabill,
 Suppos that that be nocht bot fabill
The Bruce, bk 1, l 1
 A! fredome is a noble thing!
 Fredome mayis man to haiff liking *Ib* l 225.

REV RICHARD HARRIS
BARHAM

1788-1845

You intoxicated brute!—you insensible block!—
 Look at the clock!—Do!—I look at the clock!
The Ingoldsby Legends Patty Morgan Fytte 1
 'He won't—won't he? Then bring me my boots!' said
 the Baron *Ib Grey Dolphin*
 There, too, full many an Aldermanic nose
 Roll'd its loud diapason after dinner
Ib The Ghost

Though I've always considered Sir Christopher Wren,
 As an architect, one of the greatest of men,
 And, talking of Epitaphs,—much I admire his,
 'Circumspice, si Monumentum requiris',
 Which an erudite Verger translated to me,
 'If you ask for his Monument, Sir—come—spv—see!'
Ib The Epitaph

The Jackdaw sat on the Cardinal's chair!
 Bishop, and abbot, and prior were there,
 Many a monk, and many a friar,
 Many a knight, and many a squire,
 With a great many more of lesser degree,—
 In sooth a goodly company,
 And they served the Lord Primate on bended knee
 Never, I ween,
 Was a prouder seen,
 Read of in books, or dreamt of in dreams,
 Than the Cardinal Lord Archbishop of Rheims!
Ib The Jackdaw of Rheims

And six little Singing-boxes,—dear little souls!
 In nice clean faces, and nice white stoles *Ib*
 He cursed him in sleeping, that every night
 He should dream of the devil, and wake in a fright *Ib*
 Never was heard such a terrible curse!
 But what gave rise To no little surprise,
 Nobody seem'd one penny the worse! *Ib*
 Heedless of grammar, they all cried, 'That's him!' *Ib*
 Here's a corpse in the case with a sad swell'd face,
 And a Medical Crowner's a queer sort of thing!
Ib A Lay of St Gengulphus

A German,
 Who smoked like a chimney *Ib Lay of St Odille*

So put that in your pipe, my Lord Otto, and smoke
 it! *Ib*
 And her bosom went in, and her tail came out
Ib A Lay of St Nicholas

She drank Prussic acid without any water,
 And died like a Duke-and-a-Duchess's daughter!
Ib The Tragedy

There was cakes and apples in all the Chapels,
 With fine polonics, and rich mellow pears
Ib Barney Maguire's Account of the Coronation

Tallest of boys, or shortest of men,
 He stood in his stockings, just four foot ten
Ib Hon Mr Sucklethumkkan's Story

Tiger Tim, come tell me true,
 What may a Noblcman find to do? *Ib*

What *was* to be done?—'twas perfectly plain
 That they could not well hang the man over again
 What *was* to be done?—The man was dead!
 Nought *could* be done—nought could be said,
 So—my Lord Tomnoddy went home to bed! *Ib*

She help'd him to lean, and she help'd him to fat,
 And it look'd likc hare—but it might have been cat
Ib The Bagman's Dog

Take a suck at the lemon, and at him agrin!
Ib The Black Mousquetairc

Like a blue-bottle fly on a rather large scale,
 With a rather large corking-pin stuck through his tail
Ib The Auto-du-Fé

A servant's too often a negligent elf;
 —If it's business of consequence, *do it yourself!*
Ib The Ingoldsby Penance Moral

They were a little less than 'kin', and rather more than
 'kind' *Ib Nell Cook.*

'Twas in Margate last Julv, I walk'd upon the pier,
 I saw a little vulgar Boy—I said, 'What make you
 here?' *Ib Misadventures at Margate*

He had no little handkerchief to wipe his little nose!
Ib

And now I'm here, from this here pier it is my fixed
 intent
 To jump, as Mr Levil did from off the Monu-ment! *Ib*

I could not see my little friend—because he was not
 there! *Ib*

But when the Crier cried, 'O Yes!' the people cried,
 'O No!' *Ib*

It's very odd that Sailor-men should talk so very
 queer—
 And then he hitch'd his trousers up, as is, I'm told,
 their use,
 It's very odd that Sailor-men should wear those things
 so loose *Ib*

He smiled and said, 'Sir, does your mother know that
 you are out?' *Ib*

Be kind to those dear little folks
 When our toes are turned up to the daisies!
Ib The Babes in the Wood.

Though his cassock was swarming
With all sorts of vermin,
He'd not take the life of a flea!

Ib The Lay of St Aloys

Ah, ha! my good friend!—Don't you wish you may
get it?

'Though port should have ige,
Yet I don't think it sage
To entomb it, as some of your *connoisseurs* do,
Till it's losing its flavour, and body, and hue,
—I question if keeping it does it much good
After ten years in bottle and three in the wood

Ib The Wedding-Day Moral

The Lady Jane was tall and slim,
The Lady Jane was fair

Ib The Knight and the Lady

He would pore by the hour, O'er a weed or a flower,
Or the slugs that come crawling out after a shower

Ib

Or great ugly things, All legs and wings,
With nasty long tails arm'd with nasty long stings

Ib

Go—pop Sir Thomas again in the pond—
Poor dear!—he'll catch us some more!

Ib

Cob was the strongest, *Mob* was the wrongest,
Chittabob's tail was the finest and longest!

Ib The Truants

What Horace says is,
Eheu fugaces
Anni labuntur, Postume, Postume!

Years glide away, and are lost to me, lost to me!
Ib Epigram Eheu fugaces

SABINE BARING-GOULD

1834-1924

Now the day is over,
Night is drawing nigh,
Shadows of the evening
Steal across the sky

Hymns Ancient and Modern Now the Day is Over

Birds and beasts and flowers
Soon will be asleep

Ib

Guard the sailors tossing
On the deep blue sea

Ib

Onward, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the Cross of Jesus
Going on before

Ib Onward, Christian Soldiers

Hell's foundations quiver
At the shout of praise,
Brothers, lift your voices,
Loud your anthems raise

Ib

Gates of hell can never
'Gainst that Church prevail,
We have Christ's own promise,
And that cannot fail

Ib

RICHARD BARNFIELD

Through the night of doubt and sorrow
Onward goes the pilgrim band,
Singing songs of expectation,
Marching to the Promised Land

*Ib Tr from the Danish of B S Ingemann,
1789-1862 Through the Night of Doubt and
Sorrow*

Brother clasps the hand of brother,
Stepping fearless through the night

Ib

Soon shall come the great awaking,
Soon the rending of the tomb,
Then, the scattering of all shadows
And the end of toil and gloom

Ib

LADY ANNE BARNARD

1750-1825

When the sheep are in the fauld, when the cows come
hame,
When a' the weary world to quiet rest are gane

Auld Robin Gray

My mither she fell sick—my Jamie was at sea—
And Auld Robin Gray, oh! he came a-courting me

Ib

My father argued sair—my mother didna speak,
But she look'd in my face till my heart was like to
break

Ib.

I hadna been his wife, a week but only four,
When mournfu' as I sat on the stane at my door,
I saw my Jamie's ghaist—I cou'dna think it he,
Till he said, 'I'm come hame, my love, to marry thee!'

Ib.

CHARLOTTE ALINGTON BARNARD

1840-1869

I cannot sing the old songs
I sang long years ago

Fireside Thoughts I Cannot Sing the Old Songs

RICHARD BARNFIELD

1574-1627

As it fell upon a day,
In the merry month of May,
Sitting in a pleasant shade,
Which a grove of myrtles made

Poems in Divers Humors, An Ode

Beasts did leap and birds did sing,
Trees did grow and plants did spring,
Everything did banish moan,
Save the nightingale alone
She, poor bird, as all forlorn,
Lean'd her breast against a thorn,
And there sung the dolefullest ditty
That to hear it was great pity
Fie, fie, now would she cry,
Tereu, Tereu, by and by

Ib

King Pandion, he is dead,
All thy friends are lapp'd in lead

Ib

If Music and sweet Poetry agree,
As they must needs (the Sister and the Brother)
Then must the love be great, 'twixt thee and me,
Because thou lov'st the one, and I the other.
Ib Sonnet 1.

Nothing more certain than incertainties,
Fortune is full of fresh variety
Constant in nothing but inconstancy
The Shepherd's Content, xi

My flocks feed not,
My ewes breed not,
My rams speed not,
All is amiss
Love is dying,
Faith's defying,
Heart's denying,
Causer of this
A Shepherd's Complaint

She [*Pecunia*] is the sovereign queen, of all delights
For her the lawyer pleads, the soldier fights
Encomium of Lady Pecunia, xvi

The waters were his winding sheet, the sea was made
his tomb,
Yet for his fame the ocean sea, was not sufficient
room
Ib To the Gentlemen Readers [*On the death of Hawkins*]

BARNABE BARNES

1569?–1609

Ah, sweet Content! where doth thine harbour hold?
Parthenophil and Parthenophie, Sonnet lxxi

WILLIAM BARNES

1801–1886

An' there vor me the apple tree
Do le in down low in Linden Lea
My Orch'd in Linden Lea

But still the neame do bide the seame—
'Tis Pentridge—Pentridge by the river
Pentridge by the River

My love is the maid ov all maidens,
Though all mud be comely
In the Spring

Since I noo mwore do see your feace
The Wife A-Lost

MATTHIAS BARR

fl 1870

Only a baby small,
Dropt from the skies *Poems Only a Baby Small*
Small, but how dear to us,
God knoweth best *Ib.*

EATON STANNARD BARRETT

1786–1820

She, while Apostles shrank, could dangers brave,
Last at His cross and earliest at His grave
Woman, pt 1, l 143

JAMES MATTHEW BARRIE

1860–1937

His lordship may compel us to be equal upstairs, but
there will never be equality in the servants' hall
The Admirable Crichton, Act 1

I'm a second eleven sort of chap *Ib* Act III
Never ascribe to an opponent motives meaner than
your own

'*Courage*', *Rectorial Address, St Andrews*, 3 May 1922

Courage is the thing All goes if courage goes *Ib*

I do loathe explanations
My Lady Nicotine Ch 16

When the first baby laughed for the first time, the
laugh broke into a thousand pieces and they all went
skipping about, and that was the beginning of
faries *Peter Pan*, Act 1

Every time a child says 'I don't believe in fairies'
there is a little fairy somewhere that falls down
dead *Ib*

'To die will be an awfully big adventure. *Ib* Act III

Do you believe in fairies? If you believe, clap your
hands! *Ib* Act IV

'That is ever the way 'Tis all jealousy to the bride and
good wishes to the corpse *Quality Street*, Act 1

Oh the gladness of her gladness when she's glad,
And the sadness of her sadness when she's sad,
But the gladness of her gladness
And the sadness of her sadness
Are as nothing, Charles,
To the badness of her badness when she's bad
Rosalind

It is wonderful how much you can conceal between
the touch of the handle and the opening of the door
if your heart is in it *Tommy and Grizel*

The Twelve-Pound Look *Title of Play*

Have you ever noticed, Harry, that many jewels make
women either incredibly fat or incredibly thin?
The Twelve-pound Look

It's a sort of bloom on a woman If you have it
[charm], you don't need to have anything else, and if
you don't have it, it doesn't much matter what else
you have *What Every Woman Knows*, Act 1

A young Scotsman of your ability let loose upon the
world with £300, what could he not do? It's almost
appalling to think of, especially if he went among
the English *Ib*

You've forgotten the grandest moral attribute of a
Scotsman, Maggie, that he'll do nothing which
might damage his career *Ib* Act II

There are few more impressive sights in the world
than a Scotsman on the make *Ib*

Every man who is high up loves to think that he has
done it all himself, and the wife smiles, and lets it
go at that It's our only joke Every woman knows
that *Ib* Act IV

WILLIAM BASSE

d 1653?

Renowned Spenser, he a thought more nigh
To learned Chaucer, and rare Beaumont he,
A little nearer Spenser, to make room
For Shakespeare, in your threefold, fourfold tomb
Poetical Works On Shakespeare

EDGAR BATEMAN

Wiv a ladder and some glisses,
You could see to 'Ackney Marshes,
If it wasn't for the 'ouses in between
If It Wasn't For The 'Ouses In Between

KATHERINE LEE BATES

1859-1929

America! America!
God shed His grace on thee
And crown thy good with brotherhood
From sea to shining sea! *America the Beautiful*

RICHARD BAXTER

1615-1691

I preach'd as never sure to preach again,
And as a dying man to dying men!
Love Breathing Thanks and Praise, pt. II.

BERNARD BAYLE

fl 1854

A Storm in a Teacup *Title of farce, 1854*

THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY

1797-1839

I'd be a butterfly born in a bower,
Where roses and lilies and violets meet
I'd be a Butterfly

I'm saddest when I sing *Title of poem*

Absence makes the heart grow fonder,
Isle of Beauty, Fare thee well! *Isle of Beauty*

It was a dream of perfect bliss,
Too beautiful to last *It was a Dream*

The mistletoe hung in the castle hall,
The holly branch shone on the old oak wall
The Mistletoe Bough

Oh! no! we never mention her,
Her name is never heard,
My lips are now forbid to speak
That once familiar word
Oh! No! We Never Mention Her

Oh, Pilot! 'tis a fearful night,
There's danger on the deep *The Pilot*

Fear not, but trust in Providence
Wherever thou may'st be *Ib*

She wore a wreath of roses,
The night that first we met
She Wore a Wreath of Roses

Gaily the Troubadour
Touch'd his guitar *Welcome Me Home*

We met, 'twas in a crowd, And I thought he would
shun me *We Met, 'twas in a Crowd*

Why don't the men propose, mamma,
Why don't the men propose?
Why Don't the Men Propose?

JAMES BEATTIE

1735-1803

His harp, the sole companion of his way
The Minstrel, bk. I. III

In truth, he was a strange and wayward wight,
Fond of each gentle and each dreadful scene
In darkness and in storm he found delight *Ib. xxii*

DAVID BEATTY, EARL BEATTY

1871-1936

There's something wrong with our bloody ships
to-day, Chatfield
Remark during the Battle of Jutland, 1917. Winston Churchill, The World Crisis (1927), Pt. I, p. 129. The additional words commonly attributed 'Steer two points nearer the enemy' are denied by Lord Chatfield

TOPHAM BEAUCLERK

1739-1780

[On Boswell saying that a certain man had good principles.] Then he does not wear them out in practice *Boswell's Life of Johnson, 14 April, 1778*

FRANCIS BEAUMONT

1584-1616

What things have we seen,
Done at the Mermaid! heard words that have been
So nimble, and so full of subtil flame,
As if that every one from whence they came,
Had meant to put his whole wit in a jest,
And had resolv'd to live a fool, the rest
Of his dull life *Letter to Ben Jonson*

Here are sands, ignoble things,
Dropt from the ruin'd sides of Kings,
Here's a world of pomp and state,
Buried in dust, once dead by fate
On the Tombs in Westminster Abbey

FRANCIS BEAUMONT

1584-1616

and

JOHN FLETCHER

1579-1625

There is no drinking after death
The Bloody Brother, II. II.

a

PETER BECKFORD THOMAS LOVELL BEDDOES

b

And he that will to bed go sober,
Falls with the leaf still in October *Ib*

Three merry boys, and three merry boys,
And three merry boys are we,
As ever did sing in a hempen string
Under the gallows-tree *Ib* III II

Bad's the best of us *Ib* IV II

You are no better than you should be
The Coxcomb, IV III

I care not two-pence *Ib* V I

Death hath so many doors to let out life
The Customs of the Country, II II

But what is past my help, is past my care
The Double Marriage, I I

It is always good
When a man has two irons in the fire
The Faithful Friends, I II

Our acts our angels are, or good or ill,
Our fatal shadows that walk by us still
Upon an Honest Man's Fortune, V

Let's meet, and either do, or die
The Island Princess, II II

Nose, nose, jolly red nose,
and who gave thee this jolly red nose?
Nutmegs and ginger, cinnamon and cloves,
And they gave me this jolly red nose
Knight of the Burning Pestle, I III

This is a pretty flim-flam *Ib* II III

Go to grass *Ib* IV VI

Something given that way
The Iovers' Progress, I I

Deeds, not words shall speak me *Ib* III VI

Thou wilt scarce be a man before thy mother
Ib II

I find the medicine worse than the malady *Ib*

Faith Sir, he went away with a flea in 's ear *Ib* IV III

I'll put on my considering cap
The Loyal Subject, II I

I'll put a spoke among your wheels
The Mad Lover, III VI

Upon my buried body I lay lightly gentle earth
The Maid's Tragedy, II I

Fountain heads, and pathless groves,
Places which pale passion loves
The Nice Valour, Song, III III

Nothing's so dainty sweet, as lovely melancholy *Ib*

All your better deeds
Shall be in water writ, but this in marble *Ib* V III

'Tis virtue, and not birth that makes us noble
Great actions speak great minds, and such should govern
The Prophetess, II III

I'll have a fling
Rule a Wife and have a Wife, III V

Kiss till the cow come home *Scornful Lady*, II II

There is no other purgatory but a woman *Ib* III I

It would talk
Lord how it talk't! *Ib* IV I

Daisies smell-less, yet most quaint,
And sweet thyme true,
Primrose first born child of Ver,
Merry Spring—time's Harbinger
Two Noble Kinsmen, I I

God Lyeus ever young,
Ever honour'd, ever sung *Valentian*, V VIII

Come sing now, sing, for I know ye sing well,
I see ye have a singing face
The Wild Goose Chase, II II

Though I say't, that should not say't
Wit at Several Weapons, II II

Whistle and she'll come to you
Wit Without Money, IV IV

Let the world slide *Ib* V II

Have not you maggots in your brains?
Women Pleased, III IV

PETER BECKFORD

1740-1811

The colour I think of little moment, and am of
opinion with our friend Foote, respecting his negro
friend, that a good dog, like a good candidate,
cannot be of a bad colour
Thoughts upon Hare and Fox Hunting, letter 3

WILLIAM BECKFORD

1759-1844

When he was angry, one of his eyes became so terrible,
that no person could bear to behold it, and the
wretch upon whom it was fixed instantly fell back-
ward, and sometimes expired. For fear, however,
of depopulating his dominions, and making his
palace desolate, he but rarely gave way to his anger
Vathek (1893), p. 1

He did not think, with the Caliph Omar Ben Adalaziz,
that it was necessary to make a hell of this world to
enjoy paradise in the next *Ib* p. 2

Your presence I condescend to accept and beg you
will let me be quiet, for I am not over-fond of re-
sisting temptation *Ib* p. 134

THOMAS BECON

1512-1567

For when the wine is in, the wit is out
Catchism, 375

THOMAS LOVELL BEDDOES

1798-1851

If thou wilt ease thine heart
Of love and all its smart,
Then sleep, dear, sleep
Death's Jest Book, II II

But wilt thou cure thy heart
Of love and all its smart,
Then die, dear, die *Ib*

If man could see
The perils and diseases that he elbows,
Each day he walks a mile, which catch at him,
Which fall behind and graze him as he passes,
Then would he know that Life's a single pilgrim,
Fighting unarmed amongst a thousand soldiers
Ib iv 1 (MS III)

I have a bit of FIAT in my soul,
And can myself create my little world *Ib v 1*
Old Adam, the carrion crow *Ib v iv*
King Death hath asses' ears *Ib*

If there were dreams to sell,
What would you buy?
Some cost a passing bell,
Some a light sigh,
That shakes from Life's fresh crown
Only a roseleaf down
If there were dreams to sell,
Merry and sad to tell,
And the crier rung the bell,
What would you buy? *Dream-Pedlary*

Him
Who was the planet's tyrant, dotard Death
Letter from Gottingen
How many times do I love thee, dear?
Tell me how many thoughts there be
In the atmosphere
Of a new-fal'n year,
Whose white and sable hours appear
The latest flakes of Eternity
So many times do I love thee, dear
Torrismund i iii

BEDE

673-735

Talis, iniquens, 'mihī videtur, rex, vita hominum
praesens in terris, ad comparationem eius, quod
nobis incertum est, temporis, quale cum te resi-
dente ad caenam cum ducibus ac ministris tuis
tempore brumali, . . . adveniēns unus passerum do-
mum citissime pervolaverit, qui cum per unum
ostium ingrediens, mox per aliud exierit Ipso qui-
dem tempore, quo intus est, hiemis tempestate non
tangitur, sed tamen parvissimo spatio serenitatis ad
momentum excurso, mox de hieme in hiemem re-
grediens, tuis oculis elabitur Ita haec vita homi-
num ad modicum appareat, quid autem sequatur,
quidve praeciserit, prorsus ignoramus

['Such,' he said, 'O King, seems to me the present
life of men on earth, in comparison with that time
which to us is uncertain, as if when on a winter's
night you sit feasting with your ealdormen and
thegns,—a single sparrow should fly swiftly into the
hall, and coming in at one door, instantly fly out
through another In that time in which it is indoors
it is indeed not touched by the fury of the winter,
but yet, this smallest space of calmness being passed
almost in a flash, from winter going into winter
again, it is lost to your eyes Somewhat like this
appears the life of man, but of what follows or what
went before, we are utterly ignorant']

Ecclesiastical History, bk ii, ch 13

Scio, iniquens, quia ubi navem ascenderitis, tem-
pestas vobis et ventus contrarius superveniet sed

tu memento ut hoc oleum quod tibi do, mittas in
mare, et statim quiescentibus ventis, serenitas maris
vos laeta prosequatur

[I know, he said, that when you go on board ship,
a storm and contrary wind will come upon you but
remember to pour this oil that I give you, on the
water, and immediately with the winds dropping
happy calm of ocean will ensue] *Ib bk iii, ch 15*

BERNARD ELLIOTT BEE

1823-1861

Let us determine to die here, and we will conquer
There is Jackson standing like a stone wall Rally
behind the Virginians
First Battle of Bull Run, 1861 Poore, Reminiscences of Metropolis, ii 85

HENRY CHARLES BEECHING

1859-1919

With lifted feet, hands still,
I am poised, and down the hill
Dart, with heedful mind,
The air goes by in a wind
Going Down Hill on a Bicycle

Alas, that the longest hill
Must end in a vale, but still,
Who clumbs with toil, wheresoe'er
Shall find wings waiting there *Ib*
Not when the sense is dim,
But now from the heart of joy,
I would remember Him
Take the thanks of a boy *Prayers*

MAX BEERBOHM

1872-

I belong to the Beardsley period *Diminuendo*
There is always something rather absurd about the
past *1880*

To give an accurate and exhaustive account of that
period would need a far less brilliant pen than
mine *Ib*

She swam to the bell-rope and grasped it for a tinkle
[Parody of Meredith] *Euphemia Clashthought*

Not that I had any special reason for hating school
Strange as it may seem to my readers, I was not
unpopular there I was a modest, good-humoured
boy It is Oxford that has made me insufferable
Going Back to School

Mankind is divisible into two great classes hosts and
guests *Hosts and Guests*

I maintain that though you would often in the fif-
teenth century have heard the snobbish Roman say,
in a would-be off-hand tone, 'I am dining with the
Borgias to-night,' no Roman ever was able to say,
'I dined last night with the Borgias' *Ib*

The Nonconformist Conscience makes cowards of
us all *King George the Fourth*

Fate wrote her [Queen Caroline] a most tremendous
tragedy, and she played it in tights *Ib*

They so very indubitably *are*, you know! [Parody of
Henry James] *Mote in the Middle Distance*

'After all', as a pretty girl once said to me, 'women
are a sex by themselves, so to speak'

The Pervasion of Rouge

Savonarola love-sick! Ha, ha, ha!

Love-sick? He, love-sick? 'Tis a goodly jest!

The confirm'd misogyn a ladies' man!

Savonarola Brown, Act I

Had Sav'narola spoken less than thus,

Methinks me, the less Sav'narola he

Ib

LUC And what name gave he?

PORTER Something-arola—

LUC Savon?—show him up

Ib Act II

Enter Micnael Angelo Andrea del Sarto appears for
a moment at a window Pippa passes. *Ib* Act III

O the disgrace of it!—

The scandal, the incredible come-down! *Ib* Act IV

A pretty sort of prison I have come to,

In which a self-respecting lady's cell

Is treated as a lounge

Ib

'Your mentality, too, is bully, as we all predicate'

Zuluka Dobson, ch 8

Deeply regret inform your grace last night two black
owls came and perched on battlements remained
there through night hooting at dawn flew away
none knows whither awaiting instructions Jellings

Ib ch 14

'The Socratic manner is not a game at which two
can play'

Ib ch 15

'Ah, say that again,' she murmured. 'Your voice is
music'

He repeated his question

'Music!' she said dreamily, and such is the force
of habit that 'I don't', she added, 'know anything
about music, really But I know what I like'

Ib, ch. 16

ETHEL LYNN BEERS

1827-1879

All quiet along the Potomac to-night,

No sound save the rush of the river,

While soft falls the dew on the face of the dead—

The picket's off duty forever

All Quiet along the Potomac

APHRA BEHN

1640-1689

Oh, what a dear ravishing thing is the beginning of
an Amour!

The Emperor of the Moon, I 1

Of all that writ, he was the wisest bard, who spoke
this mighty truth—

He that knew all that ever learning writ,

Knew only this—that he knew nothing yet

Ib III

Love ceases to be a pleasure, when it ceases to be a
secret

The Lover's Watch, Four o'clock

Faith, Sir, we are here to day, and gone to-morrow

The Lucky Chance, IV

I owe a duty, where I cannot love

The Moor's Revenge, III III

Oh, I am arm'd with more than complete steel,

The justice of my quarrel

Ib IV 5

A brave world, Sir, full of religion, knavery, and
change we shall shortly see better days

The Roundheads, I 1

Variety is the soul of pleasure

The Rover, Part II, Act I

Come away, poverty's catching

Ib

Money speaks sense in a language all nations under-
stand

Ib III 1

Beauty unadorn'd

Ib IV II

'Sure, I rose the wrong way to-day, I have had such
damn'd ill luck every way'

The Town Fop, V 1

The soft, unhappy sex

The Wandering Beauty

W H BELLAMY

Old Simon the Cellarer keeps a rare store

Of Malmsey and Malvoisie

Song Simon the Cellarer

HILAIRE BELLOC

1870-

The road went up, the road went down,

And there the matter ended it

He broke his heart in Clermont town,

At Pontgibaud they mended it

Auvergnat

Child! do not throw this book about;

Refrain from the unholy pleasure

Of cutting all the pictures out!

Preserve it as your chiefest treasure

Bad Child's Book of Beasts, dedication

Your little hands were made to take

The better things and leave the worse ones.

They also may be used to shake

The massive paws of elder persons

Ib

A manner rude and wild

Is common at your age

Ib introduction

Who take their manners from the Ape,

Their habits from the Bear,

Indulge the loud unseemly jape,

And never brush their hair

Ib

The Dromedary is a cheerful bird.

I cannot say the same about the Kurd

Ib The Dromedary

I shoot the Hippopotamus

With bullets made of platinum,

Because if I use leaden ones

His hide is sure to flatten 'em

The Ib Hippopotamus

Mothers of large families, who claim to common
sense,

Will find a Tiger well repay the trouble and expense

Ib The Tiger

Yet may you see his bones and beak

All in the Mu-se-um

Ib The Dodo

When people call this beast to mind,

'They marvel more and more

At such a little tail behind,

So large a trunk before

Ib The Elephant

You have a horn where other brutes have none
Rhinceros, you are an ugly beast

Ib The Rhinceros

The Frog is justly sensitive
To epithets like these

Ib The Frog

Here is a House that armours a man
With the eyes of a boy and the heart of a ranger
To the Balliol Men still in Africa

I have said it before, and I say it again,
There was treason done, and a false word spoken,
And England under the dregs of men,
And bribes about, and a treaty broken *Ib*

Balliol made me, Balliol fed me,
Whatever I had she gave me again,
And the best of Balliol loved and led me,
God be with you, Balliol men *Ib*

The chief defect of Henry King
Was chewing little bits of string
Cautionary Tales Henry King

Physicians of the utmost fame
Were called at once, but when they came
They answered, as they took their fees,
'There is no cure for this disease' *Ib*

'Oh, my friends, be warned by me,
That breakfast, dinner, lunch, and tea
Are all the human frame requires
With that, the wretched child expires' *Ib*

'Ponto!' he cried, with angry frown,
'Let go, Sir! Down, Sir! Put it down!' *Ib Jim*

The nicest child I ever knew
Was Charles Augustus Fortescue
Ib Charles Augustus Fortescue

Godolphin Horne was nobly born,
He held the human race in scorn
Ib Godolphin Horne

Children in ordinary dress
May always play with sand
Ib Franklin Hyde

Lord Lundy from his earliest years
Was far too freely moved to tears *Ib Lord Lundy*

Towards the age of twenty-six,
They shoved him into politics *Ib*
For every time she shouted 'Fie!'
They only answered 'Little liar!' *Ib Matilda*

She was not really bad at heart,
But only rather rude and wild,
She was an aggravating child *Ib Rebecca*

Her funeral sermon (which was long
And followed by a sacred song)
Mentioned her virtues, it is true,
But dwelt upon her vices too *Ib*

Of Courtesy—it is much less
Than courage of heart or holiness;
Yet in my walks it seems to me
That the Grace of God is in Courtesy *Courtesy*

But I will sit beside the fire,
And put my hand before my eyes,
And trace, to fill my heart's desire,
The last of all our Odysseys *Dedicatory Ode.*

We were? Why then, by God, we are—
Order! I call the Club to session! *Ib*

Remote and ineffectual Don
That dared attack my Chesterton. *Lines to a Don*

Don different from those regal Dons!
With hearts of gold and lungs of bronze,
Who shout and bang and roar and bawl
The Absolute across the hall,
Or sail in amply billowing gown
Enormous through the Sacred Town *Ib.*

The moon on the one hand, the dawn on the other
The moon is my sister, the dawn is my brother
The moon on my left and the dawn on my right
My brother, good morning my sister, good night
The Early Morning

Dear Mr Noman, does it ever strike you,
The more we see of you, the less we like you?
Epigrams On Noman, A Guest

I said to Heart, 'How goes it?' Heart replied
'Right as a Ribstone Pippin!' But it lied
Ib The False Heart

Of this bad world the loveliest and the best
Has smiled and said 'Good Night,' and gone to rest
Ib On a Dead Hostess

The accursed power which stands on Privilege
(And goes with Women, and Champagne, and Bridge)
Broke—and Democracy resumed her reign
(Which goes with Bridge, and Women and Cham-
pagne) *Ib On a Great Election*

The Devil, having nothing else to do,
Went off to tempt my Lady Politigru
My Lady, tempted by a private whim,
To his extreme annoyance, tempted him
Ib On Lady Politigru, a Public Peril

When I am dead, I hope it may be said
'His sins were scarlet, but his books were read'
Ib On his Books

It did not last the Devil howling 'Ho!
Let Einstein be' restored the status quo
Ib Answer to Pope's Epitaph for Sir Isaac Newton

Sally is gone that was so kindly,
Sally is gone from Ha'nacker Mill *Ha'nacker Mill*

But Catholic men that live upon wine
Are deep in the water, and frank, and fine,
Wherever I travel I find it so,
Benedicamus Domino *Heretics All*

She died because she never knew
These simple little rules and few,—
The Snake is living yet
More Beasts for Worse Children The Python

With an indolent expression and an undulating throat
Like an unsuccessful literary man *Ib*

Birds in their little nests agree
With Chinamen, but not with me
New Cautionary Tales On Food

A smell of burning fills the startled air—
The Electrician is no longer there! *Newgate Poem*

When I am living in the Midlands
That are sodden and unkind

the great hills of the South Country
Come back into my mind *The South Country*

A lost thing could I never find,
Nor a broken thing mend

Ib

The faith in their happy eyes
Comes surely from our Sister the Spring
When over the sea she flies,
The violets suddenly bloom at her feet,
She blesses us with surprise

Ib

I never get between the pines
But I smell the Sussex air.
If I ever become a rich man,
Or if ever I grow to be old,
I will build a house with deep thatch
To shelter me from the cold,
And there shall the Sussex songs be sung
And the story of Sussex told

Ib

I will hold my house in the high wood
Within a walk of the sea,
And the men that were boys when I was a boy
Shall sit and drink with me

Ib

Do you remember an Inn,
Miranda?

Tarantella

We also know the sacred height
Up on Tugela side,
Where those three hundred fought with Beit
And fair young Wernher died
*Verses to a Lord who said that those who opposed
the South African adventure confused soldiers
with money-grubbers*

Tall Goltman, silent on his horse,
Superb against the dawn
The little mound where Eckstein stood
And gallant Albu fell,
And Oppenheim, half blind with blood
Went fording through the rising flood—
My Lord, we know them well

Ib

They sell good beer at Haslemere
And under Guildford Hill
At Little Cowfold as I've been told
A beggar may drink his fill
There is a good brew in Amberley too,
And by the bridge also,
But the swipes they take in at Washington Inn
Is the very best Beer I know

West Sussex Drinking Song

It is the best of all trades, to make songs, and the
second best to sing them

On Everything On Song

From the towns all Inns have been driven from the
villages most Change your hearts or you will
lose your Inns and you will deserve to have lost
them But when you have lost your Inns drown
your empty selves, for you will have lost the last of
England. *Thus and That On Inns*

ENOCH ARNOLD BENNETT

1867-1931

'Ye can call it influenza if ye like,' said Mrs Machin
'There was no influenza in my young days We
called a cold a cold' *The Card, ch. 8.*

Being a husband is a whole-time job
The Title, Act I

Journalists say a thing that they know isn't true, in
the hope that if they keep on saying it long enough
it will be true *Ib Act II*

HENRY BENNETT

1785-?

Oh, St Patrick was a gentleman,
Who came of decent people,
He built a church in Dublin town,
And on it put a steeple
*St Patrick was a Gentleman (Oxford Song
Book)*

JEREMY BENTHAM

1748-1832

All punishment is mischief all punishment in itself is
evil *Principles of Morals and Legislation, ch 13, § 2*

EDMUND CLERIHUE BENTLEY

1875-

The art of Biography
Is different from Geography
Geography is about maps,
But Biography is about chaps
Biography for Beginners

What I like about Clive
Is that he is no longer alive
There is a great deal to be said
For being dead *Ib Clive*

Sir Christopher Wren
Said, 'I am going to dine with some men.
If anybody calls
Say I am designing St Paul's'
Ib Sir Christopher Wren

Chapman and Hall
Swore not at all
Mr Chapman's yea was yea,
And Mr Hall's nay was nay
Ib Mr Chapman and Mr Hall

Edward the Confessor
Slept under the dresser
When that began to pall
He slept in the hall *Ib Edward the Confessor*

THOMAS BENTLEY

?1693-1742

No man is demolished but by himself
A Letter to Mr Pope, 1735

LORD CHARLES BERESFORD

1846-1919

The idea of a Commercial Alliance with England
based on the integrity of China and the open door
for all nations' trade

*The Break-Up of China, a Report to the
British Associated Chambers of Commerce,
from Shanghai, 20 Nov 1898*

GEORGE BERKELEY

1684-1753

All the choir of heaven and furniture of earth—in a word, all those bodies which compose the mighty frame of the world—have not any subsistence without a mind *Principles of Human Knowledge*

Westward the course of empire takes its way,
The four first acts already past,
A fifth shall close the drama with the day
Time's noblest offspring is the last
On the Prospect of Planting Arts and Learning in America

[Tar water] is of a nature so mild and benign and proportioned to the human constitution, as to warm without heating, to cheer but not inebriate
Siris, par 217

IRVING BERLIN

1888-

Come on and hear, come on and hear, Alexander's Ragtime Band *Alexander's Ragtime Band*

RICHARD BETHELL, BARON WESTBURY

1800-1873

You will turn it over once more in what you are pleased to call your mind
(*To a solicitor*) *Nash, Life of Westbury*, vol. II

ISAAC BICKERSTAFFE

?1735-?1812

There was a jolly miller once,
Lived on the river Dee,
He worked and sang from morn till night,
No lark more blithe than he
Love in a Village, I v

And thus the burthen of his song,
For ever us'd to be,
I care for nobody, not I,
If no one cares for me *Ib*

We all love a pretty girl—under the rose
Ib II II

Perhaps it was right to dissemble your love,
But—why did you kick me downstairs?
An Expostulation

EDWARD BICKERSTETH

1786-1850

Peace, perfect peace, in this dark world of sin?
The Blood of Jesus whispers peace within
Songs in the House of Pilgrimage *Peace*,
Perfect Peace

ROGER BIGOD

1245-1306

(Edward I 'By God, earl, you shall either go or hang!')
'O King, I will neither go nor hang!'
Hemmingburgh's Chronicle, II 121

LAURENCE BINYON

1869-

With proud thanksgiving, a mother for her children,
England mourns for her dead across the sea
Poems For the Fallen

'They shall grow not old, as we that are left grow old
Age shall not weary them, nor the years condemn
At the going down of the sun and in the morning
We will remember them *Ib*

'That many-remembered name *Tristram's End*

FREDERICK EDWIN SMITH, EARL OF BIRKENHEAD

1872-1931

The world continues to offer glittering prizes to those who have stout hearts and sharp swords
Rectorial Address, Glasgow University, 7 Nov 1923

AUGUSTINE BIRRELL

1850-1933

'That great dust-heap called 'history'
Obiter Dicta Carlyle

In the name of the Bodleian *Ib Dr Johnson*

What then did happen at the Reformation?
Title of Essay

WILLIAM BLACKSTONE

1723-1780

Man was formed for society
Commentaries, introd § 2.

Mankind will not be reasoned out of the feelings of humanity
Ib, bk I 5

The king never dies *Ib* 7

The royal navy of England hath ever been its greatest defence and ornament, it is its ancient and natural strength, the floating bulwark of the island
Ib 13

Time whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary *Ib* 18

That the king can do no wrong, is a necessary and fundamental principle of the English constitution
Ib, III, 17

HELEN SELINA BLACKWOOD, LADY DUFFERIN

1807-1867

I'm sitting on the stile, Mary,
Where we sat, side by side.
Lament of the Irish Emigrant.

The corn was springing fresh and green,
And the lark sang loud and high,
And the red was on your lip, Mary,
'The love-light in your eye *Ib*

I'm very lonely now, Mary,—
The poor make no new friends —
But, oh! they love the better still
The few our Father sends

Ib.

I'm bidding you a long farewell,
My Mary—kind and true!
But I'll not forget you, darling,
In the land I'm going to
They say there's bread and work for all,
And the sun shines always there
But I'll not forget old Ireland,
Were it fifty times as fair

Ib.

ROBERT BLAIR

1699–1747

The good he scorn'd
Stalk'd off reluctant, like an ill-us'd ghost,
Not to return, or if it did, its visits
Like those of angels, short, and far between

The Grave, l 586

CHARLES DUPEE BLAKE

1846–1903

Rock-a-bye-baby on the tree top,
When the wind blows the cradle will rock,
When the bough bends the cradle will fall,
Down comes the baby, cradle and all

Attr.

WILLIAM BLAKE

1757–1827

The errors of a wise man make your rule,
Rather than the perfections of a fool

On Art and Artists, viii

When Sir Joshua Reynolds died
All Nature was degraded
The King dropped a tear into the Queen's ear,
And all his pictures faded

Ib xxi.

I understood Christ was a carpenter
And not a brewer's servant, my good Sir

Ib xxvi

To see a World in a Grain of Sand,
And a Heaven in a Wild Flower,
Hold Infinity in the palm of your hand,
And Eternity in an hour

Aurigues of Innocence

A Robin Redbreast in a Cage
Puts all Heaven in a Rage

Ib

A dog starv'd at his master's gate
Predicts the ruin of the State,
A horse misus'd upon the road
Calls to Heaven for human blood
Each outcry of the hunted hare
A fibre from the brain does tear,
A skylark wounded in the wing,
A cherubim does cease to sing

Ib

The bat that flits at close of eve
Has left the brain that won't believe

Ib.

He who shall hurt the little wren
Shall never be belov'd by men
He who the ox to wrath has mov'd
Shall never be by woman lov'd.

The caterpillar on the leaf
Repeats to thee thy mother's grief
Kill not the moth nor butterfly,
For the Last Judgement draweth nigh.

Ib.

A truth that's told with bad intent
Beats all the lies you can invent
It is right it should be so,
Man was made for Joy and Woe,
And when this we rightly know,
Thro' the World we safely go,
Joy and woe are woven fine,
A clothing for the soul divine

Ib

Every tear from every eye
Becomes a babe in Eternity

Ib

The bleat, the bark, bellow, and roar
Are waves that beat on Heaven's shore.

Ib

The strongest poison ever known
Came from Caesar's laurel crown

Ib

He who doubts from what he sees
Will ne'er believe, do what you please.
If the Sun and Moon should doubt,
They'd immediately go out

To be in a passion you good may do,
But no good if a passion is in you
The whore and gambler, by the state
Licensed, build that nation's fate
The harlot's cry from street to street
Shall weave old England's winding sheet.

Ib.

God appears, and God is Light,
To those poor souls who dwell in Night,
But does a Human Form display
To those who dwell in realms of Day

Ib

Does the Eagle know what is in the pit
Or wilt thou go ask the Mole?
Can Wisdom be put in a silver rod,
Or Love in a golden bowl?

Book of Thel, Thel's motto

Everything that lives,
Lives not alone, nor for itself

Ib ii

My brother John, the evil one
To Thomas Butts 'With Happiness stretch'd
across the Hills', l 15

For double the vision my eyes do see,
And a double vision is always with me
With my inward eye 'tis an Old Man grey,
With my outward, a Thistle across my way

Ib l 27

'What,' it will be questioned, 'when the sun rises, do
you not see a round disc of hre somewhat like a
guinea?' 'O no, no, I see an innumerable company
of the heavenly host crying, "Holv, Holv, Holv is
the Lord God Almighty!"'

Descriptive Catalogue, 1810 *The Vision of Judgment*

The Vision of Christ that thou dost see
Is my vision's greatest enemy

Ib.

Thine has a great hook nose like thine,
Mine has a snub nose like to mine

The Everlasting Gospel a

Both read the Bible day and night,
But thou read'st black where I read white

Ib

This life's five windows of the soul
Distorts the Heavens from pole to pole,
And leads you to believe a lie
When you see with, not thro', the eye *Ib* γ.

Jesus was sitting in Moses' chair
They brought the trembling woman there.
Moses commands she be ston'd to death
What was the sound of Jesus' breath?
He laid His hand on Moses' law,
The ancient Heavens, in silent awe,
Writ with curses from pole to pole,
All away began to roll *Ib* ξ

I am sure this Jesus will not do,
Either for Englishman or Jew *Ib* Epilogue

[Of Hayley's birth]
Of H—'s birth this was the happy lot
His mother on his father him begot
On Friends and Foes, iv

[On Hayley]
To forgive enemies H— does pretend,
Who never in his life forgave a friend,
And when he could not act upon my wife
Hired a villain to bereave my life. *Ib* v

To H[ayley]
Thy friendship oft has made my heart to ache
Do be my enemy—for friendship's sake *Ib* vi

On H[ayley]'s Friendship
When H—y finds out what you cannot do,
That is the very thing he'll set you to,
If you break not your neck, 'tis not his fault,
But pecks of poison are not pecks of salt *Ib* vii

[On Cromek]
A petty sneaking knave I knew—
O! Mr Cr—, how do ye do? *Ib* xxi

Mutual Forgiveness of each vice,
Such are the Gates of Paradise
The Gates of Paradise, prologue

Truly, my Satan, thou art but a dunce,
And dost not know the garment from the man,
Never harlot was a virgin once,
Nor canst thou ever change Kate into Nan
Tho' thou art worshipp'd by the names divine
Of Jesus and Jehovah, thou art still
The Son of Morn in weary Night's decline,
The lost traveller's dream under the hill *Ib* epilogue

Great things are done when men and mountains meet,
This is not done by jostling in the street
Gnomic Verses, i

If you have form'd a circle to go into,
Go into it yourself, and see how you would do
Ib ii *To God*

Abstinence sows sand all over
The ruddy limbs and flaming hair,
But Desire gratified
Plants fruits of life and beauty there *Ib* x
The sword sung on the barren heath,
The sickle in the fruitful field
The sword he sung a song of death,
But could not make the sickle yield *Ib* xiv

He who bends to himself a Joy
Doth the winged life destroy,
But he who kisses the Joy as it flies
Lives in Eternity's sunrise *Ib* xvii 1

What is it men in women do require?
The lineaments of gratified desire
What is it women do in men require?
The lineaments of gratified desire *Ib* xvii 4

Since all the riches of this world
May be gifts from the Devil and earthly kings,
I should suspect that I worshipp'd the Devil
If I thank'd my God for worldly things *Ib* xix

The Angel that presided o'er my birth
Said 'Little creature, form'd of joy and mirth,
Go, love without the help of anything on earth ' *Ib* xxi

I must Create a System, or be enslav'd by another
Man's,
I will not Reason and Compare my business is to
Create *Jerusalem, f* 10, l 20

Near mournful
Ever-weeping Paddington *Ib* f 12, l 27

The fields from Islington to Marybone,
To Primrose Hill and Saint John's Wood,
Were builded over with pillars of gold,
And there Jerusalem's pillars stood *Ib* f 27

Pancras and Kentish Town repose
Among her golden pillars high,
Among her golden arches which
Shine upon the starry sky *Ib*

For a tear is an intellectual thing,
And a sigh is the sword of an Angel King,
And the bitter groan of the martyr's woe
Is an arrow from the Almighty's bow *Ib* f 52

He who would do good to another must do it in
Minute Particulars
General Good is the plea of the scoundrel, hypocrite,
and flatterer,
For Art and Science cannot exist but in minutely
organized Particulars *Ib* f 55, l 54

I give you the end of a golden string,
Only wind it into a ball,
It will lead you in at Heaven's gate,
Built in Jerusalem's wall *Ib* f 77

O ye Religious, discountenance every one among you
who shall pretend to despise Art and Science! *Ib*

Let every Christian, as much as in him lies, engage
himself openly and publicly, before all the World,
in some mental pursuit for the Building up of
Jerusalem *Ib*

England! awake! awake! awake!
Jerusalem thy sister calls!
Why wilt thou sleep the sleep of death,
And close her from thy ancient walls? *Ib*

And now the time returns again
Our souls exult, and London's towers
Receive the Lamb of God to dwell
In England's green and pleasant bowers *Ib*

I care not whether a man is Good or Evil, all that I
care

Is whether he is a Wise man or a Fool. Gol put off
Holiness,

And put on Intellect

Jerusalem, f 91

Father, O father! what do we here

In this land of unbelief and fear?

The Land of Dreams is better far,

Above the light of the morning star

The Land of Dreams

Little Mary Bell had a Fairy in a nut,

Long John Brown had the Devil in his gut

Long John Brown and Little Mary Bell

Energy is Eternal Delight

Marriage of Heaven and Hell The Voice of the Devil

The reason Milton wrote in fetters when he wrote of
Angels and God, and at liberty when of Devils and
Hell, is because he was a true Poet, and of the
Devil's party without knowing it *Ib note*

The road of excess leads to the palace of wisdom

Ib Proverbs of Hell

Prudence is a rich, ugly, old maid courted by In-
capacity *Ib*

He who desires but acts not, breeds pestilence *Ib*

A fool sees not the same tree that a wise man sees *Ib*

Eternity is in love with the productions of time *Ib*

Bring out number, weight, and measure in a year of
dearth *Ib*

If the fool would persist in his folly he would become
wise *Ib*

Prisons are built with stones of Law, brothels with
bricks of Religion *Ib*

The pride of the peacock is the glory of God

The lust of the goat is the bounty of God

The wrath of the lion is the wisdom of God

The nakedness of woman is the work of God *Ib*

The tigers of wrath are wiser than the horses of in-
struction *Ib*

Damn braces Bless relaxes *Ib*

Sooner murder an infant in its cradle than nurse
unacted desires *Ib*

Truth can never be told so as to be understood, and
not be believ'd *Ib*

Then I ask'd 'Does a firm persuasion that a thing is
so, make it so?'

He replied 'All Poets believe that it does, and in ages
of imagination this firm persuasion removed moun-
tains, but many are not capable of a firm persuasion
of anything' *Ib A Memorable Fancy*

And did those feet in ancient time

Walk upon England's mountains green?

And was the holy Lamb of God

On England's pleasant pastures seen?

And did the Countenance Divine

Shine forth upon our clouded hills?

And was Jerusalem builded here

Among these dark Satanic mills?

Bring me my bow of burning gold!

Bring me my arrows of desire!

Bring me my spear! O clouds, unfold!

Bring me my chariot of fire!

I will not cease from Mental Fight,
Nor shall my Sword sleep in my hand,
Till we have built Jerusalem,
In England's green & pleasant Land

Milton, preface

He has observ'd the golden rule,

'Till he's become the golden fool

Miscellaneous Epigrams 11

Wondrous the gods, more wondrous are the men,
More wondrous, wondrous still, the cock and hen,
More wondrous still the table, stool and chair,
But oh! more wondrous still the charming fair

Ib xiii Imitation of Pope

To Chloë, breast young Cupid slyly stole,

But he crept in at Myra's pocket-hole *Ib xv.*

Mock on, mock on, Voltaire, Rousseau;

Mock on, mock on, 'tis all in vain!

You throw the sand against the wind,

And the wind blows it back again

Mock on, mock on, Voltaire

Whether on Ida's shady brow,

Or in the chambers of the East,

'The chambers of the sun, that now

From ancient melody have ceas'd,

Whether in Heaven ye wander fair,

Or the green corners of the earth,

Or the blue regions of the air

Where the melodious winds have birth,

Whether on crystal rocks ye rove,

Beneath the bosom of the sea

Wand'ring in many a coral grove,

Fair Nine, forsaking Poetry!

How have you left the ancient love

'That bards of old enjoy'd in you!'

'The languid strings do scarcely move!'

'The sound is forc'd, the notes are few!'

To the Muses

My Spectre around me night and day

Like a wild beast guards my way,

My Emanation far within

Weeps incessantly for my sin.

My Spectre around Me Night and Day, 1

And throughout all Eternity

I forgive you, you forgive me

As our dear Redeemer said

'Thus the Wine, and thus the Bread.'

Ib xiv.

Never seek to tell thy love,

Love that never told can be,

For the gentle wind does move

Silently, invisibly *Never Seek to Tell Thy Love.*

Soon as she was gone from me,

A traveller came by,

Silently, invisibly

He took her with a sigh

Ib.

Hear the voice of the Bard!

Who present, past, and future sees

Songs of Experience, introduction.

Tiger! Tiger! burning bright

In the forests of the night,

What immortal hand or eye

Could frame thy fearful symmetry?

In what distant deeps or skies
Burnt the fire of thine eyes?
On what wings dare he aspire?
What the hand dare seize the fire?

And what shoulder, and what art,
Could twist the sinews of thy heart?
And when thy heart began to beat,
What dread hand? and what dread feet?

What the hammer? What the chain?
In what furnace was thy brain?
What the anvil? what dread grasp
Dare its deadly terrors clasp?

When the stars threw down their spears,
And water'd heaven with their tears,
Did he smile his work to see?
Did he who made the Lamb make thee?

Tiger! Tiger! burning bright
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye,
Dare frame thy fearful symmetry? *Ib The Tiger*

Love seeketh not itself to please,
Nor for itself hath any care,
But for another gives its ease,
And builds a Heaven in Hell's despair
Ib The Clod and the Pebble

Love seeketh only Self to please,
To bind another to its delight,
Joys in another's loss of ease,
And builds a Hell in Heaven's despite *Ib.*

Then the Parson might preach, and drink, and sing,
And we'd be as happy as birds in the spring,
And modest Dame Lurch, who is always at church,
Would not have bandy children, nor fasting, nor
birch *Ib. The Little Vagabond*

I was angry with my friend
I told my wrath, my wrath did end
I was angry with my foe
I told it not, my wrath did grow
Ib A Poison Tree

Youth of delight, come hither,
And see the opening morn,
Image of truth new-born
Ib Voice of the Ancient Bard

Ah, Sun-flower! weary of time,
Who countest the steps of the Sun,
Seeking after that sweet golden clime,
Where the traveller's journey is done,

Where the Youth pined away with desire,
And the pale Virgin shrouded in snow,
Arise from their graves and aspire
Where my Sun-flower wishes to go
Ib Ah, Sun-Flower!

My mother groan'd, my father wept,
Into the dangerous world I leapt,
Helpless, naked, piping loud,
Like a fiend hid in a cloud *Ib Infant Sorrow*

Piping down the valleys wild,
Piping songs of pleasant glee,
On a cloud I saw a child,
And he laughing said to me.

'Pipe a song about a Lamb!
So I piped with merry cheer,
'Piper, pipe that song again,'
So I piped he wept to hear

'Drop thy pipe, thy happy pipe,
Sing thy songs of happy cheer
So I sang the same again,
While he wept with joy to hear

'Piper, sit thee down and write
In a book, that all may read'
So he vanish'd from my sight,
And I pluck'd a hollow reed.

And I made a rural pen,
And I stain'd the water clear,
And I wrote my happy songs
Every child may joy to hear

Songs of Innocence, introduction

Little Lamb, who made thee?
Dost thou know who made thee?
Gave thee life, and bid thee feed,
By the stream and o'er the mead,
Gave thee clothing of delight,
Softest clothing, woolly, bright,
Gave thee such a tender voice,
Making all the vales rejoice?
Little Lamb, who made thee?
Dost thou know who made thee?

Little Lamb, I'll tell thee,
Little Lamb, I'll tell thee
He is call'd by thy name,
For He calls Himself a Lamb,
He is meek, and He is mild,
He became a little child
I a child, and thou a lamb,
We are call'd by His name
Little Lamb, God bless thee!
Little Lamb, God bless thee! *Ib The Lamb*

How sweet is the Shepherd's sweet lot!
Ib The Shepherd

'I have no name
I am but two days old'
What shall I call thee?
'I happy am,
Joy is my name'
Sweet joy befall thee! *Ib Infant Joy*

My mother bore me in the southern wild,
And I am black, but O! my soul is white,
White as an angel is the English child,
But I am black, as if bereav'd of light
Ib The Little Black Boy

When the voices of children are heard on the green,
And laughing is heard on the hill *Ib Nurse's Song*

'Twas on a Holy Thursday, their innocent faces clean,
The children walking two and two, in red and blue
and green *Ib Holy Thursday*

Then cherish pity, lest you drive an angel from your
door

When my mother died I was very young,
And my father sold me while yet my tongue
Could scarcely cry, 'weep! 'weep! 'weep! 'weep!'
So your chimneys I sweep, and in soot I sleep
Ib The Chimney Sweeper.

To Mercy, Pity, Peace, and Love
All pray in their distress *Ib The Divine Image.*

- a SUSANNA BLAMIRE BARTON BOOTH b
- For Mercy has a human heart,
Pity a human face,
And Love, the human form divine,
And Peace, the human dress
- Ib
- And there the lion's ruddy eyes
Shall flow with tears of gold,
And pitying the tender cries,
And walking round the fold,
Saying, 'Wrath, by His meekness,
And, by His health, sickness,
Is driven away
From our immortal day'
- Ib Night
- Can I see another's woe,
And not be in sorrow too?
Can I see another's grief,
And not seek for kind relief?
- Ib On Another's Sorrow
- Cruelty has a human heart,
And Jealousy a human face,
Terror the human form divine,
And Secrecy the human dress
- Appendix to Songs of Innocence and of Experience A Divine Image
- Good English hospitality, O then it did not fail!
Songs from an Island in the Moon, xi
- SUSANNA BLAMIRE
- 1747-1794
- And ye shall walk in silk attire,
And siller ha'e to spare
- The Siller Crotin
- PHILIPP BLISS
- 1838-1876
- Hold the fort, for I am coming'
The Charm Ho, My Comrades, See the Signal'
- ROBERT BLOOMFIELD
- 1766-1823
- Strange to the world, he wore a bashful look,
The Fields his study, Nature was his book
Farmer's Boy Spring, 1 31
- HENRY BLOSSOM
- 1866-1919
- I want what I want when I want it
Title of song in Mille Modiste
- EDMUND CHARLES BLUNDEN
- 1896-
- All things they have in common, being so poor
The Almshouses
- WILFRID SCAWEN BLUNT
- 1840-1922
- I would not, if I could, be called a poet
I have no natural love of the 'chaste muse'
If aught be worth the doing I would do it,
And others, if they will, may tell the news
- Love Sonnets, xcv
- I like the hunting of the hare
Better than that of the fox
- The Old Squire
- I like to be as my fathers were,
In the days e'er I was born
- Ib
- To-day, all day, I rode upon the Down,
With hounds and horsemen, a brave company
- St Valentine's Day.
- Your face my quarry was For it I rode,
My horse a thing of wings, myself a god
- Ib
- J E BODE
- 1816-1874
- I see the sights that dazzle
The tempting sounds I hear
Hymns from the Gospel for the Day. O Jesus,
I Have Promised
- HENRY ST. JOHN, VISCOUNT
BOLINGBROKE
- 1678-1751
- The Idea of a Patriot King
- Title of Book
- What a world is this, and how does fortune banter us!
- Letter 3 Aug 1714
- Pests of society, because their endeavours are directed
to loosen the bands of it, and to take at least one
curb out of the mouth of that wild beast man
- Ib 12 Sept 1724
- Truth lies within a little and certain compass, but
error is immense
- Reflections upon Exile
- I have read somewhere or other—in Dionysius of
Halicarnassus, I think—that History is Philosophy
teaching by examples
- On the Study of History, letter 2
- Nations, like men, have their infancy
- Ib letter 4
- They [Thucydides or Xenophon] maintained the
dignity of history
- Ib letter 5.
- HORATIUS BONAR
- 1808-1889
- A few more years shall roll,
A few more seasons come,
And we shall be with those that rest,
Asleep within the tomb
- Songs for the Wilderness A Few More Years
- A few more suns shall set
O'er these dark hills of time,
And we shall be where suns are not,
A far serener clime.
- Ib
- BARTON BOOTH
- 1681-1733
- True as the needle to the pole,
Or as the dial to the sun
- Song.

GEORGE BORROW

1803-1881

The author of 'Amelia', the most singular genius
which their island ever produced, whose works it
has long been the fashion to abuse in public and to
read in secret *The Bible in Spain*, ch 1

My favourite, I might say, my only study, is man
Ib ch 5

The genuine spirit of localism *Ib* ch 31
There are no countries in the world less known by
the British than these selfsame British Islands
Lavengro, preface.

There's night and day, brother, both sweet things,
sun, moon, and stars, brother, all sweet things,
there's likewise a wind on the heath Life is very
sweet, brother, who would wish to die? *Ib* ch 25

There's the wind on the heath, brother, if I could only
feel that, I would gladly live for ever *Ib*

A losing trade, I assure you, sir literature is a drug
Ib ch 30

Good ale, the true and proper drink of Englishmen
He is not deserving of the name of Englishman who
speaketh against ale, that is good ale *Ib* ch 48

Youth will be served, every dog has his day, and mine
has been a fine one *Ib* ch 92

Fear God, and take your own part
The Romany Rye, ch 16

Tip them Long Melford *Ib*

JOHN COLLINS BOSSIDY

1860-1928

And this is good old Boston,
The home of the bean and the cod,
Where the Lowells talk to the Cabots,
And the Cabots talk only to God
On the Aristocracy of Harvard

GORDON BOTTOMLEY

1874-

When you destroy a blade of grass
You poison England at her roots
Remember no man's foot can pass
Where evermore no green life shoots
To Ironfounders and Others

FRANCIS WILLIAM BOURDILLON

1852-1921

The night has a thousand eyes,
And the day but one,
Yet the light of the bright world dies,
With the dying sun

The mind has a thousand eyes,
And the heart but one,
Yet the light of a whole life dies,
When love is done

Light

W. ST. HILL BOURNE

1846-1929

The sower went forth sowing,
The seed in secret slept
Church Bells. The Sower Went Forth Sowing

EDWARD ERNEST BOWEN

1836-1901

Forty years on, when afar and asunder
Parted are those who are singing to-day
Forty Years On Harrow School Song

Follow up! Follow up! Follow up! Follow up!
Follow up!
Till the field ring again and again,
With the tramp of the twenty-two men,
Follow up! *Ib*

FERGUSON BOWEN

1821-1899

The rain it raineth on the just
And also on the unjust fella
But chiefly on the just, because
The unjust steals the just's umbrella
Sichel, Sands of Time

WILLIAM LISLE BOWLES

1762-1850

The cause of Freedom is the cause of God!
Edmund Burke, l 78

JOHN BRADFORD

1510?-1555

'But for the grace of God there goes John Bradford'
*Exclamation on seeing some criminals taken to
execution Dict of Nat Biog*

JOHN BRADSHAW

1602-1659

Rebellion to tyrants is obedience to God
*Suppositious epitaph Randall's Life of Jeffer-
son*, vol III, appendix No IV, p 585

JOHN BRAHAM

1774?-1856

England, home and beauty
The Americans (1811) *Song, The Death of
Nelson*

HARRY BRAISTED

Nineteenth Century

If you want to win her hand,
Let the maiden understand
That she's not the only pebble on the beach
You're Not the Only Pebble on the Beach

ERNEST BRAMAH

contemporary

It is a mark of insincerity of purpose to spend one's time in looking for the sacred Emperor in the low-class tea-shops

The Wallet of Kai Lung Transmutation of Ling

An expression of no-encouragement

Ib Confession of Kai Lung

The whole narrative is permeated with the odour of joss-sticks and honourable high-mindedness

Ib Kim Yen

However entrancing it is to wander unchecked through a garden of bright images, are we not enticing your mind from another subject of almost equal importance?

Kai Lung's Golden Hours. Story of Hien

REV. JAMES BRAMSTON

1694?-1744

What's not destroy'd by Time's devouring hand?

Where's Troy, and where's the Maypole in the Strand?

Art of Politics, l 71

RICHARD BRATHWAITE

1588?-1673

To Banbery came I, O profane one!

Where I saw a Puritane-one

Hanging of his cat on Monday,

For killing of a mouse on Sunday

Barnabee's Journal, pt 1

JANE BRERETON

1685-1740

The picture plac'd the busts between,

Adds to the thought much strength,

Wisdom, and wit are little seen,

But folly's at full length

Poems On Mr Nash's Picture at full Length between the Busts of Sir Isaac Newton and Mr Pope [attr also to Lord Chesterfield]

NICHOLAS BRETON

1545?-1626?

We rise with the lark and go to bed with the lamb

The Court and Country, par 8

I wish my deadly foe, no worse

Than want of friends, and empty purse

A Farewell to Totten

A Mad World, My Masters *Title of Dialogue, 1635*

He is as deaf as a door *Miseries of Mavilla, v*

In the merry month of May,

In a morn by break of day,

Forth I walked by the wood side,

Whenas May was in his pride

There I spied all alone,

Phyllida and Coridon

Much ado there was, God wot,

He would love, and she would not

She said never man was true,

He said, none was false to you

He said, he had lov'd her long,

She said, Love should have no wrong

Coridon would kiss her then,

She said, Maids must kiss no men,

'Till they did for good and all *Phyllida and Coridon*

Come little babe, come silly soul,

Thy father's shame, thy mother's grief,

Born as I doubt to all our dole,

And to thy self unhappy chief

Sing lullaby and lap it warm,

Poor soul that thinks no creature harm

A Sweet Lullaby

ROBERT BRIDGES

1844-1930

All women born are so perverse

No man need boast their love possessing

All Women Born Are So Perverse

Angel spirits*of sleep,

White-robed, with silver hair,

In your meadows fair,

Where the willows weep,

And the sad moonbeam

On the gliding stream

Writes her scattered dream *Angel Spirits of Sleep*

Wanton with long delay the gay spring leaping cometh,

The blackthorn starreth now his bough on the eve of

May

April 1885

Awake, my heart, to be loved, awake, awake!

Awake, My Heart, To Be Loved

Awake, the land is scattered with light, and see,

Uncanopied sleep is flying from field and tree

And blossoming boughs of April in laughter shake

Ib

Clear and gentle stream!

Known and loved so long *Clear and Gentle Stream*

The cliff-top has a carpet

Of lilac, gold and green

The blue sky bounds the ocean,

The white clouds scud between *The Cliff-Top*

Above my head the heaven,

The sea beneath my feet

Ib

Were I a cloud I'd gather

My skirts up in the air,

And fly I well know whither,

And rest I well know where

Ib The Ocean

Wherefore tonight so full of care,

My soul, revolving hopeless strife,

Pointing at hindrance, and the bare

Painful escapes of fitful life?

Dejection

O soul, be patient thou shalt find

A little matter mend all this,

Some strain of music to thy mind,

Some praise for skill not spent amiss

Ib

I praise my days for all they bring,

Yet are they only not enough

Ib.

O bold majestic downs, smooth, fair and lonely,
O still solitude, only matched in the skies
Perilous in steep places,
Soft in the level races

The Downs

Gay Robin is seen no more
He is gone with the snow

Gay Robin Is Seen No More

The whole world now is but the minister
Of thee to me

Growth of Love, 3

That old feud

'Twill things and me is quash'd in our new truce

Ib

The very names of things belov'd are dear,
And sounds will gather beauty from their sense,
As many a face thro' love's long residence
Groweth to fair instead of plain and sere

Ib 4

Thus may I think the adopting Muses chose
Their sons by name, knowing none would be heard
Or writ so oft in all the world as those,—
Dan Chaucer, mighty Shakespeare, then for third
The classic Milton, and to us arose
Shelley with liquid music in the word

Ib.

And hither tempt the pilgrim steps of spring

Ib 6.

Beauty being the best of all we know
Sums up the unsearchable and secret aims
Of nature

Ib 8

Winter was not unkind because uncouth,
His prison'd time made me a closer guest,
And gave thy graciousness a warmer zest,
Biting all else with keen and angry tooth

Ib 10

There's many a would-be poet at this hour,
Rhymes of a love that he hath never woo'd,
And o'er his lamp-lit desk in solitude
Deems that he sitteth in the Muses' bower

Ib 11

So none of all our company, I boast,
But now would mock my penning, could they see
How down the right it maps a jagged coast

Ib.

Lo, Shakespeare, since thy time nature is loth
To yield to art her fair supremacy,
In conquering one thou hast so enrich'd both
What shall I say? for God—whose wise decree
Confirmeth all He did by all He doth—
Doubled His whole creation making thee

Ib 21

I would be a bird, and straight on wings I arise,
And carry purpose up to the ends of the air

Ib 22

O my uncared-for songs, what are ye worth,
That in my secret book with so much care
I write you, this one here and that one there,
Marking the time and order of your birth?

Ib 51

The dark and serious angel, who so long
Vex'd his immortal strength in charge of me

Ib 61

What make ye and what strive for? keep ye thought
Of us, or in new excellence divine
Is old forgot? or do ye count for nought
What the Greek did and what the Florentine?

Ib 64.

Ah heavenly joy! But who hath ever heard,
Who hath seen joy, or who shall ever find
Joy's language? There is neither speech nor word,
Nought but itself to teach it to mankind.

Ib 65

Eternal Father, who didst all create,
In whom we live, and to whose bosom move,
To all men be Thy name known, which is Love,
Till its loud praises sound at heaven's high gate

Ib 69

Christ with His lamp of truth

Sitteth upon the hill
Of everlasting youth,
And calls His saints around

Hymn of Nature, v

Gird on thy sword, O man, thy strength endure,
In fair desire thine earth-born joy renew
Live thou thy life beneath the making sun
Till Beauty, 'Truth, and Love in thee are one

Ib vii

And every eve I say,
Noting my step in bliss,
That I have known no day
In all my life like this.

The Idle Life I Lead

I have loved flowers that fade,
Within whose magic tents
Rich hues have marriage made
With sweet unmemoried scents

I Have Loved Flowers That Fade

I heard a linnet courting
His lady in the spring
His mates were idly sporting,
Nor stayed to hear him sing
His song of love —

I fear my speech distorting
His tender love

I Heard a Linnet Courting

I love all beauteous things,
I seek and adore them;
God hath no better praise,
And man in his hasty days
Is honoured for them.

I too will something make
And joy in the making,
Altho' tomorrow it seem
Like the empty words of a dream
Remembered on waking

I Love All Beauteous Things

I made another song,
In likeness of my love
And sang it all day long,
Around, beneath, above
I told my secret out,

That none might be in doubt

I Made Another Song

I never shall love the snow again
Since Maurice died

I Never Shall Love the Snow Again

I will not let thee go
Ends all our month-long love in this?
Can it be summed up so,
Quit in a single kiss?
I will not let thee go

I Will Not Let Thee Go

I will not let thee go.
Had not the great sun seen, I might,
Or were he reckoned slow
To bring the false to light,
Then might I let thee go

Ib.

Thou sayest farewell, and lo!
I have thee by the hands,
And will not let thee go.

Ib.

When men were all asleep the snow came flying,
In large white flakes falling on the city brown,
Stealthily and perpetually settling and loosely lying
London Snow

'O look at the trees!' they cried, 'O look at the trees!'
Ib.

My delight and thy delight
Walking, like two angels white,
In the gardens of the night
My Delight and Thy Delight

My eyes for beauty pine,
My soul for Goddies grace
My Eyes for Beauty Pine

Beautiful must be the mountains whence ye come,
And bright in the fruitful valleys the streams, where-
from

Ye learn your song
Where are those starry woods? O might I wander
there,

Among the flowers, which in that heavenly air
Bloom the year long! *Nightingales.*

Nay, barren are those mountains and spent the
streams

Our song is the voice of desire, that haunts our
dreams,
A throe of the heart *Ib*

As night is withdrawn
From these sweet-springing meads and bursting
boughs of May,
Dream, while the innumerable choir of day
Welcome the dawn *Ib*

Rejoice ye dead, where'er your spirits dwell,
Rejoice that yet on earth your fame is bright,
And that your names, remembered day and night,
Live on the lips of those who love you well
Ode to Music.

Perfect little body, without fault or stain on thee,
With promise of strength and manhood full and fair!
On a Dead Child.

He
Must gather his faith together, and his strength make
stronger. *Ib*

O youth whose hope is high,
Who dost to Truth aspire,
Whether thou live or die,
O look not back nor tire
O Youth Whose Hope is High

If thou canst Death defy,
If thy Faith is entire,
Press onward, for thine eye
Shall see thy heart's desire *Ib*

Whither, O splendid ship, thy white sails crowding,
Leaning across the bosom of the urgent West,
That fearest nor sea rising, nor sky clouding,
Whither away, fair rover, and what thy quest?
A Passer-By

Days, that the thought of grief refuse,
Days that are one with human art,
Worthy of the Virgilian muse,
Fit for the gaiety of Mozart
The Sea Keeps not the Sabbath Day

Since to be loved endures,
To love is wise
Earth hath no good but yours,
Brave, joyful eyes
Earth hath no sin but thine,
Dull eye of scorn
O'er thee the sun doth pine
And angels mourn *Since to be Loved Endures*

So sweet love seemed that April morn,
When first we kissed beside the thorn,
So strangely sweet, it was not strange
We thought that love could never change

But I can tell—let truth be told—
That love will change in growing old,
Though day by day is nought to see,
So delicate his motions be.
So Sweet Love Seemed

I wonder, bathed in joy complete,
How love so young could be so sweet. *Ib*

Back on budding boughs
Come birds, to court and pair,
Whose rival amorous vows
Amaze the scented air. *Spring, ode 1*

And country life I praise,
And lead, because I find
The philosophic mind
Can take no middle ways. *Ib 7*

With ecstasies so sweet
As none can even guess,
Who walk not with the feet
Of joy in idleness. *Ib 10*

Spring goeth all in white,
Crowned with milk-white may.
In fleecy flocks of light
O'er heaven the white clouds stray

White butterflies in the air,
White daisies prank the ground:
The cherry and hoary pear
Scatter their snow around.
Spring Goeth All in White

There is a hill beside the silver Thames,
Shady with birch and beech and odorous pine.
And brilliant underfoot with thousand gems
Steeply the thickets to his floods decline
There is a Hill.

Nor thus the only time
Thou shalt set love to rhyme
Thou Didst Dehght My Eyes

Fight, to be found fighting nor far away
Deem, nor strange thy doom.
Like this sorrow 'twill come,
And the day will be today.
Weep Not To-Day.

When Death to either shall come,—
I pray it be first to me,—
Be happy as ever at home,
If so, as I wish, it be
Possess thy heart, my own,
And sing to the child on thy knee,
Or read to thyself alone
The songs that I made for thee
When Death to Either Shall Come.

When first we met we did not guess
That Love would prove so hard a master
When First We Met We Did Not Guess

When June is come, then all the day
I'll sit with my love in the scented hay
And watch the sunshat palaces high,
That the white clouds build in the breezy sky
When June is Come

That
Sheep-worry of Europe. (Napoleon)
Wintry Delights, 1 121

JOHN BRIGHT

1811-1889

The knowledge of the ancient languages is mainly a
luxury *Letter in Pall Mall Gaz. 30 Nov. 1886*

The angel of death has been abroad throughout the
land, you may almost hear the beating of his wings
Speech House of Commons, 23 Feb. 1855

I am for 'Peace, retrenchment, and reform', the
watchword of the great Liberal party 30 years ago
Ib. Birmingham, 28 April 1859

England is the mother of Parliaments
Ib. 18 Jan. 1865.

The right hon. Gentleman has retired into what
may be called his political Cave of Adulm—and he
has called about him every one that was in distress
and every one that was discontented
Ib. House of Commons, 13 Mar. 1866.

This party of two is like the Scotch terrier that was
so covered with hair that you could not tell which
was the head and which was the tail. *Ib.*

Force is not a remedy *Ib. Birmingham, 16 Nov. 1880*

ALEXANDER BROME

1620-1666

Something there is moves me to love, and I
Do know I love, but know not how, nor why
Love's without Reason, v

I have been in love, and in debt, and in drink,
This many and many a year *The Mad Lover, 1 1*

RICHARD BROME

-1652?

You rose o' the wrong side today
The Court-Beggar, Act II

I am a gentleman, though spoiled i' the breeding
The Buzzards are all gentlemen We came in with
the Conqueror *English Moor, III 11*

J BROMFIELD

fl. 1840

'Tis a very good world we live in,
To spend, and to lend, and to give in,
But to beg, or to borrow, or ask for our own,
'Tis the very worst world that ever was known
The Gatherer, The Mirror, 12 Sept. 1840

ISAAC HILL BROMLEY

1833-1898

Conductor, when you receive a fare,
Punch in the presence of the passengjare!—
Punch, brothers! Punch with care!
Punch in the presence of the passengjare!
*Punch, Brother, Punch N G Osborn's 'Isaac
H Bromley'*

J. H BROMLEY

Nineteenth Century

John A. Logan is the Head Centre, the Hub, the
King Pin, the Main Spring, Mogul, and Mugwump
of the final plot. *New York Tribune, 16 Feb. 1877*

ANNE BRONTË

1820-1849

Oh, I am very weary,
Though tears no longer flow,
My eyes are tired of weeping,
My heart is sick of woe. *Appeal*

Because the road is rough and long,
Shall we despise the skylark's song? *Views of Life*

CHARLOTTE BRONTË

1816-1855

Reader, I married him *Jane Eyre, ch. 38*

Alfred and I intended to be married in this way almost
from the first, we never meant to be spliced in the
humdrum way of other people *Villette, ch. 42*

EMILY BRONTË

1818-1848

No coward soul is mine,
No trembler in the world's storm-troubled sphere
I see Heaven's glories shine,
And faith shines equal, arming me from fear
Last Lines.

O God within my breast,
Almighty! ever-present Deity!
Life—that in me has rust,
As I—undying Life—have power in Thee! *Ib.*

Vain are the thousand creeds
That move men's hearts unutterably vain,
Worthless as withered weeds,
Or idle froth amid the boundless main *Ib.*

So surely anchor'd on
The steadfast rock of immortality *Ib.*

Though earth and man were gone,
And suns and universes ceased to be,
And Thou wert left alone,
Every existence would exist in Thee *Ib.*

There is not room for Death,
Nor atom that his might could render void
Thou—THOU art Being and Breath,
And what THOU art may never be destroy'd *Ib.*

a

HENRY BROOKE

Oh! dreadful is the check—intense the agony—
When the ear begins to hear, and the eye begins to
see,

When the pulse begins to throb, the brain to think
again,

The soul to feel the flesh, and the flesh to feel the
chain *The Prisoner*

Cold in the earth—and fifteen wild Decembers,
From those brown hills, have melted into spring
Remembrance.

I lingered round them, under that benign sky
watched the moths fluttering among the heath and
hare-bells, listened to the soft wind breathing
through the grass, and wondered how any one
could ever imagine unquiet slumbers for the
sleepers in that quiet earth

Wuthering Heights Last Words

HENRY BROOKE

1703?–1783

For righteous monarchs,
Justly to judge, with their own eyes should see,
To rule o'er freemen, should themselves be free
Earl of Essex, 1 [parodied by Dr. Johnson]

RUPERT BROOKE

1887–1915

The hawthorn hedge puts forth its buds,
And my heart puts forth its pain
All Suddenly the Spring Comes Soft

And I shall find some girl perhaps,
And a better one than you,
With eyes as wise, but kinder,
And lips as soft, but true
And I daresay she will do *The Chilterns*

Blow out, you bugles, o'er the rich Dead!
There's none of these so lonely and poor of old,
But, dying, has made us rarer gifts than gold
These laid the world away, poured out the red
Sweet wine of youth, gave up the years to be
Of work and joy, and that unhopèd serenity,
That men call age, and those who would have been,
Their sons, they gave, their immortality *The Dead*

Honour has come back, as a king, to earth,
And paid his subjects with a royal wage,
And Nobleness walks in our ways again,
And we have come into our heritage *Ib*

The cool kindness of sheets, that soon
Smooth away trouble, and the rough male kiss of
blankets. *The Great Lover*

The benison of hot water *Ib*

Fish say, they have their stream and pond,
But is there anything beyond? *Heaven*

One may not doubt that, somehow, good
Shall come of water and of mud,
And, sure, the reverent eye must see
A purpose in liquidity. *Ib*

But somewhere, beyond space and time,
Is wetter water, slimmer slime! *Ib*

RUPERT BROOKE

b

Immense, of fishy form and mind,
Squamous, omnipotent, and kind,
And under that Almighty Fin,
The littlest fish may enter in *Ib*

Oh! never fly conceals a hook,
Fish say, in the Eternal Brook,
But more than mundane weeds are there,
And mud, celestially fair *Ib*

Unfading moths, immortal flies,
And the worm that never dies
And in that Heaven of all their wish,
There shall be no more land, say fish. *Ib*

Breathless, we flung us on the windy hulk,
Laughed in the sun, and kissed the lovely grass
The Hill

—And then you suddenly cried, and turned away *Ib*

With snuffle and sniff and handkerchief,
And dim and decorous mirth,
With ham and sherry, they'll meet to bury
The lordliest lass of earth
*Lanes Written in the Belief that the Ancient
Roman Festival of the Dead was called Ambar-
valia*

Spend in pure converse our eternal day;
Think each in each, immediately wise,
Learn all we lacked before, hear, know, and say
What this tumultuous body now denies,
And feel, who have laid our groping hands away,
And see, no longer blinded by our eyes
Not With Van Tears

Oh! Death will find me, long before I tire
Of watching you, and swing me suddenly
Into the shade and loneliness and mire
Of the last land! *Oh! Death Will Find Me.*

Oh! there the chestnuts, summer through,
Beside the river make for you
A tunnel of green gloom, and sleep
Deeply above. *The Old Village, Grantchester*

Here tulips bloom as they are told,
Unkempt about those hedges blows
An English unofficial rose *Ib*

And there the unregulated sun
Slopes down to rest when day is done,
And wakes a vague unpunctual star
A slipped He-per. *Ib*

Curates, long dust, will come and go
On lissom, clerical, printless toe,
And oft between the boughs is seen
The sly shade of a Rural Dean *Ib*

God! I will pack, and take a train,
And get me to England once again!
For England's the one land, I know,
And Cambridgeshire, of all England,
The shire for men who understand,
And of that district I prefer
The lovely hamlet Grantchester *Ib*

For Cambridge people rarely smile,
Being urban, squat, and packed with guile *Ib*

They love the Good, they worship Truth,
They laugh uproariously in youth,
(And when they get to feeling old,
They up and shoot themselves, I'm told) *Ib*

Stands the Church clock at ten to three?
And is there honey still for tea?

Ib

Now, God be thanked Who has matched us with His
hour,
And caught our youth, and wakened us from sleeping
Peace

Leave the sick hearts that honour could not move,
And half-men, and their dirty songs and dreary,
And all the little emptiness of love

Ib

Naught broken save this body, lost but breath,
Nothing to shake the laughing heart's long peace
there

But only agony, and that has ending,
And the worst friend and enemy is but Death

Ib

Safe shall be my going,
Secretly armed against all death's endeavour,
Safe though all safety's lost, safe where men fall,
And if these poor limbs die, safest of all

Safety

Some white tremendous daybreak

Second Best

If I should die, think only this of me
That there's some corner of a foreign field
That is for ever England There shall be
In that rich earth a richer dust concealed,
A dust whom England bore, shaped, made aware,
Gave, once, her flowers to love, her ways to roam,
A body of England's breathing English air,
Washed by the rivers, blest by suns of home
And think, this heart, all evil shed away,
A pulse in the eternal mind, no less
Gives somewhere back the thoughts by England
given

Her sights and sounds, dreams happy as her day,
And laughter, learnt of friends, and gentleness,
In hearts at peace, under an English heaven

The Soldier

But there's wisdom in women, of more than they
have known,
And thoughts go blowing through them, are wiser
than their own

There's Wisdom in Women

And there's an end, I think, of kissing,
When our mouths are one with Mouth

Tiare Taluti

PHILLIPS BROOKS

1835-1893

O little town of Bethlehem,
How still we see thee lie,
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep
The silent stars go by
The Church Porch O Little Town of Bethlehem

Yet in the dark streets shineth
The everlasting light,
The hopes and fears of all the years
Are met in thee to-night

Ib

THOMAS BROOKS

1608-1680

For (magna est veritas & praevalēbit) great is truth,
& shall prevail
The Crown and Glory of Christianity, 1662, p 407

ROBERT BARNABAS BROUGH

1828-1860

My Lord Tomnoddy is thirty-four,
The Earl can last but a few years more
My Lord in the Peers will take his place
Her Majesty's counsils his words will grace
Office he'll hold and patronage sway,
Fortunes and lives he will vote away,
And what are his qualifications?—ONE!
He's the Earl of Fitzdottrel's eldest son
My Lord Tomnoddy

LORD BROUGHAM

1778-1868

In my mind, he was guilty of no error,—he was
chargeable with no exaggeration,—he was betrayed
by his fancy into no metaphor, who once said, that
all we see about us, Kings, Lords, and Commons,
the whole machinery of the State, all the apparatus
of the system, and its varied workings, end in
simply bringing twelve good men into a box
Speech on the Present State of the Law, 7 Feb 1828,
p 5

Look out, gentlemen, the schoolmaster is abroad!
Attr to Speech, London Mechanics' Institute
1825

Education makes a people easy to lead, but difficult
to drive, easy to govern, but impossible to enslave
Attr

JOHN BROWN

1715-1766

Truth's sacred Fort th' exploded laugh shall win;
And Coxcombs vanquish Berkley by a grin
Essay on Satire On the Death of Pope, 1 223

Altogether upon the high horse
Letter to Garrick, 27 Oct 1765 *Correspon-*
dence of Garrick (1831), vol 1, p 205.

JOHN BROWN

1800-1859

I, John Brown, am now quite certain that the crimes
of this guilty land will never be purged away but
with blood *Last Statement*, 2 Dec 1859 *R J*
Hinton, John Brown and His Men

THOMAS BROWN

1663-1704

In the reign of King Charles the Second, a certain
worthy Divine at Whitehall, thus address'd himself
to the auditory at the conclusion of his sermon
'In short, if you don't live up to the precepts of the
Gospel, but abandon your selves to your irregular
appetites, you must expect to receive your reward
in a certain place, which 'tis not good manners to
mention here'
Lacomcs

A little before you made a leap into the dark
Letters from the Dead

I do not love you Dr Fell,
 But why I cannot tell,
 But this I know full well,
 I do not love you, Dr Fell
 [tr of *Martial, Epigrams*, 1 32] *Wks* 1719,
 vol iv 113

THOMAS EDWARD BROWNE

1830-1897

O blackbird, what a boy you are!
 How you do go it *The Blackbird*

Money is honey—my little sonny!
 And a rich man's joke is allis funny! *The Doctor*

A garden is a lovesome thing, God wot!
My Garden

Not God! in gardens! when the eve is cool?
 Nay, but I have a sign,
 'Tis very sure God walks in mine *Ib*

CHARLES FARRAR BROWNE

see ARTEMUS WARD

SIR THOMAS BROWNE

1605-1682

He who discommendeth others obliquely com-
 mendeth himself

Christian Morals, pt 1, § xxiv

That unextinguishable laugh in heaven
Cyrus' Garden, ch 2

Life itself is but the shadow of death, and souls
 departed but the shadows of the living All things
 fall under this name The sun itself is but the dark
simulacrum, and light but the shadow of God
Ib ch 4

Flat and flexible truths are beat out by every hammer,
 but Vulcan and his whole forge sweat to work out
 Achilles his armour *Ib* ch 5

But the quincunx of heaven runs low, and 'tis time
 to close the five ports of knowledge *Ib*

All things began in order, so shall they end, and so
 shall they begin again, according to the ordainer
 of order and mystical mathematics of the city of
 heaven *Ib*

Though Somnus in Homer be sent to rouse up
 Agamemnon, I find no such effects in these drowsy
 approaches of sleep To keep our eyes open longer
 were but to act our Antipodes The huntsmen are
 up in America, and they are already past their first
 sleep in Persia But who can be drowsy at that
 hour which freed us from everlasting sleep? or
 have slumbering thoughts at that time, when sleep
 itself must end, and, as some conjecture, all shall
 awake again? *Ib*

I dare, without usurpation, assume the honourable
 style of a Christian *Religio Medici*, pt 1, § 1

At my devotion I love to use the civility of my knee,
 my hat, and hand *Ib* § 3

I could never divide my self from any man upon the
 difference of an opinion, or be angry with his
 judgment for not agreeing with me in that, from
 which perhaps within a few days I should dissent
 my self *Ib* § 6

Many . . have too rashly charged the troops of error,
 and remain as trophies unto the enemies of truth
Ib

A man may be in as just possession of truth as of a
 city, and yet be forced to surrender *Ib*

Me thinks there be not impossibilities enough in
 Religion for an active faith *Ib* § 9

Who can speak of eternity without a solecism, or
 think thereof without an ecstasy? Time we may
 comprehend, 'tis but five days elder than ourselves
Ib § 11

I have often admired the mystical way of Pythagoras,
 and the secret magic of numbers. *Ib* § 12

We carry within us the wonders, we seek without us
 There is all Africa, and her prodigies in us
Ib § 15

All things are artificial, for nature is the art of God
Ib § 16

'Twill be hard to find one that deserves to carry the
 buckler unto Samson *Ib* § 21

Obstinacy in a bad cause, is but constancy in a good
Ib § 25

Persecution is a bad and indirect way to plant religion
Ib

There are many (questionless) canonized on earth,
 that shall never be Saints in Heaven. *Ib* § 26

Not pickt from the leaves of any author, but bred
 amongst the weeds and tares of mine own brain
Ib § 35

This reasonable moderator and equal piece of justice,
 Death *Ib* § 37

I am not so much afraid of death, as ashamed thereof,
 'tis the very disgrace and ignominy of our natures
Ib § 39

Certainly there is no happiness within this circle of
 flesh, nor is it in the optics of these eyes to behold
 felicity, the first day of our Jubilee is death
Ib § 43

I have tried if I could reach that great resolution
 to be honest without a thought of Heaven or Hell
Ib § 46

To believe only possibilities, is not faith, but mere
 Philosophy *Ib* § 46

There is no road or ready way to virtue *Ib* § 53

My desires only are, and I shall be happy therein, to
 be but the last man, and bring up the rear in
 heaven *Ib* § 57

I am of a constitution so general, that it consorts and
 sympathiseth with all things I have no antipathy,
 or rather idiosyncrasy, in diet, humour, air, any
 thing *Ib* pt 11, § 1

I feel not in myself those common antipathies that I
can discover in others, those national repugnances
do not touch me, nor do I behold with prejudice the
French, Italian, Spaniard, or Dutch, but where I
find their actions in balance with my countrymen's,
I honour, love and embrace them in the same
degree *Religio Medici*, pt. II, § 1

All places, all airs make unto me one country, I am in
England, everywhere, and under any meridian *Ib.*

It is the common wonder of all men, how among so
many millions of faces, there should be none alike
Ib. § 2.

No man can justly censure or condemn another,
because indeed no man truly knows another
Ib. § 4

Charity begins at home, is the voice of the world
Ib.

Sure there is music even in the beauty, and the silent
note which Cupid strikes, far sweeter than the
sound of an instrument For there is a music
wherever there is a harmony, order or proportion,
and thus far we may maintain the music of the
spheres, for those well ordered motions, and regular
paces, though they give no sound unto the ear,
yet to the understanding they strike a note most full
of harmony *Ib.* § 9

For even that vulgar and tavern music, which makes
one man merry, another mad, strikes in me a deep
fit of devotion, and a profound contemplation of the
first Composer, there is something in it of divinity
more than the ear discovers *Ib.*

We all labour against our own cure, for death is the
cure of all diseases *Ib.*

For the world, I count it not an inn, but an hospital,
and a place, not to live, but to die in *Ib.* § 12

There is surely a piece of divinity in us, something
that was before the elements, and owes no homage
unto the sun *Ib.*

[Sleep is] in fine, so like death, I dare not trust it
without my prayers *Ib.* § 13

Sleep is a death, O make me try,
By sleeping what it is to die
And as gently lay my head
On my grave, as now my bed *Ib.*

Conclude in a moist relentment *Urn Burial*, ch. 1

With rich flames, and hured tears, they solemnized
their obsequies *Ib.* ch. 3

Hercules is not only known by his foot *Ib.*

Men have lost their reason in nothing so much as their
religion, wherein stones and clouts make martyrs.
Ib. ch. 4

They carried them out of the world with their feet
forward *Ib.*

Were the happiness of the next world as closely
apprehended as the felicities of this, it were a
martyrdom to live *Ib.*

These dead bones have quietly rested under the
drums and tramlings of three conquests
Ib. ch. 5

Time, which antiquates antiquities, and hath an art
to make dust of all things, hath yet spared these
minor monuments *Ib.*

The long habit of living indisposeth us for dying *Ib.*

Misery makes Alcmena's nights *Ib.*

What song the Syrens sang, or what name Achilles
assumed when he hid himself among women. *Ib.*

Circles and right lines limit and close all bodies, and
the mortal right-lined circle, must conclude and
shut up all *Ib.*

Old families last not three oaks *Ib.*

To be nameless in worthy deeds exceeds an infamous
history. *Ib.*

But the inequity of oblivion blindly scattereth her
poppy, and deals with the memory of men without
distinction to merit of perpetuity. *Ib.*

Herostratus lives that burnt the Temple of Diana—
he is almost lost that built it *Ib.*

The night of time far surpasseth the day, and who
knows when was the equinox? *Ib.*

Mummy is become merchandise, Mizraim cures
wounds, and Pharaoh is sold for balsams *Ib.*

Man is a noble animal, splendid in ashes, and porno-
pous in the grave. *Ib.*

Ready to be any thing, in the ecstasy of being ever,
and as content with six foot as the *moles* of Adrianus
Ib.

WILLIAM BROWNE

1591-1643

And all the former causes of her moan

Did therewith bury in oblivion

Britannia's Pastorals, bk. 1, Song 2

Well languag'd Daniel

Ib. bk. II, Song 2

Underneath this sable hearse

Lies the subject of all verse,

Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother,

Death ere thou hast slain another,

Fair and learn'd, and good as she,

Time shall throw a dart at thee

Epitaph On the Countess of Pembroke.

May! Be thou never grac'd with birds that sing,

Nor Flora's pride!

In thee all flowers and roses spring,

Mine only died *In Obitum M S vº May*

SIR WILLIAM BROWNE

1692-1774

The King to Oxford sent a troop of horse,

For Tories own no argument but force

With equal skill to Cambridge books he sent,

For Whigs admit no force but argument

*Reply to Trapp's epigram 'The King, obser-
ving with judicious eyes,' q. v.*

Nichols' Literary Anecdotes, vol. II, p. 330

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

1806-1861

Here's God down on us! what are you about?
How all those workers start amid their work,
Look round, look up, and feel, a moment's space,
That carpet-dusting, though a pretty trade,
Is not the imperative labour after all,

Aurora Leigh, bk i.

Near all the birds
Will sing at dawn,—and yet we do not take
The chaffering swallow for the holy lark *Ib*

God answers sharp and sudden on some prayers,
And thrusts the thing we have prayed for in our face,
A gauntlet with a gift in 't *Ib* bk ii

The music soars within the little lark,
And the lark soars *Ib* bk iii

I think it frets the saints in heaven to see
How many desolate creatures on the earth
Have learnt the simple dues of fellowship
And social comfort, in a hospital *Ib*

Now may the good God pardon all good men!
Ib bk iv

Since when was genius found respectable? *Ib* bk vi
The devil's most devilish when respectable
Ib bk vii

Earth's crammed with heaven,
And every common bush afire with God,
But only he who sees, takes off his shoes,
The rest sit round it and pluck blackberries,
And daub their natural faces unaware
More and more from the first similitude *Ib*.

'Jasper first,' I said,
'And second sapphire, third chalcedony,
The rest in order,—list an amethyst' *Ib* bk ix

Speak low to me, my Saviour, low and sweet
From out the hallelujahs, sweet and low,
Lest I should fear and fall, and miss Thee so
Who art not missed by any that entreat *Comfort*

O poets, from a maniac's tongue was poured the
deathless singing!

O Christians, at your cross of hope, a hopeless hand
was clinging!

O men, this man in brotherhood your weary paths
beguiling,

Groaned only while he taught you peace, and died
while ye were smiling *Cowper's Grave*

And kings crept out again to feel the sun
Crowned and Buried

Do ye hear the children weeping, O my brothers,
Ere the sorrow comes with years?
The Cry of the Children

But the young, young children, O my brothers,
They are weeping bitterly!
They are weeping in the playtime of the others,
In the country of the free *Ib*.

And lips say, 'God be pitiful,'
Who ne'er said, 'God be praised'
Cry of the Human

Oh, the little birds sang east, and the little birds sang
west, *Toll slowly*

And I smiled to think God's greatness flowed around
our incompleteness,—

Round our restlessness, His rest
Rime of the Duchess May, last stanza

Thou large-brained woman and large-hearted man
To George Sand A Desire

Or from Browning some 'Pomegranate', which, if
cut deep down the middle,

Shows a heart within blood-tinctured, of a veined
humanity *Lady Geraldine's Courtship*, xli

By thunders of white silence, overthrown
Hiram Potter's Greek Slave.

'Yes,' I answered you last night,
'No,' this morning, sir, I say

Colours seen by candle-light
Will not look the same by day *The Lady's Yes*.

In the pleasant orchard closes,
'God bless all our gains,' say we,
But 'May God bless all our losses,'

Better suits with our degree *The Lost Bower*

What was he doing, the great god Pan,
Down in the reeds by the river?

Spreading ruin and scattering ban,
Splashing and paddling with hoofs of a goat,
And breaking the golden lilies afloat

With the dragon-fly on the river
A Musical Instrument

Yet half a beast is the great god Pan,
To laugh as he sits by the river,

Making a poet out of a man
The true gods sigh for the cost and pain,—

For the reed which grows nevermore again
As a reed with the reeds in the river. *Ib*

And her smile, it seems half holy,
As if drawn from thoughts more far
Than our common jestings are

And if any poet knew her,
He would sing of her with falls
Used in lovely madrigals *A Portrait*

God keeps a niche
In Heaven, to hold our idols, and albeit

He brake them to our faces, and denied
That our close kisses should impair their white,—

I know we shall behold them raised, complete,
The dust swept from their beauty,—glorified,

New Memmons singing in the great God-light
Sonnets Futurity.

I tell you, hopeless grief is passionless
Sonnets Grief

Straightway I was 'ware,
So weeping, how a mystic shape did move

Behind me, and drew me backward by the hair,
And a voice said in mastery while I strove, .

'Guess now who holds thee?'—'Death,' I said, but
there

The silver answer rang, . . . 'Not Death, but Love'
Sonnets from the Portuguese, i.

The face of all the world is changed, I think,
Since first I heard the footsteps of thy soul

Move still, oh, still, beside me, as they stole
Betwixt me and the dreadful outer brink

Of obvious death, where I, who thought to sink,
Was caught up into love, and taught the whole

Of a new rhythm *Ib*. 7.

If thou must love me, let it be for naught
Except for love's sake only *Ib* 14

When our two souls stand up erect and strong
Face to face, silent, drawing nigh and nigher *Ib* 22

Let us stay
Rather on earth, Beloved—where the unfit
Contrarious moods of men recoil away
And isolate pure spirits, and permit
A place to stand and love in for a day,
With darkness and the death-hour rounding it *Ib*

God's gifts put man's best dreams to shame *Ib* 26

First time he kissed me, he but only kissed
The fingers of this hand wherewith I write,
And, ever since, it grew more clean and white *Ib* 38

And think it soon when others cry, 'Too late' *Ib* 40

How do I love thee? Let me count the ways
I love thee to the depth and breadth and height
My soul can reach, when feeling out of sight
For the ends of Being and ideal Grace
I love thee to the level of every day's
Most quiet need, by sun and candle light
I love thee freely, as men strive for Right,
I love thee purely, as they turn from Praise
I love thee with the passion put to use
In my old griefs, and with my childhood's faith
I love thee with a love I seemed to lose
With my lost saints—I love thee with the breath,
Smiles, tears, of all my life!—and, if God choose,
I shall but love thee better after death *Ib* 43

Of all the thoughts of God that are
Borne inward unto souls afar,

Along the Psalmist's music deep,
Now tell me if that any is,
For gift or grace, surpassing this—
'He giveth His beloved, sleep' *The Sleep*

O earth, so full of dreary noises!
O men, with wailing in your voices!
O delvèd gold, the wailers heap!
O strife, O curse, that o'er it fall!
God strikes a silence through you all,
And giveth His beloved, sleep *Ib*

Let One, most loving of you all,
Say, 'Not a tear must o'er her fall,
He giveth His beloved, sleep' *Ib*

There, Shakespeare, on whose forehead climb
The crowns o' the world Oh, eyes sublime,
With tears and laughters for all time!

A Vision of Poets, verse 100

Life treads on life, and heart on heart
We press too close in church and mart
To keep a dream or grave apart *Ib* (conclusion).

Knowledge by suffering entereth,
And Life is perfected by Death *Ib*

And the rolling anapaestic
Curled like a vapour over shrines!
Wine of Cyprus, x

Our Euripides, the human,
With his droppings of warm tears,
And his touches of things common
Till they rose to touch the spheres! *Ib* xii

ROBERT BROWNING

1812-1889

Burrow awhile and build, broad on the roots of things.
Abt Vogler, 11.

On the earth the broken arcs, in the heaven, a perfect
round *Ib* ix

All we have willed or hoped or dreamed of good shall
exist *Ib* x

The high that proved too high, the heroic for earth too
hard,

The passion that left the ground to lose itself in the
sky,

Are music sent up to God by the lover and the bard,
Enough that he heard it once we shall hear it by and
by. *Ib*

But God has a few of us whom he whispers in the
ear,

The rest may reason and welcome; 'tis we musicians
know *Ib* xi

The C Major of this life. *Ib* xii

How he lies in his rights of a man!
Death has done all death can *After.*

So free we seem, so fettered fast we are!
Andrea del Sarto

Ah, but a man's reach should exceed his grasp,
Or what's a heaven for? *Ib*

Four great walls in the New Jerusalem *Ib*

It all comes to the same thing at the end
Any Wife to Any Husband

Why need the other women know so much? *Ib*

A minute's success pays the failure of years
Apollo and the Fates, prologue

The Doric little Morgue! *Apparent Failure*

It's wiser being good than bad,
It's safer being meek than fierce:
It's fitter being sane than mad

My own hope is, a sun will pierce
The thickest cloud earth ever stretched,

That, after Last, returns the First,
Though a wide compass round be fetched,

That what began best can't end worst,
Nor what God blessed once, prove accurst *Ib*

That one Face, far from vanish, rather grows,
Or decomposes but to recompose,

Become my universe that feels and knows
Ib epilogue, third speaker, xii

But, thanks to wine-les and democracy,
We've still our stage where truth calls spade a spade!
Aristophanes' Apology, l 392.

He lies now in the little valley, laughed
And moaned about by those mysterious streams
Ib l 5679

There up spoke a brisk little somebody,
Critic and whippersnapper, in a rage
To set things right

Balaustion's Adventure, pt 1, l 308.

A man can have but one life and one death,
One heaven, one hell. *In a Balcony, l 13.*

I count life just a stuff
To try the soul's strength on *Ib* 1 651.

Truth that peeps
Over the glass's edge when dinner's done,
And body gets its sop and holds its noise
And leaves soul free a little
Bishop Blougram's Apology

A piano-forte is a fine resource,
All Balzac's novels occupy one shelf,
The new edition fifty volumes long. *Ib*

The funny type
They get up well at Leipsic. *Ib*

Just when we're safest, there's a sunset-touch,
A fancy from a flower-bell, some one's death,
A chorus-ending from Euripides,
And that's enough for fifty hopes and fears,—
The grand Perhaps *Ib*

All we have gained then by our unbelief
Is a life of doubt diversified by faith,
For one of faith diversified by doubt:
We called the chess-board white—we call it black. *Ib*

Demireps
That love and save their souls in new French books *Ib*

You, for example, clever to a fault,
The rough and ready man that write apace,
Read somewhat seldom, think perhaps even less *Ib*

Be a Napoleon and yet disbelieve!
Why, the man's mad, friend, take his light away *Ib*

And that's what all the blessed Evil's for *Ib*.
Set you square with Genesis again *Ib*.

No, when the fight begins within himself,
A man's worth something *Ib*

Gigadibs the literary man *Ib*
He said true things, but called them by wrong names *Ib*

By this time he has tested his first plough,
And studied his last chapter of St John *Ib*

Saint Praxed's ever was the church for peace.
The Bishop orders His Tomb

Mistresses with great smooth marbly limbs *Ib*
See God made and eaten all day long *Ib*

Good, strong, thick, stupefying incense-smoke *Ib*
Aha, ELUCESCEBAT quoth our friend? *Ib*

No Tully, said I, Ulpian at the best *Ib*
All lapsi, all sons *Ib*.

There's a woman like a dew-drop, she's so purer than
the purest *A Blot in the 'Scutcheon*, 1 iii

Morning, evening, noon and night,
'Praise God' sang Theocrite

The Boy and the Angel
How well I know what I mean to do
When the long dark autumn-evenings come

By the Fireside, 1
Not verse now, only prose! *Ib* ii

O woman-country, wooed not wed *Ib* vi.
That great brow

And the spirit-small hand propping it. *Ib* xxiii

We two stood there with never a third *Ib* xxxviii
Oh, the little more, and how much it is!

And the little less, and what worlds away!
Ib xxxix

If you join two lives, there is oft a scar
They are one and one, with a shadowy third,
One near one is too far *Ib* xli

One born to love you, sweet!
Ib li

Letting the rank tongue blossom into speech
Caliban upon Setebos, 1 23

Setebos, Setebos, and Setebos!
'Thinketh, He dwelleth i' the cold o' the moon
'Thinketh He made it, with the sun to match,
But not the stars, the stars came otherwise *Ib* 1 24

'Let twenty pass, and stone the twenty-first
Loving not, hating not, just choosing so *Ib* 1 103

A bitter heart that bides its time and bites *Ib* 1 167
Kentish Sir Byng stood for his King,
Bidding the crop-headed Parliament swing

Cavalier Tunes, 1 *Marching Along*
Marching along, fifty-score strong,
Great-hearted gentlemen, singing this song *Ib*

King Charles, and who'll do him right now?
Ib 2 *Gave a Rouse*

By the old fool's side that begot him. *Ib*
Noll's damned troopers shot him *Ib*

Boot, saddle, to horse, and away!
Ib 3 *Boot and Saddle*

'Tis the Last Judgment's fire must cure this place,
Calcine its clods and set my prisoners free
Childe Roland, xi

One stiff blind horse, his every bone a-stare
Ib xiii

I never saw a brute I hated so,
He must be wicked to deserve such pain. *Ib* xiv

Dauntless the slug-horn to my lips I set,
And blew 'Childe Roland to the Dark Tower came'
Ib xxxiv

Out of the little chapel I burst
Into the fresh night-air again *Christmas Eve*, 1

The preaching man's immense stupidity. *Ib* iii
In the natural fog of the good man's mind. *Ib* iv

He was there
He himself with his human air *Ib* viii

Our best is bad, nor bears Thy test,
Still, it should be our very best *Ib*

Some thrilling view of the surplice-question
Ib xiv

That fallow, virgin-minded, studious
Martyr to mild enthusiasm *Ib*

'The exhausted air-bell of the Critic
Ib xvi

While I watched my foolish heart expand
In the lazy glow of benevolence,
O'er the various modes of man's belief *Ib* xx

The raree-show of Peter's successor. *Ib* xxii.

For the preacher's merit or demerit,
 It were to be wished the flaws were fewer
 In the earthen vessel, holding treasure,
 Which lies as safe in a golden ewer,
 But the main thing is, does it hold good measure?
 Heaven soon sets right all other matters! *Ib*

The sprinkled isles,
 Lily on lily, that o'erlace the sea
 And laugh their pride when the light wave hisps
 'Greece' *Cleon, l 1*

I have written three books on the soul,
 Proving absurd all written hitherto,
 And putting us to ignorance again *Ib l 57*

What is he buzzing in my ears?
 'Now that I come to die,
 Do I view the world as a vale of tears?' *Confessions*
 Ah, reverend sir, not I!

To mine, it serves for the old June weather
 Blue above lane and wall,
 And that farthest bottle labelled 'Ether'
 Is the house o'ertopping all *Ib*

How sad and bad and mad it was—
 But then, how it was sweet! *Ib*

There are flashes struck from midnights,
 There are fire-flames noondays kindle,
 Whereby piled-up honours perish,
 Whereby swollen ambitions dwindle,
 While just this or that poor impulse,
 Which for once had play unstified,
 Seems the sole work of a life-time
 'That away the rest have trifled' *Cristina, 4*

Stung by the splendour of a sudden thought
A Death in the Desert, l 59

Such ever was love's way to rise, it stoops *Ib l 134*

For life, with all it yields of joy and woe,
 And hope and fear,—believe the aged friend—
 Is just a chance o' the prize of learning love *Ib l 245*

I say, the acknowledgment of God in Christ
 Accepted by thy reason, solves for thee
 All questions in the earth and out of it *Ib l 474*

For I say, this is death and the sole death,
 When a man's loss comes to him from his gain,
 Darkness from light, from knowledge ignorance,
 And lack of love from love made manifest. *Ib l 482*

Progress, man's distinctive mark alone,
 Not God's, and not the beasts' God is, they are,
 Man partly is and wholly hopes to be *Ib l 586*

'Twas Cerinthus that is lost *Ib last line*

Your ghost will walk, you lover of trees,
 (If our loves remain)
 In an English lane *De Gustibus*

The bean-flowers' boon *Ib*

A castle, precipice-encurled,
 In a gash of the wind-grieved Apennine *Ib*

Italy, my Italy!
 Queen Mary's saying serves for me—
 (When fortune's malice
 Lost her—Calais)

Open my heart and you will see
 Graved inside of it, 'Italy' *Ib*

Reads verse and thinks she understands
Dis aliter visum, iv

Schumann's our music-maker now *Ib viii*

Ingres's the modern man who paints *Ib*

Heine for songs, for kisses, how? *Ib*

Sure of the Fortieth spare Arm-chair
 When gout and glory seat me there *Ib xii*

With loves and doves, at all events
 With money in the Three per Cents *Ib xiii*

Here comes my husband from his whist *Ib xxx*

How very hard it is to be
 A Christian! *Easter Day, 1*

'Tis well averred,
 A scientific faith's absurd *Ib, vi*

'Condemned to earth for ever, shut
 From heaven!' *Ib*

But Easter-Day breaks! But
 Christ rises! Mercy every way
 Is infinite—and who can say? *Ib xxxiii*

Karshish, the picker-up of learning's crumbs
An Epistle

Beautiful Evelyn Hope is dead! *Evelyn Hope*

Your mouth of your own geranium's red. *Ib*

You will wake, and remember, and understand. *Ib*

What if this friend happen to be—God?
Fears and Scruples, xii

Truth never hurts the teller
Fifine at the Fair, xxxii

'What, and is it really you again?' quoth I—
 'I again, what else did you expect?' quoth she
Ib, epilogue, 1

When the liquor's out why clink the cannikin?
The Flight of the Duchess, xvi

You're my friend—
 What a thing friendship is, world without end! *Ib, xvii*

I must learn Spanish, one of these days,
 Only for that slow sweet name's sake
The Flower's Name

Is there no method to tell her in Spanish? *Ib*

If you get simple beauty and nought else,
 You get about the best thing God invents.
Fra Lippo Lippi, l 217

You should not take a fellow eight years old
 And make him swear to never kiss the girls *Ib l 224*

This world's no blot for us,
 Nor blank, it means intensely, and means good
 To find its meaning is my meat and drink *Ib l 313*

'Tis the faith that launched point-blank her dart
 At the head of a lie—taught Original Sin,
 The corruption of Man's Heart (Christianity)
Gold Hair

The moth's kiss, first!
 Kiss me as if you made believe
 You were not sure, this eve,
 How my face, your flower, had pursed
 It's petals up. . .
 The bee's kiss, now!
 Kiss me as if you entered gay
 My heart at some noonday *In a Gondola*

Let us begin and carry up this corpse,
Singing together *A Grammarian's Funeral*

He's for the morning *Ib*

This is our master, famous, calm, and dead,
Borne on our shoulders *Ib*

He said, 'What's time? leave Now for dogs and apes!
Man has Forever' *Ib*

That low man seeks a little thing to do,
Sees it and does it

This high man, with a great thing to pursue,
Dies ere he knows it

That low man goes on adding one to one,
His hundred's soon hit

This high man, aiming at a million,
Misses an unit

That, has the world here—should he need the next,
Let the world mind him!

This, throws himself on God, and unperplexed
Seeking shall find Him *Ib*

He settled *Hott's* business—let it be!—
Properly based *Oun*—

Gave us the doctrine of the enclitic *De*,
Dead from the waist down *Ib*

Lofty designs must close in like effects *Ib*

O, world, as God has made it! all is beauty
The Guardian Angel

This is Ancona, yonder is the sea *Ib*

Infinite mercy, but, I wis,
As infinite a justice too
The Heretic's Tragedy, 1

(And wanteth there grace of lute or clavicthern, ye
shall say to confirm him who singeth—)

We bring John now to be burned alive *Ib 11*

Forth John's soul flared into the dark *Ib x*

God help all poor souls lost in the dark! *Ib*

I liken his Grace to an acorned hog
Holy-Cross Day, 11

The Lord will have mercy on Jacob yet,
And again in his border see Israel set *Ib xiii*

Thou! if thou wast He, who at mid-watch same,
By the starlight, naming a dubious name! *Ib xvi*

We gave the Cross, when we owed the Throne *Ib*

We withstood Christ then? Be mindful how
At least we withstand Barabbas now! *Ib xviii*

We march, thy band,
South, East, and on to the Picasant Land *Ib xx*

Oh, to be in England
Now that April's there,

And whoever wakes in England
Sees, some morning, unaware,

That the lowest boughs and the brushwood sheaf
Round the elm-tree bole are in tiny leaf,

While the chaffinch sings on the orchard bough
In England—now! *Home Thoughts from Abroad*

That's the wise thrush, he sings each song twice over,
Lest you should think he never could recapture

The first fine careless rapture! *Ib*

All will be gay when noontide wakes anew
The buttercups, the little children's dower
—Far brighter than this gaudy melon-flower! *Ib*

Nobly, nobly Cape St Vincent to the North-West
died away,
Sunset ran, one glorious blood-red, reeking into
Cadiz Bay.

Home-Thoughts from the Sea

'Here and here did England help me how can I help
England?'—say,

Whoso turns as I, this evening, turn to God to praise
and pray,

While Jove's planet rises yonder, silent over Africa *Ib*

'With this same key
Shakespeare unlocked his heart' once more!
Did Shakespeare? If so, the less Shakespeare he!
House, x

How it strikes a Contemporary *Title*

He took such cognizance of men and things
How it Strikes a Contemporary, 1 30

I sprang to the stirrup, and Joris, and he;
I galloped, Dirck galloped, we galloped all three
How they brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix

You know, we French stormed Ratisbon
Incident of the French Camp

'You're wounded!' 'Nay,' the soldier's pride
Touched to the quick, he said
'I'm killed, Sire!' And his chief beside
Smiling the boy fell dead *Ib*

Ignorance is not innocence but sin
The Inn Album, v

Just my vengeance complete,
The man sprang to his feet,
Stood erect, caught at God's skirts, and prayed!
—So, I was afraid! *Instans Tyrannus*

I wager 't is old to you
As the story of Adam and Eve, and possibly quite as
true *Iran Ivanovitch, 1 15*

The swallow has set her six young on the rail,
And looks seaward *James Lee, 111 1*

Oh, good gigantic smile o' the brown old earth
Ib vii 1

I should be dead of joy, James Lee
Ib ix xiii

There's heaven above, and night by night
I look right through its gorgeous roof
Johannes Agriola in Meditation

I said—Then, dearest, since 'tis so,
Since now at length my fate I know,
Since nothing all my love avails,
Since all, my life seemed meant for, fails,
Since this was written and needs must be—
My whole heart rises up to bless
Your name in pride and thankfulness!
'Take back the hope you gave,—I claim
Only a memory of the same

The Last Ride Together, 1
Who knows but the world may end tonight? *Ib 11*

- Hush! if you saw some western cloud
 All billowy-bosomed, over-bowed
 By many benedictions—sun's
 And moon's and evening-star's at once *Ib* *III*
- My soul
 Smoothed itself out, a long-cramped scroll
 Freshening and fluttering in the wind *Ib* *IV*
- Might she have loved me? just as well
 She might have hated, who can tell! *Ib*
- The petty done, the undone vast *Ib* *V*
- What hand and brain went ever paired?
 They scratch his name on the Abbey-stones
 My riding is better, by their leave *Ib*
- Sing, riding's a joy! For me, I ride *Ib* *VII*
- Ride, ride together, for ever ride?
 Escape me?
 Never—
 Beloved! *Life in a Love. Ib* *X*
- To dry one's eyes and laugh at a fall,
 And, baffled, get up and begin again *Ib.*
- No sooner the old hope goes to ground
 Than a new one, straight to the self-same mark *Ib.*
- So, I gave her eyes my own eyes to take,
 My hand sought hers as in earnest need,
 And round she turned for my noble sake,
 And gave me herself indeed *A Light Woman*
- 'Tis an awkward thing to play with souls,
 And matter enough to save one's own *Ib*
- And, Robert Browning, you writer of plays,
 Here's a subject made to your hand! *Ib*
- A face to lose youth for, to occupy age
 With the dream of, meet death with *A Likeness*
- Just for a handful of silver he left us,
 Just for a riband to stick in his coat
The Lost Leader
- We that had loved him so, followed him, honoured
 him,
 Lived in his mild and magnificent eye,
 Learned his great language, caught his clear accents,
 Made him our pattern to live and to die! *Ib*
- Shakespeare was of us, Milton was for us,
 Burns, Shelley, were with us—they watch from their
 graves! *Ib*
- We shall march prospering,—not thro' his presence,
 Songs may inspire us,—not from his lyre,
 Deeds will be done,—while he boasts his quiescence,
 Still bidding crouch whom the rest bade aspire *Ib*
- One more devils'-triumph and sorrow for angels,
 One wrong more to man, one more insult to God!
Ib
- Never glad confident morning again! *Ib*
- All's over, then, does truth sound bitter
 As one at first believes? *The Lost Mistress.*
- I will hold your hand but as long as all may,
 Or so very little longer! *Ib*
- Where the quiet-coloured end of evening smiles
Love among the Ruins
- Earth's returns
 For whole centuries of folly, noise and sin! *Ib*
- Love is best *Ib*
- How the March sun feels like May! *A Lovers' Quarrel*
- Oppression makes the wise man mad *Luria, IV*
- But a bird's weight can break the infant tree
 Which after holds an aery in its arms *Ib*
- The only fault's with time,
 All men become good creatures but so slow! *Ib* *V*
- Argument's hot to the close
Master Hugues of Saxe-Gotha, XIII
- One dissertates, he is candid,
 Two must discept,—has distinguished *Ib* *XIV*
- Do I carry the moon in my pocket? *Ib* *XXIX*
- As I gain the cove with pushing prow,
 And quench its speed i' the slushy sand
Meeting at Night
- A mile of warm sea-scented beach. *Ib*
- A tap at the pane, the quick sharp scratch
 And blue spurt of a lighted match,
 And a voice less loud, thro' its joys and fears,
 Than the two hearts beating each to each! *Ib*
- Ah, did you once see Shelley plain,
 And did he stop and speak to you
 And did you speak to him again?
 How strange it seems, and new! *Memorabilia*
- A moulted feather, an eagle-feather!
 Well, I forget the rest *Ib*
- Have you found your life distasteful?
 My life did, and does, smack sweet
 Was your youth of pleasure wasteful?
 Mine I saved and hold complete.
 Do your joys with age diminish?
 When mine fail me, I'll complain.
 Must in death your daylight finish?
 My sun sets to rise again. *At the 'Mermaid'.*
- I find earth not grey but rosy,
 Heaven not grim but fair of hue
 Do I stoop? I pluck a posy
 Do I stand and stare? All's blue *Ib*
- 'Next Poet'—(Manners, Ben!) *Ib*
- If such as came for wool, sir, went home shorn,
 Where is the wrong I did them?
Mr. Sludge, 'The Medium', I 630
- Solomon of saloons
 And philosophic diner-out *Ib* *I 773*
- This trade of mine—I don't know, can't be sure
 But there was something in it, tricks and all!
 Really, I want to light up my own mind. *Ib* *I. 809*
- Boston's a hole, the herring-pond is wide,
 V-notes are something, liberty still more
 Beside, is he the only fool in the world? *Ib* *last lines*
- This is the spray the bird clung to. *Misconceptions*
- This is a heart the Queen leant on *Ib.*
- That's my last Duchess painted on the wall
My Last Duchess, I 1.

What matter to me if their star is a world?
 Mine has opened its soul to me, therefore I love it
My Star

Give me of Nelson only a touch
Nationality in Drinks

All I can say is—I saw it! *Natural Magic*

Never the time and the place
 And the loved one all together!
Never the Time and the Place

A lion who dies of an ass's kick,
 The wronged great soul of an ancient Master
Old Pictures in Florence, vi

What's come to perfection perishes
 Things learned on earth, we shall practise in heaven
 Works done least rapidly, Art most cherishes
Ib xviii.

There remaineth a rest for the people of God
 And I have had troubles enough, for one. *Ib xxi*

All June I bound the rose in sheaves.
One Way of Love

Lose who may—I still can say,
 Those who win heaven, blest are they! *Ib*

There they are, my fifty men and women.
One Word More, i

Rafael made a century of sonnets,
 Made and wrote them in a certain volume
 Dinted with the silver-pointed pencil
 Else he only used to draw Madonnas. *Ib. ii*

Suddenly, as rare things will, it vanished. *Ib iv*

Dante once prepared to paint an angel
 Whom to please? You whisper 'Beatrice'. *Ib. v*

Dante, who loved well because he hated,
 Hated wickedness that hinders loving *Ib*

Does he paint? he fain would write a poem—
 Does he write? he fain would paint a picture.
Ib viii

Heaven's gift takes earth's abatement. *Ib. ix*

Even he, the minute makes immortal,
 Proves, perchance, but mortal in the minute *Ib*

Never dares the man put off the prophet *Ib x*

Other heights in other lives, God willing
 All the gifts from all the heights, your own, Love!
Ib xii

He who blows thro' bronze, may breathe thro' silver
Ib xiii

I am mine and yours—the rest be all men's *Ib xiv*

Where my heart lies, let my brain lie also. *Ib*

Lo, the moon's self!
 Here in London, yonder late in Florence,
 Still we find her face, the thrice-transfigured
 Curving on a sky imbrued with colour,
 Drifted over Fiesole by twilight,
 Came she, our new crescent of a hair's-breadth
 Full she flared it, lamping Samminiato,
 Rounder 'twixt the cypresses and rounder,
 Perfect till the nightingales applauded. *Ib xv*

Blank to Zoroaster on his terrace,
 Blind to Galileo on his turret,
 Dumb to Homer, dumb to Keats—him, even!
Ib xvi

God be thanked, the meanest of his creatures
 Boasts two soul-sides, one to face the world with
 One to show a woman when he loves her! *Ib xvii*

Silent silver lights and darks undreamed of,
 Where I hush and bless myself with silence. *Ib. xviii.*

Oh, their Rafael of the dear Madonnas,
 Oh, their Dante of the dread Inferno,
 Wrote one song—and in my brain I sing it,
 Drew one angel—borne, see, on my bosom! *Ib. xix.*

I see my way as birds their trackless way,
 I shall arrive! what time, what circuit first,
 I ask not but unless God send his hail
 Or blinding fireballs, sleet or stifling snow,
 In some time, his good time, I shall arrive.
 He guides me and the bird In His good time!
Paracelsus, pt. i.

Truth is within ourselves *Ib.*

Are there not, dear Michal,
 Two points in the adventure of the diver,
 One—when, a beggar, he prepares to plunge,
 One—when, a prince, he rises with his pearl?
 Festus, I plunge! *Ib.*

PARACELFUS
 I am he that aspired to *know* and thou?
 APRIL
 I would *love* infinitely, and be loved! *Ib. pt. ii*

God is the perfect poet,
 Who in his person acts his own creations. *Ib.*

Measure your mind's height by the shade it casts!
Ib pt. iii.

Heap cassia, sandal-buds and stripes
 Of labdanum, and aloë-balls *Ib. pt. iv.*

As when a queen, long dead, was young. *Ib*

Over the sea our galleys went. *Ib.*

All at once they leave you, and you know them!
Ib pt. v.

I give the fight up let there be an end,
 A privacy, an obscure nook for me
 I want to be forgotten even by God. *Ib.*

Progress is
 The law of life, man is not
 Man as yet *Ib.*

Thus the Mayne glideth
 Where my Love abideth
 Sleep's no softer. *Ib*

Like plants in mines which never saw the sun,
 But dream of him, and guess where he may be,
 And do their best to climb and get to him *Ib.*

If I stoop

Into a dark tremendous sea of cloud,
 It is but for a time, I press God's lamp
 Close to my breast, its splendour, soon or late,
 Will pierce the gloom I shall emerge one day *Ib.*

Round the Cape of a sudden came the sea,
 And the sun looked over the mountain's rim,
 And straight was a path of gold for him,
 And the need of a world of men for me

Parting at Morning.

It was roses, roses, all the way.
The Patriot.
 The air broke into a mist with bells. *Ib*
 Sun-treader, life and light be thine for ever! (Shelley)
Pauline, l 148

Ah, thought which saddens while it soothes!
Pictor Ignor.

Hamelin Town's in Brunswick,
 By famous Hanover city,
 The river Weser, deep and wide,
 Washes its walls on the southern side
The Pied Piper of Hamelin

Shrieking and squeaking
 In fifty different sharps and flats. *Ib*

Anything like the sound of a rat
 Makes my heart go pit-a-pat! *Ib*

A plate of turtle green and glutinous *Ib*
 In did come the strangest figure! *Ib*

So munch on, crunch on, take your nunchcon,
 Breakfast, supper, dinner, luncheon *Ib*

So, Willy, let me and you be wipers
 Of scores out with all men, especially pipers! *Ib.*

Day! Faster and more fast,
 O'er night's brim, day boils at last
Pippa Passes, introduction

The year's at the spring,
 And day's at the morn,
 Morning's at seven,
 The hill-side's dew-pearled,
 The lark's on the wing,
 The snail's on the thorn
 God's in his heaven—
 All's right with the world! *Ib pt 1*

Some unsuspected isle in the far seas!
 Some unsuspected isle in far-off seas! *Ib pt III*

In the morning of the world,
 When earth was nigher heaven than now *Ib*
 No need that sort of king should ever die! *Ib*

You'll look at least on love's remains,
 A grave's one violet
 Your look?—that pays a thousand pains
 What's death? You'll love me yet! *Ib*

All service ranks the same with God—
 With God, whose puppets, best and worst,
 Are we, there is no last nor first. *Ib pt IV*

Stand still, true poet that you are!
 I know you, let me try and draw you
 Some night you'll fail us when afar
 You rise, remember one man saw you,
 Knew you, and named a star! *Popularity*

With ardours manifold,
 The bee goes singing to her groom,
 Drunken and overbold. *Ib*

Who fished the murex up?
 What porridge had John Keats? *Ib*

The rain set early in tonight *Porphyria's Lover*

All her hair
 In one long yellow sting I wound
 Three times her little throat around,
 And strangled her. No pain felt she,
 I am quite sure she felt no pain *Ib.*

And all night long we have not stirred,
 And yet God has not said a word! *Ib.*

But flame? The bush is bare *Prologue (Asolando)*

Fear death?—to feel the fog in my throat,
 The mist in my face *Prospect*

Where he stands, the Arch Fear in a visible form *Ib*

I was ever a fighter, so—one fight more,
 The best and the last!

I would hate that death bandaged my eyes, and forbore,
 And bade me creep past *Ib.*

No! let me taste the whole of it, farc like my peers
 The heroes of old,

Bear the brunt, in a minute pay glad life's arrears *Ib*
 Of pain, darkness and cold

O thou soul of my soul! I shall clasp thee again,
 And with God be the rest! *Ib*

Grow old along with me!
 'The best is yet to be,

'The last of life, for which the first was made
 Our times are in his hand

Who saith, 'A whole I planned,
 Youth shows but half, trust God see all, nor be
 afraid!' *Rabbi ben Ezra, 1*

Irks care the crop-full bird? Frets doubt the maw-
 crammed beast? *Ib IV*

Then, welcome each rebuff
 That turns earth's smoothness rough,
 Each sting that bids nor sit nor stand but go!
 Be our joys three-parts pain!

Strive, and hold cheap the strain;
 Learn, nor account the pang, dare, never grudge the
 throel! *Ib VI*

For thence,—a paradox
 Which comforts while it mocks,—

Shall life succeed in that it seems to fail—
 What I aspired to be,

And was not, comforts me
 A brute I might have been, but would not sink i' the
 scale *Ib VII*

Let us not always say
 'Spite of this flesh today

I strove, made head, gained ground upon the whole!
 As the bird wings and sings,

Let us cry 'All good things
 Are ours, nor soul helps flesh more, now, than flesh
 helps soul' *Ib XII*

Once more on my adventure brave and new *Ib XIV*

When evening shuts,
 A certain moment cuts

'The deed off, calls the glory from the grey *Ib XVI*

Now, who shall arbitrate?
 'Ten men love what I hate,

Shun what I follow, slight what I receive
 'Ten, who in ears and eyes

Match me we all surmise,
 'They, this thing, and I, that whom shall my soul
 believe? *Ib XXII*

Fancies that broke through language and escaped *Ib XXV*

All that is, at all,
Lasts ever, past recall,
Earth changes, but thy soul and God stand sure
Rabbi ben Ezra, xxvii

Time's wheel runs back or stops potter and clay
endure *Ib*

He fixed thee mid this dance
Of plastic circumstance *Ib xxviii*

Look not thou down but up!
To uses of a cup *Ib xxx*

My times be in Thy hand!
Perfect the cup as planned!
Let age approve of youth, and death complete the
same! *Ib xxxii*

Do you see this squire old yellow Book, I toss
I' the air, and catch again
The Ring and the Book, bk 1, l. 33

The Life, Death, Miracles of Saint Somebody,
Sunt Somebody Else, his Miracles, Death and Life
Ib 1 80

Well, British Public, ye who like me not,
(God love you!) *Ib 1 410*

'Go get you manned by Manning and new-manned
By Newman ind, mayhap, wise-manned to boot
By Wiseman' *Ib 1 444*

A dusk mis-featured messenger,
No other than the angel of this life,
Whose care is lest men see too much at once
Ib 1 593

Let this old woe step on the stage again! *Ib 1 824*

Youth means love,
Vows can't change nature, priests are only men
Ib 1 1056

O lyric Love, half angel and half bird
And all a wonder and a wild desire *Ib 1 1391*

Boldest of hearts that ever braved the sun,
Took sanctuary within the holier blue,
And sing a kindred soul out to his face,—
Yet hum in at the red-ripe of the heart *Ib 1 1393*

This is the same voice can thy soul know change?
Ib 1 1401

Never may I commence my song, my due
To God who best taught song by gift of thee,
Except with bent head and beseeching hand
Ib 1 1403

Their utmost up and on *Ib 1 1413*

The story always old and always new *Ib bk 11, l. 214*

But facts are facts and flinch not *Ib 1 1049*

Go practise if you please
With men and women leave a child alone
For Christ's particular love's sake! *Ib bk 111, l. 88*

In the great right of an excessive wrong *Ib 1 1055*

Everyone soon or late comes round by Rome
Ib bk v, l. 296

'Twas a thief said the last kind word to Christ
Christ took the kindness and forgave the theft
Ib bk vi, l. 869

O great, just, good God! Miserable me! *Ib 1 2105*

The uncomfortableness of it all *Ib bk vii, l. 400*

True life is only love, love only bliss
Ib 1 960

O lover of my life, O soldier-saint *Ib 1 1786*

Through such souls alone
God stooping shows sufficient of His light
For us i' the dark to rise by And I rise
Ib 1 1843

Faultless to a fault *Ib bk ix, l. 1177*

Of what I call God,
And fools call Nature *Ib bk x, l. 1073*

Why comes temptation but for man to meet
And master and make crouch beneath his foot,
And so be pedestaled in triumph? *Ib 1 1185*

White shall not neutralize the black, nor good
Compensate bad in man, absolve him so
Life's business being just the terrible choice
Ib 1 1236.

There's a new tribunal now,
Higher than God's—the educated man's! *Ib 1 1976*

That sad obscure sequestered state
Where God unmakes but to remake the soul
He else made first in vain, which must not be
Ib 1 2130

It is the glory and good of Art,
That Art remains the one way possible
Of speaking truths, to mouths like mine at least
Ib bk xii, l. 842

Thy rare gold ring of verse (the poet praised)
Linking our England to his Italy. *Ib 1 873.*

Good, to forgive,
Best, to forget!
Living, we first,
Dying, we live *La Saisiaz, dedication*

How good is man's life, the mere living! how fit to
employ
All the heart and the soul and the senses, for ever in
joy! *Saul, ix*

All's love, yet all's law *Ib xvii*

'Tis not what man does which exalts him, but what
man would do! *Ib xviii*

It is by no breath,
Turn of eye, wave of hand, that salvation joins issue
with death!

As thy Love is discovered almighty, almighty be
proved
Thy power, that exists with and for it, of being
beloved! *Ib.*

O Saul, it shall be
A Face like my face that receives thee, a Man like to
me,
Thou shalt love and be loved by, for ever a Hand like
this hand

Shall throw open the gates of new life to thee! See
the Christ stand! *Ib.*

Because a man has shop to mind
In time and place, since flesh must live,
Needs spirit lack all life behind,
All stray thoughts, fancies fugitive,
All loves except what trade can give?

Shop, xx

I want to know a butcher paints,
A baker rhymes for his pursuit,
Candlestick-maker much acquaints
His soul with song, or, haply mute,
Blows out his brains upon the flute *Shop, xvi*
Nay but you, who do not love her,
Is she not pure gold, my mistress? *Song*
Who will, may hear Sordello's story told.

Sordello, bk 1
Who would has heard Sordello's story told
Ib. bk. vi

Sidney's self, the starry paladin. *Ib*
Whence the grieved and obscure waters slope
Into a darkness quieted by hope,
Plucker of amaranths grown beneath God's eye
In gracious twilights where his chosen lie. *Ib*
Still more labyrinthine buds the rose *Ib*
A touch divine—
And the scaled eyeball owns the mystic rod,
Visibly through his garden walketh God. *Ib.*

Any nose
May ravage with impunity a rose *Ib bk vi*
You are not going to marry your old friend's love,
after all? *A Soul's Tragedy, Act II.*

I have known *Four-and-twenty* leaders of revolts. *Ib.*

Gr-r-r- there go, my heart's abhorrence!
Water your damned flower-pots, do!
Soliloquy of the Spanish Cloister.

I the Trinity illustrate,
Drinking watered orange-pulp—
In three sips the Arian frustrate,
While he drains his at one gulp *Ib*
There's a great text in Galatians,
Once you trip on it, entails
Twenty-nine distinct damnations,
One sure, if another fails *Ib*
My scrofulous French novel
On grey paper with blunt type: *Ib.*
'St, there's Vespers! Plena gratia
Ave, Virgol Gr-r-r—you swine! *Ib*
The glory dropped from their youth and love,
And both perceived they had dreamed a dream

The Statue and the Bust.
The world and its ways have a certain worth *Ib*
The soldier-saints, who row on row,
Burn upward each to his point of bliss. *Ib*

The sun I impute to each frustrate ghost
Is—the unlit lamp and the unguilt join,
Though the end in sight was a vice, I say. *Ib*

All the breath and the bloom of the year in the bag of
one bee. *Summum Bonum (Asolando)*

At the midnight in the silence of the sleep-time,
When you set your fancies free. *Ib epilogue.*

Greet the unseen with a cheer *Ib.*
One who never turned his back but marched breast
forward,

Never doubted clouds would break,
Never dreamed, though right were worsted, wrong
would triumph,
Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better,
Sleep to wake *Ib*

I've a Friend, over the sea;
I like him, but he loves me.
It all grew out of the books I write; *Time's Revenges.*

There may be heaven, there must be hell,
Meantime, there is our earth here—well! *Ib.*

Hark, the dominant's persistence till it must be
answered to! *A Toccata of Galuppi's, viii.*

What of soul was left, I wonder, when the kissing had
to stop? *Ib xiv.*

Dear dead women, with such hair, too—what's
become of all the gold
Used to hang and brush their bosoms? I feel chilly
and grown old. *Ib. xv*

As I ride, as I ride.
Through the Metidja to Abd-el-kadr

Grand rough old Martin Luther
Bloomed fables—flowers on furze,
The better the uncouthier.
Do roses stick like burrs? *The Twins*

Only I discern—
Infinite passion, and the pain
Of finite hearts that yearn *Two in the Campagna.*

Sky—what a scowl of cloud
Till, near and far,
Ray on ray split the shroud
Splendid, a star! *The Two Poets of Croisic*

Bang-whang-whang goes the drum, tootle-te-tootle
the fife. *Up at a Villa—Down in the City.*

Wanting is—what?
Summer redundant,
Blueness abundant,
—Where is the blot? *Wanting—is what?*

What's become of Waring
Since he gave us all the slip? *Waring, I 1*

Monst'-inform'-ingens-horrend-ous
Demoniac-seraphic
Penman's latest piece of graphic *Ib 1v*

Some lost lady of old years *Ib*
In vishnu-land what Avatar? *Ib vi*

'When I last saw Waring . . .'
(How all turned to him who spoke!
You saw Waring? Truth or joke?
In land-travel or sea-faring?) *Ib II 1*

Oh, never star
Was lost here but it rose afar! *Ib III*

But little do or can the best of us:
That little is achieved through Liberty
In Andrew Reid's Why I am a Liberal

Let's contend no more, Love,
Strive nor weep
All be as before, Love,
—Only sleep! *A Woman's Last Word*

What so wild as words are? *Ib*

Where the apple reddens,
Never pry—
Lest we lose our Edens,
Eve and I. *Ib.*

The light of other days is faded,
And all their glory past

The Maid of Artois, Act II

JOHN BUNYAN

1628-1688

Mr Badman died as they call it, like a Chrisom-
child, quietly and without fear
Life and Death of Mr Badman

As I walk'd through the wilderness of this world
Pilgrim's Progress, pt 1

The name of the one was Obstinate and the name of
the other Pliable *Ib*

The name of the slough was Despond *Ib*

The gentleman's name was Mr Worldly-Wise-Man *Ib*

Set down my name, Sir *Ib*

Come in, come in,
Eternal glory thou shalt win *Ib*

And behold there was a very stately palace before
him, the name of which was Beautiful *Ib*

The valley of Humiliation *Ib*

A foul Fiend coming over the field to meet him, his
name is Apollyon *Ib*

Then Apollyon straddled quite over the whole breadth
of the way *Ib*

Set your faces like a flint *Ib*

It beareth the name of Vanity-Fair, because the town
where 'tis kept, is lighter than vanity *Ib*

So soon as the man overtook me, he was but a word
and a blow *Ib*

Hanging is too good for him, said Mr Cruelty *Ib*

Yet my great-grandfather was but a water-man, look-
ing one way, and rowing another and I got most
of my estate by the same occupation

[Mr By-Ends]

They came at a delicate plain, call'd Ease, where they
went with much content, but that plain was but
narrow, so they went quickly over it *Ib*

Remember Lot's Wife *Ib*

A castle, called Doubting-Castle, the owner whereof
was Giant Despair *Ib*

Now Giant Despair had a wife, and her name was
Diffidence *Ib*

A grievous crab-tree cudgel *Ib*

They came to the Delectable Mountains *Ib*

Sleep is sweet to the labouring man *Ib*

A great horror and darkness fell upon Christian *Ib*

Then I saw that there was a way to hell, even from
the gates of heaven *Ib*

So I awoke, and behold it was a dream *Ib*

A man that could look no way but downwards, with
a muckrake in his hand *Ib pt 11*

One leak will sink a ship, and one sin will destroy a
sinner *Ib*

One Great-heart *Ib*

He that is down needs fear no fall,
He that is low no pride
*Ib Shepherd Boy's Song in the Valley of
Humiliation*

A man there was, tho' some did count him mad,
The more he cast away, the more he had *Ib*

An ornament to her profession *Ib*

Whose name is Valiant-for-Truth. *Ib*

Who would true valour see,
Let him come hither,
One here will constant be,
Come wind, come weather
There's no discouragement
Shall make him once relent
His first avow'd intent
To be a pilgrim

[Popular version of above
He who would valiant be
'Gainst all disaster,
Let him in constancy
Follow the Master &c] *Ib.*

Who so beset him round
With dismal stories,
Do but them-elves confound—
His strength the more is *Ib*

Then fancies flee away!
I'll fear not what men say,
I'll labour night and day
To be a pilgrim *Ib*

Mr Standfast *Ib*

My sword, I give to him that shall succeed me in my
pilgrimage, and my courage and skill to him that
can get it *Ib*

So he passed over, and all the trumpets sounded for
him on the other side *Ib*

SAMUEL DICKINSON BURCHARD

1812-1891

We are Republicans and don't propose to leave our
party and identify ourselves with the party whose
antecedents are rum, Romanism, and rebellion
Speech, New York City, 29 Oct 1884

GELETT BURGESS

1866-

Are you a bromide?
Title of Essay in 'Smart Set' (1906)

I never saw a Purple Cow,
I never hope to see one,
But I can tell you, anyhow,
I'd rather see than be one!
Burgess Nonsense Book The Purple Cow.

Ah, yes! I wrote the 'Purple Cow'—
I'm sorry, now, I wrote it!
But I can tell you anyhow,
I'll kill you if you quote it! *Ib.*

a	JOHN WILLIAM BURGON	EDMUND BURKE
	1813-1888	
	A rose-red city—half as old as Time! <i>Petra</i> , l. 132	
	JOHN BURGEOYNE	
	1722-1792	
	You have only, when before your glass, to keep pronouncing to yourself mimini-pimini—the lips cannot fail of taking their plea.	
	<i>The Heiress</i> , III. 11.	
	EDMUND BURKE	
	1728-1797	
	Would twenty shillings have ruined Mr Hampden's fortune? No! but the payment of half twenty shillings, on the principle it was demanded, would have made him a slave	
	<i>Speech on American Taxation, 1774</i>	
	It is the nature of all greatness not to be exact <i>Ib</i>	
	Falsehood has a perennial spring <i>Ib</i>	
	It did so happen that persons had a single office divided between them, who had never spoken to each other in their lives, until they found themselves, they knew not how, pigging together, heads and points, in the same truckle-bed <i>Ib</i>	
	For even then, sir, even before this splendid orb was entirely set, and while the western horizon was in a blaze with his descending glory, on the opposite quarter of the heavens arose another luminary, and, for his hour, became lord of the ascendant. <i>Ib</i>	
	Great men are the guide-posts and landmarks in the state. <i>Ib</i>	
	Passion for fame, a passion which is the instinct of all great souls. <i>Ib</i>	
	To tax and to please, no more than to love and to be wise, is not given to men <i>Ib</i>	
	The only liberty I mean, is a liberty connected with order; that not only exists along with order and virtue, but which cannot exist at all without them	
	<i>Speech at his arrival at Bristol (1771)</i>	
	Applaud us when we run, console us when we fall, cheer us when we recover—but let us pass on—for God's sake, let us pass on!	
	<i>Speech at Bristol previous to the Election, 1780</i>	
	Bad laws are the worst sort of tyranny <i>Ib</i>	
	The worthy gentleman [Mr. Coombe], who has been snatched from us at the moment of the election, and in the middle of the contest, whilst his desires were as warm, and his hopes as eager as ours, has feelingly told us, what shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue	
	<i>Speech at Bristol on Declining the Poll, 1780</i>	
	The cold neutrality of an impartial judge	
	<i>Preface to the Address of M. Brissot</i>	
	I have in general no very exalted opinion of the virtue of paper government	
	<i>Speech on Conciliation with America, 1775</i>	
	The noble lord in the blue riband <i>Ib</i>	
	The concessions of the weak are the concessions of fear <i>Ib</i> .	
	Young man, there is America—which at this day serves for little more than to amuse you with stories of savage men, and uncouth manners, yet shall, before you taste of death, show itself equal to the whole of that commerce which now attracts the envy of the world <i>Ib</i>	
	When we speak of the commerce with our colonies, fiction lags after truth, invention is unfruitful, and imagination cold and barren. <i>Ib</i>	
	A people who are still, as it were, but in the gristle and not yet hardened into the bone of manhood <i>Ib</i>	
	Through a wise and salutary neglect [of the colonies], a generous nature has been suffered to take her own way to perfection, when I reflect upon these effects, when I see how profitable they have been to us, I feel all the pride of power sink and all presumption in the wisdom of human contrivances melt and die away within me. My rigour relents I pardon something to the spirit of liberty <i>Ib</i>	
	The use of force alone is but temporary. It may subdue for a moment; but it does not remove the necessity of subduing again and a nation is not governed, which is perpetually to be conquered <i>Ib</i>	
	Nothing less will content me, than <i>whole America</i> <i>Ib</i>	
	Abstract liberty, like other mere abstractions, is not to be found. <i>Ib</i> .	
	All protestantism, even the most cold and passive, is a sort of dissent. But the religion most prevalent in our northern colonies is a refinement on the principle of resistance—it is the dissidence of dissent, and the protestantism of the Protestant religion. <i>Ib</i>	
	In no country perhaps in the world is the law so general a study. This study renders men acute, inquisitive, dexterous, prompt in attack, ready in defence, full of resources. . . . They augur misgovernment at a distance, and snuff the approach of tyranny in every tainted breeze <i>Ib</i>	
	The mysterious virtue of wax and parchment. <i>Ib</i> .	
	I do not know the method of drawing up an indictment against an whole people <i>Ib</i>	
	It is not, what a lawyer tells me I may do, but what humanity, reason, and justice, tell me I ought to do <i>Ib</i>	
	Govern two millions of men, impatient of servitude, on the principles of freedom <i>Ib</i>	
	I am not determining a point of law, I am restoring tranquillity. <i>Ib</i>	
	The march of the human mind is slow. <i>Ib</i> .	
	Freedom and not servitude is the cure of anarchy, as religion, and not atheism, is the true remedy for superstition <i>Ib</i>	
	Instead of a standing revenue, you will have therefore a perpetual quarrel <i>Ib</i>	

Slavery they can have anywhere It is a weed that grows in every soil

Conciliation with America, 1775

Deny them this participation of freedom, and you break that sole bond, which originally made, and must still preserve the unity of the empire *Ib*

It is the love of the people, it is their attachment to their government, from the sense of the deep stake they have in such a glorious institution, which gives you your army and your navy, and infuses into both that liberal obedience, without which your army would be a base rabble, and your navy nothing but rotten timber *Ib*

Magnanimity in politics is not seldom the truest wisdom, and a great empire and little minds go ill together *Ib*

By adverting to the dignity of this high calling, our ancestors have turned a savage wilderness into a glorious empire and have made the most extensive, and the only honourable conquests, not by destroying, but by promoting the wealth, the number, the happiness of the human race *Ib*

The people never give up their liberties but under some delusion

Speech at County Meeting of Bucks, 1784

Corrupt influence, which is itself the perennial spring of all prodigality, and of all disorder, which loads us more than millions of debt, which takes away vigour from our arms, wisdom from our councils, and every shadow of authority and credit from the most venerable parts of our constitution

Speech on the Economical Reform, 1780

Individuals pass like shadows, but the commonwealth is fixed and stable *Ib*

The people are the masters *Ib*

A rapacious and licentious soldiery

Speech on Fox's East India Bill, 1783

He has put to hazard his ease, his security, his interest, his power, even his darling popularity, for the benefit of a people whom he has never seen *Ib*

What the greatest inquest of the nation has begun, its highest Tribunal [the British House of Commons] will accomplish

Impeachment of Warren Hastings, 15 Feb 1788

Religious persecution may shield itself under the guise of a mistaken and over-zealous piety

Ib 17 Feb 1788

An event has happened, upon which it is difficult to speak, and impossible to be silent

Ib 5 May 1789

Resolved to die in the last dyke of prevarication

Ib 7 May 1789

There is but one law for all, namely, that law which governs all law, the law of our Creator, the law of humanity, justice, equity—the law of nature, and of nations

Ib 28 May 1794

I impeach him in the name of the people of India, whose rights he has trodden under foot, and whose country he has turned into a desert Lastly, in the name of human nature itself, in the name of both sexes, in the name of every age, in the name of

every rank, I impeach the common enemy and oppressor of all!

Impeachment of Warren Hastings, as recorded by Macaulay in his essay on Warren Hastings

His virtues were his arts

Inscription on the statue of the Marquis of Rockingham in Wentworth Park

The greater the power, the more dangerous the abuse

Speech on the Middlesex Election, 1771

It is not a predilection to mean, sordid, home-bred cares, that will avert the consequences of a false estimation of our interest, or prevent the shameful dilapidation, into which a great empire must fall, by mean reparations upon mighty ruins

Speech on the Nabob of Arcot's Debts.

Old religious factions are volcanoes burnt out

Speech on the Petition of the Unitarians, 1792

Dangers by being despised grow great. *Ib*

To complain of the age we live in, to murmur at the present possessors of power, to lament the past, to conceive extravagant hopes of the future, are the common dispositions of the greatest part of mankind

Thoughts on the Cause of the Present Discontents

The power of the crown, almost dead and rotten as Prerogative, has grown up anew, with much more strength, and far less odium, under the name of Influence *Ib*

The wisdom of our ancestors. *Ib*

When bad men combine, the good must associate, else they will fall, one by one, an unpitied sacrifice in a contemptible struggle *Ib*

Of this stamp is the cant of *Not men, but measures*, a sort of charm by which many people get loose from every honourable engagement. *Ib*

There is, however, a limit at which forbearance ceases to be a virtue

Observations on a Publication, 'The present state of the nation'

Well stored with pious frauds, and, like most discourses of the sort, much better calculated for the private advantage of the preacher than the edification of the hearers *Ib*

It is a general popular error to imagine the loudest complainers for the public to be the most anxious for its welfare *Ib*

I flatter myself that I love a manly, moral, regulated liberty as well as any gentleman

Reflections on the Revolution in France

Whenever our neighbour's house is on fire, it cannot be amiss for the engines to play a little on our own *Ib*

Politics and the pulpit are terms that have little agreement No sound ought to be heard in the church but the healing voice of Christian charity.

Surely the church is a place where one day's truce ought to be allowed to the dissensions and animosities of mankind *Ib*

A state without the means of some change is without the means of its conservation. *Ib.*

Make the Revolution a parent of settlement, and not a nursery of future revolutions *Ib.*

The confused jargon of their Babylonian pulpits *Ib*

People will not look forward to posterity, who never look backward to their ancestors *Ib*

Government is a contrivance of human wisdom to provide for human wants Men have a right that these wants should be provided for by this wisdom *Ib.*

It is now sixteen or seventeen years since I saw the Queen of France, then the Dauphiness, at Versailles, and surely never lighted on this orb, which she hardly seemed to touch, a more delightful vision I saw her just above the horizon, decorating and cheering the elevated sphere she just began to move in,—glittering like the morning star, full of life, and splendour, and joy Little did I dream that I should have lived to see disasters fallen upon her in a nation of gallant men, in a nation of men of honour, and of cavaliers I thought ten thousand swords must have leaped from their scabbards to avenge even a look that threatened her with insult But the age of chivalry is gone That of sophisters, economists, and calculators, has succeeded, and the glory of Europe is extinguished for ever *Ib*

The unbought grace of life, the cheap defence of nations, the nurse of manly sentiment and heroic enterprise is gone! *Ib*

It is gone, that sensibility of principle, that chastity of honour, which felt a stain like a wound *Ib*

Vice itself lost half its evil, by losing all its grossness *Ib*

The offspring of cold hearts and muddy understandings *Ib.*

In the groves of their academy, at the end of every vista, you see nothing but the gallows *Ib*

Kings will be tyrants from policy, when subjects are rebels from principle *Ib*

Learning will be cast into the mire, and trodden down under the hoofs of a swinish multitude *Ib*

France has always more or less influenced manners in England and when your fountain is choked up and polluted, the stream will not run long, or will not run clear with us, or perhaps with any nation *Ib*

Because half a dozen grasshoppers under a fern make the field ring with their importunate chink, whilst thousands of great cattle, reposed beneath the shadow of the British oak, chew the cud and are silent, pray do not imagine that those who make the noise are the only inhabitants of the field, that of course, they are many in number, or that, after all, they are other than the little, shrivelled, meagre, hopping, though loud and troublesome insects of the hour *Ib.*

Who now reads Bolingbroke? Who ever read him through? Ask the booksellers of London what is become of all these lights of the world *Ib*

Man is by his constitution a religious animal *Ib*

A perfect democracy is therefore the most shameless thing in the world *Ib*

The men of England, the men, I mean, of light and leading in England *Ib*

Nobility is a graceful ornament to the civil order It is the Corinthian capital of polished society. *Ib*

Superstition is the religion of feeble minds. *Ib*

He that wrestles with us strengthens our nerves, and sharpens our skill Our antagonist is our helper *Ib*

Our patience will achieve more than our force *Ib*

Good order is the foundation of all good things *Ib*

The delicate and refined play of the imagination
On the Sublime and Beautiful, introduction

I am convinced that we have a degree of delight, and that no small one, in the real misfortunes and pains of others. *Ib* pt 1, § xiv.

No passion so effectually robs the mind of all its powers of acting and reasoning as fear *Ib.* pt 11, § 11.

Custom reconciles us to everything *Ib* pt 14, § xviii

Laws, like houses, lean on one another
Tracts on the Popery Laws, ch 3, pt 1

In all forms of Government the people is the true legislator *Ib*

And having looked to government for bread, on the very first scarcity they will turn and bite the hand that fed them *Thoughts and Details on Scarcity*

The writers against religion, whilst they oppose every system, are wisely careful never to set up any of their own

A Vindication of Natural Society, preface

The fabric of superstition has in our age and nation received much ruder shocks than it had ever felt before, and through the chinks and breaches of our prison we see such glimmerings of light, and feel such refreshing airs of liberty, as daily raise our ardour for more

A Vindication of Natural Society

A good parson once said, that where mystery begins, religion ends Cannot I say, as truly at least, of human laws, that where mystery begins, justice ends? *Ib*

The lucrative business of mystery. *Ib*

The only infallible criterion of wisdom to vulgar judgments—success

Letter to a Member of the National Assembly

Those who have been once intoxicated with power, and have derived any kind of emolument from it, even though but for one year, can never willingly abandon it *Ib*

Cromwell was a man in whom ambition had not wholly suppressed, but only suspended the sentiments of religion *Ib*

Tyrants seldom want pretexts. *Ib.*

You can never plan the future by the past. *Ib*

To innovate is not to reform
A Letter to a Noble Lord, 1796

These gentle historians, on the contrary, dip their pens in nothing but the milk of human kindness
Ib.

The king, and his faithful subjects, the lords and commons of this realm,—the triple cord, which no man can break
Ib.

The coquetry of public opinion, which has her caprices, and must have her way

Letter to Thos Burgh, New Year's Day, 1780

The arrogance of age must submit to be taught by youth
Letter to Fanny Burney, 29 July 1782

People crushed by law have no hopes but from power
If laws are their enemies, they will be enemies to laws, and those, who have much to hope and nothing to lose, will always be dangerous, more or less

Letter to the Hon C J Fox, 8 Oct 1777

The grand Instructor, Time

Letter to Sir H Langrishe, 26 May 1795

All men that are ruined are ruined on the side of their natural propensities

Letters on a Regicide Peace, letter 1

Example is the school of mankind, and they will learn at no other
Ib.

Never, no, never, did Nature say one thing and Wisdom say another
Ib No 3

Well is it known that ambition can creep as well as soar
Ib.

I know many have been taught to think, that moderation, in a case like this, is a sort of treason

Letter to the Sheriffs of Bristol

Between craft and credulity, the voice of reason is stifled
Ib.

If any ask me what a free government is, I answer, that for any practical purpose, it is what the people think so.
Ib.

Liberty, too, must be limited in order to be possessed
Ib.

Nothing in progression can rest on its original plan
We may as well think of rocking a grown man in the cradle of an infant
Ib.

Among a people generally corrupt, liberty cannot long exist
Ib.

Nothing is so fatal to religion as indifference, which is, at least, half infidelity

Letter to Wm Smith, 29 Jan 1795

The silent touches of time
Ib.

Somebody has said, that a king may make a nobleman, but he cannot make a gentleman.
Ib.

Not merely a chip of the old 'block', but the old block itself
On Pitt's First Speech, 1781

Mr Burke observed that Johnson had been very great that night, Mr Langton . . . could have wished to hear more from another person, (plainly intimating that he meant Mr Burke) 'O, no (said Mr Burke), it is enough for me to have rung the bell to him'
Boswell's Johnson, vol. iv, p. 26.

'No, no,' said he, 'it is not a good imitation of Johnson, it has all his pomp, without his force, it has all the nodosities of the oak without its strength, it has all the contortions of the Sybil without the inspiration'

Remark to Boswell who had spoken of Croft's 'Life of Dr. Young' as a good imitation of Johnson's style Boswell's Life of Johnson, vol. iv, p. 59

WILLIAM CECIL, LORD BURLEIGH

1520-1598

What! all this for a song?

To Queen Elizabeth (when ordered to give £100 to Spenser for some poems). Birch, Life of Spenser, p. xiii.

SIR FRANCIS COWLEY BURNAND

1836-1917

It's no matter what you do

If your heart be only true,

And his heart *was* true to Poll

True to Poll

FANNY BURNEY (MME D'ARBLAY)

1752-1840

In the bosom of her respectable family resided Camilla
Camilla, bk. i, ch 1

Travelling is the ruin of all happiness! There's no looking at a building here after seeing Italy. [Mr Meadows]
Cecilia, ed 1904, bk iv, ch 2

'True, very true, ma'am,' said he [Mr Meadows], yawning, 'one really lives no where, one does but vegetate, and wish it all at an end'

Ib bk vii, ch 5

Indeed, the freedom with which Dr Johnson condemns whatever he disapproves is astonishing
Diary, 23 Aug 1778

All the delusive seduction of martial music
Ib Ce 4 floral, 1802.

'Do you come to the play without knowing what it is?' [Mr Lovell] 'O yes, Sir, yes, very frequently I have no time to read play-bills, one merely comes to meet one's friends, and show that one's alive'
Evelina, letter 20

ROBERT BURNS

1759-1796

O thou! whatever title suit thee,

Auld Hornie, Satan, Nick, or Clootie

Address to the Deil.

But fare you weel, auld Nickie-ben!
O wad ye tak a thought an' men!
Ye aiblins might—I dinna ken—
Still hae a stake
I'm wae to think upo' yon den,
Ev'n for your sake!

Ib

Ye're aiblins nae temptation
Address To the Unco Gude

Then gently scan your brother man,
Still gentler sister woman,
Tho' they may gang a kennin wrang,
To step aside is human

Ib

Then at the balance let's be mute,
We never can adjust it,
What's done we partly may compute,
But know not what's resisted

Ib

Ae fond kiss, and then we sever
Ae Fond Kiss

But to see her was to love her,
Love but her, and love for ever

Ib

Had we never lov'd sae kindly,
Had we never lov'd sae blindly,
Never met—or never parted,
We had ne'er been broken-hearted

Ib

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to mind?
Auld Lang Syne.

We twa hie run about the braes,
And pu'd the gowans fine

Ib

We'll tak' a right gude-willie waught
For auld lang syne

Ib

We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne

Ib

And there's a hand, my trusty fiere,
And gie's a hand o' thine.

Ib

But tell me whisky's name in Greek,
I'll tell the reason

The Author's Earnest Cry and Prayer, xxx

Freedom and Whisky gang thegither!
Ib xxxi

Sleep I can get nane
For thinking on my dearie
Ay Wauken O

The poor inhabitant below
Was quick to learn and wise to know,
And keenly felt the friendly glow,
And softer flame,

But thoughtless follies laid him low,
And staid his name!
A Bard's Epitaph

Know prudent cautious self-control
Is wisdom's root
Ib

Come, Firm Resolve, tike thou the van,
Thou stalk o' carl-hemp in man!
And let us mind, faunt heart ne'er wan
A lady fair,

Wha does the utmost that he can,
Will whyles do mair
To Dr Blacklock

To make a happy fire-side clime
To weans and wife,

That's the true pathos and sublime
Of human life
Ib

But aye the tear comes in my ee,
To think on him that's far awa

The Bonnie Lad that's far awa

O saw ye bonnie Lesley
As she gaed o'er the border?
She's gane, like Alexander,
To spread her conquests farther
To see her is to love her,
And love but her for ever,
For Nature made her what she is,
And ne'er made anther!

Bonnie Lesley

The Deil he could na scaith thee,
Or aught that wad belang thee,
He'd look into thy bonnie face,
And say, 'I canna wrang thee'

Ib

Bonnie wee thing, cannie wee thing,
Lovely wee thing, wert thou mine,
I wad wear thee in my bosom,
Lest my jewel it should tine

The Bonnie Wee Thing.

Your poor narrow foot-path of a street,
Where twa wheel-barrows tumble when they meet
The Brigs of Ayr.

Hark! the mavis' evening sang
Sounding Clouden's woods amang,
Then a-faulding let us gang,
My bonnie dearie

Ca' the Yowes.

She draiglet a' her petticoatie,
Coming through the rye
Coming through the Rye (taken from an old
song, *The Bob-tailed Lass*)

Gin a body meet a body
Coming through the rye;
Gin a body kiss a body
Need a body cry?

Ib

Contented wi' little and cantie wi' mair
Contented wi' Little.

Th' expectant wee-things, toddlin', stacher through
To meet their Dad, wi' flichterin' noise an' glee.
His wee bit ingle, blinkin bonnilie,
His clean hearth-stane, his thrifty wife's smile,
The hisping infant prattling on his knee,
Does a' his weary kjaugh and care beguile,
An' makes him quite forget his labour an' his toil.
The Cotter's Saturday Night, iii

The mother, wi' her needle an' her sheers,
Gars auld claes look amais as weel's the new
Ib v.

They never sought in vain that sought the Lord
aright!
Ib vi

A wretch, a villain, lost to love and truth
Ib

The halesome parritch, chief of Scotia's food
Ib xi

He wales a portion with judicious care,
And 'Let us worship God!' he says with solemn air
Ib xii

From scenes like these old Scotia's grandeur springs,
That makes her loved at home, revered abroad
Princes and lords are but the breath of kings,
'An honest man's the noblest work of God'
Ib xix.

Ev'n ministers, they hae been kenn'd,
In holy rapture,
A rousing whid at times to vend,
And nail't wi' Scripture
Death and Dr. Hornbook, i.

- I wasna fou, but just had plenty
The auld kirk-hammer strak the bell
Some wee short hour ayont the twal
On ev'ry hand it will allow'd be,
He's just—nae better than he should be
A Dedication to Gavin Hamilton, 1 25
- The De'il's Awa' Wi' the Exciseman *Title of Song*
But Facts are chieks that winna ding,
An' downa be disputed *A Dream*
- Yet aft a ragged cowl's been known
To mak a noble aiver *Ib*
- Duncan Gray cam here to woo,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't,
On blithe Yule-nicht when we were fou,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't
Maggie coost her head fu' high,
Look'd asklent and unco skeigh,
Gart poor Duncan stand abeigh,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't *Duncan Gray*
- Meg was deaf as Ailsa Craig,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't
Duncan sigh'd baith out and in,
Grat his een baith bleer't and blin',
Spak o' lowpin o'er a linn,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't *Ib*
- How it comes let doctors tell,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't,
Meg grew sick as he grew haill,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't *Ib*
- A Gentleman who held the patent for his honours
immediately from Almighty God
Elegy on Capt. Matthew Henderson from the title
- Perhaps it may turn out a sang,
Perhaps turn out a sermon
Epistle to a Young Friend, 1786
- But still keep something to yoursel
Ye scarcely tell to ony *Ib*
- I wa[il]ve the quantum o' the sin,
The hazard of concealing,
But och, it hardens a' within,
And petrifies the feeling! *Ib*
- An atheist laugh's a poor exchange
For Deity offended *Ib*
- And may ye better reck the rede
Than ever did th' adviser! *Ib*
- The heart aye's the part aye
That makes us right or wrang *Epistle to Davie*
- What's a' your jargon o' your schools,
Your Latin names for horns and stools,
If honest Nature made you fools,
What sairs your grammars?
First Epistle to John Lapraik
- Gie me ae spark o' Nature's fire,
That's a' the learning I desire *Ib*
- For thus the royal mandate ran,
When first the human race began,
'The social, friendly, honest man,
Whate'er he be,
'Tis he fulfils great Nature's plan,
And none but he'
Second Epistle to Lapraik
- My barmie noddle's working prime
Epistle to James Smith.
- Some rhyme a neebor's name to lash,
Some rhyme (vain thought!) for needfu' cash,
Some rhyme to court the country clash,
An' raise a din,
For me, an aim I never fash,
I rhyme for fun *Ib*
- Farewell dear, deluding Woman,
The joy of joys! *Ib*
- Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes,
Flow gently, I'll sing thee a song in thy praise
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream
Flow gently, sweet Afton
- The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
The man's the gowd for a' that!
For a' that and a' that
- A man's a man for a' that *Ib*
- A prince can mak a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, and a' that,
But an honest man's aboon his might,
Guid faith he mauna fa' that! *Ib*
- It's coming yet, for a' that,
That man to man the world o'er
Shall brothers be for a' that *Ib.*
- My heart is sair, I daur na tell,
My heart is sair for Somebody
For the Sake of Somebody
- There's Death in the cup—so beware!
On a Goblet
- Go fetch to me a pint o' wine,
An' fill it in a silver tasse *Go Fetch to Me a Pint*
- Green grow the rushes O,
Green grow the rushes O,
The sweetest hours that e'er I spend,
Are spent among the lasses O!
- There's nought but care on ev'ry han',
In ev'ry hour that passes O,
What signifies the life o' man,
An' 'twere na for the lasses O
Green Grow the Rushes
- But gie me a canny hour at e'en,
My arms about my dearie O,
An' warly cares, an' warly men,
May a' gae tapsalteerie O! *Ib*
- The wisest man the warl' saw,
He dearly lov'd the lasses O *Ib*
- Auld nature swears, the lovely dears
Her noblest work she classes O,
Her prentice han' she tried on man,
An' then she made the lasses O *Ib*
- That I for poor auld Scotland's sake,
Some usefu' plan or beuk could make,
Or sing a sang at least
To the Gudwife of Wauchope-House
- Fair fa' your honest sonsie face,
Great chieftain o' the puddin'-race!
Aboon them a' ye tak your place,
Painch, tripe, or thairm
Weel are ye wordy o' a grace
As lang's my arm *To a Haggis*

His spindle shank a guid whip-lash,
His nieve a nit *Ib*
It's guid to be merry and wise,
It's guid to be honest and true,
It's guid to support Caledonia's cause,
And bide by the buff and the blue
Here's a Health to Them that's Awa'

O, gie me the lass that has acres o' charms,
O, gie me the lass wi' the weel-stockit farms.
Hey for a Lass wi' a Tocher

Then hey, for a lass wi' a tocher—
The nice yellow guineas for mel *Ib*
The golden hours on angel wings
Flew o'er me and my dearie,
For dear to me as light and life
Was my sweet Highland Mary. *Highland Mary*

But oh! fell death's untimely frost,
That nipt my flower sae earlv *Ib*
Here some are thinkin' on their sins,
An' some upo' their claes. *The Holy Fair, x*

Leeze me on drink! it gies us mair
Than either school or college *Ib xiv*

There's some are fou o' love divine,
There's some are fou o' brandy *Ib xvii*

I hae a wife o' my ain. *I Hae a Wife o' My Ain*
Naebodv cares for me,
I care for naebodv. *Ib*

It was a' for our rightfu' King
We left fair Scotland's strand
It was a' for our Rightfu' King

Now a' is done that men can do,
And a' is done in vnn *Ib*

He turn'd him right and round about
Upon the Irish shore,
And gae his bridle-reins a shake,
With adieu for evermore, My dear,
Adieu for evermore. *Ib*

John Anderson my jo, John,
When we werc first acquent,
Your locks were like the raven,
Your bonny brow was brent
John Anderson My Jo

John Anderson my jo, John,
We clamb the hill thegither,
And mony a canty day, John,
We've had wi' ane anither
Now we maun totter down, John,
And hand in hand we'll go,
And sleep thegither at the foot,
John Anderson, my jo *Ib*
Partly wi' love o'ercome sae saur,
And partly she was drunk
The Jolly Beggars, l. 221.

Their tricks an' craft hae put me daft,
They've ta'en me in, an' a' that,
But clear your decks, an' 'here's the Sex'
I like the jads for a' that *Ib. l. 266.*

A fig for those by law protected!
Liberty's a glorious feast!
Courts for cowards were erected,
Churches built to please the priest. *Ib l. 292.*

Life is all a variorum,
We regard not how it goes;
Let them cant about decorum
Who have characters to lose *Ib l. 308*

As cauld a wind as ever blew,
A cauldier kirk, and in't but few;
A cauldier preacher never spak,—
Ye se a' be het ere I come back
The Kirk of Lamington.

I've seen sae mony changefu' years,
On earth I am a stranger grown,
I wander in the ways of men,
Alike unknowing and unknown
Lament for James, Earl of Glencairn

The mother may forget the child
That smiles sae sweetly on her kneec,
But I'll remember thee, Glencairn,
And a' that thou hast done for me *Ib*

O had she been a country maid,
And I the happy country swain
The Lass of Ballochmyle

When o'er the hill the eastern star
Tells bughtin-time is near, my jo,

I'll meet thee on the lea-rig,
My ain kind dearie O *The Lea-Rig*

True it is, she had one failing,
Had a woman ever less?
Lines written under the Picture of Miss Burns

Hal whare ye gaun, ye crowlin' ferlie!
Your impudence protects you sairly
I canna say but ye strunt rarely,
Owre gauze and lace,
Tho' faith! I fear ye dine but sparely
On sic a place *To a Louse*

O wad some Pow'r the giftie gie us
To see ourselfs as others see us!
It wad frae mony a blunder free us,
And foolish notion *Ib*

Their sighin', cantin', grace-proud faces,
Their three-mule prayers, and half-mile graces.
To the Rev John M'Math

May coward shame distain his name,
The wretch that dares not die!
Macpherson's Farewell

Nature's law,
That man was made to mourn
Man was made to Mourn

Man's inhumanity to man
Makes countless thousands mourn! *Ib*

O Death, the poor man's dearest friend,
The kindest and the best! *Ib*

Thou lingering star, with lessening ray,
That lov'st to greet the early morn,
Again thou usherest in the day
My Mary from my soul was torn
To Mary in Heaven

'Time but the impression deeper makes,
As streams their channels deeper wear *Ib*

I sigh'd, and said amang them a',
'Ye are na Mary Morison' *Mary Morison*

Wee modest crimson-tippèd flow'r
To a Mountain Daisy.

Ev'n thou who mourn'st the Daisy's fate,
 That fate is thine—no distant date,
 Stern Ruin's ploughshare drives elate
 Full on thy bloom,
 Till crush'd beneath the furrow's weight
 Shall be thy doom! *Ib*

Wee, sleekit, cow'rin, tim'rous beastie,
 O what a panic's in thy breastie!
To a Mouse

I'm truly sorry Man's dominion
 Has broken Nature's social union,
 An' justifies th' ill opinion
 Which makes thee startle
 At me, thy poor, earth-born companion
 An' fellow-mortal! *Ib.*

The best laid schemes o' mice an' men
 Gang aft a-gley. *Ib*

My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here,
 My heart's in the Highlands a-chasing the deer,
 Chasing the wild deer, and following the roe,
 My heart's in the Highlands, wherever I go
My Heart's in the Highlands

O, my Luve's like a red red rose
 That's newly sprung in June
 Oh my Luve's like the melody
 That's sweetly play'd in tune
My Love is like a Red Red Rose

The minister kiss'd the fiddler's wife,
 An' could na preach for thinkin' o't.
My Love she's but a Lassie yet.

She is a winsome wee thing,
 She is a handsome wee thing,
 She is a lo'esome wee thing,
 This sweet wee wife o'mine.
My Wife's a Winsome Wee Thing

Of a' the airts the wind can blaw,
 I dearly like the west *Of a' the Airts*
 If there's another world, he lives in bliss,
 If there is none, he made the best of this
On a Friend Epitaph on Wm Muir

He ne'er was gien to great misguidin',
 Yet coin his pouches wad na bide in
On a Scotch Bard

Hear, Land o' Cakes, and brither Scots
On Captain Grose's Peregrinations

If there's a hole in a' your coats,
 I rede you tent it
 A chield's amang you taking notes,
 And, faith, he'll prent it *Ib*

He has a fouth o' auld nick-nackets *Ib*
 An idiot race to honour lost,
 Who know them best, despise them most
On Seeing Stirling Palace in Ruins.

O, wert thou in the cauld blast,
 On yonder lea, on yonder lea,
 My plaidie to the angry airt,
 I'd shelter thee, I'd shelter thee
O, Wert Thou in the Cauld Blast

Thy bield should be my bosom,
 To share it a', to share it a' *Ib.*

Or were I in the wildest waste,
 Sae black and bare, sae black and bare,
 The desert were a paradise,
 If thou wert there, if thou wert there *Ib*

The teeth o' Time may gnaw Tamtallan,
 But thou's for ever! *To Pastoral Poetry*

The mair they talk I'm kent the better.
E'en Let Them Clash

O Luve will venture in, where it daur na weel be
 seen *The Posie*

And I will pu' the pink, the emblem o' my dear,
 For she's the pink o' womankind, and blooms with-
 out a peer *Ib*

It's aye the cheapest lawyer's fee,
 To taste the barrel *Scotch Drink*

Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled,
 Scots, wham Bruce has aften led,
 Welcome to your gory bed,
 Or to victorie

Now's the day, and now's the hour,
 See the front o' battle lour!
 See approach proud Edward's power—
 Chains and slavery! *Scots, Wha Hae*

Liberty's in every blow!
 Let us do or die! *Io*

Some hae meat, and canna eat,
 And some wad eat that want it;
 But we hae meat and we can eat,
 And sae the Lord be thankit
The Selkirk Grace As attributed to Burns

The Muse, nae poet ever fand her,
 Till by himself he learned to wander
 Adown some trotting burn's meander,
 An' no think lang,
To William Simpson

Good Lord, what is man! for as simple he looks,
 Do but try to develop his hooks and his crooks,
 With his depths and his shallows, his good and his
 evil,
 All in all, he's a problem must puzzle the devil
Sketch inscribed to G. J. Fox.

Tho' poor in gear, we're rich in love
The Soldier's Return.

Whare sits our sulky sullen dame,
 Gathering her brows like gathering storm,
 Nursing her wrath to keep it warm
Tam o' Shanter, l 10

Auld Ayr, wham ne'er a town surpasses
 For honest men and bonnie lasses *Ib l 15*

Ah, gentle dames! it gars me greet
 To think how many counsels sweet,
 How many lengthen'd sage advices,
 The husband frae the wife despises! *Ib l 33*

His ancient, trusty, drouthy crony,
 Tam lo'ed him like a vera brither,
 They had been fou for weeks thegither *Ib l 43*

Kings may be blest, but Tam was glorious,
 O'er a' the ills o' life victorious! *Ib l 57*

But pleasures are like poppies spread—
 You seize the flow'r, its bloom is shed,
 Or like the snow falls in the river—
 A moment white—then melts for ever

Ib 1 59

Nae man can tether time or tide

Ib 1 67

That hour, o' night's black arch the key-stane

Ib 1 69

Inspiring bold John Barleycorn!
 What dangers thou canst make us scorn!

Wi' tippenny, we fear nae evil,
 Wi' usquebae, we'll face the devil!

Ib 1 105

The mirth and fun grew fast and furious

Ib 1 143

But 'Tam kent what was what fu' brawlie

Ib 1 163

Ah, Tam! ah, Tam! thou'll get thy fairin'!
 In hell they'll roast thee like a herrin'!

Ib. 1 201

He'll hae misfortunes great and sma',
 But aye a heart aboon them a',

There was a Lad

A man may drink and no be drunk,

A man may fight and no be slain,

A man may kiss a bonnie lass,

And aye be welcome back again.

There was a Lass, they ca'd her Meg

We labour soon, we labour late,

To feed the titled knave, man,

And a' the comfort we're to get,

Is that ayont the grave, man

The Tree of Liberty, attributed to Burns

His lockèd, lettered, braw brass collar,

Shew'd him the gentleman and scholar.

The Two Dogs, 1 13

The fient a pride na pride had he.

Ib 1 16

And there began a lang digression

About the lords of the creation.

Ib 1 45.

But human bodies are sic fools,

For a' their colleges and schools,

That when nae real ills perplex them,

They mak enow themselves to vex them.

Ib 1 195

But hear their absent thoughts o' ither,

They're a' run deils an' jads thegither.

Ib 1 221

Rejoiced they were na men but dogs.

Ib 1 236

Up in the morning's no' for me,
 Up in the morning early

Up in the Morning

Misled by fancy's meteor ray,

By passion driven,

But yet the light that led astray

Was light from Heaven

The Vision, Duan II, xviii

What can a young lassie, whit shall a young lassie,

What can a young lassie do wi' an auld man?

What can a Young Lassie.

And then his auld brass will buy me a new pan.

Ib.

O whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad;

O whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad.

'Tho' father and mither and a' should gae mad,

O whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad

Whistle, and I'll come to you, my Lad.

Now we're married—speer nae mair—

Whistle owre the lave o't

Whistle owre the lave o't

We're nae that fou, we're no that fou,
 But just a drappie in our ee

Willie Brewed a Peck o' Maut

It is the moon, I ken her horn,

That's blinkin' in the lift sae hie,

She shines sae bright to wyle us hame,

But, by my sooth! she'll wait a wee

Ib.

Sic a wife as Willie had,

I wad na gie a button for her!

Willie's Wife.

Her nose and chin they threaten ither

Ib

Her face wad fyle the Logan-water

Ib

The heart benevolent and kind

'The most resembles God

A Winter Night

Ye banks and braes o' bonny Doon,

How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair?

How can ye chant, ye little birds,

And I sae weary fu' o' care?

Ye Banks and Braes o' Bonny Doon

Thou minds me o' departed joys,

Departed never to return

Ib

And ilka bird sang of its love,

And fondly sae did I o' mine.

Ib.

And my fause lover stole my rose,

But ah! he left the thorn wi' me.

Ib

'Don't let the awkward squad fire over me'

*A Cunningham's Works of Burns, with his**Life, 1834, vol 1, p 344.*

JEREMIAH BURROUGHS

1599-1646

We use to say, it's a woman's reason to say, I will do
 such a thing, because I will do it

On Hosea, vol iv, p 80

BENJAMIN HAPGOOD BURT

When you're all dressed up and no place to go

Title of Song

HENRY BURTON

fl. 1886

Have you had a kindness shown?

Pass it on!

'Twas not given for thee alone,

Pass it on!

Let it travel down the years,

Let it wipe another's tears,

Till in Heaven the deed appears—

Pass it on!

Pass It On

JOHN BURTON

1773-?

Holy Bible, Book divine,

Precious treasure, thou art mine,

Mine to teach me whence I came,

Mine to teach me what I am

Holy Bible, Book Divine

ROBERT BURTON

1577-1640

All my joys to this are folly,
Naught so sweet as Melancholy

Anatomy of Melancholy Author's Abstract of Melancholy

They lard their lean books with the fat of others' works
Ib Democritus to the Reader

We can say nothing but what hath been said . . .
Our poets steal from Homer . . . Divines use
Austin's words *verbatim* still, and our story-dressers
do as much, he that comes last is commonly best
Ib

I had not time to lick it into form, as she [a bear] doth
her young ones
Ib

Like watermen, that row one way and look another
Ib

Him that makes shoes go barefoot himself
Ib

All poets are mad
Ib

A loose, plain, rude writer.
Ib

Cookery is become an art, a noble science cooks are
gentlemen
Ib pt 1, § 2, memb 2, subject 2.

No rule is so general, which admits not some excep-
tion
Ib subject 3

Die to save charges
Ib memb 3, subject. 12

I may not here omit those two main plagues, and
common dotages of human kind, wine and
women, which have infatuated and besotted
myriads of people They go commonly together
Ib subject 13.

Hinc quam sit calamus sævior ense patet [From this
it is clear how much the pen is worse than the
sword]
Ib memb 4, subject 4.

One was never married, and that's his hell, another is,
and that's his plague
Ib memb 4, subject. 7.

[Fabricius] finds certain spots and clouds in the sun.
Ib pt 11, § 2, memb. 3.

Seneca thinks he takes delight in seeing thee The
gods are well pleased when they see great men
contending with adversity
Ib § 3, memb 1, subject 1

Every thing, saith Epictetus, hath two handles, the
one to be held by, the other not
Ib memb 3

Who cannot give good counsel? 'tis cheap, it costs
them nothing
Ib

What is a ship but a prison?
Ib memb 4

All places are distant from Heaven alike
Ib

The Commonwealth of Venice in their armoury have
this inscription, 'Happy is that city which in time
of peace thinks of war'
Ib memb 6

Tobacco, divine, rare, superexcellent tobacco, which
goes far beyond all their panaceas, potable gold,
and philosopher's stones, a sovereign remedy to
all diseases But, as it is commonly abused by
most men, which take it as tinkers do ale, 'tis
a plague, a mischief, a violent purger of goods,

lands, health, hellish, and damned tobacco,
the ruin and overthrow of body and soul

Ib § 4, memb 2, subject 1

Let me not live, saith Aretine's Antonia, if I had not
rather hear thy discourse than see a play!

Ib pt 11, § 1, memb 1, subject 1

And this is that Homer's golden chain, which reacheth
down from Heaven to earth, by which every crea-
ture is annexed, and depends on his Creator
Ib subject. 2.

To enlarge or illustrate this—is to set a candle in the
sun.
Ib § 11, memb 1, subject 2

Cornelia kept her in talk till her children came from
school, and these, said she, are my jewels
Ib memb 2, subject 3.

To these crocodile's tears, they will add sobs, fiery
sighs, and sorrowful countenance
Ib subject 4

Diogenes struck the father when the son swore
Ib

England is a paradise for women, and hell for horses.
Italy a paradise for horses, hell for women, as the
diverb goes
Ib § 3, memb 1, subject 2.

The miller sees not all the water that goes by his
mill.
Ib memb. 4, subject 1.

The fear of some divine and supreme powers, keeps
men in obedience
Ib § 4, memb. 1, subject 2

One religion is as true as another
Ib memb 2, subject. 1.

JOSEPH BUTLER

1692-1752

Things and actions are what they are, and the conse-
quences of them will be what they will be why
then should we desire to be deceived?

Fifteen Sermons. No. 7, § 16

SAMUEL BUTLER

1612-1680

When civil fury first grew high,
And men fell out they knew not why
Hudibras, pt 1, c 1, l 1

And pulpit, drum ecclesiastic,
Was beat with fist, instead of a stick
Ib l 11
Beside, 'tis known he could speak Greek,
As naturally as pigs squeak
That Latin was no more difficile,
Than to a black-bird 'tis to whistle.
Ib l 51

He was in logic a great critic,
Profoundly skill'd in analytic
He could distinguish, and divide
A hair 'twixt south and south-west side
On either which he would dispute,
Confute, change hands, and still confute
Ib l 65
He'd run in debt by disputation,
And pay with ratiocination
Ib l 77

For rhetoric he could not ope
His mouth, but out there flew a trope
Ib l 81
For all a rhetorician's rules
Teach nothing but to name his tools
Ib l 89.

- A Babylonish dialect
Which learned pedants much affect. *Ib* 1 93
- For he, by geometric scale,
Could take the size of pots of ale,
And wisely tell what hour o' th' day
The clock doth strike, by algebra *Ib* 1 121
- Beside, he was a shrewd philosopher,
And had read ev'ry text and gloss over *Ib* 1 127
- What ever sceptic could inquire for,
For every why he had a wherefore *Ib* 1 131
- He knew what's what, and that's as high
As metaphysic wit can fly *Ib* 1 149
- Such as take lodgings in a head
That's to be let unfurnished. *Ib* 1 160.
- He could raise scruples dark and nice,
And after solve 'em in a trice
As if Divinity had catch'd
The itch, of purpose to be scratch'd *Ib* 1 163
- 'T was Presbyterian true blue *Ib* 1 189
- Such as do build their faith upon
The holy text of pike and gun *Ib* 1 193
- And prove their doctrine orthodox
By apostolic blows and knocks *Ib* 1 197
- And still be doing, never done
As if Religion were intended
For nothing else but to be mended *Ib* 1 202
- Compound for sins, they are inclin'd to
By damning those they have no mind to *Ib* 1 213
- The trenchant blade, Toledo trusty,
For want of fighting was grown rusty,
And eat into it self, for lack
Of some body to hew and hack *Ib* 1 357
- For rhyme the rudder is of verses,
With which like ships they steer their courses *Ib* 1 457
- He ne'er consider'd it, as loth
To look a gift-horse in the mouth *Ib* 1 483
- Quoth Hudibras, I smell a rat;
Ralpho, thou dost prevaricate. *Ib* 1 815
- Great actions are not always true sons
Of great and mighty resolutions. *Ib* 1 885
- There was an ancient sage philosopher,
That had read Alexander Ross over *Ib* c. 2, 1 1
- Through perils both of wind and limb,
Through thick and thin she follow'd him *Ib*
- And bid the devil take the hin'most *Ib* 1 633
- Ay me! what perils do environ
The man that meddles with cold iron! *Ib* c. 3, 1 1
- I'll make the fur
Fly 'bout the ears of the old cur *Ib* 1 277
- These reasons made his mouth to water *Ib* 1 379
- Then while the honour thou hast got
Is spick and span-new, piping hot *Ib* 1 398
- And though th' art of a different church,
I will not leave thee in the lurch *Ib* 1 763
- He that is down can fall no lower *Ib* 1 878
- Cheer'd up himself with ends of verse,
And sayings of philosophers. *Ib* 1 1011.
- Cleric before, and Lay behind,
A lawless linsy-woolsy brother,
Half of one order, half another *Ib* 1 1226
- Learning that cobweb of the brain,
Profane, erroneous, and vain *Ib* 1 1339
- For nothing goes for sense, or light,
That will not with old rules jump right,
As if rules were not in the schools
Derived from truth, but truth from rules *Ib* 1 1353
- Quoth Hudibras, Friend Ralph, thou hast
Outrun the constable at last. *Ib* 1. 1367.
- Some force whole regions, in despite
O' geography, to change their site
Make former times shake hands with latter,
And that which was before, come after *Ib* pt. II, c. 1, 1 23
- Not by your individual whiskers,
But by your dialect and discourse *Ib* 1 155.
- Some have been beaten till they know
What wood a cudgel's of by th' blow,
Some kick'd, until they can feel whether
A shoe be Spanish or neats-leather. *Ib* 1 221
- Such great achievements cannot fail,
To cast salt on a woman's tail *Ib* 1 277
- Quoth she, I've heard old cunning stagers
Say, Fools for arguments use wagers. *Ib* 1 297
- She that with poetry is won
Is but a desk to write upon. *Ib* 1 591
- Love is a boy, by poets styl'd,
Then spare the rod, and spoil the child. *Ib* 1 844
- The sun had long since in the lap
Of Thetis, taken out his nap,
And like a lobster boil'd, the morn
From black to red began to turn. *Ib* c. 2, 1 29
- And after many circumstances,
Which vulgar authors in romances
Do use to spend their time and wits on,
To make impertinent description *Ib* 1 41
- Have always been at daggers-drawing,
And one another clapper-clawing. *Ib* 1 79
- Oaths are but words, and words but wind *Ib* 1 107
- For saints may do the same things by
The Spirit, in sincerity,
Which other men are tempted to *Ib* 1 235
- As the ancients
Say wisely, Have a care o' th' main chance,
And look before you ere you leap,
For, as you sow, you are like to reap. *Ib* 1 501.
- Doubtless the pleasure is as great
Of being cheated, as to cheat
As lookers-on feel most delight,
That least perceive a juggler's sleight,
And still the less they understand,
'The more th' admire his sleight of hand *Ib* c. 3, 1 1.
- He made an instrument to know
If the moon shine at full or no *Ib* 1 261.

And fire a mine in China, here,
With sympathetic gunpowder
Hudibras, pt ii, c 3, l 295-

To swallow gudgeons ere th'are catch'd,
And count their chickens ere th'are hatch'd
Ib l 923

T'enforce a desperate amour.
Ib pt iii, c 1, l 2

Still amorous, and fond, and billing,
Like Philip and Mary on a shilling
Ib l 687

For in what stupid age or nation
Was marriage ever out of fashion?
Ib l 817

Discords make the sweetest airs
Ib l 919

What makes all doctrines plain and clear?
About two hundred pounds a year
And that which was prov'd true before,
Prove false again? Two hundred more
Ib l 1277

With crosses, relics, crucifixes,
Beads, pictures, rosaries, and pives,
The tools of working out salvation
By mere mechanic operation
Ib l 1495

The saints engage in fierce contests
About their carnal interests
Ib c 2, introd

Although there's nothing lost nor won,
The public business is undone.
Ib l 159

Neither have the hearts to stay,
Nor wit enough to run away
Ib l 569

For if it be but half denied,
'Tis half as good as justified.
Ib l 803

For, though that fly, may fight again,
Which he can never do that's slain
Ib c 3, l 243

He that complies against his will,
Is of his own opinion still
Ib l 547

For Justice, though she's painted blind,
Is to the weaker side inclin'd
Ib l 709

For money has a power above
The stars, and Fate, to manage love,
Whose arrows learned poets hold,
That never miss, are tipp'd with gold
Ib l 1279

And counted *breaking Priscian's head* a thing
More capital than to behead a king
Genuine Remains Satire on the Imperfection
of Human Learning, pt 2, l 149.

The best of all our actions tend
To the preposterousest end
Ib Satire upon the Weakness and Misery of
Man, l 41

The greatest saints and sinners have been made
The proselytes of one another's trade
Miscellaneous Thoughts

All love at first, like generous wine,
Ferments and froths until 'tis fine,
But when 'tis settled on the lee,
And from th' impurer matter free,
Becomes the richer still the older,
And proves the pleasanter the colder.
Ib

The souls of women are so small,
That some believe they've none at all.
Ib

The law can take a purse in open court,
While it condemns a less delinquent for't
Ib
For trouts are tickled best in muddy water
On a Hypocritical Nonconformist, iv

SAMUEL BUTLER

1835-1902

A wound in the solicitor is a very serious thing.
The Humour of Homer. Rambles in Cheapside

I keep my books at the British Museum and at
Mudie's
Ib

The most perfect humour and irony is generally quite
unconscious
Life and Habit, ch 2

Life is one long process of getting tired.
Note Books. Life, vii

Life is the art of drawing sufficient conclusions from
insufficient premises.
Ib ix

All progress is based upon a universal innate desire
on the part of every organism to live beyond its
income
Ib xvi

When the righteous man turneth away from his
righteousness that he hath committed and doeth
that which is neither quite lawful nor quite right,
he will generally be found to have gained in
amiability what he has lost in holiness
Ib Elementary Morality Counsels of Imperfection

It costs a lot of money to die comfortably
Ib A Luxurious Death

The healthy stomach is nothing if not conservative
Few radicals have good digestions
Ib Mind and Matter. Indigestion

The history of art is the history of revivals
Ib Handel and Music Anachronism

Though wisdom cannot be gotten for gold, still less
can it be gotten without it Gold, or the value of
that is equivalent to gold, lies at the root of wisdom,
and enters so largely into the very essence of the
Holy Ghost that 'no gold, no Holy Ghost' may pass
as an axiom
Ib Cash and Credit Modern Simony

Genius . . . has been defined as a supreme capacity
for taking trouble. . . It might be more fitly
described as a supreme capacity for getting its
possessors into trouble of all kinds and keeping
them therein so long as the genius remains
Ib Genius, 1

The phrase 'unconscious humour' is the one contri-
bution I have made to the current literature of the
day.
Ib The Position of a Homo Unus Libri Myself
and 'Unconscious Humour'.

We were saying what a delightful dispensation of
providence it was that prosperous people will write
their memoirs We hoped Tennyson was writing
his (1890)

P S We think his son has done nearly as well (1898)
Ib The Infant Terrible of Literature

An apology for the Devil It must be remembered
that we have only heard one side of the case God
has written all the books
Ib Higgledy-Piggledy An Apology for the Devil.

God is Love, I dare say But what a mischievous
devil Love is. *Ib God is Love.*

To live is like love, all reason is against it, and all
healthy instinct for it *Ib Life and Love*

The public buys its opinions as it buys its meat,
or takes in its milk, on the principle that it is
cheaper to do this than to keep a cow So it is,
but the milk is more likely to be watered

*Ib Material for a Projected Sequel to Alps and
Sanctuaries. Public Opinion*

I do not mind lying, but I hate inaccuracy
Ib Truth and Convenience Falsehood, iv

The world will, in the end, follow only those who
have despised as well as served it

Ib Life of the World to Come The World

An honest God's the noblest work of man

*Further Extracts from the Note-Books (1934),
p 26*

Dulce et decorum est desipere in loco.

Ib p 92 [Horace, Odes, III 11 14, and IV XII 28]

Jesus! with all thy faults I love thee still *Ib p. 117*

'Tis better to have loved and lost, than never to have
lost at all *The Way of All Flesh, ch 77*

Oh God! Oh Montreal! *Psalms of Montreal*

Preferrest thou the gospel of Montreal to the gospel
of Hellas,

The gospel of thy connexion with Mr Spurgeon's
haberdasher to the gospel of the Discobolus?

Yet none the less hath he blasphemed beauty saying,
'The Discobolus hath no gospel,

But my brother-in-law is haberdasher to Mr. Spur-
geon' *Ib*

Yet meet we shall, and part, and meet again,
Where dead men meet on lips of living men

Poems Life after Death

I would not be—not quite—so pure as you
Ib A Prayer

WILLIAM BUTLER

1535-1618

'Doubtless God could have made a better berry
[strawberry], but doubtless God never did'

Walton, Compleat Angler, pt 1, ch 5

JOHN BYRON

1692-1763

Some say, that Signor Bononcini,
Compar'd to Handel's a mere ninny; .
Others aver, to him, that Handel

Is scarcely fit to hold a candle

Strange! that such high dispute shou'd be

'Twixt Tweedledum and 'Tweedledee

*Epigram on the Feuds between Handel and
Bononcini*

I shall prove it—as clear as a whistle.
Epistle to Lloyd, I XII

When you find
Bright passages that strike your mind.

And which perhaps you may have reason
To think on at another season,—
—Take them down in black and white

Hint to a Young Person

Christians awake, salute the happy morn,
Whereon the Saviour of the world was born.

Hymn for Christmas Day

But now she is gone, and has left me behind,
What a marvellous change on a sudden I find!
When things were as fine as could possibly be,
I thought 'twas the spring, but alas! it was she

Pastoral

God bless the King, I mean the Faith's Defender,
God bless—no harm in blessing—the Pretender,
But who Pretender is, or who is King,
God bless us all—that's quite another thing,

To an Officer in the Army

GEORGE GORDON NOEL BYRON, LORD BYRON

1788-1824

The 'good old times'—all times when old are good—
Are gone. *The Age of Bronze, 1*

For what were all these country patriots born?
'To hunt, and vote, and raise the price of corn?

Ib XIV

Year after year they voted cent per cent,
Blood, sweat, and tear-wring millions—why? for
rent! *Ib*

Woe is me, Alhama! *Siege and Conquest of Alhama, 1*

And thou art dead, as young and fair
As aught of mortal birth

And Thou Art Dead

And wilt thou weep when I am low?
And Wilt Thou Weep?

Just like a coffin clapt in a canoe [gondola]
Beppo, XIX

In short, he was a perfect cavaliero,
And to his very valet seem'd a hero. *Ib XXXIII*

His heart was one of those which most enamour us,
Wax to receive, and marble to retain *Ib XXXIV*

Besides, they always smell of bread and butter.
Ib XXXV

One hates an author that's all author, fellows
In foolscap uniforms turn'd up with ink. *Ib LXXV*

I am ashes where once I was fire
To the Countess of Blessington

Know ye the land where the cypress and myrtle
Are emblems of deeds that are done in their clime?
Where the rage of the vulture, the love of the turtle,
Now melt into sorrow, now madden to crime!
Bride of Abydos, c 1 1

Where the virgins are soft as the roses they twine,
And all, save the spirit of man, is divine? *Ib.*

Mark! where his carnage and his conquests cease!
He makes a solitude, and calls it—peace!

Ib c II XX.

Hark! to the hurried question of Despair
'Where is my child?'—an echo answers—
'Where?' *Ib.* xxvii.

Adieu, adieu! my native shore
Fades o'er the waters blue

Childe Harold, c. i. xiii.

My native land—Good Night! *Ib.* xiii.

In Biscay's sleepless bay. *Ib.* xiv.

Here all were noble, save Nobility *Ib.* lxxxv.

War, war is still the cry, 'War even to the knife!' *Ib.* lxxxvi.

A schoolboy's tale, the wonder of an hour! *Ib.* c. ii. ii.

The dome of Thought, the palace of the Soul *Ib.* vi.

Well didst thou speak, Athena's wisest son!
'All that we know is, nothing can be known.' *Ib.* vii.

Ah! happy years! once more who would not be a boy?
Ib. xxiii.

None are so desolate but something dear,
Dearer than self, possesses or possess'd
A thought, and claims the homage of a tear *Ib.* xxiv.

The joys and sorrows sailors find,
Coop'd in their winged sea-girt citadel. *Ib.* xxviii.

Fair Greece! sad relic of departed worth!
Immortal, though no more, though fallen, great!
Ib. lxxiii.

Hereditary bondsmen! know ye not
Who would be free themselves must strike the blow?
Ib. lxxvi.

Where'er we tread 'tis haunted, holy ground
Ib. lxxxviii.

What is the worst of woes that wait on age?
What stamps the wrinkle deeper on the brow?
To view each loved one blotted from life's page,
And be alone on earth, as I am now *Ib.* xcvi.

Adal! sole daughter of my house and heart. *Ib.* c. iii. i.

Once more upon the waters! yet once more!
And the waves bound beneath me as a steed
That knows his rider *Ib.* ii.

Years steal
Fire from the mind as vigour from the limb;
And life's enchanted cup but sparkles near the brim
Ib. viii.

Stop!—for thy tread is on an Empire's dust!
An earthquake's spoil is sepulchred below! *Ib.* xvii.

And is thus all the world has gain'd by thee,
Thou first and last of fields! king-making Victory?
Ib.

There was a sound of revelry by night,
And Belgium's capital had gather'd then
Her beauty and her chivalry, and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men,
A thousand hearts beat happily, and when
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes look'd love to eyes which spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage bell,
But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell!
Ib. xxi.

Did ye not hear it?—No, 'twas but the wind,
Or the car rattling o'er the stony street;
On with the dancel let joy be unconfined,
No sleep till morn, when Youth and Pleasure meet
To chase the glowing Hours with flying feet *Ib.* xxii.

Arm! Arm! it is—it is—the cannon's opening roar!
Ib. xxiii.

Within a window'd niche of that high hall
Sate Brunswick's fated chieftain. *Ib.* xxiii.

He rush'd into the field, and foremost fighting, fell *Ib.*

And there was mounting in hot haste *Ib.* xxv.

Swiftly forming in the ranks of war,
And the deep thunder peal on peal afar. *Ib.*

Or whispering, with white lips—"The foe! they come!
they come!" *Ib.*

Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er grieves,
Over the unreturning brave,—alas! *Ib.* xxvii.

Burning with high hope shall moulder cold and low *Ib.*

Battle's magnificently stern array! *Ib.* xxviii.

Rider and horse,—friend, foe,—in one red burial
blent! *Ib.*

Bright names will hallow song. *Ib.* xxix.

The tree will wither long before it fall *Ib.* xxxii.

Like to the apples on the Dead Sea's shore,
All ashes to the taste *Ib.* xxxiv.

There sunk the greatest, nor the worst of men,
Whose spirit, antithetically mixt,
One moment of the mightiest, and again
On little objects with like firmness fixt [Napoleon]. *Ib.* xxxvii.

That untaught innate philosophy. *Ib.* xxxix.

Quiet to quick bosoms is a hell *Ib.* xlii.

The castled crag of Drachenfels
Frowns o'er the wide and winding Rhine. *Ib.* lv.

But these are deeds which should not pass away,
And names that must not wither. *Ib.* lxxvii.

Lake Leman woos me with its crystal face. *Ib.* lxxviii.

To fly from, need not be to hate, mankind *Ib.* lxxix.

I live not in myself, but I become
Portion of that around me; and to me
High mountains are a feeling, but the hum
Of human cities torture. *Ib.* lxxxii.

The self-torturing sophist, wild Rousseau *Ib.* lxxxvii.

Exhausting thought,
And hiving wisdom with each studious year *Ib.* cvii.

Sapping a solemn creed with solemn sneer *Ib.*

I have not loved the world, nor the world me,
I have not flatter'd its rank breath, nor bow'd
To its idolatries a patient knee *Ib.* cxiii.

I stood
Among them, but not of them, in a shroud
Of thoughts which were not their thoughts. *Ib.*

I stood in Venice, on the Bridge of Sighs;
A palace and a prison on each hand

Childe Harold, c. iv. 1

Where Venice sate in state, throned on her hundred
isles! *Ib*

The spouseless Adriatic mourns her lord *Ib* xi

Oh for one hour of blind old Dandolo!
Th' octogenarian chief, Byzantium's conquering foe *Ib* xii

The moon is up, and yet it is not night,
Sunset divides the sky with her, a sea
Of glory streams along the Alpine height
Of blue Friuli's mountains, Heaven is free
From clouds, but of all colours seems to be,—
Melted to one vast Iris of the West,—
Where the day joins the past Eternity. *Ib* xxviii

The Ariosto of the North [Scott] *Ib* xl

Italia! oh Italia! thou who hast
The fatal gift of beauty *Ib* xlii

Let these describe the undecipherable *Ib* liii

Love watching Madness with unalterable mien *Ib* lxxviii

Then farewell, Horace, whom I hated so,
Not for thy faults, but mine *Ib* lxxviii

Oh Rome! my country! city of the soul! *Ib* lxxviii.

The Niobe of nations! there she stands,
Childless and crownless, in her voiceless woe. *Ib* lxxix.

Yet, Freedom! yet thy banner, torn, but flying,
Streams like the thunder-storm *against* the wind. *Ib* xcvi

Thou wert a beautiful thought, and softly bodied
forth. *Ib* cxv.

Alas! our young affections run to waste,
Or water but the desert *Ib* cxx

Of its own beauty is the mind diseased *Ib* cxxii

Time, the avenger! *Ib* cxxx

The arena swims around him—he is gone,
Ere ceased the inhuman shout which hail'd the wretch
who won *Ib* cxli

He heard it, but he heeded not—his eyes
Were with his heart, and that was far away,
He reck'd not of the life he lost nor prize,
But where his rude hut by the Danube lay,
There were his young barbarians all at play,
There was their Dacian mother—he, their sire,
Butcher'd to make a Roman holiday *Ib* cxli.

A ruin—yet what ruin! from its mass
Walls, palaces, half-cities, have been rear'd *Ib* cxliii

While stands the Coliseum, Rome shall stand,
When falls the Coliseum, Rome shall fall,
And when Rome falls—the World *Ib* cxlv

Spared and blest by time,
Looking tranquilly *Ib* cxlvi

The Lord of the unerring bow,
The God of life, and poesy, and light *Ib* cxlv

So young, so fair,
Good without effort, great without a foe *Ib* clxxii

Oh! that the desert were my dwelling-place,
With one fair spirit for my minister. *Ib* clxxvii

There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
There is society, where none intrudes,
By the deep sea, and music in its roar
I love not man the less, but Nature more,
From these our interviews, in which I steal
From all I may be, or have been before,
To mingle with the Universe, and feel
What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal *Ib* clxxviii.

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue Ocean—roll!
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;
Man marks the earth with ruin—his control
Stops with the shore. *Ib* clxxix

He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unknell'd, uncoffin'd, and unknown *Ib*

Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow—
Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now *Ib* clxxxii

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
Glasses itself in tempests. *Ib* clxxxiii

Dark-heaving—boundless, endless, and sublime,
The image of eternity. *Ib*

And I have loved thee, Ocean! and my joy
Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be
Borne, like thy bubbles, onward from a boy
I wanton'd with thy breakers, . . .
And trusted to thy billows far and near,
And laid my hand upon thy mane—as I do here *Ib* clxxxiv

Eternal spirit of the chainless mind!
Sonnet on Chillon.

Chillon! thy prison is a holy place,
And thy sad floor an altar—for 'twas trod,
Until his very steps have left a trace
Worn, as if thy cold pavement were a sod,
By Bonnivard! May none those marks efface!
For thy appeal from tyranny to God *Ib*

My hair is grey, but not with years,
Nor grew it white
In a single night,
As men's have grown from sudden fears *Ib*

The Prisoner of Chillon, 1
Regain'd my freedom with a sigh. *Ib* xiv

The comet of a season. *Chuchill's Grave*

The glory and the nothing of a name. *Ib.*

We were a gallant company,
Riding o'er land, and sailing o'er sea
Oh! but we went merrily! *Siege of Corinth, prologue*
Thus was Corinth lost and won! *Ib* xxxiii

The fatal facility of the octo-syllabic verse
The Corsair, preface

O'er the glad waters of the dark blue sea,
Our thoughts as boundless, and our souls as free *Ib* i

Such hath it been—shall be—beneath the sun
The many still must labour for the one *Ib* c i viii.

- There was a laughing devil in his sneer *Ib* ix.
 The weak alone repent *Ib* c ii x
 Oh! too convincing—dangerously dear—
 In woman's eye the unanswerable tear! *Ib* xv
 She for him had given
 Her all on earth, and more than all in heaven! *Ib* c iii xvii
 He left a Corsair's name to other times,
 Link'd with one virtue, and a thousand crimes. *Ib* xxiv
 Slow sinks, more lovely ere his race be run,
 Along Morea's hills the setting sun,
 Not, as in northern climes, obscurely bright,
 But one unclouded blaze of living light
 Curse of Minerva, i 1, and *The Corsair*, iii 1
 I had a dream, which was not all a dream *Darkness*
 I tell thee, be not rash, a golden bridge
 Is for a flying enemy
 The Deformed Transformed, pt ii, sc ii
 Through life's road, so dim and dirty,
 I have dragg'd to three-and-thirty
 What have these years left to me?
 Nothing—except thirty-three.
 Diary, 21 Jan 1821 In Moore's *Life of Byron*,
 vol ii, p 414 (1st ed)
 I wish he would explain his explanation.
 Don Juan, c 1, dedication ii
 The intellectual eunuch Castlereagh *Ib* xi
 My way is to begin with the beginning *Ib* c i, vii
 In virtues nothing earthly could surpass her,
 Save thine 'incomparable oil', Macassar! *Ib* xvii
 But—Oh! ye lords of ladies intellectual,
 Inform us truly, have they not hen-peck'd you all?
 Ib xxii
 She
 Was married, charming, chaste, and twenty-three. *Ib* lx
 Her stature tall—I hate a dumpy woman *Ib* lxi
 What men call gallantry, and gods adultery,
 Is much more common where the climate's sultry *Ib* lxiii
 Christians have burnt each other, quite persuaded
 That all the Apostles would have done as they did *Ib* lxxxi.
 A little still she strove, and much repented,
 And whispering 'I will ne'er consent'—consented *Ib* cxvii
 'Tis sweet to hear the watch-dog's honest bark
 Bay deep-mouth'd welcome as we draw near home,
 'Tis sweet to know there is an eye will mark
 Our coming, and look brighter when we come *Ib* cxix.
 Sweet is revenge—especially to women. *Ib* cxxiv
 Pleasure's a sin, and sometimes sin's a pleasure *Ib* cxxxiii
 Man's love is of man's life a thing apart,
 'Tis woman's whole existence. *Ib* cxci
- My grandmother's review—the British. *Ib* ccix
 So for a good old-gentlemanly vice,
 I think I must take up with avarice *Ib* ccxvi.
 There's nought, no doubt, so much the spirit calms
 As rum and true religion. *Ib* c ii xxxiv
 'Twas twilight, and the sunless day went down
 Over the waste of waters *Ib* xlix
 A solitary shriek, the bubbling cry
 Of some strong swimmer in his agony. *Ib* liii.
 If this be true, indeed,
 Some Christians have a comfortable creed *Ib* lxxxvi
 He could, perhaps, have pass'd the Hellespont,
 As once (a feat on which ourselves we prided)
 Leander, Mr Ekenhead, and I did *Ib* cv
 Let us have wine and women, mirth and laughter,
 Sermons and soda-water the day after *Ib* clxxviii
 Man, being reasonable, must get drunk;
 The best of life is but intoxication. *Ib* clxxix
 Alas! they were so young, so beautiful,
 So lonely, loving, helpless *Ib* cxci
 A group that's quite antique,
 Half naked, loving, natural, and Greek *Ib* cxci
 Alas! the love of women! it is known
 To be a lovely and a fearful thing! *Ib* cxci
 In her first passion woman loves her lover,
 In all the others all she loves is love. *Ib* c iii iii
 Romances paint at full length people's wooings,
 But only give a bust of marriages
 For no one cares for matrimonial cooings,
 There's nothing wrong in a connubial kiss
 Think you, if Laura had been Petrarch's wife,
 He would have written sonnets all his life? *Ib* viii
 Dreading that climax of all human ills,
 The inflammation of his weekly bills *Ib* xxxv.
 He was the mildest manner'd man
 That ever scuttled ship or cut a throat,
 With such true breeding of a gentleman,
 You never could divine his real thought *Ib* xli.
 But Shakspeare also says, 'tis very silly
 'To gild refined gold, or paint the lily' *Ib* lxxvi.
 The isles of Greece, the isles of Greece!
 Where burning Sappho loved and sung,
 Where grew the arts of war and peace,
 Where Delos rose, and Phœbus sprung!
 Eternal summer gilds them yet,
 But all, except their sun, is set *Ib* lxxxvi. i.
 The mountains look on Marathon—
 And Marathon looks on the sea,
 And musing there an hour alone,
 I dream'd that Greece might still be free *Ib* 3.
 A king sate on the rocky brow
 Which looks o'er sea-born Salamis,
 And ships, by thousands, lay below,
 And men in nations,—all were his!
 He counted them at break of day—
 And when the sun set where were they? *Ib* 4.
 Earth! render back from out thy breast
 A remnant of our Spartan dead!
 Of the three hundred grant but three,
 To make a new Thermopylæ! *Ib* 7

Fill high the cup with Samian wine!
Don Juan, c iii lxxxvi 9

You have the Pyrrhic dance as yet,
 Where is the Pyrrhic phalanx gone!
 Of two such lessons, why forget

'The nobler and the manlier one?
 You have the letters Cadmus gave—
 Think ye he meant them for a slave?' *Ib* 10

Place me on Sunium's marbled steep,
 Where nothing, save the waves and I,
 May hear our mutual murmurs sweep,

'There, swan-like, let me sing and die
 A land of slaves shall ne'er be mine—
 Dash down yon cup of Samian wine!' *Ib* 16

Milton's the prince of poets—so we say,
 A little heavy, but no less divine *Ib* xc1

A drowsy frowzy poem, call'd the 'Excursion',
 Writ in a manner which is my aversion *Ib* xciv
 We learn from Horace, 'Homer sometimes sleeps',
 We feel without him, Wordsworth sometimes wakes *Ib* xcvi

Ave Maria! 'tis the hour of prayer!
 Ave Maria! 'tis the hour of love!
 Imagination droops her pinion *Ib* c iv iii

And if I laugh at any mortal thing,
 'Tis that I may not weep *Ib* iv.
 'Whom the gods love die young' was said of yore *Ib* xii.

'Arcades ambo', *ad est*—blackguards both *Ib* xciii
 I've stood upon Achilles' tomb,
 And heard Troy doubted, time will doubt of Rome *Ib* ci

Oh! 'darkly, deeply, beautifully blue',
 As some one somewhere sings about the sky *Ib* cx
 When amatory poets sing their loves
 In liquid lines mellifluously bland,
 And pair their rhymes as Venus yokes her doves *Ib* c v i

I have a passion for the name of 'Mary',
 For once it was a magic sound to me:
 And still it half calls up the realms of fairy,
 Where I beheld what never was to be *Ib* iv

A lady in the case *Ib* xiv.
 And put himself upon his good behaviour *Ib* xlvii.
 That all-softening, overpowering knell,
 The tocsin of the soul—the dinner-bell. *Ib* xlv

Not to admire is all the art I know. *Ib* ci
 Why don't they knead two virtuous souls for life
 Into that moral centaur, man and wife? *Ib* clvii

There is a tide in the affairs of women,
 Which, taken at the flood, leads—God knows
 where *Ib* c vi ii

A lady of a 'certain age', which means
 Certainly aged *Ib* lxix
 A 'strange coincidence', to use a phrase
 By which such things are settled now-a-days *Ib* lxxviii

'Let there be light!' said God, 'and there was light!'
 'Let there be blood!' says man, and there's a seal *Ib* c. vii. xli.

'Carnage, (so Wordsworth tells you), is God's
 daughter.' *Ib* c viii ix

Oh, Wellington! (or 'Villanton')—for Fame
 Sounds the heroic syllables both ways *Ib* c ix i

Call'd 'Saviour of the Nations'—not yet saved,
 And 'Europe's Liberator'—still enslaved [Wellington]
Ib v

Never had mortal man such opportunity,
 Except Napoleon, or abused it more *Ib* ix
 That water-land of Dutchmen and of ditches
Ib c x lxiii

When Bishop Berkeley said 'there was no matter',
 And proved it—'twas no matter what he said,
Ib c xi i

But Tom's no more—and so no more of Tom.
Ib xxi

And, after all, what is a lie? 'Tis but
 The truth in masquerade *Ib* xxxvi.

I—albeit I'm sure I did not know it,
 Nor sought of foolsap subjects to be king—
 Was reckon'd, a considerable time,
 The grand Napoleon of the realms of rhyme *Ib* lv

But Juan was my Moscow, and Faliero
 My Leipsic, and my Mont Saint Jean seems Cam *Ib* lvi

John Keats, who was kill'd off by one critique,
 Just as he really promised something great,
 If not intelligible, without Greek
 Contrived to talk about the Gods of late,
 Much as they might have been supposed to speak
 Poor fellow! His was an untoward fate;
 'Tis strange the mind, that fiery particle,
 Should let itself be snuff'd out by an article *Ib* lx

Nought's permanent among the human race,
 Except the Whigs *not* getting into place *Ib* lxxii

Love rules the camp, the court, the grove—for love
 Is heaven, and heaven is love *Ib* c xii xiii

And hold up to the sun my little taper. *Ib* xxi
 For talk six times with the same single lady,
 And you may get the wedding dresses ready *Ib* lxx

Merely innocent flirtation,
 Not quite adultery, but adulteration. *Ib* lxxiii

A Prince . . .
 With fascination in his very bow. *Ib* lxxiv

A finish'd gentleman from top to toe. *Ib*
 Beauteous, even where beauties most abound
Ib c xliii ii

Now hatred is by far the longest pleasure,
 Men love in haste, but they detest at leisure. *Ib* vi
 Cervantes smled Spain's chivalry away. *Ib* xi

I hate to hunt down a tired metaphor *Ib* xxxvi
 The English winter—ending in July,
 To recommence in August. *Ib* xliii.

Society is now one polish'd horde,
 Form'd of two mighty tribes, the *Bored* and *Bored*
Ib xcv.

I for one venerate a petticoat *Ib* c xiv xvii

Of all the horrid, hideous notes of woe,
Sadder than owl-songs or the midnight blast,
Is that portentous phrase, 'I told you so'

Don Juan, c. xiv. 1

'Tis strange—but true, for truth is always strange,
Stranger than fiction *Ib.* c. i

A lovely being, scarcely form'd or moulded,
A rose with all its sweetest leaves yet folded

Ib. c. xv. xliii.

The antique Persians taught three useful things,
To draw the bow, to ride, and speak the truth

Ib. c. xvi. 1

Not so her gracious, graceful, graceless Grace

Ib. xli.

The loudest wit I e'er was deafen'd with *Ib.* lxxxii
And both were young, and one was beautiful

The Dream, u

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream *Ib.* v

Still must I hear?—shall hoarse Fitzgerald bawl
His creaking couplets in a tavern hall.

English Bards and Scotch Reviewers

I'll publish, right or wrong:

Fools are my theme, let satire be my song *Ib.*

'Tis pleasant, sure, to see one's name in print;
A book's a book, although there's nothing in 't. *Ib.*

A man must serve his time to every trade
Save censure—critics all are ready made. *Ib.*

With just enough of learning to misquote. *Ib.*

As soon

Seek roses in December—ice in June;
Hose constancy in wind, or corn in chaff;
Believe a woman or an epitaph,
Or any other thing that's false, before *Ib.*

You trust in critics, who themselves are sore *Ib.*

Better to err with Pope, than shine with Pye *Ib.*

Sense and wit with poesy allied. *Ib.*

Who both by precept and example, shows
That prose is verse, and verse is merely prose *Ib.*

Be warm, but pure be amorous, but be chaste *Ib.*

Perverts the Prophets, and purloins the Psalms *Ib.*

Oh, Amos Cottle!—Phoebus! what a name
To fill the speaking trump of future fame! *Ib.*

The petrifications of a plodding brain. *Ib.*

To sanction Vice, and hunt Decorum down *Ib.*

To live like Clodius, and like Falkland fall *Ib.*

Lords too are bards, such things at times befall, *Ib.*
And 'tis some praise in peers to write at all *Ib.*

Forsook the labours of a servile state,
Stemm'd the rude storm, and triumph'd over fate. *Ib.*

'Twas thine own genius gave the final blow,
And help'd to plant the wound that laid thee low—
So the struck eagle, stretch'd upon the plain,
No more through rolling clouds to soar again,
View'd his own feather on the fatal dart,
And wing'd the shaft that quiver'd in his heart;
Keen were his pangs, but keener far to feel
He nursed the pining which impell'd the steel,

While the same plumage that had warm'd his nest
Drank the last life-drop of his bleeding breast. *Ib.*

Yet Truth sometimes will lend her noblest fires,
And decorate the verse herself inspires
This fact in Virtue's name let Crabbe attest;
Though nature's sternest painter, yet the best. *Ib.*

That mighty master of unmeaning rhyme [Darwin] *Ib.*

Let simple Wordsworth chime his childish verse,
And brother Coleridge lull the babe at nurse. *Ib.*

Glory, like the phoenix 'midst her fires,
Exhales her odours, blazes, and expires. *Ib.*

I too can hunt a poetaster down. *Ib.*

The world is a bundle of hay,
Mankind are the asses who pull;
Each tugs it a different way,
And the greatest of all is John Bull. *Epigram*

My sister! my sweet sister! if a name
Dearer and purer were, it should be thine. *Epistle to Augusta*

And know, whatever thou hast been,
'Tis something better not to be. *Euthanasia*

Fare thee well! and if for ever,
Stull for ever, fare thee well. *Fare Thee Well!*

I only know we loved in vain—
I only feel—Farewell!—Farewell!
Farewell! if ever Fondest Prayer

Nor be, what man should ever be,
The friend of Beauty in distress? *To Florence*

He who hath bent him o'er the dead
Ere the first day of death is fled,
The first dark day of nothingness,
The last of danger and distress,
(Before Decay's effacing fingers
Have swept the lines where beauty lingers)

The Giaour, l. 68

So fair, so calm, so softly seal'd,
The first, last look by death reveal'd! *Ib.* l. 88

Climed of the unforgotten bravel *Ib.* l. 103

For Freedom's battle once begun,
Bequeath'd by bleeding Sire to Son,
'Though baffled oft is ever won. *Ib.* l. 123.

Dark tree, still sad when others' grief is fled,
The only constant mourner o'er the dead [cypress]! *Ib.* l. 286.

And lovelier things have mercy shown
To every failing but their own,
And every we a tear can claim
Except an erring sister's shame *Ib.* l. 418
The harp the monarch minstrel swept. *Title.*

Or lend fresh interest to a twice-told tale
Hints from Horace, l. 184.

Friendship is Love without his wings!
Hours of Idleness L'Amitié

I have tasted the sweets and the bitters of love
Ib. To Rev. J. T. Becher

Though women are angels, yet wedlock's the devil
Ib To Eliza

Then receive him as best such an advent becomes,
With a legion of cooks, and an army of slaves!
The Irish Avatar

More happy, if less wise. *The Island, c II xi*

Jack was embarrassed—never hero more,
And as he knew not what to say, he swore
Ib c IV v

Who killed John Keats?
'I,' says the Quarterly,
So savage and Tartarly,
'Twas one of my feats' *John Keats*

Weep, daughter of a royal line.
Lanes to a Lady Weeping

Left by his sire, too young such loss to know,
Lord of himself—that heritage of woe.
Lara, c I II

His madness was not of the head, but heart
Ib xviii

Maid of Athens, ere we part,
Give, oh give me back my heart!
Or, since that has left my breast,
Keep it now, and take the rest! *Maid of Athens.*

Mont Blanc is the monarch of mountains,
They crown'd him long ago
On a throne of rocks, in a robe of clouds,
With a diadem of snow *Manfred, I I*

When the moon is on the wave,
And the glow-worm in the grass,
And the meteor on the grave,
And the wisp on the morass,
When the falling stars are shooting,
And the answer'd owls are hooting,
And the silent leaves are still
In the shadow of the hill. *Ib*

By that most seeming-virtuous eye *Ib*

The heart ran o'er
With silent worship of the great of old—
The dead but sceptred sovereigns, who still rule
Our spirits from their urns *Ib III IV*
Old man! 'tis not so difficult to die. *Ib*

You have deeply ventured;
But all must do so who would greatly win
Marino Faliero, I II

My boat is on the shore,
And my bark is on the sea,
But, before I go, Tom Moore,
Here's a double health to thee! *To Thomas Moore*

Here's a sigh to those who love me,
And a smile to those who hate,
And, whatever sky's above me,
Here's a heart for every fate *Ib*

My Murray *To Mr. Murray*

There be none of Beauty's daughters
With a magic like thee
Stanzas for Music 'There be none of Beauty's daughters'

There's not a joy the world can give like that it takes
away *Ib 'There's not a joy the world can give'*

'Tis done—but yesterday a King!
And arm'd with Kings to strive—
And now thou art a nameless thing
So abject—yet alive! *Ode to Napoleon Bonaparte*

The Arbitrer of others' fate
A Suppliant for his own! *Ib*

The Cincinnatus of the West *Ib*

But the poor dog, in life the firmest friend,
The first to welcome, foremost to defend
Inscription on a Newfoundland Dog

Oh! snatched away in beauty's bloom,
On thee shall press no ponderous tomb—
But on thy turf shall roses rear
Their leaves, the earliest of the year.
Oh! Snatched Away in Beauty's Bloom

It is not in the storm nor in the strife
We feel benumb'd, and wish to be no more,
But in the after-silence on the shore,
When all is lost, except a little life
On Hearing Lady Byron was Ill.

The moral Clytemnestra of thy lord. *Ib.*

My days are in the yellow leaf,
The flowers and fruits of love are gone,
The worm, the canker, and the grief
Are mine alone!
On This Day I Complete my Thirty-Sixth Year.

Seek out—less often sought than found—
A soldier's grave, for thee the best,
Then look around, and choose thy ground,
And take thy rest. *Ib.*

It is the hour when from the boughs
The nightingale's high note is heard,
It is the hour when lovers' vows
Seem sweet in every whisper'd word *Parisina.*

Yet in my lineaments they trace
Some features of my father's face. *Ib.*

Thy Godlike crime was to be kind,
To render with thy precepts less
The sum of human wretchedness *Prometheus.*

Oh, talk not to me of a name great in story,
The days of our youth are the days of our glory;
And the myrtle and ivy of sweet two-and-twenty
Are worth all your laurels, though ever so plenty
Stanzas Written on the Road between Florence and Pisa

Oh Fame!—if I e'er took delight in thy praises,
'Twas less for the sake of thy high-sounding phrases,
Than to see the bright eyes of the dear one discover,
She thought that I was not unworthy to love her. *Ib*

I knew it was love, and I felt it was glory. *Ib*

By all that's good and glorious take this counsel
Sardanapalus, I II

I am the very slave of circumstance
And impulse—borne away with every breath!
Ib. IV. I.

The Assyrian came down like a wolf on the fold,
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold,
And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea,
When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee
Destruction of Sennacherib.

For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the
blast. *Ib*

And the might of the Gentile, unsmeared by the sword,
Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord! *Ib*

She walks in beauty, like the night
Of cloudless climes and starry skies;
And all that's best of dark and bright
Meet in her aspect and her eyes.
Thus mellow'd to that tender light
Which heaven to gaudy day denies
Hebrew Melodies She Walks in Beauty.

And on that cheek, and o'er that brow,
So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,
The smiles that win, the tints that glow
But tell of days in goodness spent,
A mind at peace with all below,
A heart whose love is innocent! *Ib*

Born in the garret, in the kitchen bred,
Promoted thence to deck her mistress' head
A Sketch

So, we'll go no more a-roving
So late into the night,
Though the heart be still as loving,
And the moon be still as bright
So, We'll Go No More a-Roving

For the sword outwears its sheath,
And the soul wears out the breast
And the heart must pause to breathe,
And love itself have rest. *Ib*

Though the night was made for loving,
And the day returns too soon,
Yet we'll go no more a-roving
By the light of the moon. *Ib*

Could Love for ever
Run like a river *Stanzas*

Part in friendship—and bid good-night *Ib*

Though the day of my destiny's over,
And the star of my fate hath declined.
Stanzas to Augusta

In the desert a fountain is springing,
In the wide waste there still is a tree,
And a bird in the solitude singing,
Which speaks to my spirit of thee. *Ib.*

And Freedom hallows with her tread
The silent cities of the dead.
On the Star of 'The Legion of Honour'.

And when we think we lead, we are most led
The Two Foscari, II 1

The Mede is at his gate!
The Persian on his throne! *Vision of Belshazzar*

Saint Peter sat by the celestial gate—
His keys were rusty, and the lock was dull
Vision of Judgement, 1.

The angels all were singing out of tune,
And hoarse with having little else to do,
Excepting to wind up the sun and moon,
Or curb a runaway young star or two *Ib 11*

A better farmer ne'er brushed dew from lawn,
A worse king never left a realm undone. *Ib VIII.*

'Midst them an old man
With an old soul, and both extremely blind. *Ib XXIII*

Yet still between his Darkness and his Brightness
There pass'd a mutual glance of great politeness
Ib XXXV

The Archangel bow'd, not like a modern beau.
Ib XXXVI

Satan met his ancient friend
With more hauteur, as might an old Castilian
Poor noble meet a mushroom rich civilian *Ib*

And when the tumult dwindled to a calm,
I left him practising the hundredth psalm *Ib CVI*

Seductive Waltz! *The Waltz*
Voluptuous Waltz! *Ib*

When we two parted
In silence and tears,
Half broken-hearted
To sever for years,
Pale grew thy cheek and cold,
Colder thy kiss. *When We Two Parted*

If I should meet thee
After long years,
How should I greet thee?—
With silence and tears. *Ib*

The fault was Nature's fault not thine,
Which made thee fickle as thou art
To a Youthful Friend

As he [Lord Byron] himself briefly described it in his
Memoranda, 'I awoke one morning and found
myself famous'—Moore's *Life of Byron*, 1830,
vol. 1, p. 347 (referring to the instantaneous success
of *Childe Harold*)

No *Manual*, no letters, no tooth-powder, no *extract*
from Moore's *Italy* concerning Marino Faleri, no
nothing—as a man hallooed out at one of Burdett's
elections, after a long ululation of No Bastille! No
Governor Aris! No '—God knows what,—but his
ne plus ultra was, 'no nothing!'

Letter to Murray 4 June 1817.

HENRY JAMES BYRON

1834-1884

Life's too short for chess. *Our Boys, Act 1*

He's up to these grand games, but one of these days
I'll loore him on to skittles—and astonish him
Ib Act. II.

JAMES BRANCH CABELL

1879-

I am willing to taste any drink once *Jurgen*, ch. 1.

A man possesses nothing certainly save a brief loan
of his own body and yet the body of man is
capable of much curious pleasure *Ib* ch 20

The optimist proclaims that we live in the best of all
possible worlds, and the pessimist fears this is
true. *The Silver Stallion*, bk. iv, ch. 26.

'CAESER'

Swanee, how I love you! how I love you!
My dear old Swanee *Swanee*.

CHARLES STUART CALVERLEY

1831-1884

The auld wife sat at her ivied door,
(*Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese*)
A thing she had frequently done before,
And her spectacles lay on her apron'd knees
Ballad

The farmer's daughter hath soft brown hair,
(*Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese*)
And I met with a ballad, I can't say where,
Which wholly consisted of lines like these *Ib*

And this song is consider'd a perfect gem,
And as to the meaning, it's what you please *Ib*

O Beer! O Hodgson, Guinness, Allsopp, Bass!
Names that should be on every infant's tongue! *Beer*

When 'Dulce est desipere in loco'
Was written, real Falernian winged the pen *Ib*

'Fate cannot touch me I have dined to-day' *Ib*

I cannot sing the old songs now!
It is not that I deem them low;
'Tis that I can't remember how
They go *Changed*

Sikes, housebreaker, of Houndsditch,
Habitually swore,
But so surpassingly profane
He never was before *Charades*, vi

Aspect anything but bland *Ib*

You see this pebble-stone? It's a thing I bought
Of a bit of a chit of a boy i' the mid o' the day—
I like to dock the smaller parts-o'-speech,
As we curtail the already curtail'd cur
(You catch the paronomasia, play 'po' words?)
The Cock and the Bull

The basis or substratum—what you will—
Of the impending eighty thousand lines *Ib*

Donn'd galligaskins, antigropeloes *Ib*

Ombrifruge (Lord love you!), case o' rain. *Ib*

A bare-legg'd beggarly son of a gun *Ib*

Fiddlepin's end! Get out, you blazing ass!
Gabble o' the goose Don't bugaboo-baby me! *Ib*

Pretty i' the Mantuan! *Ib*

It takes up about eighty thousand lines,
A thing imagination boggles at
And might, odds-bobs, sit! in judicious hands,
Extend from here to Mesopotamy *Ib*

Life is with such all beer and skittles;
'They are not difficult to please
About their victuals *Contentment*

'Twas ever thus from childhood's hour!
My fondest hopes would not decay.
I never loved a tree or flower
Which was the first to fade away! *Disaster*

For king-like rolls the Rhine,
And the scenery's divine,
And the victuals and the wine
Rather good *Dover to Munich*

Forever! 'Tis a single word!
Our rude forefathers deemed it two
Can you imagine so absurd
A view? *Forever*

Wherefore bless ye, O beloved ones —
Now unto mine inn must I,
Your 'poor moralist', betake me,
In my 'solitary fly'. *'Hic Viv, Hic Est.'*

For I've read in many a novel that, unless they've
souls that grovel,
Folks *prefer* in fact a hovel to your dreary marble
halls *In the Gloaming*

Grinder, who serenely grindest
At my door the Hundredth Psalm
Lines on Hearing the Organ

Meaning, however, is no great matter.
Lovers, and a Reflection

Thro' the rare red heather we danced together,
(O love my Willie!) and smelt for flowers
I must mention again it was gorgeous weather,
Rhymes are so scarce in this world of ours. *Ib*

Study first propriety *Of Propriety*

How Eugene Aram, though a thief, a liar, and a
murderer,

Yet, being intellectual, was amongst the noblest of
mankind *Of Reading*

'Thou, who when cares attack,
Bidst them avaunt, and Black
Care, at the horseman's back
Perching, unseatest,
Sweet, when the morn is grey,
Sweet, when they've cleared away
Lunch, and at close of day
Possibly sweetest *Ode to Tobacco*

I have a liking old
For thee, though manifold
Stories, I know, are told
Not to thy credit *Ib*

How they who use fusesee
All grow by slow degrees
Brainless as chimpanzees,
Meagre as lizards.
Go mad, and beat their wives,
Plunge (after shocking lives)
Razors and carving knives
Into their gizzards.

Ode to Tobacco

Jones—(who, I'm glad to say,
Asked leave of Mrs J)—
Daily absorbs a clay
After his labours

Ib.

Cats may have had their goose
Cooked by tobacco-juice,
Still why deny its use

Thoughtfully taken?
We're not as tabbies are
Smith, take a fresh cigar!
Jones, the tobacco-jar!
Here 's to thee, Bacon!

Ib

RICHARD OWEN CAMBRIDGE

1717-1802

What is the worth of anything,
But for the happiness 'twill bring? *Learning*, l 23

WILLIAM CAMDEN

1551-1623

My friend, judge not me,
Thou seest I judge not thee
Betwixt the stirrup and the ground
Mercy I asked, mercy I found

*Remains Epitaph for a Man Killed by Falling
from His Horse*

HERBERT CAMPBELL

Now we sha'n't be long *Title of Song*

JANE MONTGOMERY CAMPBELL

1817-1878

We plough the fields, and scatter
The good seed on the land,
But it is fed and watered
By God's Almighty Hand,
He sends the snow in winter,
The warmth to swell the grain,
The breezes and the sunshine,
And soft refreshing rain
All good gifts around us
Are sent from Heaven above,
Then thank the Lord, O thank the Lord,
For all His love

*We Plough the Fields Tr. from the German
C S Bere's Garland of Songs.*

He paints the wayside flower,
He lights the evening star

Ib

THOMAS CAMPBELL

1777-1844

'Tis Lethe's gloom, but not thy quiet,—
The pain without the peace of death! *Absence.*

Of Nelson and the North
Sing the glorious day's renown,
When to battle fierce came forth
All the might of Denmark's crown,
And her arms along the deep proudly shone,—
By each gun the lighted brand
In a bold determined hand,
And the Prince of all the land
Led them on

Battle of the Baltic.

There was silence deep as death,
And the boldest held his breath
For a time

Ib

Again! again! again!
And the havoc did not slack,
Till a feeble cheer the Dane
To our cheering sent us back.

Ib

Out spoke the victor then
As he hailed them o'er the wave,
'Ye are brothers! ye are men!
And we conquer but to save,
So peace instead of death let us bring
But yield, proud foe, thy fleet
With the crews at England's feet,
And make submission meet
To our King'

Ib

Let us think of them that sleep,
Full many a fathom deep,
By thy wild and stormy steep,
Elsinore!

Ib

With the gallant good Riou

Ib

O leave this barren spot to me!
Spare, woodman, spare the beechen tree.

The Beech-Tree's Petition

The lordly, lovely Rhine *The Child and the Hind*

There came to the beach a poor Exile of Erin
Exile of Erin

He sang the bold anthem of 'Erin go bragh!' *Ib*

Gay liled fields of France.

Gertrude of Wyoming, pt 11, 15.

When Transatlantic Liberty arose. *Ib* pt 111, 6.

To-morrow let us do or die! *Ib* 37.

To live in hearts we leave behind
Is not to die. *Hallowed Ground.*

On the green banks of Shannon, when Sheelah was
nigh,
No blithe Irish lad was so happy as I,
No harp like my own could so cheerily play,
And wherever I went was my poor dog Tray
The Harper.

On Linden, when the sun was low,
All bloodless lay the untrodden snow,
And dark as winter was the flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly

Hohenlinden

Then shook the hills with thunder riven,
Then rushed the steed to battle driven,
And louder than the bolts of heaven
Far flashed the red artillery

Ib

The combat deepens On, ye brave,
Who rush to glory, or the grave!
Wave, Munich! all thy banners wave,
And charge with all thy chivalry!

Ib.

Few, few shall part where many meet!
The snow shall be their winding-sheet,
And every turf beneath their feet
Shall be a soldier's sepulchre.

Ib

Better be courted and jilted
Than never be courted at all. *The Jilted Nymph.*

All worldly shapes shall melt in gloom,

'The sun himself must die,
Before this mortal shall assume
Its immortality

The Last Man.

'Tis the sunset of life gives me mystical lore,
And coming events cast their shadows before
Lochiel's Warning

A chieftain to the Highlands bound
Cries, 'Boatman, do not tarry!
And I'll give thee a silver pound
'To row us o'er the ferry' *Lord Ullin's Daughter*

'O, I'm the chief of Ulva's isle,
And this Lord Ullin's daughter'

Ib

Then who will cheer my bonny bride
When they have slain her lover?

Ib

I'll meet the raging of the skies,
But not an angry father

Ib.

One lovely hand she stretched for aid,
And one was round her lover

Ib

'Come back! come back!' he cried in grief
Across the stormy water

'And I'll forgive yon Highland chief,
My daughter! oh my daughter!'

Ib

The waters wild went o'er his child,
And he was left lamenting

Ib

With Freedom's lion-banner
Britannia rules the waves. *Ode to the Germans*

'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view,
And robes the mountain in its azure hue
Pleasures of Hope, pt 1, l 7

The proud, the cold untroubled heart of stone,
That never mused on sorrow but its own. *Ib 1 185*

Hope, for a season, bade the world farewell,
And Freedom shrieked—as Kosciusko fell!
Ib 1 381

Who hath not owned, with rapture-smitten frame,
The power of grace, the magic of a name?
Ib pt 11, l 5

And muse on Nature with a poet's eye *Ib 1. 98.*
Since first he called her his before the holy man
Ib 1 130

What millions died—that Caesar might be great!
Ib 1. 174.

Who hail thee, Man! the pilgrim of a day,
Spouse of the worm, and brother of the clay
Ib 1 305

Truth, ever lovely,—since the world began
The foe of tyrants, and the friend of man. *Ib 1 347*

But, sad as angels for the good man's sin,
Weep to record, and blush to give it in! *Ib 1 357*

Cease, every joy, to glimmer on my mind,
But leave, oh! leave the light of Hope behind!
What though my winged hours of bliss have been,
Like angel-visits, few and far between? *Ib 1. 375.*

Well can ye mouth fair Freedom's classic line.
And talk of Constitutions o'er your wine
On Poland, l 65

One moment may with bliss repay
Unnumbered hours of pain,
Such was the throb and mutual sob
Of the knight embracing Jane *The Ritter Bann*

And the sentinel stars set their watch in the sky
The Soldier's Dream.

Drink ye to her that each loves best,
And, if you nurse a flame
That's told but to her mutual breast,
We will not ask her name.
Song. Drink Ye To Her

Bind the sea to slumber stilly,
Bind its odour to the lily,
Bind the aspen ne'er to quiver,
Then bind Love to last for ever!
Song. How Delicious is the Winning.

Can you keep the bee from ranging,
Or the ringdove's neck from changing?
No! nor fettered Love from dying
In the knot there's 'no untying. *Ib.*

Again to the battle, Achæans!
Our hearts bid the tyrants defiance,
Our land, the first garden of Liberty's tree—
It has been, and shall yet be, the land of the free!
Song of the Greeks.

Her women fair, her men robust for toil;
Her vigorous souls, high-cultured as her soil.
Her towns, where civic independence flings
The gauntlet down to senates, courts, and kings.
Theodor, l. 160

It was not strange, for in the human breast
Two master-passions cannot co-exist *Ib 1. 488.*

'Twas the hour when rites unholy
Called each Paynim voice to prayer
The Turkish Lady

Ye Mariners of England
That guard our native seas,
Whose flag has braved, a thousand years,
The battle and the breeze—
Your glorious standard launch again
To match another foe!
And sweep through the deep,
While the stormy winds do blow,—
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow
Ye Mariners of England

Britannia needs no bulwarks,
No towers along the steep,
Her march is o'er the mountain waves,
Her home is on the deep.

Ib.

The meteor flag of England
Shall yet terrific burn,
Till danger's troubled night depart
And the star of peace return.

Ib

An original something, fair maid, you would win me
To write—but how shall I begin?
For I fear I have nothing original in me—
Excepting Original Sin.

*To a Young Lady, Who Asked Me to Write
Something Original for Her Album*

SIR HENRY CAMPBELL- BANNERMAN

1836-1908

When was a war not a war? When it was carried on
by methods of barbarism.

*Speech at Dinner of National Reform Union,
14 June, 1901.*

THOMAS CAMPION

d 1619

Rose-checked Laura, come;
Sing thou smoothly with thy beauty's
Silent music, either other
Sweetly gracing.

Observations in the Art of English Poesie Laura

Lovely forms do flow
From conceit divinely framed,
Heaven is music, and thy beauty's
Birth is heavenly.

Ib

But still moves delight,
Like clear springs renewed by flowing,
Ever perfect, ever in them-
selves eternal

Ib

My sweetest Lesbia let us live and love,
And though the sager sort our deeds reprove,
Let us not weigh them Heav'n's great lamps do dive
Into their west, and straight again revive,
But soon as once set is our little light,
Then must we sleep one ever-during night

A Book of Airs. My Sweetest Lesbia

Follow thy fair sun, unhappy shadow,
Though thou be black as night,
And she made all of light,

Yet follow thy fair sun, unhappy shadow
Ib Follow Thy Fair Sun.

When to her lute Corinna sings,
Her voice revives the leaden strings,
And both in highest notes appear,
As any challeng'd echo clear.

But when she doth of mourning speak,
Ev'n with her sighs the strings do break

Ib. When to Her Lute Corinna

Follow your Saint, follow with accents sweet,
Haste you, sad notes, fall at her flying feet

Ib Follow Your Saint.

Hark, all you ladies that do sleep,
'The fairy Queen Proserpina
Bids you awake and pity them that weep

Ib. Hark, all you Ladies.

When thou must home to shades of under ground,
And there arriv'd, a new admired guest,
'The beauteous spirits do ingirt thee round,
White Iope, blithe Helen, and the rest,
To hear the stories of thy finish love
From that smooth tongue whose music hell can move

Ib. When Thou Must Home

Never weather-beaten sail more willing bent to shore,
Never tired pilgrim's limbs affected slumber more
*Two Books of Airs Drume and Moral Songs
Never Weather-Beaten Sail*

Kind are her answers,
But her performance keeps no day;
Breaks tune, as dancers

From their own Music when they stray
Book of Airs, III. vii. Kind Are Her Answers

Lost is our freedom,
When we submit to women so.

Why do we need them,
When in their best they work our woe?

Ib

There is a garden in her face,
Where roses and white lilies grow;
A heav'nly paradise is that place,
Wherein all pleasant fruits do flow.
There cherries grow, which none may buy
Till 'Cherry ripe' themselves do cry

Book of Airs, IV vii There is a Garden in her Face.

'Those cherries fairly do enclose
Of orient pearl a double row,
Which when her lovely laughter shows,
They look like rosebuds fill'd with snow.
Yet them nor peer nor prince can buy,
'Till 'Cherry ripe' themselves do cry.

Ib.

GEORGE CANNING

1770-1827

In matters of commerce the fault of the Dutch
Is offering too little and asking too much
'The French are with equal advantage content,
So we clap on Dutch bottoms just twenty per cent.
*Dispatch, in Cipher, to Sir Charles Bagot,
English Ambassador at The Hague, 31 Jan 1826*

Needy Knife-grinder! whither are you going?
Rough is the road, your wheel is out of order—
Bleak blows the blast,—your hat has got a hole in't
So have your breeches

The Friend of Humanity and the Knife-Grinder

Story! God bless you! I have none to tell, Sir *Ib*
I give thee sixpence! I will see thee damn'd first—
Wretch! whom no sense of wrongs can rouse to
vengeance,

Sordid, unfeeling, reprobate, degraded,
Spiritless outcast!

Ib

So down thy hill, romantic Ashbourne, glides
'The Derby dilly, carrying Three Insides

The Loves of the Triangles, I 178

And finds, with keen discriminating sight,
Black's not so black,—nor white so very white

New Morality, I. 199.

Save me, oh, save me from the candid friend
Ib 1 210

Man, only—rash, refined, presumptuous man,
 Starts from his rank, and mars creation's plan

Progress of Man, 1 55
 A sudden thought strikes me, let us swear an eternal
 friendship. *The Rovers*, 1 1

When'er with haggard eyes I view
 This Dungeon, that I'm rotting in,
 I think of those Companions true
 Who studied with me at the U-
 -NIVERSITY OF GOTTINGEN,-
 -NIVERSITY OF GOTTINGEN.

Song

Sun, moon, and thou vain world, adieu *Ib*
 I called the New World into existence, to redress the
 balance of the Old *Dec 12, 1826 Speech.*

CANUTE

994 ?-1035

Merrily sang the monks in Ely
 When Cnut, King, rowed thereby,
 Row, my knights, near the land,
 And hear we these monks' song
Attr Song of the Monks of Ely, Historia
Eliensis (1066) *Green, Conquest of England*, 15

RICHARD CAREW

1555-1620

Take the miracle of our age, Sir Philip Sidney
An Epistle on the Excellency of the English Tongue

THOMAS CAREW

1595 ?-1639?

He that loves a rosy cheek,
 Or a coral lip admires,
 Or, from star-like eyes, doth seek
 Fuel to maintain his fires,
 As old Time makes these decay,
 So his flames must waste away
Disdain Returned

Here lies a King that rul'd, as he thought fit
 The universal monarchy of wit,
 Here lies two Flimems, and both those the best
 Apollo's first, at last the true God's priest
Elegy on the Death of Donne.

The purest soul that e'er was sent
 Into a clayey tenement
On the Lady Mary Villiers

Know, Celia (since thou art so proud,)
 'Twas I that gave thee thy renown
 Thou had'st in the forgotten crowd
 Of common beauties liv'd unknown,
 Had not my verse extoll'd thy name,
 And with it ympt the wings of fame
Ingrateful Beauty Threatened

Wise poets that wrapt Truth in tales,
 Knew her themselves through all her veils *Ib*

An untimely grave
Inscription on Tomb of the Duke of Buckingham.

Good to the poor, to kindred dear,
 To servants kind, to friendship clear,
 To nothing but herself severe
Inscription on Tomb of Lady Mary Wentworth

So though a virgin, yet a bride
 To every Grace, she justified
 A chaste polygamy, and died *Ib*

Give me more love or more disdain,
 The torrid or the frozen zone:
 Bring equal ease unto my pain;
 The temperate affords me none
Medocrity in Love Rejected

When thou, poor excommunicate
 From all the joys of love, shalt see
 The full reward and glorious fate
 Which my strong faith shall purchase me,
 Then curse thine own inconstancy
To My Inconstant Mistress.

Ask me no more where Jove bestows,
 When June is past, the fading rose,
 For in your beauty's orient deep
 These flowers, as in their causes, sleep. *A Song*

Ask me no more whether doth haste
 The nightingale when May is past;
 For in your sweet dividing throat
 She winters and keeps warm her note. *Ib*

Ask me no more if east or west
 The Phoenix builds her spicy nest,
 For unto you at last she flies,
 And in your fragrant bosom dies. *Ib*

HENRY CAREY

1693 ?-1743

Alidiborontphoscophornio!
 Where left you Chrononhotonthologos?
Chrononhotonthologos, 1 1

His cogitative faculties immers'd
 In cogibundity of cogitation. *Ib*

To thee, and gentle Rigidum-Funnidos,
 Our gratulations flow in streams unbounded. *Ib* III.

God save our gracious king!
 Long live our noble king!
 God save the king! *God Save the King*

Confound their politics,
 Frustrate their knavish tricks *Ib*

Of all the girls that are so smart
 There's none like pretty Sally,
 She is the darling of my heart,
 And she lives in our alley *Sally in our Alley*

When she is by I leave my work,
 (I love her so sincerely)
 My master comes like any Turk,
 And bangs me most severely *Ib.*

Of all the days that's in the week
 I dearly love but one day—
 And that's the day that comes betwixt
 A Saturday and Monday. *Ib.*

WILLIAM CARLETON

1784-1869

Things at home are crossways, and Betsey and I
are out *Farm Ballads Betsey and I Are Out.*

We arg'ed the thing at breakfast, we arg'ed the thing
at tea,

And the more we arg'ed the question, the more we
didn't agree. *Ib.*

THOMAS CARLYLE

1795-1881

A well-written Life is almost as rare as a well-
spent one

Critical and Miscellaneous Essays, vol. 1
Richter

'Providence has given to the French the empire of
the land, to the English that of the sea, to the
Germans that of—the air!' [quoting a remark of
J P F Richter] *Ib.*

The three great elements of modern civilisation,
Gunpowder, Printing, and the Protestant Religion
Ib. State of German Literature

The 'golden-calf of Self-love.' *Ib. Burns*

So here has been dawning
Another blue day *Ib. To-day.*

Out of Eternity
This new Day is born;
Into Eternity
At night, will return. *Ib.*

It is the Age of Machinery, in every outward and
inward sense of that word.

Ib. vol. II. Signs of the Times

The Bible-Society . . is found, on inquiry, to be . .
a machine for converting the Heathen. *Ib.*

Thought, he [Dr Cabanis] is inclined to hold, is
still secreted by the brain, but then Poetry and
Religion (and it is really worth knowing) are 'a
product of the smaller intestines!' *Ib.*

What is all knowledge too but recorded experience, and
a product of history, of which, therefore, reasoning
and belief, no less than action and passion, are
essential materials? *Ib. On History.*

History is the essence of innumerable biographies. *Ib.*

The foul sluggard's comfort 'It will last my time'
Ib. vol. III. Count Cagliostro Flight Last

This Mirabeau's work, then, is done He sleeps with
the primeval giants He has gone over to the
majority *Abut ad plures Ib. Mirabeau.*

There is no life of a man, faithfully recorded, but is
a heroic poem of its sort, rhymed or unrhymed
Ib. vol. IV. Sir Walter Scott.

Under all speech that is good for anything there lies
a silence that is better. Silence is deep as Eternity;
speech is shallow as Time *Ib.*

To the very last, he (Napoleon) had a kind of idea;
that, namely, of *La carrière ouverte aux talents*, The
tools to him that can handle them. *Ib.*

It can be said of him [Scott], When he departed, he
took a man's life along with him No sounder
piece of British manhood was put together in that
eighteenth century of Time *Ib.*

A witty statesman said, you might prove anything by
figures *Ib. Chartism*, ch. 2.

Surely of all 'rights of man', this right of the ignorant
man to be guided by the wiser, to be, gently or
forcibly, held in the true course by him, is the
indisputable. *Ib. ch. 6*

In epochs when cash payment has become the sole
nexus of man to man *Ib.*

Thou wretched fraction, wilt thou be the ninth part
even of a tailor? *Ib. Francia.*

This idle habit of 'accounting for the moral sense',
as they phrase it The moral sense, thank God,
is a thing you never will 'account for' . . . By no
greatest happiness principle, greatest nobleness
principle, or any principle whatever, will you make
that in the least clearer than it already is
Ib. vol. V. Shooting Niagara and After?

'Genius' (which means transcendent capacity of
taking trouble, first of all)
Frederick the Great, bk. IV, ch. 3

If they could forget, for a moment, the corrigiosity
of Correggio, and the learned babble of the sale-
room and varnishing auctioneer. *Ib. ch. 6*

Happy the people whose annals are blank in history-
books! *Ib. bk. XVI, ch. 1*

Indeed it is well said, 'in every object there is inex-
haustible meaning, the eye sees in it what the eye
brings means of seeing'
Hist. of the French Revolution, pt. I, bk. I, ch. 2

Is not every meanest day 'the conflux of two eterni-
ties?' *Ib. bk. IV, ch. 4*

A whiff of grapeshot *Ib. bk. V, ch. 3.*

History a distillation of rumour *Ib. bk. VII, ch. 5*

The gospel according to Jean Jacques
Ib. pt. II, bk. I, ch. 6

The difference between Orthodoxy or My-doxo and
Heterodoxy or Thy-doxo *Ib. bk. IV, ch. 2*

The seagreen Incorruptible [Robespierre] *Ib. ch. 4*

Aristocracy of the Moneybag. *Ib. bk. VII, ch. 7.*

It is well said, in every sense, that a man's religion
is the chief fact with regard to him
Heroes and Hero-Worship, I. *The Hero as*
Divinity.

Worship is transcendent wonder. *Ib.*

No sadder proof can be given by a man of his own
littleness than disbelief in great men *Ib.*

No great man lives in vain The history of the world
is but the biography of great men. *Ib.*

The greatest of faults, I should say, is to be conscious
of none. *Ib. II. The Hero as Prophet*

The Hero can be Poet, Prophet, King, Priest or what
you will, according to the kind of world he finds
himself born into. *Ib. III. The Hero as Poet.*

In books lies the *soul* of the whole Past Time, the articulate audible voice of the Past, when the body and material substance of it has altogether vanished like a dream. *Ib. v. The Hero as Man of Letters.*

The true University of these days is a collection of books *Ib*

Burke said there were Three Estates in Parliament, but, in the Reporters' Gallery yonder, there sat a *Fourth Estate* more important far than they all *Ib*

Adversity is sometimes hard upon a man, but for one man who can stand prosperity, there are a hundred that will stand adversity *Ib*

I hope we English will long maintain our *grand talent pour le silence.* *Ib vi. The Hero as King*

Maid-servants, I hear people complaining, are getting instructed in the 'ologies'

Inaugural Address at Edinburgh, 1866

Speech is human, silence is divine, yet also brutish and dead therefore we must learn both arts

Journal.

Respectable Professors of the Dismal Science [Political Economy]

Latter-Day Pamphlets, No 1 The Present Time

Little other than a redtape Talking-machine, and unhappy Bag of Parliamentary Eloquence *Ib.*

A healthy hatred of scoundrels

Ib No 2 Model Prisons

Idlers, game-preservers and mere human clothes-horses. [Exodus from Houndsditch]

Ib No 3 Downing Street

Nature admits no lie *Ib No 5 Stump Orator*

A Parliament speaking through reporters to Buncombe and the twenty-seven millions mostly fools

Ib No 6 Parliaments

'May the Devil fly away with the fine arts' exclaimed in my hearing, one of our most distinguished public men *Ib No 8*

Mother of dead dogs

Letter to John Carlyle, 11 Sept 1840 (Froude's Carlyle, 1884, vol 1, p 196)

Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do that with all thy might and leave the issues calmly to God

Letter to W Graham, 29 Mar 1844

The unspeakable Turk should be immediately struck out of the question

Letter to G Howard, 24 Nov 1876

Transcendental moonshine

Life of John Sterling, Pt 1, ch 15.

The progress of human society consists in the better and better apportioning of wages to work

Past and Present, bk 1, ch 3

Brothers, I am sorry I have got no Morrison's Pill for curing the maladies of Society *Ib ch 4*

Thou and I, my friend, can, in the most flunkey world, make, each of us, one non-flunkey, one hero, if we like. that will be two heroes to begin with. *Ib ch 6*

Cash-payment is not the sole nexus of man with man. *Ib. bk. III, ch. 9*

Blessed is he who has found his work, let him ask no other blessedness *Ib ch 11*

Captains of industry *Ib bk IV, title of ch 4*

The sunny plains and deep indigo transparent skies of Italy are all indifferent to the great sick heart of a Sir Walter Scott on the back of the Apennines, in wild spring weather, the sight of bleak Scotch firs, and snow-spotted heath and desolation, brings tears into his eyes *Ib ch 5*

Upwards of five-hundred-thousand two-legged animals without feathers lie round us, in horizontal positions, their heads all in nightcaps, and full of the foolishlest dreams *Sartor Resartus, bk 1, ch 3*

He who first shortened the labour of copyists by device of *Movable Types* was disbanding hired armies, and cashiering most Kings and Senates, and creating a whole new democratic world he had invented the art of printing *Ib ch 5*

Man is a tool-using animal Without tools he is nothing, with tools he is all *Ib*

Language is called the garment of thought however, it should rather be, language is the flesh-garment, the body, of thought *Ib ch 11*

Man's unhappiness, as I construe, comes of his greatness, it is because there is an Infinite in him, which with all his cunning he cannot quite bury under the Finite *Ib bk II, ch 9*

'Do the duty which lies nearest thee', which thou knowest to be a duty! Thy second duty will already have become clearer *Ib*

What printed thing soever I could meet with I read. *Ib bk II, ch 3.*

The end of man is an action, and not a thought

Ib ch 6.

The everlasting no *Ib ch 7, title*

The folly of that impossible precept, 'Know thyself', till it be translated into this partially possible one, 'Know what thou canst work at'. *Ib*

My spiritual new-birth, or Baphometric Fire-baptism *Ib*

Great men are the inspired [speaking and acting] texts of that divine Book of Revelations, whereof a chapter is completed from epoch to epoch, and by some named History. *Ib ch 8*

The everlasting yea *Ib. ch. 9, title*

Close thy Byron, open thy Goethe. *Ib*

Be no longer a chaos, but a world, or even worldkin Produce! Produce! Were it but the pitifullest infinitesimal fraction of a product, produce it in God's name! 'Tis the utmost thou hast in thee' out with it, then *Ib*

As the Swiss Inscription says *Speechen ist silbern, Schweigen ist golden* (Speech is silvern, Silence is golden), or as I might rather express it Speech is of Time, Silence is of Eternity *Ib bk III, ch. 3.*

Two men I honour, and no third *Ib. ch 4*

I don't pretend to understand the Universe—it's a great deal bigger than I am People ought to be modest

Remark to Wm Allingham D A Wilson's and D. Wilson MacArthur's Carlyle in Old Age.

If Jesus Christ were to come to-day, people would not even crucify him. They would ask him to dinner, and hear what he had to say, and make fun of it.

Remark D A Wilson's *Carlyle at his Zenith*

It were better to perish than to continue schoolmaster-ing

Remark D A Wilson's *Carlyle Till Marriage*

Macaulay is well for a while, but one wouldn't live under Niagara

Remark R M Milnes' *Notebook*, 1838

A good book is the purest essence of a human soul

Speech in support of *The London Library*, 1840

F Harrison's *Carlyle and The London Library*

"'Thou'st gey'" [pretty, pronounced gyez] 'ill to deal wi'—Mother's allocution to me once, in some unreasonable moment of mine', is Carlyle's note on this phrase (which, indeed, is an old-fashioned country formula), cited by his wife in a letter to his mother in Dec. 1835. The readers of Mr Froude's *Life of Carlyle* will remember that he harps upon this phrase, using it as a sort of refrain, but always with the significant change of the word 'deal' to 'live'—'gey ill to live wi'.

C Eliot Norton, *Letters of Thomas Carlyle* (1888), I, 44

Who never ate his bread in sorrow,
Who never spent the darksome hours
Weeping and watching for the morrow
He knows ye not, ye gloomy Powers

Translation of Goethe's *Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship*, Bk II, ch. 13

Carlyle and Milnes were talking of the Administration just formed by Sir Robert Peel, and Milnes was evincing some disappointment that he had not been offered a post in it. 'No, no,' said Carlyle, 'Peel knows what he is about, there is only one post fit for you, and that is the office of perpetual president of the Heaven and Hell Amalgamation Society.'

T E Wemyss Reid, *The Life of Lord Houghton* (1890), p. 187

MARGARET FULLER

I accept the universe.

CARLYLE

By God! she'd better!

Attr

JULIA CARNEY

fl 1850

Little drops of water, little grains of sand,
Make the mighty ocean, and the pleasant land
So the little minutes, humble though they be,
Make the mighty ages of eternity

Little Things (Attr also to E C Brewer, D C Colesworthy, and F S Osgood)

Little deeds of kindness, little words of love,
Help to make earth happy, like the heaven above
(Changed by later compilers to 'make this earth an Eden')

Ib

JOSEPH EDWARDS CARPENTER

1813-?

What are the wild waves saying

Sister, the whole day long,

That ever amid our playing,

I hear but their low lone song?

What Are the Wild Waves Saying?

Yes! but there's something greater,

That speaks to the heart alone,

The voice of the great Creator,

Dwells in that mighty tone!

Ib

LEWIS CARROLL [CHARLES LUTWIDGE DODGSON]

1832-1898

'What is the use of a book', thought Alice, 'without pictures or conversations?'

Alice in Wonderland, ch. 1

Do cats eat bats? Do bats eat cats?

Ib

'Curiouser and curiouser!' cried Alice

Ib ch. 2.

How doth the little crocodile

Improve his shining tail,

And pour the waters of the Nile

On every golden scale!

Ib

How cheerfully he seems to grin,

How neatly spreads his claws,

And welcomes little fishes in

With gently smiling jaws!

Ib.

'I'll be judge, I'll be jury,' said cunning old Fury,

'I'll try the whole cause, and condemn you to death.'

Ib ch. 3.

'I can't explain myself, I'm afraid, sir,' said Alice,

'because I'm not myself, you see.'

'I don't see,' said the Caterpillar

Ib ch. 5.

'You are old, Father William,' the young man said,

'And your hair has become very white,

And yet you incessantly stand on your head—

Do you think, at your age, it is right?'

'In my youth,' Father William replied to his son.

'I feared it might injure the brain,

But now that I'm perfectly sure I have none,

Why, I do it again and again'

Ib.

'I have answered three questions, and that is enough,'

Said his father, 'don't give yourself airs!

Do you think I can listen all day to such stuff?

Be off, or I'll kick you downstairs!'

Ib

'I shall sit here,' he said, 'on and off, for days and days'

Ib ch. 6.

'If everybody minded their own business,' said the Duchess in a hoarse growl, 'the world would go round a deal faster than it does.'

Ib.

Speak roughly to your little boy,

And beat him when he sneezes,

He only does it to annoy,

Because he knows it teases

Ib.

- For he can thoroughly enjoy
The pepper when he pleases! *Ib*
- 'Did you say pig, or fig?' said the Cat. *Ib*
- This time it vanished quite slowly, beginning with
the end of the tail, and ending with the grin, which
remained some time after the rest of it had gone
[The Cheshire Cat] *Ib*
- 'Have some wine,' the March Hare said in an en-
couraging tone Alice looked all round the table,
but there was nothing on it but tea 'I don't see any
wine,' she remarked. 'There isn't any,' said the
March Hare *Ib ch 7*
- 'Then you should say what you mean,' the March
Hare went on 'I do,' Alice hastily replied, 'at least
—at least I mean what I say—that's the same thing,
you know'
- 'Not the same thing a bit!' said the Hatter 'Why,
you might just as well say that "I see what I eat" is
the same thing as "I eat what I see!"' *Ib*
- 'It was the *best* butter,' the March Hare meekly
replied *Ib*
- 'Twinkle, twinkle, little bat!
How I wonder what you're at!
Up above the world you fly!
Like a teatray in the sky' *Ib.*
- 'Take some more tea,' the March Hare said to Alice,
very earnestly
- 'I've had nothing yet,' Alice replied in an offended
tone, 'so I can't take more'
- 'You mean you can't take *less*,' said the Hatter 'it's
very easy to take *more* than nothing' *Ib*
- 'Let's all move one place on' *Ib*
- 'But they were in the well,' Alice said to the Dor-
mouse 'Of course they were,' said the Dor-
mouse, '—well in' *Ib*
- 'They drew all manner of things—everything that
begins with an M——' 'Why with an M?' said
Alice. 'Why not?' said the March Hare *Ib*
- The Queen was in a furious passion, and went stamp-
ing about, and shouting, 'Off with his head!' or
'Off with her head!' about once in a minute
Ib ch 8
- 'A cat may look at a king,' said Alice *Ib*
- 'And the moral of that is—"Oh, 'tis love, 'tis love,
that makes the world go round!"' *Ib ch 9*
- Take care of the sense, and the sounds will take care
of themselves. *Ib*
- 'That's nothing to what I could say if I chose,' the
Duchess replied *Ib*
- 'Just about as much right,' said the Duchess, 'as pigs
have to fly.' *Ib*
- 'That's the reason they're called lessons,' the
Gryphon remarked 'because they lessen from day
to day.' *Ib*
- 'Will you walk a little faster?' said a whiting to a snail,
'There's a porpoise close behind us, and he's treading
on my tail' *Ib ch. 10.*
- 'Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, will you
join the dance?' *Ib*
- The further off from England the nearer is to
France—
- Then turn not pale, beloved snail, but come and join
the dance *Ib*
- 'Tis the voice of the lobster, I heard him declare,
'You have baked me too brown, I must sugar my
hair' *Ib*
- Soup of the evening, beautiful Soup! *Ib*
- The Queen of Hearts, she made some tarts,
All on a summer day
- The Knave of Hearts, he stole those tarts,
And took them quite away! *Ib ch 11*
- 'Write that down,' the King said to the jury, and the
jury eagerly wrote down all three dates on their
slates, and then added them up, and reduced the
answer to shillings and pence *Ib*
- Here one of the guinea-pigs cheered, and was imme-
diately suppressed by the officers of the court. *Ib*
- 'Where shall I begin, please your Majesty?' he asked
'Begin at the beginning,' the King said, gravely, 'and
go on till you come to the end then stop.' *Ib*
- 'Ummportant, of course, I meant,' the King hastily
said, and went on to himself in an undertone,
'important—unimportant—unimportant—important—'
as if he were trying which word sounded
best. *Ib ch. 12*
- 'That's not a regular rule you invented it just now.'
'It's the oldest rule in the book,' said the King.
'Then it ought to be Number One,' said Alice. *Ib.*
- They told me you had been to her,
And mentioned me to him
She gave me a good character,
But said I could not swim *Ib*
- The jury all wrote down on their slates, '*She doesn't*
believe there's an atom of meaning in it.' *Ib.*
- 'Do I look like it?' said the Knave (Which he cer-
tainly did *not*, being made entirely of cardboard) *Ib*
- 'The horror of that moment,' the King went on,
'I shall never, *never* forget!' 'You will, though,' the
Queen said, 'if you don't make a memorandum
of it' *Alice Through the Looking-Glass, ch 1*
- 'My precious Lily! My imperial kitten!'—
Imperial fiddlestick! *Ib.*
- 'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe,
All mimsy were the borogoves,
And the mome raths outgrabe.
- 'Beware the Jabberwock, my son!
The jaws that bite, the claws that catch!
Beware the Jubjub bird, and shun
The frumious Bandersnatch!' *Ib.*
- He took his vorpal sword in hand
Long time the manxome foe he sought—
So rested he by the Tumtum tree,
And stood awhile in thought
- And as in uffish thought he stood,
The Jabberwock, with eyes of flame,
Came whiffling through the tulgey wood,
And burred as it came!

One, two! One, two! And through and through
 The vorpal blade went snicker-snack!
 He left it dead, and with its head
 He went galumphing back
 'And hast thou slain the Jabberwock?
 Come to my arms, my beamish boy!
 O frabjous day! Callooh! Callay!
 He chortled in his joy

Alice Through the Looking-Glass, ch. 1.

Curtsey while you're thinking what to say It saves
 time *Ib* ch 2

Speak in French when you can't think of the English
 for a thing *Ib*

'Now! Now!' cried the Queen 'Faster! Faster!' *Ib*

'Now, *here*, you see, it takes all the running *you* can
 do, to keep in the same place If you want to get
 somewhere else, you must run at least twice as
 fast as that!' *Ib*

'Sap and sawdust,' said the Gnat *Ib* ch 3

Tweedledum and Tweedledee

Agreed to have a battle,

For Tweedledum said Tweedledee

Had spoiled his nice new rattle

Just then flew down a monstrous crow,

As black as a tar-barrel,

Which frightened both the heroes so,

They quite forgot their quarrel

Ib ch 4

'Contrariwise,' continued Tweedledee, 'if it was so,
 it might be, and if it were so, it would be but as
 it isn't, it ain't That's logic' *Ib*

The sun was shining on the sea,

Shining with all his might

He did his very best to make

The billows smooth and bright—

And this was odd, because it was

The middle of the night

Ib The Walrus and the Carpenter

'It's very rude of him,' she said

'To come and spoil the fun!' *Ib*

You could not see a cloud, because

No cloud was in the sky

No birds were flying overhead—

There were no birds to fly *Ib*

The Walrus and the Carpenter

Were walking close at hand,

They wept like anything to see

Such quantities of sand

'If this were only cleared away,'

They said, 'it would be grand'

'If seven maids with seven mops

Swept it for half a year,

Do you suppose,' the Walrus said,

'That they could get it clear?' *Ib*

'I doubt it,' said the Carpenter,

And shed a bitter tear

But four young Oysters hurried up,

All eager for the treat

Their coats were brushed, their faces washed,

Their shoes were clean and neat—

And this was odd, because, you know,

They hadn't any feet *Ib*

And thick and fast they came at last,

And more, and more, and more *Ib.*

The Walrus and the Carpenter

Walked on a mile or so,

And then they rested on a rock

Conveniently low

And all the little Oysters stood

And waited in a row.

'The time has come,' the Walrus said,

'To talk of many things

Of shoes—and ships—and sealing wax—

Of cabbages—and kings—

And why the sea is boiling hot—

And whether pigs have wings' *Ib*

'For some of us are out of breath,

And all of us are fat' *Ib.*

'A loaf of bread,' the Walrus said,

'Is what we chiefly need

Pepper and vinegar besides

Are very good indeed—

Now if you're ready, Oysters dear,

We can begin to feed' *Ib*

'The night is fine,' the Walrus said

'Do you admire the view?' *Ib*

The Carpenter said nothing but

'The butter's spread too thick!' *Ib*

'I weep for you,' the Walrus said

'I deeply sympathize'

With sobs and tears he sorted out

Those of the largest size,

Holding his pocket-handkerchief

Before his streaming eyes *Ib.*

But answer came there none—

And this was scarcely odd because

They'd eaten every one *Ib.*

'Fit to snore his head off!' as 'Tweedledum remarked *Ib*

'Let's fight till six, and then have dinner,' said

'Tweedledum *Ib*

'You know,' he said very gravely, 'it's one of the most

serious things that can possibly happen to one in a

battle—to get one's head cut off' *Ib*

'I'm very brave generally,' he went on in a low voice

'only to-day I happen to have a headache' *Ib*

'Twopence a week, and jam every other day' *Ib* ch 5

The rule is, jam to-morrow and jam yesterday—but

never jam to-day *Ib*

'It's a poor sort of memory that only works back-

wards,' the Queen remarked *Ib*

'Consider anything, only don't cry!' *Ib.*

'I can't believe *that*!' said Alice 'Can't you?' the

Queen said in a pitying tone 'Try again draw a

long breath, and shut your eyes' Alice laughed

'There's no use trying,' she said 'one *can't* believe

impossible things' 'I daresay you haven't had

much practice,' said the Queen 'When I was your

age, I always did it for half-an-hour a day Why,

sometimes I've believed as many as six impossible

things before breakfast' *Ib*

'It's very provoking,' Humpty Dumpty said after a

long silence, '—to be called an egg—*very*!' *Ib.* ch 6

Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall,
 Humpty Dumpty had a great fall,
 All the king's horses and all the king's men
 Couldn't put Humpty Dumpty together again *Ib*

With a name like yours, you might be any shape,
 almost *Ib*

'They gave it me,—for an un-birthday present' *Ib*

'There's glory for you!' 'I don't know what you mean
 by "glory",' Alice said 'I meant, "there's a nice
 knock-down argument for you!"' 'But "glory",
 doesn't mean "a nice knock-down argument",' Alice
 objected 'When I use a word,' Humpty
 Dumpty said in a rather scornful tone, 'it means
 just what I choose it to mean,—neither more nor
 less' *Ib*

'The question is,' said Humpty Dumpty, 'which is to
 be master—that's all' *Ib*

'I can explain all the poems that ever were invented—
 and a good many that haven't been invented just
 yet' *Ib*

'I can repeat poetry as well as other folk if it comes to
 that—' 'Oh, it needn't come to that!' Alice hastily
 said *Ib*

The little fishes of the sea,
 They sent an answer back to me

The little fishes' answer was
 'We cannot do it, Sir, because—' *Ib*

I took a kettle large and new,
 Fit for the deed I had to do *Ib*

I said it very loud and clear,
 I went and shouted in his ear

But he was very stiff and proud,
 He said 'You needn't shout so loud'

And he was very proud and stiff,
 He said 'I'd go and wake them, if—' *Ib*

You see it's like a portmanteau—there are two
 meanings packed up into one word *Ib*

He's an Anglo-Saxon Messenger—and those are
 Anglo-Saxon attitudes *Ib ch 7*

The other Messenger's called Hatta I must have
 two you know—to come and go One to come, and
 one to go *Ib*

'There's nothing like eating hay when you're faint'
 'I didn't say there was nothing better,' the King
 replied, 'I said there was nothing like it' *Ib*

'I'm sure nobody walks much faster than I do!'
 'He can't do that,' said the King, 'or else he'd have
 been here first' *Ib*

It's as large as life, and twice as natural! *Ib*

'If you'll believe in me, I'll believe in you' *Ib*

The [White] Knight said 'It's my own invention' *Ib*

'But you've no idea what a difference it makes, mixing
 it with other things—such as gunpowder and
 sealing-wax' *Ib*

I'll tell thee everything I can
 There's a time to relate
 I saw an aged, aged man,
 A-sitting on a gate.

'Who are you, aged man?' I said
 'And how is it you live?'
 And his answer trickled through my head
 Like water through a sieve

He said, 'I look for butterflies
 That sleep among the wheat
 I make them into mutton-pies,
 And sell them in the street' *Ib*

I cried, 'Come, tell me how you live!'
 And thumped him on the head *Ib*

He said, 'I hunt for haddocks' eyes
 Among the heather bright,
 And work them into waistcoat-buttons
 In the silent night

And these I do not sell for gold
 Or coin of silvery shine,
 But for a copper halfpenny,
 And that will purchase nine.

I sometimes dig for buttered rolls,
 Or set limed twigs for crabs,
 I sometimes search the grassy knolls
 For wheels of hansom-cabs.' *Ib*

Or madly squeeze a right-hand foot
 Into a left-hand shoe *Ib*

'Speak when you're spoken to!' the Red Queen
 sharply interrupted her, *Ib ch 9*

'No admittance till the week after next!' *Ib*

'It isn't etiquette to cut any one you've been intro-
 duced to Remove the joint' *Ib*

'Un-dish-cover the fish, or dishcover the riddle' *Ib*

He thought he saw an Elephant,
 That practised on a fife
 He looked again, and found it was
 A letter from his wife
 'At length I realize,' he said,
 'The bitterness of life!' *Sylvie and Bruno, ch 5*

He thought he saw a Buffalo
 Upon the chimney-piece
 He looked again, and found it was
 His sister's husband's niece
 'Unless you leave this house,' he said,
 'I'll send for the Police' *Ib ch 6*

He thought he saw a Banker's Clerk
 Descending from the bus
 He looked again, and found it was
 A Hippopotamus
 'If this should stay to dine,' he said,
 'There won't be much for us' *Ib ch 7*

He thought he saw an Albatross
 That fluttered round the lamp
 He looked again, and found it was
 A penny-postage-stamp
 'You'd best be getting home,' he said,
 'The nights are very damp' *Ib ch 12*

What I tell you three times is true
Hunting of the Snark, Fit 1. The Landing

He had forty-two boxes, all carefully packed,
 With his name painted clearly on each
 But, since he omitted to mention the tact,
 They were all left behind on the beach *Ib*

a WILLIAM HERBERT CARRUTH

He would answer to 'Hi!' or to any loud cry,
Such as 'Fry me!' or 'Fritter-my-wig!' *Ib*
His intimate friends called him 'Candle-ends',
And his enemies, 'Toasted-cheese' *Ib*
Then the bowsprit got mixed with the rudder some-
times *Ib*
But the principal failing occurred in the sailing,
And the Bellman, perplexed and distressed,
Said he *had* hoped, at least, when the wind blew due
East,
That the ship would *not* travel due West!
Ib Fit 2 *The Bellman's Speech*
But oh, beamish nephew, beware of the day,
If your Snark be a Boojum! For then
You will softly and suddenly vanish away,
And never be met with again!
Ib Fit 3 *The Baker's Tale*
They sought it with thimbles, they sought it with care,
They pursued it with forks and hope,
They threatened its life with a railway-share,
They charmed it with smiles and soap
Ib Fit 5 *The Beaver's Lesson*
Recollecting with tears how, in earlier years,
It had taken no pains with its sums *Ib*
And in charity-meetings it stands at the door,
And collects—though it does not subscribe *Ib*
For the Snark *was* a Boojum, you see
Ib Fit 8 *The Vanishing*

**WILLIAM HERBERT
CARRUTH**

1859-1924

Some call it evolution,
And others call it God
Each In His Own Tongue, and Other Poems,
1908

PHOEBE CARY

1824-1871

And though hard be the task,
'Keep a stiff upper lip' *Keep a Stiff Upper Lip*
Nearer my Father's house,
Where the many mansions be,
Nearer the great white throne,
Nearer the crystal sea. *Nearer Home*

HARRY CASTLING

What-Ho! She bumps! *Title of Song*
Let's all go down the Strand *Title of Song.*

REV. EDWARD CASWALL

1814-1878

Days and moments quickly flying,
Blend the living with the dead,
Soon will you and I be lying
Each within our narrow bed
Hymns & Poems Days and Moments Quickly
Flying

PATRICK REGINALD CHALMERS

b

Earth has many a noble city,
Bethlehem, thou dost all excel
Ib *Earth Has Many a Noble City.*
My God, I love Thee, not because
I hope for heaven thereby
Ib *My God, I Love Thee (tr from Latin)*
Come, Thou Holy Spirit, come,
And from Thy celestial home
Shed a ray of light Divine,
Come, Thou Father of the poor,
Come, Thou source of all our store,
Come, within our bosoms shine
Ib *Come Thou Holy Spirit, Come (tr from Latin).*
In our labour rest most sweet,
Grateful coolness in the heat,
Solace in the midst of woe *Ib*
Hark! a thrilling voice is sounding,
'Christ is nigh,' it seems to say
Ib *Hark! A Thrilling Voice is Sounding*
Jesu, the very thought of Thee
With sweetness fills the breast
Ib *Jesu, The Very Thought of Thee (tr from Latin)*

EDITH CAVELL

1865-1915

I realize that patriotism is not enough I must have
no hatred or bitterness towards any one
Last Words, 12 Oct. 1915 The Times, 23 Oct.
1915.

SUSANNAH CENTLIVRE

1667?-1723

The real Simon Pure
Bold Stroke for a Wife, v 1
And lash the vice and follies of the age
The Man's Bewitched, prologue
He is as melancholy as an unbrac'd drum.
Wonder, II 1

JOHN CHALKHILL

fl 1600

Oh, the sweet contentment
The countryman doth find. *Coridon's Song*

**PATRICK REGINALD
CHALMERS**

1874-

'I find,' said 'e, 'things very much as 'ow I've always
found,
For mostly they goes up and down or else goes round
and round',
Green Days and Blue Days Roundabouts and
Swings.
What's lost upon the roundabouts we pulls up on the
swings! *Ib*

JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN

1836-1914

But the cup is nearly full. The career of high-handed wrong is coming to an end. *Speech, 20 Oct 1884*

Provided that the City of London remains as it is at present, the clearing-house of the world

Ib. Guildhall, London, 19 Jan. 1904

Learn to think Imperially. *Ib*

The day of small nations has long passed away. The day of Empires has come

Ib Birmingham, 12 May, 1904

We are not downhearted The only trouble is, we cannot understand what is happening to our neighbours.

Ib. Smethwick, 18 Jan. 1906

ROBERT CHAMBERS

1802-1871

To change the name, and not the letter,
Is a change for the worst, and not for the better

Book of Days, vol 11, June, p 723

JOHN CHANDLER

1806-1876

Conquering kings their titles take

From the foes they captive make*

Jesu, by a nobler deed,

From the thousands He hath freed.

Hymns Ancient and Modern, Conquering Kings

Their Titles Take, tr from Latin

ARTHUR CHAPMAN

1873-

Out where the handclasp's a little stronger,

Out where the smile dwells a little longer,

That's where the West begins.

Out Where the West Begins

GEORGE CHAPMAN

1559?-1634?

I know an Englishman,

Being flatter'd, is a lamb, threaten'd, a lion,

Alphonus Emperor of Germany, 1 11

Berenice's ever-burning hair

Blind Beggar of Alexandria

Speed his plough *Bussy D'Ambois, 1 1*

Who to himself is law, no law doth need,

Offends no law, and is a king indeed. *Ib 11 1*

Terror of darkness! O, thou king of flames! *Ib v 1*

Give me a spirit that on this life's rough sea

Loves t'have his sails fill'd with a lusty wind,

Even till his sail-yards tremble, his masts crack,

And his rapt ship run on her side so low

That she drinks water, and her keel ploughs air

Byron's Conspiracy, 111 1

O incredulity! the wit of fools,
That slovenly will spit on all things fair,
The coward's castle, and the sluggard's cradle

De Guiana, 1 82

We have watered our horses in Helicon

May-Day, 111 111

For one heat, all know, doth drive out another,

One passion doth expel another still

Monsieur D'Olive, v 1

They're only truly great who are truly good

Revenge for Honour, v 11

A poem, whose subject is not truth, but things like truth

Revenge of Bussy D'Ambois, dedication

Danger, the spur of all great minds. *Ib v 1*

And let a scholar all Earth's volumes carry,

He will be but a walking dictionary

Tears of Peace, 1 266

CHARLES I OF ENGLAND

1600-1649

Never make a defence of apology before you be accused.

Letter to Lord Wentworth, 3 Sept 1636

Remember

To Bishop Juxon, on the Scaffold, 30 Jan 1649

Rushworth's Hist Collections, 1701, pt 1v

CHARLES II OF ENGLAND

1630-1685

He [Charles II] said once to myself, he was no atheist, but he could not think God would make a man miserable only for taking a little pleasure out of the way.

Burnet, History of My Own Time, vol 1, bk 11, ch. 1.

He [Lauderdale] told me, the king spoke to him to let that [Presbytery] go, for it was not a religion for gentlemen *Ib ch 2*

King Charles gave him [Godolphin] a short character when he was page, which he maintained to his life's end, of being never in the way, nor out of the way *Ib vol 11, bk 11, ch 11, n (The Earl of Dartmouth).*

Let not poor Nelly starve *Ib ch 17*

Better than a play

(On the Debates in the House of Lords on Lord Ross's Divorce Bill, 1670) A Bryant, King Charles II

Brother, I am too old to go again to my travels

Hume's History of Great Britain, vol 11, 1757, ch 7

That is very true for my words are my own, and my actions are my ministers*

Reply to Lord Rochester's Epitaph on him, [q v]

I am sure no man in England wil take away my life
to make you King (To his brother James)
W. King's Political & Lit. Anecdotes

He had been, he said, an unconscionable time dying,
but he hoped that they would excuse it
Macaulay's Hist. England, 1849, vol. 1, ch. 4,
p. 437

SALMON PORTLAND CHASE

1808-1873

No more slave States, no slave Territories
Platform of the Free Soil National Convention,
1848

The Constitution, in all its provisions, looks to an
indestructible Union composed of indestructible
States
Decision in Texas v. White, 7 Wallace, 725

The way to resumption is to resume
Letter to Horace Greeley, 17 May 1866

EARL OF CHATHAM

see

WILLIAM PITT

THOMAS CHATTERTON

1752-1770

O! synge untoe mie roundelaie,
O! droppe the brynye teare wythe mee,
Daunce ne moe atte hallie daie,
Lycke a reynnyer ryver bee,
Mie love ys dedde,
Gon to hys death-bedde,
Al under the willowe-tree

Mynstrelles Songe

GEOFFREY CHAUCER

1328-1400

Singest with vois memorial in the shade
Anelida and Arcite, poem

Whanne that Aprille with his shoures sote
The droghte of Marche hath perced to the rote
Canterbury Tales Prologue 1.1.

And smale fowles maken melodye,
That slepen al the night with open ye,
(So priketh hem nature in hir corages)
Than longen folk to goon on pilgrimages *Ib 1 9*

He loved chivalrye,
Trouthe and honour, freedom and curteisye *Ib 1 45*

He was a verray parfit gentil knight *Ib 1 72*

He was as fresh as is the month of May *Ib 1 92*

He coude songes make and wel endyte *Ib 1 95*

Curteys he was, lowly, and servisable,
And carf biforn his fader at the table *Ib 1 99*

Hir grettteste ooth was but by seynt Loy *Ib 1 120*

Ful wel she song the service dyvne,
Entuned in hir nose ful semely,
And Frensh she spak ful faire and fetisly,
After the scole of Stratford atte Bowe,
For Frensh of Paris was to hir unknowe *Ib 1 122*

She wolde wepe, if that she sawe a mous
Caught in a trappe, if it were ded or bledde
Of smale houndes had she, that she fedde
With rosted flesh, or milk and wastel-breed
But sore weep she it oon of hem were ded *Ib 1 144*

He yaf nat of that text a pulled hen,
That seith, that hunters been nat holy men *Ib 1 177*

A Frere ther was, a wantown and a merye *Ib 1 208*

He knew the tavernes wel in every toun *Ib 1 240*

He was the best beggere in his hous *Ib 1 252*

Somwhat he lpsed, for his wantownesse,
To make his English swete up-on his tonge *Ib 1 264*

A Clerk ther was of Oxenford also *Ib 1 285*

For him was lever have at his beddes heed
Twenty bokes, clad in blak or reed,
Of Aristotle and his philosophye,
Than robes riche, or fithele, or gay sautrye
But al be that he was a philosopre,
Yet hadde he but litel gold in cofre *Ib 1 293*

And gladly wolde he lerne, and gladly teche *Ib 1 308*

No-wher so bisy a man as he ther nas,
And yet he semed bisier than he was *Ib. 1 321*

For he was Epicurus owne sone *Ib 1 336*

It snewed in his hous of mete and drinke *Ib 1 345*

A Shipman was ther, woning fer by weste
For aught I woot, he was of Dertemouth *Ib 1 388*

And, certainly, he was a good felawe *Ib 1 395*

Of nyce conscience took he no keep
If that he faught, and hadde the hyer hond,
By water he sente hem hoom to every lond *Ib 1 398.*

His studie was but htel on the bible *Ib 1 438*

She was a worthy womman al hir lyve,
Housbondes at chirche-dore she hadde fyve,
Withouten other compaigne in youthe,
But therof redeth nat to speke as nouthe
And thryes hadde she been at Jerusalem,
She hadde passed many a straunge stream,
At Rome she hadde been, and at Bologne,
In Galice at seint Jame, and at Coloigne *Ib 1 459.*

A good man was ther of religioun,
And was a povre Persoun of a toun *Ib 1 477.*

This noble ensample to his sheep he yaf,
That first he wroughte, and afterward he taughte *Ib 1 496.*

But Cristes lore, and his apostles twelve,
He taughte, but first he folwed it him-selve *Ib 1 527*

That hadde a fyr-reed cherubynnes face *Ib 1. 624.*

Wel loved he garleek, oynons, and eek lekes,
And for to drinken strong wyn, reed as blood.

Canterbury Tales Prologue l 634

His walet lay biforn him in his lappe,
Bret-ful of pardoun come from Rome al hoot
Ib l 686

He hadde a croys of latoun, ful of stones,
And in a glas he hadde pigges bones
But with thise relikes, whan that he fonde
A povre person dwelling up-on lond,
Up-on a day he gat him more moneye
Than that the person gat in monthes tweye
And thus, with feyned flaterye and japes,
He made the person and the peple his apes
Ib l 690.

Who-so shal telle a tale after a man,
He moot reherce, as ny as ever he can,
Everich a word, if it be in his charge,
Al speke he never so rudeliche and large;
Or elles he moot telle his tale untrewe,
Or feyne thing, or finde wordes newe
Ib l 731

And therfore, at the kinges court, my brother,
Ech man for him-self, ther is non other
Ib *Knyghtes Tale*, l 323

And whan a beest is deed, he hath no payne,
But man after his deeth moot wepe and pleyne
Ib l 461

The bisy lark, messenger of day
Ib l 633.

For pitee renneth sone in gentil herte
Ib l 903

Up roos the sonne, and up roos Emelye
Ib l 1415

Yet in our asshen olde is fyr y-reke
Ib *The Reves Prologue*, l 28

So was hir joly whistle wel y-wet
Ib *The Reves Tale*, l 235

She is mirour of alle curteisye
Ib *Tale of the Man of Lawe*, l 68

He wolde sowen soun difficultee,
Or springen cokkel in our clene corn
Ib *The Shipmannes Prologue*, l 20

He can nat stinte of singing by the weye
Ib *The Prioresses Tale*, l 105

'Thou lokest as thou woldest finde an hare,
For ever up-on the ground I see thee stare
Ib *Prologue to Sir Thopas*, l 6

What is bettre than wisdom? Womman And what
is bettre than a good womman? No-thing
Ib *The Tale of Melibeus*, § 15

Ful wys is he that can him-selven knowe
Ib *The Monkes Tale*, l 149

Redeth the grete poete of Itaille,
That highte Dant, for he can al devyse
Fro point to point, nat o word wol he faille
Ib l 470

The month in which the world bigan,
That highte March, whan god first maked man
Ib *The Nonne Preestes Tale*, l 367

Daun Russel the fox sterte up at ones
Ib l 514

And on a Friday fil al this meschaunce.
Ib l 521

And lightly as it comth, so wol we spende.

Ib *Pardoners Tale*, l 453.

The bacoun was nat fet for hem, I trowe,
That som men han in Essex at Dunmowe
Ib *The Prologe of the Wyves of Bathe*, l 217.

And for to see, and eek for to be seye
Ib l 552.

But yet I hadde alwey a coltes tooth
Cat-tothed I was, and that bicam me weel.
Ib l 602

This is a long preamble of a tale.
Ib l 831

As thikke as motes in the sonne-beem
Ib *Tale of the Wyf of Bathe*, l 12

'My lge lady, generally,' quod he,
'Wommen desyren to have sovereyntee
As wel over hir housbond as hir love'
Ib l 181

He is gentil that doth gentil dedis
Ib l 314

The carl spaak oo thing, but he thoghte another
Ib *The Freres Tale*, l 270

Thus with hir fader, for a certen space,
Dwelleth this flour of wyfly pacience,
That neither by hir wordes ne hir face
Biforn the folk, ne eek in hir absence,
Ne shewed she that hir was doon offence.
Ib *The Clerkes Tale*, l 862

O stormy peple! unsad and ever untrewe
Ib l 939

A doghter hadde this worthy king also,
That yongest was, and highte Canacee
Ib *The Squeres Tale*, l 27

Trouthe is the hyeste thing that man may kepe
Ib *The Frankeleyns Tale*, l 751

Lat take a cat, and fostre him wel with milk,
And tendre flesh, and make his couche of silk,
And lat him seen a mous go by the wal,
Anon he weyvet milk, and flesh, and al,
And every deyntee that is in that hous,
Swich appetyt hath he to ete a mous
Ib *The Maunciples Tale*, l 71

Ful craftur to pley she was
Than Athalus, that made the game
First of the ches so was his name
The Book of the Duchesse, l 662

O litel book, thou art so unconning,
How darst thou put thy-self in prees for drede?
The Flower and the Leaf, l 591

Venus clerk, Ovyde,
That hath y-sowen wonder wyde
The grete god of Loves name
Ib *The Hous of Fame*, iii, l 397

And as for me, though that I can but lyte,
On bokes for to rede, I me delyte,
And to hem yee I feyth and ful credence,
And in myn herte have hem in reverence
So hertely, that ther is game noon,
That fro my bokes maketh me to goon,
But hit be seldom, on the holyday,
Save, certeynly, whan that the month of May
Is comen, and that I here the foules singe,
And that the floures ginnen for to springe,
Farwel my book and my devocion

Legend of Good Women, Prologue, l 29

That, of alle the floures in the mede,
Than love I most theses floures whyte and rede,
Swiche as men callen dayies in our toun *Ib*

Til that myn herte dye *Ib* 1 57

That wel by reson men hit calle may
The davesye or elles the ye of day,
The emperce and flour of floures alle
I pray to god that fare mot she falle,
And alle that loven floures, for hir sake *Ib* 1 183

For lo, the gentil kind of the lion!
For whan a flye offendeth him or byteth,
He with his tayl away the flye smyteth
Al esily, for, of his gentyre,
Him deyneth nat to wreke him on a flye,
As doth a curre, or elles another beste *Ib* 1 377

And she was fair as is the rose in May
Ib Legend of Cleopatra, 1 34

The lyf so short, the craft so long to lerne,
Thassay so hard, so sharp the conquering
The Parlement of Foules, 1 1

For out of olde felde, as men seith,
Cometh al this newe corn froe yere to yere,
And out of olde bokes, in good feith,
Cometh al this newe science that men lere *Ib* 1 22

Thou shalt make castels than in Spayne,
And dreme of joye, al but in vayne
Romaunt of the Rose, B 1 2573

But the Troyane gestes, as they felle,
In Omer, or in Dares, or in Dyte,
Who-so that can, may rede hem as they wryte
Troilus and Criseyde, 1, 1 145

For it is seyde, man maketh ofte a yerde
With which the maker is him-self y-beten *Ib* 1 740
O wind, O wind, the wedder ginneth clere *Ib* 11, 1 2

Til crows feet be growe under your ye *Ib* 1 403
And we shal speke of thee som-what, I trowe,
Whan thou art goon, to do thyne eres glowe! *Ib* 1 1021

It is nought good a sleping hound to wake
Ib 111, 1 764

For I have seyn, of a ful misty morwe,
Folwen ful ofte a mery someres day *Ib* 1 1060
Right as an aspes leef she gan to quake *Ib* 1 1200
And as the newe abaysshed nightingale,
That stineth first whan she bigunneth singe *Ib* 1 1233

For of fortunes sharp adversitee
The worst kinde of infortune is this,
A man to have ben in prosperitee,
And it remembre, whan it passed is *Ib* 1 1625

Oon ere it herde, at the other out it wente
Ib 11, 1 434

But manly set the world on Sixe and Sevene,
And, if thou deye a martir, go to hevене. *Ib* 1 622

For tyme y-lost may not recovered be *Ib* 1 1283
Ye, fare-wel al the snow of ferne yere! *Ib* v, 1 1176

Eek greet effect men wryte in place lyte. [1 e little space]
Thentente is al, and nought the lettres space *Ib* 1 1629.

Go, litel book, go litel myn tragedie *Ib* 1. 1786.

O yonge fresshe folkes, he or she. *Ib* 1. 1835

O moral Gower, this book I directe
To thee *Ib* 1. 1856

ANDREW CHERRY

1762-1812

Loud roar'd the dreadful thunder,
The rain a deluge show'rs. *The Bay of Biscay*

Till next day,
There she lay,
In the Bay of Biscay, O! *Ib.*

PHILIP DORMER STANHOPE, EARL OF CHESTERFIELD

1694-1773

In scandal, as in robbery, the receiver is always
thought as bad as the thief
Advice to his Son. Rules for Conversation, Scandal

In my mind, there is nothing so illiberal and so ill-
bred, as audible laughter *Ib Graces, Laughter.*

In my opinion, parsons are very like other men, and
neither the better nor the worse for wearing a
black gown *Letter to his Son, 5 Apr 1746.*

The knowledge of the world is only to be acquired
in the world, and not in a closet *Ib 4 Oct 1746.*

An injury is much sooner forgotten than an insult
Ib 9 Oct 1746.

Courts and camps are the only places to learn the
world in *Ib 2 Oct 1747.*

There is a Spanish proverb, which says very justly,
Tell me whom you live with, and I will tell you who
you are. *Ib 9 Oct 1747.*

Take the tone of the company that you are in. *Ib.*

Do as you would be done by is the surest method
that I know of pleasing *Ib 16 Oct 1747.*

I recommend you to take care of the minutes, for
hours will take care of themselves *Ib 6 Nov 1747.*

Advice is seldom welcome, and those who want it
the most always like it the least. *Ib 29 Jan. 1748.*

Speak of the moderns without contempt, and of the
ancients without idolatry *Ib 22 Feb 1748.*

Wear your learning, like your watch, in a private
pocket and do not merely pull it out and strike it;
merely to show that you have one *Ib.*

Sacrifice to the Graces *Ib 9 Mar 1748.*

If Shakespeare's genius had been cultivated, those
beauties, which we so justly admire in him, would
have been disgraced by those extravagancies, and
that nonsense, with which they are so frequently
accompanied. *Ib 1 Apr 1748.*

Women, then, are only children of a larger growth
they have an entertaining tattle, and sometimes
wit, but for solid, reasoning good-sense, I never
knew in my life one that had it, or who reasoned
or acted consequentially for four and twenty hours
together *Ib* 5 Sept 1748

A man of sense only trifles with them [women], plays
with them, humours and flatters them, as he does
with a sprightly and forward child, but he neither
consults them about, nor trusts them with, serious
matters *Ib*

It must be owned, that the Graces do not seem to be
natives of Great Britain, and I doubt, the best of us
here have more of rough than polished diamond
Ib 18 Nov 1748

Idleness is only the refuge of weak minds
Ib 20 July, 1749

Women are much more like each other than men
they have, in truth, but two passions, vanity and
love, these are their universal characteristics
Ib 19 Dec 1749

Knowledge may give weight, but accomplishments
give lustre, and many more people see than weigh
Ib 8 May 1750

Is it possible to love such a man? No The utmost
I can do for him is to consider him as a respectable
Hottentot [Lord Lyttelton] *Ib* 28 Feb 1751

It is commonly said, and more particularly by Lord
Shaftesbury, that ridicule is the best test of truth
Ib 6 Feb 1752

Every woman is infallibly to be gained by every sort
of flattery, and every man by one sort or other
Ib 16 Mar 1752

In matters of religion and matrimony I never give
any advice, because I will not have anybody's
torments in this world or the next laid to my
charge *Letter to A C Stanhope, 12 Oct 1765*

Religion is by no means a proper subject of conversa-
tion in a mixed company
Undated Letter to his Godson, No 112

I assisted at the birth of that most significant word,
flirtation, which dropped from the most beautiful
mouth in the world *The World, No 101*

Tyrawley and I have been dead these two years, but
we don't choose to have it known
Boswell's Johnson, 3 Apr 1773

He once exclaimed to Anstis, Garter King at Arms,
'You foolish man, you do not even know your own
foolish business'

*Jesse's Memoirs of the Court of England from
1688 to Geo II, vol II*

Give Dayrolles a chair
Last Words W H Craig, Life of Chesterfield

The dews of the evening most carefully shun,
Those tears of the sky for the loss of the sun
Advice to a Lady in Autumn

Unlike my subject will I frame my song,
It shall be witty and it sha'n't be long
Epigram on ['Long'] Sir Thomas Robinson D N B

The picture plac'd the busts between,
Adds to the thought much strength,
Wisdom and Wit are little seen,
But Folly's at full length
Wit and Wisdom of Lord Chesterfield Epigrams On the Picture of Richard Nash between the Busts of Newton and Pope at Bath (Attr also to Mrs Jane Brereton)

GILBERT KEITH CHESTERTON

1874-1936

Are they clinging to their crosses,
F E Smith?
Antichrist, or the Reunion of Christendom

Talk about the pews and steeples
And the cash that goes therewith!
But the souls of Christian peoples
Chuck it, Smith! *Ib*

Heaven shall forgive you Bridge at dawn,
The cloths you wear—or do not wear—
Ballade d'une Grande Dame

But for the virtuous things you do,
The righteous work, the public care,
It shall not be forgiven you *Ib*

They spoke of progress spinning round,
Of Light and Mrs Humphry Ward—
It is not true to say I frowned,
Or ran about the room and roared,
I might have simply sat and snored—
I rose politely in the club
And said, 'I feel a little bored;
Will some one take me to a pub?'
A Ballade of an Anti-Puritan

I'll read 'Jack Redskin on the Quest'
And feed my brain with better things
A Ballade of a Book Reviewer

Prince, Prince-Elective on the modern plan,
Fulfilling such a lot of people's Wills,
You take the Chiltern Hundreds while you can—
A storm is coming on the Chiltern Hills
A Ballade of the First Rain

The gallows in my garden, people say,
Is new and neat and adequately tall
A Ballade of Suicide

The strangest whim has seized me After all
I think I will not hang myself to-day *Ib*
Prince, I can hear the trumpet of Germinal,
The tumbrils toiling up the terrible way,
Even to-day your royal head may fall—
I think I will not hang myself to-day *Ib*

Before the gods that made the gods
Had seen their sunrise pass,
The White Horse of the White Horse Vale
Was cut out of the grass
Ballad of the White Horse, bk. I.

There was not English armour left,
Nor any English thing,
When Alfred came to Athelney
To be an English king *Ib.*

- I tell you naught for your comfort,
Yea, naught for your desire,
Save that the sky grows darker yet
And the sea rises higher *Ib*
- Last of a race in ruin—
He spoke the speech of the Gaels *Ib bk 11*
- For the great Gaels of Ireland
Are the men that God made mad,
For all their wars are merry,
And all their songs are sad *Ib*
- The thing on the blind side of the heart,
On the wrong side of the door,
The green plant groweth, menacing
Almighty lovers in the spring,
There is always a forgotten thing,
And love is not secure *Ib bk 111*
- We have more lust again to lose
Than you to win again *Ib*
- And when the last arrow
Was fitted and was flown,
When the broken shield was hung on the breast,
And the hopeless lance was laid in rest,
And the hopeless horn blown,
The King looked up *Ib bk vii*
- Nelson turned his blindest eye
On Naples and on liberty
Blessed are the Peacemakers
- The Christ-child stood at Mary's knee,
His hair was like a crown,
And all the flowers looked up at Him,
And all the stars looked down
A Christmas Carol
- When fishes flew and forests walked
And figs grew upon thorn,
Some moment when the moon was blood
Then surely I was born.
- With monstrous head and sickening cry
And ears like errant wings,
The devil's walking parody
Of all four-footed things. *The Donkey*
- Fools! For I also had my hour,
One far fiercer hour and sweet
There was a shout about my ears,
And palms before my feet *Ib*
- There is one creed 'neath no world-terror's wing
Apples forget to grow on apple-trees
Ecclesiastes
- The men that worked for England
They have their graves at home.
- And they that rule in England,
In stately conclave met,
Alas, alas for England
They have no graves as yet
Elegy in a Country Churchyard
- But since he stood for England
And knew what England means,
Unless you give him bacon
You must not give him beans *The Englishman.*
- Mr Mandragon, the Millionaire
The Good Rich Man
- When Man is the Turk, and the Atheist,
Essene, Erastian Whig,
And the Thug and the Druse and the Catholic
And the crew of the Captain's gig
The Higher Umy
- But our best is as far as the fire-drake swings
And our peace is put in impossible things
Where clashed and thundered unthinkable wings
Round an incredible star
The House of Christmas
- Or must Fate act the same grey farce again,
And wait, till one, amid Time's wrecks and scars,
Speaks to a ruin here, 'What poet-race
Shot such Cyclopean arches at the stars?'
King's Cross Station.
- White founts falling in the courts of the sun,
And the Soldan of Byzantium is smiling as they run
Lepanto
- The cold queen of England is looking in the glass,
The shadow of the Valois is yawning at the Mass *Ib*
- Strong gongs groaning as the drums beat far. *Ib.*
- Don John of Austria is going to the war *Ib*
- It is he that saith not 'Kismet', it is he that knows
not fate,
It is Richard, it is Raymond, it is Godfrey in the
gate! *Ib*
- Cervantes on his galley sets the sword back in the
sheath,
(Don John of Austria rides homeward with a wreath)
Ib
- And he smiles, but not as Sultans smile, and settles
back the blade
(But Don John of Austria rides home from the
Crusade) *Ib*
- For I come from Castlepatrick, and me heart is on me
sleeve,
But a lady stole it from me on St Gallowglass's Eye
Me Heart
- The folk that live in Liverpool, their heart is in their
boots,
They go to hell like lambs, they do, because the
hooter hoots *Ib*
- And they think we're burning witches when we're
only burning weeds *Ib*
- You saw the moon from Sussex Downs,
A Sussex moon, untravelled still,
I saw a moon that was the town's,
The largest lamp on Campden Hill
The Napoleon of Notting Hill, dedication
- This did not end by Nelson's urn
Where an immortal England sits—
Nor where your tall young men in turn
Drank death like wine at Austerlitz *Ib*
- Yes, Heaven is everywhere at home,
The big blue cap that always fits. *Ib*
- The legend of an epic hour
A child I dreamed, and dream it still,
Under the great grey water-tower
That strikes the stars on Campden Hill *Ib.*

- a
- John Grubby, who was short and stout
And troubled with religious doubt,
Refused about the age of three
To sit upon the curate's knee
- The New Freethinker*
- From all the easy speeches
That comfort cruel men O God of Earth and Altar
'What of vile dust?' the preacher said
Methought the whole world woke
- The Praise of Dust*
- Before the Roman came to Rye or out to Severn
strode,
The rolling English drunkard made the rolling
English road *The Rolling English Road*
- That night we went to Birmingham by way of Beachy
Head. *Ib*
- My friends we will not go again or ape an ancient rage,
Or stretch the folly of our youth to be the shame of
age *Ib*.
- For there is good news yet to hear and fine things to
be seen,
Before we go to Paradise by way of Kensal Green *Ib*
- And a few men talked of freedom, while England
talked of ale *The Secret People*
- But the squire seemed struck in the saddle, he was
foolish, as if in pain
He leaned on a staggering lawyer, he clutched a
cringing Jew,
He was stricken, it may be, after all, he was stricken
at Waterloo *Ib*
- We only know the last sad squires ride slowly towards
the sea,
And a new people takes the land and still it is not
we. *Ib*
- Smile at us, pay us, pass us, but do not quite forget
For we are the people of England, that never have
spoken yet *Ib*
- Lord Lilac thought it rather rotten
That Shakespeare should be quite forgotten,
And therefore got on a Committee
With several chaps out of the City.
- The Shakespeare Memorial*
- The souls most fed with Shakespeare's flame
Still sat unconquered in a ring,
Remembering him like anything *Ib*
- But not with that grand constancy
Of Clement Shorter, Herbert Tree,
Lord Rosebery and Comyns Carr
And all the other names there are,
Who stuck like limpets to the spot,
Lest they forgot, lest they forgot
- Lord Lilac was of slighter stuff,
Lord Lilac had had quite enough *Ib*
- God made the wicked Grocer
For a mystery and a sign,
That men might shun the awful shop
And go to inns to dine.
- Song Against Grocers*
- The evil-hearted Grocer
Would call his mother 'Ma'am,'
And bow at her and bob at her,
Her aged soul to damn. *Ib*
- He crams with cans of poisoned meat
The subjects of the King,
And when they die by thousands
Why, he laughs like anything *Ib*
- He keeps a lady in a cage
Most cruelly all day,
And makes her count and calls her 'Miss'
Until she fades away *Ib*.
- The righteous minds of innkeepers
Induce them now and then
To crack a bottle with a friend
Or treat unmoneyed men,
But who hath seen the Grocer
Treat housemaids to his teas
Or crack a bottle of fish-sauce
Or stand a man a cheese? *Ib*.
- And I dream of the days when work was scrappy,
And rare in our pockets the mark of the mint,
And we were angry and poor and happy,
And proud of seeing our names in print.
- A Song of Defeat*
- And sword in hand upon Africa's passes
Her last republic cried to God *Ib*
- And the faith of the poor is faint and partial,
And the pride of the rich is all for sale,
And the chosen heralds of England's Marshal
Are the sandwich-men of the *Daily Mail*. *Ib*
- 'They haven't got no noses,
The fallen sons of Eve *The Song of Quoodle*
- And goodness only knows
The Noselessness of Man *Ib*
- But I, I cannot read it
(Although I run and run)
Of them that do not have the faith,
And will not have the fun
- The Song of the Strange Ascetic*
- Tea, although an Oriental,
Is a gentleman at least,
Cocoa is a cad and coward,
Cocoa is a vulgar beast
- The Song of Right and Wrong.*
- Where his aunts, who are not married,
Demand to be divorced *Ib*.
- When old unbroken Pickwick walked
Among the broken men
- When I Came Back to Fleet Street.*
- Still he that scorns and struggles
Sees, frightful and afar,
All that they leave of rebels
Rot high on Temple Bar *Ib*.
- And Noah he often said to his wife when he sat down
to dine,
'I don't care where the water goes if it doesn't get
into the wine' *Wine and Water.*
- Step softly, under snow or rain,
To find the place where men can pray;
The way is all so very plain
That we may lose the way *The Wise Men*
- 'Call upon the wheels, master, call upon the wheels,
We are taking rest, master, finding how it feels'
- Song of the Wheels*
- b

And that is the meaning of Empire Day
Songs of Education Geography
 All slang is metaphor, and all metaphor is poetry
The Defendant A Defence of Slang
 There is nothing the matter with Americans except
 their ideals The real American is all right, it is
 the ideal American who is all wrong
New York Times, 1 Feb 1931 Reprinted in
Sidelights
 He [Tennyson] could not think up to the height of
 his own towering style
Victorian Age in Literature, ch 3

ALBERT CHEVALIER

1861-1923

'Wot's the good of Hanyfink? Why—Nuffink!'
Cockney Complaint
 We've been together now for forty years,
 An' it don't seem a day too much,
 There ain't a lady livin' in the land
 As I'd 'swop' for my dear old Dutch! *My Old Dutch*
 Knocked him in the Old Kent Road *Title of Song*

WILLIAM CHILLINGWORTH

1602-1644

The Bible and the Bible only is the religion of Protestants
The Religion of Protestants

RUFUS CHOATE

1799-1858

Its constitution the glittering and sounding generalities
 of natural right which make up the Declaration
 of Independence
Letter to the Maine Whig State Central Committee, 9 Aug 1856

HENRY FOTHERGILL
CHORLEY

1808-1872

God the All-terrible! King, Who ordainest
 Great winds Thy clarnings, the lightnings Thy sword
Hullah's Part Music God The All-Terrible!

DAVID CHRISTY

1802-?

Cotton is King. *Title of book, 1855.*

CHARLES CHURCHILL

1731-1764

Greatly his foes he dreads, but more his friends,
 He hurts me most who lavishly commends
The Apology, l 19
 Though by whim, envy, or resentment led,
 They damn those authors whom they never read
The Candidate, l. 57

The only difference, after all their rout,
 Is, that the one is in, the other out
The Consequence, l 165
 If all, if all alas! were well at home *Ib l 226*
 Be England what she will,
 With all her faults, she is my country still
The Farewell, l 27
 It can't be Nature, for it is not sense *Ib l 200*
 England—a happy land we know,
 Where follies naturally grow
The Ghost, bk 1, l 111

Fame

Is nothing but an empty name *Ib l 229*
 And adepts in the speaking trade
 Keep a cough by them ready made *Ib bk. 11, l 545*
 Who wit with jealous eye surveys,
 And sickens at another's praise *Ib l 663*
 Just to the windward of the law *Ib bk 111, l 56*
 He for subscribers baits his hook,
 And takes your cash, but where's the book?
 No matter where, wise fear, you know,
 Forbids the robbing of a foe,
 But what, to serve our private ends,
 Forbids the cheating of our friends? *Ib l 801*
 A joke's a very serious thing *Ib bk 14, l 1386*
 Railing at life, and yet afraid of death
Gotham, 1, l 215

Thy danger chiefly lies in acting well,
 No crime's so great as daring to excel
Epistle to William Hogarth, l 51

Candour, who, with the charity of Paul,
 Still thinks the best, when'er she thinks at all,
 With the sweet milk of human kindness bless'd,
 The furious ardour of my zeal repress'd *Ib l 55*

By different methods different men excel,
 But where is he who can do all things well?
Ib l 573

Keep up appearances, there lies the test,
 The world will give thee credit for the rest
 Outward be fair, however foul within,
 Sin if thou wilt, but then in secret sin *Night, l 311*

As one with watching and with study faint,
 Reel in a drunkard, and reel out a saint *Ib l 323*

Who often, but without success, have pray'd
 For apt Alliteration's artful aid
The Prophecy of Famine, l 85

A heart to pity, and a hand to bless *Ib l 178*

He sicken'd at all triumphs but his own
The Rosciad, l 64

Ne'er blush'd unless, in spreading Vice's snares,
 She blunder'd on some virtue unawares *Ib l 137*

Genius is of no country *Ib l 207*

He mouths a sentence, as curs mouth a bone
Ib l 322

Fashion!—a word which knaves and fools may use,
 Their knavery and folly to excuse *Ib l 455.*

So much they talk'd, so very little said *Ib l 550*

Not without art, but yet to nature true. *Ib l 699.*

But, spite of all the criticizing elves,
Those who would make us feel, must feel themselves
Ib 1 961

The two extremes appear like man and wife,
Coupled together for the sake of strife
The Rosciad, 1 1005

Where he falls short, 'tis Nature's fault alone,
Where he succeeds, the merit's all his own
Ib 1. 1025

The best things carried to excess are wrong
Ib 1 1039

With the persuasive language of a tear
The Times, 1 308.

LORD RANDOLPH SPENCER CHURCHILL

1849-1894

The old gang [Members of the Conservative
Government]
Speech, House of Commons, 7 Mar 1878.

He told them that he would give them and all other
subjects of the Queen much legislation, great prosper-
ity, and universal peace, and he has given them
nothing but chips Chips to the faithful allies in
Afghanistan, chips to the trusting native races of
South Africa, chips to the Egyptian fellah, chips
to the British farmer, chips to the manufacturer
and the artisan, chips to the agricultural labourer,
chips to the House of Commons itself
Ib 24 Jan 1884

An old man in a hurry [Gladstone]
*Ib To the Electors of South Paddington, June
1886*

Ulster will fight, Ulster will be right
Letter, 7 May 1886.

All great men make mistakes. Napoleon forgot
Blucher, I forgot Coschen
*Leaves from the Notebooks of Lady Dorothy
Nevill, p 21*

The duty of an Opposition is to oppose
*1830 Quoted by Lord Randolph Churchill
W S Churchill, Lord Randolph Churchill,
vol 1, ch 5*

WINSTON LEONARD SPENCER CHURCHILL

1874-

It cannot in the opinion of His Majesty's Government
be classified as slavery in the extreme acceptance
of the word without some risk of terminological
inexactitude
Speech, H of C, 22 Feb 1906

COLLEY CIBBER

1671-1757

O say! What is that thing called Light,
Which I can ne'er enjoy.
The Blind Boy.

Whilst thus I sing, I am a King,
Altho' a poor blind boy
Ib

Oh! how many torments lie in the small circle of a
wedding-ring!
The Double Gallant, I 11

Dumb's a sly dog
Love Makes a Man, IV 1

One had as good be out of the world, as out of the
fashion
Love's Last Shift, Act II

Off with his head—so much for Buckingham
Richard III, altered, IV 111

A weak invention of the enemy
Ib V 111

Conscience aunts, Richard's himself again.
Hark! the shrill trumpet sounds, to horse, away,
My soul's in arms, and eager for the fray.
Ib

Perish the thought!
Ib v

Losers must have leave to speak
The Rival Fools, Act I

Stolen sweets are best
Ib

This business will never hold water
She Would and She Would Not, Act IV

Persuasion tips his tongue where'er he talks,
And he has chambers in the King's Bench Walks
*Parody of Pope's lines on William Murray,
Lord Mansfield, in Satires and Epistles of
Horace Imitated, Bk I, Ep vi*

EARL OF CLARENDON

see

EDWARD HYDE

HENRY CLAY

1777-1852

I had rather be right than be President
*To Senator Preston of South Carolina, 1839
Schurz, Life of Henry Clay, vol II*

The gentleman [Josiah Quincy] can not have for-
gotten his own sentiments, uttered even on the floor
of this House, 'peaceably if we can, forcibly if we
must'
*Speech, 8 Jan 1813, Works, 1904, vol VI,
p 58.*

STEPHEN GROVER CLEVELAND

1837-1908

I have considered the pension list of the republic a
roll of honour
Veto of Dependent Pension Bill, 5 July 1888

ROBERT CLIVE LORD CLIVE

1725-1774

By God, Mr Chairman, at this moment I stand
astonished at my own moderation!
*Reply during Parliamentary cross-examination,
1773.*

I feel that I am reserved for some end or other.
*Words when his pistol failed to go off twice, in
 his attempt to commit suicide G. R. Gleig,
 Life, ch. 1.*

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH

1819-1861

Juxtaposition, in short, and what is juxtaposition?
Amours de Voyage, canto 1, l. 11

Allah is great, no doubt, and Juxtaposition his prophet
Ib canto 3, l. 6

Mild monastic faces in quiet collegiate cloisters
Ib canto 3, l. 9

Tibur is beautiful, too, and the orchard slopes, and
 the Anio
 Falling, falling yet, to the ancient lyrical cadence
Ib l. 11

Whither depart the souls of the brave that die in the
 battle,
 Die in the lost, lost fight, for the cause that perishes
 with them? *Ib canto 5, l. 6*

Say, 'I am flitting about many years from brain unto
 brain of

Feeble and restless youths born to inglorious days
 But, 'so finish the word, 'I was writ in a Roman
 chamber,
 When from Janiculan heights thundered the cannon
 of France' *Ib end*

The grave man, nicknamed Adam
The Bothe of Tober-na-Vuolich, 1

Over a ledge of granite
 Into a granite basin the amber torrent descended *Ib.*
 Petticoats up to the knees, or even, it might be, above
 them *Ib 11*

Hope an Antinous mere, Hyperion of calves the
 Piper *Ib*

Sesquipedalian blackguard. *Ib.*

Thicksides and hairy Aldrich. Ib

Grace is given of God, but knowledge is bought in the
 market *Ib 14*

Bright October was come, the misty-bright October
Ib 11

Dangerous Corryvreckan. *Ib 12*

This Rachel-and-Leah is marriage *Ib*

They are married and gone to New Zealand. *Ib.*

'There is no God,' the wicked saith,
 'And truly it's a blessing,
 For what He might have done with us
 It's better only guessing' *Dipsychus, pt. 1. v*

But country folks who live beneath

The shadow of the steeple,
 The parson and the parson's wife,
 And mostly married people,

Youths green and happy in first love,
 So thankful for illusion,
 And men caught out in what the world
 Calls guilt, in first confusion,

And almost every one when age,
 Disease, or sorrows strike him,
 Inclines to think there is a God,
 Or something very like Him. *Ib.*

Delicious. Ah!
 What else is like the gondola? *Ib pt 11 11*

How pleasant it is to have money *Ib*

Home, Rose, and home, Provence and La Pale
Ite Domum Saturae, Vent Hesperus

Thou shalt have one God only, who
 Would be at the expense of two?
The Latest Decalogue

Do not adultery commit,
 Advantage rarely comes of it *Ib*

Thou shalt not kill, but need'st not strive
 Officiously to keep alive *Ib*

Lo, here is God, and there is God,
 Believe it not, O Man *The New Sinai.*

What voice did on my spirit fall,
 Peschiera, when thy bridge I crost?
 'T is better to have fought and lost,
 Than never to have fought at all' *Peschiera.*

As ships, becalmed at eve, that lay
 With canvas drooping, side by side,
 Two towers of sail at dawn of day
 Are scarce long leagues apart, descried
Qua Cursum Ventus

O bounding breeze, O rushing seas!
 At last, at last, unite them there! *Ib*

Say not, the struggle naught availeth,
 The labour and the wounds are vain,
 The enemy faints not, nor faileth,
 And as things have been they remain

If hopes were dupes, fears may be liars,
 It may be, in yon smoke concealed,
 Your comrades chase e'en now the fliers,
 And, but for you, possess the field

For while the tired waves, vainly breaking,
 Seem here no painful inch to gain,
 Far back, through creeks and inlets making,
 Comes silent, flooding in, the main

And not by eastern windows only,
 When daylight comes, comes in the light,
 In front, the sun climbs slow, how slowly,
 But westward, look, the land is bright
Say Not, the Struggle Naught Availeth.

Green fields of England! whereso'er
 Across this watery waste we fare,
 Your image at our hearts we bear
 Green fields of England, everywhere
Songs in Absence. Green Fields of England!

To finger idly some old Gordian knot,
 Unskilled to sunder, and too weak to cleave,
 And with much toil attain to half-believe
Ib Come back, Come back.

Some future day when what is now is not,
 When all old faults and follies are forgot
Ib. Some Future Day.

Where lies the land to which the ship would go?
Far, far ahead, is all her seamen know,
And where the land she travels from? Away.
Far, far behind, is all that they can say

Ib Where Lies the Land

That out of sight is out of mind
Is true of most we leave behind

Ib That Out of Sight

WILLIAM COBBETT

1762-1835

The slavery of the tea and coffee and other slop-
kettle *Advice to Young Men, Letter 1, 31*

Nouns of number, or multitude, such as *Mob*,
Parliament, Rabble, House of Commons, Regi-
ment, Court of King's Bench, Den of Thieves,
and the like

*English Grammar, Letter xvii, Syntax as Relating
to Pronouns*

All is vulgar, all clumsy, all dull, all torpid inanity

Ib Letter xxiv, Six Lessons, Lesson 4

From a very early age, I had imbibed the opinion,
that it was every man's duty to do all that lay in
his power to leave his country as good as he had
found it *Political Register, 22 Dec 1832*

Give me, Lord, neither poverty nor riches. *Ib*

But what is to be the fate of the great wen (London)
of all? The monster, called 'the metropolis of
the empire?' *Rural Rides, 1821*

RICHARD COBDEN

1804-1865

I believe it has been said that one copy of *The Times*
contains more useful information than the whole
of the historical works of Thucydides
Speech, Manchester, 27 Dec 1850

CHARLES COBORN

1857-

Two lovely black eyes,
Oh! what a surprise!
Only for telling a man he was wrong,
Two lovely black eyes! *Two Lovely Black Eyes*

ALISON COCKBURN

1713-1794

I've seen the smiling of Fortune beguiling,
I've felt all its favours and found its decay
The Flowers of the Forest.

I've seen the forest adorn'd the foremost,
With flowers of the fairest, most pleasant and gay
Sae bonny their blooming, their scents the air per-
fuming,

But now they are wither'd and wede all away *Ib*

For the flowers of the forest are a' wede away. *Ib*

ASTON COKAYNE

1608-1684

Sydney, whom we yet admire
Lighting our little torches at his fire,
Funeral Elegy on Mr. Michael Drayton

SIR EDWARD COKE

1552-1634

Magna Charta is such a fellow, that he will have no
sovereign

*On the Lords' Amendment to the Petition of
Right, 17 May 1628 Rushworth's Hist. Coll.,
1659, 1.*

How long soever it hath continued, if it be against
reason, it is of no force in law
*Institutes Commentary upon Littleton. First
Institute, § 80*

Reason is the life of the law, nay the common law
itself is nothing else but reason *The law,
which is perfection of reason. Ib § 138*

The gladsome light of Jurisprudence *Ib epilogus.*

For a man's house is his castle, *et domus sua cuique est
tutissimum refugium Ib Third Institute, cap 73*

The house of every one is to him as his castle and
fortress. *Semayne's Case, 5 Rep 91b.*

Six hours in sleep, in law's grave study six,
Four spend in prayer, the rest on Nature fix
Pandects, lib 11, tit 14, De in Jus vocando

They [corporations] cannot commit treason, nor be
outlawed, nor excommunicate, for they have no
souls. *Sutton's Hospital Case, 10 Rep. 32b.*

HARTLEY COLERIDGE

1796-1849

But what is Freedom? Rightly understood,
A universal licence to be good *Liberty.*

She is not fair to outward view

As many maidens be,
Her loveliness I never knew

Until she smiled on me
Oh! then I saw her eye was bright,
A well of love, a spring of light *Song She is not Fair*

Her very frowns are fairer far,
Than smiles of other maidens are. *Ib*

Old times unqueen thee, and old loves endear thee
To a Lofty Beauty, from her Poor Kinsman

SIR JOHN COLERIDGE, BARON COLERIDGE

1820-1894

I speak not of this college or of that, but of the
University as a whole, and, gentlemen, what a
whole Oxford is!

G W. E. Russell's *Collections and Recollection*,
ch. 29.

a MARY ELIZABETH COLERIDGE
MARY ELIZABETH
COLERIDGE

1861-1907

Mother of God! no lady thou
Common woman of common earth! *Our Lady*

We were young, we were merry, we were very, very
wise,
And the door stood open at our feast,
When there passed us a woman with the West in her
eyes,
And a man with his back to the East *Unwelcome*

SAMUEL TAYLOR
COLERIDGE

1772-1834

It is an ancient Mariner,
And he stoppeth one of three
'By thy long grey beard and glittering eye,
Now wherefore stopp'st thou me?'
The Ancient Mariner, pt 1

The guests are met, the feast is set
May'st hear the merry din *Ib*

He holds him with his skinny hand,
'There was a ship,' quoth he
'Hold off! unhand me, grey-beard loon!'
Eftsoons his hand dropt he

He holds him with his glittering eye—
The Wedding-Guest stood still,
And listens like a three years' child
The Mariner hath his will

The Wedding-Guest sat on a stone
He cannot choose but hear,
And thus spake on that ancient man,
The bright-eyed Mariner

The ship was cheered, the harbour cleared,
Merrily did we drop
Below the kirk, below the hill,
Below the lighthouse top

The Sun came up upon the left
Out of the sea came he!
And he shone bright, and on the right
Went down into the sea

The Wedding-Guest here beat his breast,
For he heard the loud bassoon

The bride hath paced into the hall,
Red as a rose is she

As who pursued with vell and blow
Still treads the shadow of his foe,
And forward bends his head

And ice, mast-high, came floating by,
As green as emerald

The ice was here, the ice was there,
The ice was all around
It cracked and growled, and roared and howled,
Like noises in a sward!

It ate the food it ne'er had eat,
And round and round it flew.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE **b**

The ice did split with a thunder-fit,
The helmsman steered us through! *Ib.*

And a good south wind sprung up behind;
'The Albatross did follow,
And every day, for food or play,
Came to the mariner's hollo! *Ib*

'God save thee, ancient Mariner!
From the fiends that plague thee thus!—
Why look'st thou so?'—With my cross-bow
I shot the Albatross *Ib.*

Nor dim nor red, like God's own head,
The glorious Sun uprist *Ib pt. II*

We were the first that ever burst
Into that silent sea *Ib*

All in a hot and copper sky,
The bloody Sun, at noon,
Right up above the mast did stand,
No bigger than the Moon *Ib.*

As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean *Ib.*

Water, water, every where,
And all the boards did shrink,
Water, water, everywhere
Nor any drop to drink

The very deep did rot O Christ!
That ever thus should be!
Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs
Upon the slimy sea.

About, about, in reel and rout
The death-fires danced at night,
The water, like a witch's oils,
Burnt green, and blue and white *Ib*

Nine fathom deep he had followed us
From the land of mist and snow *Ib*

Ib There passed a weary time Each throat
Was parched, and glazed each eye
A weary time! a weary time!
How glazed each weary eye *Ib pt III*

I bit my arm, I sucked the blood,
And cried, A sail! a sail! *Ib*

Ib Gramercy! they for joy did grin,
And all at once their breath drew in,
As they were drinking all *Ib*

Ib When that strange shape drove suddenly
Betwixt us and the Sun *Ib*

Ib. And straight the Sun was flecked with bars,
(Heaven's Mother send us grace!)
As if through a dungeon-grate he peered
With broad and burning face *Ib.*

Ib Her lips were red, her looks were free,
Her locks were yellow as gold
Her skin was white as leprosy,
The Night-mare LIFE-IN-DEATH was she,
Who thicks man's blood with cold

Ib The naked hulk alongside came,
And the twain were casting dice,
'The game is done! I've won! I've won!'
Quoth she, and whistles thrice *Ib.*

The Sun's rim dips, the stars rush out
 At one stride comes the dark,
 With far-heard whisper, o'er the sea,
 Off shot the spectre-bark *The Ancient Mariner*, pt iii.
 We listened and looked sideways up! *Ib*
 The hornèd Moon, with one bright star
 Within the nether tip *Ib*
 Each turned his face with a ghastly pang,
 And cursed me with his eye *Ib.*
 And every soul, it passed me by,
 Like the whizz of my cross-bow! *Ib.*
 'I fear thee, ancient Mariner!
 I fear thy skinny hand!
 And thou art long, and lank, and brown,
 As is the ribbed sea-sand ' *Ib* pt iv.
 Alone, alone, all, all alone,
 Alone on a wide wide sea!
 And never a saint took pity on
 My soul in agony. *Ib.*
 And a thousand thousand slimy things
 Lived on, and so did I *Ib.*
 An orphan's curse would drag to hell
 A spirit from on high,
 But oh! more horrible than that
 Is the curse in a dead man's eye. *Ib*
 The moving Moon went up the sky,
 And no where did abide
 Softly she was going up,
 And a star or two beside *Ib*
 And everywhere the blue sky belongs to them, and
 is their appointed rest and their native country
 and their own nuptial homes, which they enter un-
 announced, as lords that are certainly expected,
 and yet there is a silent joy at their arrival [the
 stars] *Ib gloss*
 But where the ship's huge shadow lay,
 The charmed water burned away
 A still and awful red *Ib*
 A spring of love gushed from my heart,
 And I blessed them unaware *Ib*
 Oh Sleep! it is a gentle thing,
 Beloved from pole to pole!
 To Mary Queen the praise be given!
 She sent the gentle sleep from Heaven,
 That slid into my soul *Ib* pt v
 The silly buckets on the deck,
 That had so long remained,
 I dreamt that they were filled with dew,
 And when I awoke, it rained *Ib*
 Sure I had drunken in my dreams,
 And still my body drank *Ib*
 Beneath the lightning and the Moon
 The dead men gave a groan *Ib*
 It had been strange, even in a dream,
 To have seen those dead men rise *Ib*
 We were a ghastly crew *Ib.*
 The body of my brother's son
 Stood by me, knee to knee
 The body and I pulled at one rope,
 But he said nought to me *Ib*

How they seemed to fill the sea and air
 With their sweet jargoning! *Ib*
 It ceased, yet still the sails made on
 A pleasant noise till noon,
 A noise like of a hidden brook
 In the leafy month of June,
 'That to the sleeping woods all night
 Singeth a quiet tune *Ib*
 With a short uneasy motion
 Quoth he, "The man hath penance done,
 And penance more will do ' *Ib*
 The air is cut away before,
 And closes from behind *Ib* pt vi
 Like one, that on a lonesome road
 Doth walk in fear and dread,
 And having once turned round walks on,
 And turns no more his head,
 Because he knows, a frightful fiend
 Doth close behind him tread *Ib*
 It raised my hair, it fanned my cheek
 Like a meadow-gale of spring *Ib*
 Oh! dream of joy! is this indeed
 The lighthouse top I see?
 Is this the hill? is this the kirk?
 Is this mine own countree? *Ib*
 O let me be awake, my God!
 Or let me sleep away *Ib.*
 A man all light, a seraph-man,
 On every corse there stood.
 This seraph-band, each waved his hand
 It was a heavenly sight!
 They stood as signals to the land,
 Each one a lovely light *Ib*
 No voice, but oh! the silence sank
 Like music on my heart *Ib.*
 'This Hermit good lives in that wood
 Which slopes down to the sea
 How loudly his sweet voice he rears!
 He loves to talk with mariners
 That come from a far countree.
 He kneels at morn, and noon, and eve—
 He hath a cushion plump
 It is the moss that wholly hides
 The rotted old oak-stump. *Ib* pt vii
 Brown skeletons of leaves that lag
 My forest-brook along;
 When the ivy-tod is heavy with snow,
 And the owl whoops to the wolf below,
 'That eats the she-wolf's young *Ib.*
 Under the water it rumbled on,
 Still louder and more dread
 It reached the ship, it split the bay,
 'The ship went down like lead *Ib*
 I moved my lips—the Pilot shrieked
 And fell down in a fit,
 The holy Hermit raised his eyes,
 And prayed where he did sit *Ib*
 I took the oars the Pilot's boy,
 Who now doth crazy go,
 Laughed loud and long, and all the while
 His eyes went to and fro.
 'Hal! hal' quoth he, 'full well I see,
 'The Devil knows how to row ' *Ib.*

- I pass, like night, from land to land;
I have strange powers of speech,
That moment that his face I see,
I know the man that must hear me.
To him my tale I teach. *The Ancient Mariner*, pt vii
- And hark the little vesper-bell,
Which biddeth me to prayer! *Ib*
- O Wedding-Guest! this soul hath been
Alone on a wide wide sea
So lonely 'twas, that God himself
Scarce seemed there to be. *Ib*
- O sweeter than the marriage-feast,
'Tis sweeter far to me,
To walk together to the kirk
With a goodly company
To walk together to the kirk,
And all together pray,
While each to his great Father bends,
Old men, and babes, and loving friends
And youths and maidens gay! *Ib*
- He prayeth well, who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast
He prayeth best, who loveth best
All things both great and small,
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all *Ib*
- He went like one that hath been stunned,
And is of sense forlorn
A sadder and a wiser man,
He rose the morrow morn. *Ib.*
- That he sings, and he sings, and for ever sings he—
'I love my Love, and my Love loves me!'
Answer to a Child's Question
- And the Spring comes slowly up this way,
Christabel, pt 1
- I guess, 'twas frightful there to see
A lady so richly clad as she—
Beautiful exceedingly! *Ib*
- Carved with figures strange and sweet,
All made out of the carver's brain. *Ib*
- A sight to dream of, not to tell! *Ib*
- But this she knows, in joys and woes,
That saints will aid if men will call
For the blue sky bends over all! *Ib*
- Each matin bell, the Baron saith,
Knells us back to a world of death *Ib* pt 11
- Alas! they had been friends in youth;
But whispering tongues can poison truth. *Ib*
- And constancy lives in realms above,
And life is thorny, and youth is vain;
And to be wroth with one we love
Doth work like madness in the brain *Ib*
- They stood aloof, the scars remaining,
Like cliffs which had been rent asunder,
A dreary sea now flows between *Ib*
- In Kohln, a town of monks and bones,
And pavements fang'd with murderous stones
And rags, and hags, and hideous wenches,
I counted two and seventy stenches,
All well defined, and several stinks!
- Ye Nymphs that reign o'er sewers and sinks,
The river Rhine, it is well known,
Doth wash your city of Cologne,
But tell me, Nymphs, what power divine
Shall henceforth wash the river Rhine? *Cologne*
- My eyes make pictures, when they are shut
A Day-Dream
- Well! If the Bard was weatherwise, who made
The grand old ballad of Sir Patrick Spence
Dejection an Ode
- I see them all so excellently fair,
I see, not feel, how beautiful they are! *Ib*
- O Lady! we receive but what we give,
And in our life alone does Nature live *Ib*
- A light, a glory, a fair luminous cloud
Enveloping the Earth *Ib.*
- Joy is the sweet voice, joy the luminous cloud—
We in ourselves rejoice!
And thence flows all that charms our ear or sight,
All melodies the echoes of that voice, *Ib*
- All colours a suffusion from that light. *Ib*
- From his brimstone bed at break of day
A walking the Devil is gone,
To visit his snug little farm the earth,
And see how his stock goes on
The Devil's Thoughts.
- And backward and forward he switched his long tail
As a gentleman switches his cane *Ib*
- His jacker was red and his breeches were blue,
And there was a hole where the tail came through *Ib*
- He saw a Lawyer killing a viper
On a dunghill hard by his own stable,
And the Devil smiled, for it put him in mind
Of Cain and his brother, Abel *Ib.*
- He saw a cottage with a double coach-house,
A cottage of gentility,
And the Devil did grin, for his darling sin
Is pride that apes humility *Ib.*
- As he went through Cold-Bath Fields he saw
A solitary cell,
And the Devil was pleased, for it gave him a hint
For improving his prisons in Hell *Ib.*
- With Donne, whose nurse on dromedary trots,
Wreath iron pokers into true-love knots
On Donne's Poetry
- What is an Epigram? a dwarfish whole,
Its body brevity, and wit its soul *Epigram.*
- Swans sing before they die—'twere no bad thing
Did certain persons die before they sing
Epigram on a Volunteer Singer
- Stop, Christian passer-by!—Stop, child of God
Epitaph for Himself
- Ere sin could blight or sorrow fade,
Death came with friendly care
The opening bud to Heaven convey'd,
And bade it blossom there *Epitaph on an Infant*
- Forth from his dark and lonely hiding-place
(Portentous sight!) the owl Atheism,
Sailing on obscene wings athwart the noon,
Drops his blue-fringed lids, and holds them close,
And hooting at the glorious sun in Heaven,
Cries out, 'Where is it?' *Fears in Solitude*

Letters four do form his name [Pitt]

Fire, Famine and Slaughter

With what deep worship I have still adored
The spirit of divinest Liberty.

France.

So for the mother's sake the child was dear,
And dearer was the mother for the child

*Sonnet to a Friend Who Asked How I Felt
When the Nurse First Presented My Infant
to Me.*

The frost performs its secret ministry,
Unhelped by any wind

Frost at Midnight

Only that film, which fluttered on the grate,
Still flutters there, the sole unquiet thing.

Ib

Therefore all seasons shall be sweet to thee,
Whether the summer clothe the general earth
With greenness, or the redbreast sit and sing
Betwixt the tufts of snow on the bare branch
Of mossy apple-tree, while the night thatch
Smokes in the sun-thaw, whether the eave-drops
fall

Heard only in the trances of the blast,
Or if the secret ministry of frost
Shall hang them up in silent icicles,
Quietly shining to the quiet moon

Ib

It sounds like stories from the land of spirits
If any man obtain that which he merits
Or any merit that which he obtains

The Good, Great Man

'Tis sweet to him who all the week

Through city-crowds must push his way,
To stroll alone through fields and woods,
And hallow thus the Sabbath-day.

Home-Sick

Hast thou a charm to stay the morning-star
In his steep course?

Hymn before Sun-rise, in the Vale of Chamouni

Earth, with her thousand voices, praises God

Ib

The Knight's bones are dust,
And his good sword rust,—
His soul is with the saints, I trust

The Knight's Tomb

In Xanadu did Kubla Khan
A stately pleasure-dome decree
Where Alph, the sacred river, ran
Through caverns measureless to man
Down to a sea

So twice five miles of fertile ground
With walls and towers were girdled round
And there were gardens bright with sinuous rills,
Where blossomed many an incense-bearing tree,
And here were forests ancient as the hills,
Enfolding sunny spots of greenery
But oh! that deep romantic chasm which slanted
Down the green hill athwart a cedarn cover!
A savage place! as holy and enchanted
As e'er beneath a waning moon was haunted
By woman wailing for her demon-lover!
And from this chasm, with ceaseless turmoil seething,
As if this earth in fast thick pants were breathing,
A mighty fountain momently was forced

Kubla Khan

And 'mid these dancing rocks at once and ever
It flung up momentarily the sacred river
Five miles meandering with a mazy motion

Through wood and dale the sacred river ran,
Then reached the caverns measureless to man,
And sank in tumult to a lifeless ocean
And 'mid this tumult Kubla heard from far
Ancestral voices prophesying war!

The shadow of the dome of pleasure
Floated midway on the waves,
Where was heard the mingled measure
From the fountain and the caves
It was a miracle of rare device,
A sunny pleasure-dome with caves of ice!

A damsel with a dulcimer
In a vision once I saw.
It was an Abyssinian maid,
And on her dulcimer she played,
Singing of Mount Abora
Could I revive within me
Her symphony and song,
To such a deep delight 'twould me,
That with music loud and long,
I would build that dome in air,
That sunny dome! those caves of ice!
And all who heard should see them there,
And all should cry, Beware! Beware!
His flashing eyes, his floating hair!
Weave a circle round him thrice,
And close your eyes with holy dread,
For he on honey-dew hath fed,
And drunk the milk of Paradise.

Image of Lewti! from my mind
Depart, for Lewti is not kind.

Lewti

This Lime-tree Bower my Prison

Title

A charm

For thee, my gentle-hearted Charles, to whom
No sound is dissonant which tells of Life

Ib 1 74

All thoughts, all passions, all delights,
Whatever stirs this mortal frame,
All are but ministers of Love,
And feed his sacred flame

Lox e

Trochee trips from long to short

Metrical Feet

Iambics march from short to long,—
With a leap and a bound the swift Anapaests throng.

Ib

Choose thou whatever suits the line;
Call me Sappho, call me Chloris,
Call me Lalage or Doris,
Only, only call me thine.

Names

'Most musical, most melancholy' bird!
A melancholy bird? Oh! idle thought!
In Nature there is nothing melancholy

The Nightingale

In the hexameter rises the fountain's silvery column,
In the pentameter aye falling in melody back

Ovidian Elegiac Metre

The fair humanities of old religion

Puccolomni, II. IV.

But still the heart doth need a language, still
Doth the old instinct bring back the old names.
Something childish, but very natural.

Title

O! I do love thee, meek Simplicity!
Sonnets Attempted in the Manner of Contemporary Writers 2. To Simplicity.

And this reft house is that the which he built,
Lamented Jack!

Ib 3 *On a Ruined House in a Romantic Country*

A mother is a mother still,
The holiest thing alive *The Three Graves*, pt iii v

We ne'er can be
Made happy by compulsion *Ib* pt iv xii

Never, believe me,
Appear the Immortals,
Never alone
Vist of the Gods (Imt from Schaller)

All Nature seems at work Slugs leave their lur—
The bees are stirring—birds are on the wing—
And Winter slumbering in the open air,
Wears on his smiling face a dream of Spring!
And I the while, the sole unbusy thing,
Nor honey make, nor pair, nor build, nor sing
Work Without Hope

Work without hope draws nectar in a sieve,
And hope without an object cannot live *Ib*

Poor little Foal of an oppressed race!
I love the languid patience of thy face
To a Young Ass

Verse, a breeze mid blossoms straying,
Where Hope clung feeding, like a bee—
Both were mine! Life went a-maying
With Nature, Hope, and Poesy,
When I was young! *Youth and Age*

Like some poor nigh-related guest,
That may not rudely be dismist,
He hath outstay'd his welcome while,
And tells the jest without the smile *Ib*

He who begins by loving Christianity better than
Truth will proceed by loving his own sect of church
better than Christianity, and end by loving himself
better than all

*Aids to Reflection: Moral and Religious
Aphorisms*, xxv

Until you understand a writer's ignorance, presume
yourself ignorant of his understanding
Biographia Literaria, ch 12

That willing suspension of disbelief for the moment,
which constitutes poetic faith. *Ib* ch 14

Our *myriad-minded* Shakespeare *Note 'Avrip μυριόπους*,
a phrase which I have borrowed from a Greek
monk, who applies it to a Patriarch of Constanti-
nople *Ib*, ch 15

No man was ever yet a great poet, without being at the
same time a profound philosopher *Ib*

The dwarf sees farther than the giant, when he has the
giant's shoulder to mount on
The Friend, § 1, Essay 8

Reviewers are usually people who would have been
poets, historians, biographers, &c., if they could,
they have tried their talents at one or at the other,
and have failed, therefore they turn critics
Lectures on Shakespeare and Milton, 1.

Summer has set in with its usual Severity
Remark quoted in *Lamb's Letter to V. Novello*,
9 May, 1826

The last speech, [Iago's soliloquy] the motive-
hunting of motiveless malignity—how awful!

Notes on the Tragedies of Shakespeare, Othello

From whatever place I write you will expect that part
of my 'Travels' will consist of excursions in my own
mund

Satyrae's Letters, 11 [The Friend, 7 Dec 1809,
No 16, *Biographia Literaria*]

Schiller has the material sublime
Table Talk, 29 Dec 1822

You abuse snuff! Perhaps it is the final cause of the
human nose *Ib* 4 Jan. 1823.

To see him [Kean] act, is like reading Shakespeare by
flashes of lightning *Ib* 27 April, 1823

I wish our clever young poets would remember my
homely definitions of prose and poetry, that is,
prose = words in their best order,—poetry = the
best words in the best order *Ib* 12 July, 1827.

The man's desire is for the woman, but the woman's
desire is rarely other than for the desire of the
man *Ib* 23 July, 1827

My mind is in a state of philosophical doubt as to
animal magnetism *Ib* 30 April, 1830

The misfortune is, that he [Tennyson] has begun to
write verses without very well understanding what
metre is *Ib* 24 April, 1833

That passage is what I call the sublime dashed to
pieces by cutting too close with the fiery four-in-
hand round the corner of nonsense
Ib 20 Jan 1834

This dark freeze-coated, hoarse, teeth-chattering
Month *Watchman*, No 6.

JESSE COLLINGS

1831-1920

Three acres and a cow [See J S Mill]
Phrase used in his land-reform propaganda of
1885

JOHN CHURTON COLLINS

1848-1908

To ask advice is in nine cases out of ten to tout for
flattery. *Maxims and Reflections*, No. 59

MORTIMER COLLINS

1827-1876

A man is as old as he's feeling,
A woman as old as she looks
The Unknown Quantity.

WILLIAM COLLINS

1721-1759

Fair Fidele's grassy tomb *Dirge in Cymbeline*.
And rifle all the breathing Spring *Ib*.

Each lonely scene shall thee restore,
For thee the tear be duly shed,
Belov'd till life can charm no more,
And mourn'd, till Pity's self be dead. *Ib*

If ought of oaten stop, or pastoral song,
May hope, O pensive Eve, to soothe thine ear
Ode to Evening

While now the bright-haired sun
Sits in yon western tint, whose cloudy skits,
With brede ethereal wove,
O'erhang his wavy bed
Now air is hush'd, save where the weak-ey'd bat,
With short shrill shriek flits by on leathern wing,
Or where the beetle winds

His small but sullen horn,
As oft he rises 'midst the twilight path,
Against the pilgrim borne in heedless hum. *Ib*

Hamlets brown, and dim-discover'd spires. *Ib*

Bathe thy breathing tresses, meekest Eve! *Ib*

Round the moist marge of each cold Hebrid isle
Ode on the Popular Superstitions of the Highlands.

'Tho' taste, tho' genius bless,
'To some divine excess,
Faints the cold work till thou inspire the whole
Ode to Simplicity

How sleep the brave, who sink to rest,
By all their country's wishes blest!
Ode Written in the Year 1746.

By fairy hands their knell is rung,
By forms unseen their dirge is sung,
There Honour comes, a pilgrim grey,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay,
And Freedom shall awhile repair,
To dwell a weeping hermit there! *Ib.*

When Music, heav'nly maid, was young
The Passions, an Ode for Music

With eyes up-raised, as one inspir'd,
Pale Melancholy sate retir'd,
And from her wild sequester'd seat,
In notes by distance made more sweet,
Pour'd thro' the mellow horn her pensive soul. *Ib*
In hollow murmurs died away *Ib*
O Music, sphere-descended maid *Ib.*

Too nicely Jonon knew the critic's part,
Nature in him was almost lost in Art
Verses to Sir Thomas Hanmer

GEORGE COLMAN

1762-1836

Like two single gentlemen roll'd into one
Broad Grins Lodgings for Single Gentlemen

Love and a cottage! Eh, Fanny! Ah, give me in-
difference and a coach and six!
The clandestine Marriage, I II

When taken, To be well shiken
Ib Newcastle Apothecary.

Says he, 'I am a handsome man, but I'm a gay
deceiver'
Broad Grins, &c Unfortunate Miss Bailey

Praise the bridge that carried you over
Her-at-Law, I. I.

Lord help you! Tell 'em Queen Anne's dead. *Ib.*

Oh, London is a fine town,
A very famous city,
Where all the streets are paved with gold,
And all the maidens pretty *Ib. II.*

Oh, Miss Bailey!
Unfortunate Miss Bailey!
Love Laughs at Locksmiths Act II, Song.

Mynheer Vandunck, though he never was drunk,
Sipped brandy and water gayly
Mynheer Vandunck

My father was an eminent button maker—but I had
a soul above buttons—I panted for a liberal pro-
fession *Sylvia Dangerwood, I x.*

His heart runs away with his head
Who Wants a Guinea? I. I.

Johnson's style was grand and Gibbon's elegant, the
staleness of the former was sometimes pedantic,
and the polish of the latter was occasionally finical,
Johnson marched to kettle-drums and trumpets,
Gibbon moved to flutes and hautboys, Johnson
hewed passages through the Alps, while Gibbon
levelled walks through parks and gardens.
Random Records (1830) I 121.

CHARLES CALEB COLTON

1780?-1832

When you have nothing to say, say nothing
Lacon, vol I, No 183

Imitation is the sincerest of flattery. *Ib No 217.*

Examinations are formidable even to the best pre-
pared, for the greatest fool may ask more than the
wisest man can answer *Ib No 322*

If you would be known, and not know, vegetate in
a village, if you would know, and not be known,
live in a city *Ib No. 334.*

Man is an embodied paradox, a bundle of contra-
dictions *Ib No 408*

That debt which cancels all others
Ib vol II, No 66.

WILLIAM CONGREVE

1670-1729

Is there in the world a climate more uncertain than
our own? And which is a natural consequence,
is there any where a people more unsteady, more
apt to discontent, more *saturnine, dark, and melan-
cholic* than our selves? Are we not of all people
the most unfit to be alone, and most unsafe to be
trusted with our selves?

*Amendments of Mr Collier's False and Im-
perfect Citations*

Careless she is with artful care,
Affecting to seem unaffected *Amoret.*

She likes her self, yet others hates
For that which in herself she prizes,
And while she laughs at them, forgets
She is the thing that she despises *Ib.*

It is the business of a comic poet to paint the vices
and follies of human kind

The Double Dealer, Epistle Dedicatory

Retired to their tea and scandal, according to their
ancient custom *Ib. i. i.*

There is nothing more unbecoming a man of quality
than to laugh, Jesu, 'tis such a vulgar expression
of the passion! *Ib. iv.*

Tho' marriage makes man and wife one flesh, it leaves
'em still two fools *Ib. ii. iii.*

She lays it on with a trowel *Ib. iii. x.*

When people walk hand in hand there's neither over-
taking nor meeting *Ib. iv. ii.*

See how love and murder will out *Ib. vi.*

No mask like open truth to cover lies,
As to go naked is the best disguise *Ib. v. iv.*

I cannot help it, if I am naturally more delighted
with any thing that is amiable, than with any thing
that is wonderful *Preface to Dryden*

What he has done in any one species, or distinct
kind, would have been sufficient to have acquired
him a great name. If he had written nothing but
his Prefaces, or nothing but his Songs, or his
Prologues, each of them would have intuled him
to the preference and distinction of excelling in
his kind [Dryden] *Ib.*

O Sleep! thou flatterer of happy mounds
Elegy to Sleep

The good receiv'd, the giver is forgot
Epistle to Lord Halifax, l. 40

Music alone with sudden charms can bind
The wand'ring sense, and calm the troubled mind
Hymn to Harmony

Ah! Madam, you know every thing in the
world but your perfections, and you only know
not those, because 'tis the top of perfection not to
know them *Incognita*

I am always of the opinion with the learned, if they
speak first *Ib.*

For 'tis some virtue, virtue to commend
To Sir Godfrey Kneller

But soon as e'er the beautiful idiot spoke,
Forth from her coral lips such folly broke,
Like balm the trickling nonsense heal'd my wound,
And what her eyes enthrall'd, her tongue unbound
Lesbia

I confess freely to you, I could never look long upon
a monkey, without very mortifying reflections
*Letter to Dennis, concerning Humour in
Comedy, 1695*

If I can give that Cerberus a sop, I shall be at rest
for one day *Love for Love, l. iv.*

I warrant you, if he danced till doomsday, he thought
I was to pay the piper *Ib. ii. v.*

Ferdinand Mendez Pinto was but a type of thee, thou
liar of the first magnitude. *Ib.*

Has he not a rogue's face? . . . a hanging-look
to me . . . has a damn'd Tyburn-face, without the
benefit o' the Clergy . . . *Ib. vii.*

I came upstairs into the world, for I was born in a
cellar *Ib.*

What, wouldst thou have me turn pelican, and feed
thee out of my own vitals? *Ib.*

Oh fie Miss, you must not kiss and tell *Ib. x.*

He that first cries out stop thief, is often he that has
stolen the treasure *Ib. iii. xiv.*

Women are like tricks by slight of hand,
Which, to admire, we should not understand. *Ib. v. xxi.*

A branch of one of your antediluvian families,
fellows that the flood could not wash away *Ib. v. ii.*

To find a young fellow that is neither a wit in his
own eye, nor a fool in the eye of the world, is a
very hard task *Ib.*

Musick has charms to sooth a savage breast
The Mourning Bride, l. 1

How reverend is the face of this tall pile,
Whose ancient pillars rear their marble heads,
To bear aloft its arch'd and pond'rous roof,
By its own weight made steadfast and immovable,
Looking tranquillity. It strikes an awe
And terror on my aching sight. *Ib. ii. iii.*

Heav'n has no rage, like love to hatred turn'd,
Nor Hell a fury, like a woman scorn'd. *Ib. viii.*

Is he then dead?
What, dead at last, quite, quite for ever dead!
Ib. v. xi.

In my conscience I believe the baggage loves me,
for she never speaks well of me her self, nor
suffers any body else to rail at me
The Old Bachelor, l. 1

One of love's April-fools *Ib.*

The Devil watches all opportunities *Ib. vi.*

Man was by Nature Woman's cully made.
We never are, but by ourselves betrayed *Ib. iii. i.*

Bilbo's the word, and slaughter will ensue
Ib. iii. vii.

Ask all the tyrants of thy sex, if their fools are not
known by this party-coloured livery—I am
melancholy when thou art absent, look like an ass
when thou art present, wake for thee, when I
should sleep, and even dream of thee, when I am
awake, sigh much, drink little, eat less, court
solitude, am grown very entertaining to my self,
and (as I am informed) very troublesome to every-
body else. If this be not love, it is madness, and
then it is pardonable—Nay yet a more certain sign
than all this, I give thee my money *Ib. x.*

Eternity was in that moment *Ib. iv. vii.*

You were about to tell me something, child—but
you left off before you began *Ib. viii.*

a

T. W. CONNOR

b

Now am I slap-dash down in the mouth. *Ib* ix

Well, Sir Joseph, you have such a winning way with you *Ib* v vii

SHARPER.

Thus grief still treads upon the heels of pleasure
Marry'd in haste, we may repent at leisure

SETTLER

Some by experience find those words mis-plac'd
At leisure marry'd, they repent in haste *Ib* viii and ix

I could find it in my heart to marry thee, purely to be rid of thee *Ib* x

Courtship to marriage, as a very witty prologue to a very dull Play *Ib*

O Sleep, why dost thou leave me?

Why thy visionary joys remove?

O Sleep again deceive me,

To my arms restore my wand'ring Love *Semele*, II ii

Whom she refuses, she treats still

With so much sweet behaviour,

That her refusal, through her skill,

Looks almost like a favour *Song Doris*

False though she be to me and love,

I'll ne'er pursue revenge,

For still the charmer I approve,

Tho' I deplore her change *Song False Though She Be*

Wou'd I were free from this restraint,

Or else had hopes to win her,

Wou'd she cou'd make of me a saint,

Or I of her a sinner *Song Pious Selinda Goes to Prayers*

Say what you will, 'tis better to be left than never to have been loved *The Way of the World*, II vi

Here she comes i' faith full sail, with her fan spread and streamers out, and a shoal of fools for tenders *Ib* iv

O ay, letters—I had letters—I am persecuted with letters—I hate letters—no body knows how to write letters, and yet one has 'em, one does not know whv—They serve one to pin up one's hair *Ib*.

WITWOUND

Pray, Madam, do you pin up your hair with all your letters, I find I must keep copies

MILLAMANT

Only with those in verse, Mr. Witwound I never pin up my hair with prose *Ib*

MILLAMANT

I believe I gave you some pain

MIRABEL

Does that please you?

MILLAMANT

Infinitely, I love to give pain

MIRABEL

You wou'd affect a cruelty which is not in your nature, your true vanity is in the power of pleasing

MILLAMANT

O I ask your pardon for that—one's cruelty is one's power, and when one parts with one's cruelty, one parts with one's power, and when one has parted with that, I fancy one's old and ugly. *Ib*

Beauty is the lover's gift. *Ib*.

ELIZA COOK

Lord, what is a lover, that it can give? Why one makes lovers as fast as one pleases, and they live as long as one pleases, and they die as soon as one pleases and then if one pleases one makes more *Ib*

Fools never wear out—they are such *drap-de-berry* things *Ib* iii. x.

Love's but a frailty of the mind

When 'tis not with ambition join'd *Ib* xii

I nauseate walking, 'tis a country diversion, I loathe the country *Ib* iv iv

O, I hate a lover that can dare to think he draws a moment's air, independent on the bounty of his mistress There is not so impudent a thing in Nature, as the saucy look of an assured man, confident of success *Ib* v

My dear liberty, shall I leave thee? My faithful solitude, my darling contemplation, must I bid you then adieu? Ay-h adieu—My morning thoughts, agreeable wakings, indolent slumbers, all ye *douceurs*, ye *sommeils du matin*, adieu—I can't do 't, 'tis more than impossible. *Ib*

Don't let us be familiar or fond, nor kiss before folks, like my Lady Fidler and Sir Francis Nor go to Hyde-Park together the first Sunday in a new chariot, to provoke eyes and whispers, and then never be seen there together again, as if we were proud of one another the first week, and asham'd of one another ever after Let us be very strange and well-bred Let us be as strange as if we had been married a great while, and as well-bred as if we were not married at all. *Ib*

These articles subscrib'd, if I continue to endure you a little longer, I may by degrees dwindle into a wife *Ib*

O horrid provisos! *Ib*

I hope you do not think me prone to any iteration of nuptials *Ib* xii

Alack he's gone the way of all flesh

'*Squire Bickerstaff Detected* (Attr to Congreve)

T W CONNOR

She was one of the early birds,

And I was one of the worms

She Was One of the Early Birds

HENRY CONSTABLE

1562-1613

Diaphenia, like the daffadowndilly,

White as the sun, fair as the lily,

Heigh ho, how I do love thee!

I do love thee as my lambs

Are beloved of their dams,

How blest were I if thou wouldst prove me!

[*Damelus' Song to his*] *Diaphenia*

ELIZA COOK

1818-1889

I love it, I love it, and who shall dare

To chide me for loving that old arm-chair?

The Old Armchair.

a

CALVIN COOLIDGE

Better build schoolrooms for 'the boy',
Than cells and gibbets for 'the man'
A Song for the Ragged Schools

CALVIN COOLIDGE

1872-1933

I do not choose to run for President in 1928.
Announcement in 1927

GEORGE COOPER

1840-1927

O Genevieve, sweet Genevieve,
The days may come, the days may go,
But still the hands of mem'ry weave
The blissful dreams of long ago
Sweet Genevieve.

JAMES FENIMORE COOPER

1789-1851

The last of the Mohicans *Title of Novel*

RICHARD CORBET

1582-1635

Farewell rewards and faeries.
The Fairy's Farewell

Who of late for cleanliness,
Finds sixpence in her shoe? *Ib*
Let others write for glory or reward,
Truth is well paid when she is sung and heard
Elegy on Lord Howard, Baron of Effingham

FRANCES MACDONALD
CORNFORD

1886-

O fat white woman whom nobody loves,
Why do you walk through the fields in gloves,

Missing so much and so much?
To a Fat Lady Seen from a Train

BARRY CORNWALL
(BRYAN WALLER PROCTER)

1878-1874

The sea! the sea! the open sea!
The blue, the fresh, the ever free! *The Sea*

WILLIAM JOHNSON CORY

1823-1892

They told me, Heraclitus, they told me you were
dead,
They brought me bitter news to hear and bitter tears
to shed *Heraclitus*

ABRAHAM COWLEY

b

How often you and I
Had tired the sun with talking and sent him down
the sky *Ib*

A handful of grey ashes, long long ago at rest. *Ib*
You promise heavens free from strife
Mimnermus in Church

This warm kind world is all I know *Ib*
But oh, the very reason why
I clasp them, is because they die *Ib.*

NATHANIEL COTTON

1705-1788

Yet still we hug the dear decent *Visions iv, Content.*

THOMAS COVENTRY

1578-1640

The wooden walls are the best walls of this kingdom
*Speech to the Judges, 17 June 1635, given in
Rushworth's Hist Coll (1680), vol II, p 297.*

ABRAHAM COWLEY

1618-1667

Love in her sunny eyes does basking play,
Love walks the pleasant mazes of her hair,
Love does on both her lips for ever stray,
And sows and reaps a thousand kisses there
In all her outward parts Love's always seen,
But, oh, he never went within
The Change

Nothing is there to come, and nothing past,
But an eternal Now does always last
Davids, bk 1, l 361

Poet and Saint! to thee alone are given
The two most sacred names of earth and Heaven
On the Death of Mr Crashaw.

Thou
Wert living the same poet which thou'rt now,
Whilst Angels sing to thee their airs divine,
And joy in an applause so great as thine.
Equal society with them to hold,
Thou need'st not make new songs, but say the old
Ib

His faith perhaps, in some nice tenents might
Be wrong, his life, I'm sure, was in the right *Ib*

Hail, Bard triumphant! and some care bestow
On us, the Poets Militant below! *Ib.*

The thirsty earth soaks up the rain,
And drinks, and gapes for drink again
The plants suck in the earth, and are
With constant drinking fresh and fair. *Drinking*

Fill all the glasses there, for why
Should every creature drink but I,
Why, man of morals, tell me why? *Ib.*

God the first garden made, and the first city Cain
The Garden

Ye fields of Cambridge, our dear Cambridge, say,
Have ye not seen us walking every day?
Was there a tree about which did not know
The love betwixt us two? *On William Harvey*

The world's a scene of changes, and to be
Constant, in Nature were inconstancy
Inconstancy.

What shall I do to be for ever known,
And make the age to come my own? *The Motto*

This only grant me, that my means may lie
Too low for envy, for contempt too high
Of Myself

Acquaintance I would have, but when't depends
Not on the number, but the choice of friends *Ib*

I would not fear nor wish my fate,
But boldly say each night,
To-morrow let my sun his beams display,
Or in clouds hide them, I have lived to-day *Ib*

Nothing so soon the drooping spirits can raise
As praises from the men, whom all men praise
Ode upon a Copy of Verses of My Lord Broghill's

Who lets slip Fortunc, her shall never find
Occasion once pass'd by, is bald behind
Pyramus and Thisbe, xv

Lukewarmness I account a sin
As great in love as in religion
The Request

Life is an incurable disease *To Dr Scarborough, vi*

Let but thy wicked men from out thee go,
And all the fools that crowd thee so,
Even thou, who dost thy millions boast,
A village less than Islington wilt grow,
A solitude almost
Of Solitude, xii

Well then, I now do plainly see
This busy world and I shall ne'er agree,
The very honey of all earthly joy
Does of all meats the soonest clove,
And they (methinks) deserve my pity,
Who for it can endure the stings,
The crowd, and buz, and murmurings
Of this great hive, the city
The Mistress, or Love Verses

Ah, yet, e'er I descend to th' grave
May I a small house, and a large garden have!
And a few friends, and many books, both true,
Both wise, and both delightful too!
And since Love ne'er will from me flee,
A Mistress moderately fair,
And good as guardian angels are,
Only belov'd, and loving me!

The Wish

The Dangers of an Honest Man in much Company
*Discourses by Way of Essays, in Verse and
Prose, 8, title*

Hence, ye profane, I hate ye all,
Both the great vulgar, and the small
Trans. of Horace, Bk. III, Ode 1

HANNAH COWLEY

1743-1809

Five minutes! Zounds! I have been five minutes too
late all my life-time! *The Belle's Stratagem 1 1*
Vanity, like murder, will out *Ib 1v*
But what is woman?—only one of Nature's agreeable
blunders *Who's the Dupe? 11*

WILLIAM COWPER

1731-1800

Let my obedience then excuse
My disobedience now *Beau's Reply*

When the British warrior queen,
Bleeding from the Roman rods,
Sought with an indignant mien,
Counsel of her country's gods,

Sage beneath a spreading oak
Sat the Druid, hoary chief *Boadicea*

Rome shall perish—write that word
In the blood that she has spilt *Ib.*

Hark! the Gaul is at her gates! *Ib.*

Regions Caesar never knew
Thy posterity shall sway,
Where his eagles never flew,
None invincible as they *Ib.*

Ruffians, pitiless as proud,
Heav'n awards the vengeance due;
Empire is on us bestow'd,
Shame and ruin wait for you *Ib.*

Obscurest night involv'd the sky,
Th' Atlantic billows roar'd,
When such a destin'd wretch as I,
Wash'd headlong from on board,
Of friends, of hope, of all bereft,
His floating home for ever left *The Castaway.*

But misery still delights to trace
Its semblance in another's case *Ib*

We perish'd, each alone
But I beneath a rougher sea,
And whelm'd in deeper gulphs than he. *Ib*

Truth is the golden girdle of the globe *Charity, 1 86.*

Grief is itself a medicine *Ib 1 159*

He found it inconvenient to be poor *Ib 1 189.*

India's spicy shores *Ib 1 442*

Pelting each other for the public good *Ib 1 623*

Spare the poet for his subject's sake *Ib 1 636.*

But strive to be a man before your mother
Motto to Commoisseur, No 111

Not more distinct from harmony divine,
The constant creaking of a country sign
Conversation, 1 9.

Though syllogisms hang not on my tongue,
I am not surely always in the wrong!
'Tis hard if all is false that I advance—
A fool must now and then be right, by chance
Ib 1 93

But still remember, if you mean to please,
To press your point with modesty and ease

Conversation, l 103

A noisy man is always in the right *Ib* l 114

A moral, sensible, and well-bred man
Will not affront me, and no other can *Ib* l 193

A tale should be judicious, clear, succinct,
The language plain, and incidents well link'd,
Tell not as new what ev'ry body knows,
And, new or old, still hasten to a close *Ib* l 235

The pipe, with solemn interposing puff,
Makes half a sentence at a time enough,
The dozing sages drop the drowsy strain,
Then pause, and puff—and speak, and pause again *Ib* l 245

Pernicious weed! whose scent the fair annoys,
Unfriendly to society's chief joys,
Thy worst effect is banishing for hours
The sex whose presence civilizes ours *Ib* l 251

A fine puss-gentleman that's all perfume *Ib* l 284

His wit invites you by his looks to come,
But when you knock it never is at home *Ib* l 303

Our wasted oil unprofitably burns,
Like hidden lamps in old sepulchral urns *Ib* l 357

Whose only fit companion is his horse *Ib* l 412

A poet does not work by square or line *Ib* l 789

What appears

In England's case to move the muse to tears?
Expostulation, l. 1.

Th' embroid'ry of poetic dreams *Ib* l. 234.

War lays a burden on the reeling state,
And peace does nothing to relieve the weight.
Ib. l. 306.

The busy trifler *Ib* l 322.

A pick-lock to a place. *Ib* l 379

Thousands

Kiss the book's outside who ne'er look within *Ib* l 389

Religion, if in heav'nly truths attir'd,
Needs only to be seen to be admired *Ib* l 492

The man that hails you Tom or Jack,
And proves by thumps upon your back
How he esteems your merit,

Is such a friend, that one had need
Be very much his friend indeed

To pardon or to bear it

Friendship

John Gilpin was a citizen
Of credit and renown,
A train-band captain eke was he
Of famous London town

John Gilpin's spouse said to her dear—
Though wedded we have been
These twice ten tedious years, yet we
No holiday have seen.

John Gilpin

To-morrow is our wedding-day,
And we will then repair
Unto the Bell at Edmonton
All in a chase and pair

My sister and my sister's child,
Myself and children three,
Will fill the chaise, so you must ride
On horseback after we

Ib.

He soon replied—I do admire
Of womankind but one,
And you are she, my dearest dear,
Therefore it shall be done

I am a linen-draper bold,
As all the world doth know,
And my good friend the calendar
Will lend his horse to go

Ib

O'erjoy'd was he to find
That, though on pleasure she was bent,
She had a frugal mind

Ib

And all agog
To dash through thick and thin!

Ib

John Gilpin at his horse's side
Seiz'd fast the flowing mane,
And up he got, in haste to ride,
But soon came down again

Ib

So down he came, for loss of time,
Although it griev'd him sore,
Yet loss of pence, full well he knew,
Would trouble him much more

Ib

Good lack! quoth he—yet bring it me,
My leathern belt likewise,
In which I bear my trusty sword
When I do exercise

Ib.

So, fair and softly, John he cried,
But John he cried in vain

So stooping down, as needs he must
Who cannot sit upright,
He grasp'd the mane with both his hands,
And eke with all his might.

Ib

His horse, who never in that sort
Had handled been before,
What thing upon his back had got
Did wonder more and more

Away went Gilpin, neck or nought,
Away went hat and wig!

Ib.

The dogs did bark, the children scream'd
Up flew the windows all,
And ev'ry soul cried out—Well done!
As loud as he could bawl.

Away went Gilpin—who but he?
His fame soon spread around—
He carries weight! he rides a race!
'Tis for a thousand pound!

Ib

The dinner waits, and we are tired:
Said Gilpin—So am I

Ib

Which brings me to
The middle of my song

Ib

My hat and wig will soon be here—
They are upon the road

Ib

The calendar, right glad to find
His friend in merry pin

Ib

My head is twice as big as yours,
They therefore needs must fit.

John Gilpin

Said John—It is my wedding-day,
And all the world would stare,
If wife should dine at Edmonton
And I should dine at Ware

Ib

'Twas for your pleasure you came here,
You shall go back for mine

Ib

Nor stopp'd till where he had got up
He did again get down

Ib

Now let us sing—Long live the king,
And Gilpin long live he,
And, when he next doth ride abroad,
May I be there to see!

Ib

An honest man, close-button'd to the chin,
Broad-cloth without, and a warm heart within
Epistle to Jos Hill, 1 62

No dancing bear was so genteel,
Or half so dégagé

Of Himself

Painful passage o'er a restless flood

Hope, 1. 3

Men deal with life as children with their play,
Who first misuse, then cast their toys away

Ib 1 127

Some eastward, and some westward, and all wrong

Ib 1 281

Could he with reason murmur at his case,
Himself sole author of his own disgrace?

Ib 1 316

And diff'ring judgements seive but to declare
That truth lies somewhere, if we knew but where

Ib 1 423

Seek to delight, that they may mend mankind,
And, while they captivate, inform the mind

Ib 1 758

Absence from whom we love is worse than death,
And frustrate hope severer than despair
'Hope, Like the Short-Liv'd Ray'

The twentieth year is well-nigh past,
Since first our sky was overcast,
Ah would that this might be the last!
My Mary!

To Mary

Thy needles, once a shining store,
For my sake restless heretofore,
Now rust disus'd, and shine no more,
My Mary!

Ib

Partakers of thy sad decline,
Thy hands their little force resign,
Yet, gently prest, press gently mine,
My Mary!

Ib

Greece, sound thy Homer's, Rome thy Virgil's name,
But England's Milton equals both in fame
To John Milton

Oh that those lips had language! Life has pass'd
With me but roughly since I heard thee last
Those lips are thine—thy own sweet smiles I see,
The same that oft in childhood solac'd me
On the Receipt of My Mother's Picture, 1 1

Blest be the art that can immortalize,

Ib 1 8

Wretch even then, life's journey just begun

Ib 1 24

Perhaps thou gav'st me, though unseen, a kiss,
Perhaps a tear, if souls can weep in bliss

Ib 25

Disappointed still, was still deceiv'd

Ib 1 39

Where once we dwelt our name is heard no more,
Children not thine have trod my nursery floor,
And where the gard'ner Robin, day by day,
Drew me to school along the public way,
Delighted with my bauble coach, and wrapt
In scarlet mantle warm, and velvet capt,
'Tis now become a history little known

Ib. 1 46

Thy morning bounties ere I left my home,
Thy biscuit, or confectionary plum

Ib 1 60

The fragrant waters on my cheek bestow'd

Ib 1 62

Not scorn'd in heaven, though little notic'd here

Ib 1 73

I should ill requite thee to constrain
Thy unbound spirit into bonds again

Ib 1 86

Me howling winds drive devious, tempest toss'd,
Sails ript, seams op'ning wide, and compass lost

Ib. 1. 102

Some people are more nice than wise
Mutual Forbearance, 1 20

Oh, fond attempt to give a deathless lot
To names ignoble, born to be forgot!
*On Observing Some Names of Little Note
Recorded in the Biographia Britannica.*

There goes the parson, oh! illustrious spark,
And there, scarce less illustrious, goes the clerk!

Ib

Thought again—but knew not what to think.
The Needleless Alarm, 1 54

Beware of desp'rate steps The darkest day
(Live till to-morrow) will have pass'd away.

Ib 1 132

Hence jarring sectaries may learn
Their real int'rest to discern,
That brother should not war with brother,
And worry and devour each other
The Nightingale and Glow-Worm

Oh! for a closer walk with God,
A calm and heav'nly frame,
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb!

Olney Hymns, 1

What peaceful hours I once enjoy'd!
How sweet their mem'ry still!
But they have left an aching void,
The world can never fill

Ib

The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy Throne,
And worship only thee

Ib

Nor sword nor spear the stripling took,
But chose a pebble from the brook

Ib 4

Oh make this heart rejoice, or ache,
Decide this doubt for me,
And if it be not broken, break,
And heal it, if it be.

Ib 9.

- So unaccustom'd to the yoke,
So backward to comply *Olney Hymns, 12*
- There is a fountain fill'd with blood *Ib 15*
- When this poor lisping stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave *Ib*
- Hark, my soul! it is the Lord,
'Tis thy Saviour, hear his word;
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee,
'Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?' *Ib 18*
- I deliver'd thee when bound,
And, when wounded, heal'd thy wound,
Sought thee wand'ring, set thee right,
Turn'd thy darkness into light *Ib*
- 'Can a woman's tender care
Cease, towards the child she bare?
Yes, she may forgetful be,
Yet will I remember thee' *Ib*
- Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above,
Deeper than the depths beneath,
Free and faithful, strong as death *Ib*
- Lord, it is my chief complaint,
That my love is weak and faint,
Yet I love thee and adore,
Oh for grace to love thee more! *Ib.*
- What various hindrances we meet
In coming to a mercy-seat! *Ib 29*
- And Satan trembles, when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees *Ib*
- While Moses stood with arms spread wide,
Success was found on Israel's side,
But when thro' weariness they fail'd,
That moment Amalek prevail'd *Ib*
- I seem forsaken and alone,
I hear the lion roar,
And ev'ry door is shut but one,
And that is mercy's door. *Ib 33*
- God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform,
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm
- Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never failing skill
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sovereign Will
- Ye fearful saints fresh courage take,
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head
- Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace,
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face *Ib 35*
- The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flow'r. *Ib*
- Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain;
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain *Ib*
- Sometimes a light surprises
The Christian while he sings,
It is the Lord who rises
With healing in his wings,
When comforts are declining,
He grants the soul again
A season of clear shining
To cheer it after rain *Ib*
- I shall not ask Jean Jacques Rousseau,
If birds confabulate or no *Pairing Time Anticipated*
- The poplars are fell'd, farewell to the shade
And the whispering sound of the cool colonnade
The Poplar-Field
- Unmiss'd but by his dogs and by his groom
Progress of Error, 1 95
- Oh, laugh or mourn with me the rueful jest,
A cassock'd huntsman and a fiddling priest! *Ib 1 110*
- Himself a wand'rer from the narrow way,
His silly sheep, what wonder if they stray? *Ib 1 118*
- Remorse, the fatal egg by pleasure laid *Ib 1 239*
- Woman, lovely woman, does the same *Ib 1 274*
- Caesar's image is effac'd at last. *Ib 1 280.*
- As creeping ivy clings to wood or stone,
And hides the ruin that it feeds upon *Ib 1 285.*
- How many a dunce that has been sent to roam
Excels a dunce that has been kept at home *Ib 1 415*
- Talks of darkness at noon-day *Ib 1 451.*
- Thou god of our idolatry, the press. *Ib 1 461.*
- The nobler tenants of the flood *Ib 1 482.*
- Laugh at all you trembled at before *Ib 1 592.*
- Pleasure is labour too, and tires as much *Hope, 1 20.*
- He blam'd and protested, but join'd in the plan,
He shar'd in the plunder, but pitied the man
Pity for Poor Africans
- Then, shifting his side, (as a lawyer knows how)
Report of an Adjudged Case
- But vers'd in arts that, while they seem to stay
A falling empire, hasten its decay *Retirement, 1 383*
- The disencumber'd Atlas of the state *Ib 1 394*
- Prison'd in a parlour snug and small,
Like bottled wasps upon a southern wall *Ib 1 493*
- Play the fool, but at a cheaper rate *Ib 1 562*
- He likes the country, but in truth must own,
Most likes it, when he studies it in town *Ib 1 573*
- Philologists who chase
A panting syllable through time and space,
Start it at home, and hunt it in the dark,
'To Gaul, to Greece, and into Noah's ark *Ib 1 619*
- Absence of occupation is not rest,
A mind quite vacant is a mind distress'd *Ib 1 623*
- Built God a church, and laugh'd his word to scorn
[Voltaire] *Ib 1 688*

Beggars invention and makes fancy tame *Ib* 1 709
 I praise the Frenchman, his remark was shrewd—
 How sweet, how passing sweet, is solitude!
 But grant me still a friend in my retreat,
 Whom I may whisper—solitude is sweet *Ib* 1 739
 Fast by the banks of the slow winding Ouse
Ib 1 804

The tear that is wip'd with a little address,
 May be follow'd perhaps by a smile *The Rose*

Toll for the brave—
 The brave! that are no more
 All sunk beneath the wave,
 Fast by their native shore

Loss of the Royal George

A land-breeze shook the shrouds,
 And she was overset,
 Down went the Royal George,
 With all her crew complete.

Ib.

Toll for the brave—
 Brave Kempenfelt is gone,
 His last sea-fight is fought,
 His work of glory done.

It was not in the battle,
 No tempest gave the shock,
 She sprang no fatal leak,
 She ran upon no rock,

His sword was in the sheath,
 His fingers held the pen,
 When Kempenfelt went down
 With twice four hundred men.

Ib.

Weigh the vessel up,
 Once dreaded by our foes.

Ib

He and his eight hundred
 Must plough the waves no more

Ib

Oh, happy shades—to me unblest!
 Friendly to peace, but not to me! *The Shrubby.*

Chief monster that has plagued the nations yet
 (Napoleon) *Table Talk*, 1 38

The lie that flatters I abhor the most. *Ib* 1 88

Th' unwashed artificer *Ib* 1 152

As if the world and they were hand and glove.
Ib 1 173.

Admirals, extoll'd for standing still,
 Or doing nothing with a deal of skill *Ib* 1 192

The leathern ears of stock-jobbers and Jews
Ib 1 197.

The Frenchman, easy, debonair, and brisk,
 Give him his lass, his fiddle, and his frisk,
 Is always happy, reign whoever may,
 And laughs the sense of mis'ry far away *Ib* 1 236

Freedom has a thousand charms to show,
 That slaves, howe'er contented, never know
Ib 1 260

Stamps God's own name upon a lie just made,
 To turn a penny in the way of trade *Ib* 1 420.

Suspend your mad career *Ib* 1 435.

Feels himself spent, and fumbles for his brains
Ib 1 537

Ages elaps'd ere Homer's lamp appear'd,
 And ages ere the Mantuan swan was heard
 To carry nature lengths unknown before,
 To give a Milton birth, ask'd ages more *Ib* 1 556

By low ambition and the thirst of praise *Ib* 1 591

Made poetry a mere mechanic art,
 And ev'ry warbler has his tune by heart *Ib* 1 654

Pity religion has so seldom found
 A skilful guide into poetic ground! *Ib* 1 716

Hail Sternhold, then, and Hopkins, hail! *Ib* 1 759

I sing the Sofa. *The Task*, bk 1, *The Sofa*, l 1.

The Fair commands the song *Ib* 1 7

So sit two kings of Brentford on one throne
Ib 1 78.

Thus first necessity invented stools,
 Convenience next suggested elbow-chairs,
 And luxury the accomplish'd Sofa last *Ib* 1 86

Nor rural sights alone, but rural sounds,
 Exhilarate the spirit, and restore
 The tone of languid Nature *Ib* 1 181

Toils much to earn a monumental pile,
 That may record the mischiefs he has done
Ib 1 276

God made the country, and man made the town
Ib 1 749

There is a public mischief in your mirth. *Ib* 1 769.

Oh for a lodge in some vast wilderness,
 Some boundless contiguity of shade,
 Where rumour of oppression and decent,
 Of unsuccessful or successful war,
 Might never reach me more

Ib bk 11, *The Timepiece*, l. 1.

Mountains interpos'd
 Make enemies of nations, who had else,
 Like kindred drops, been mingled into one. *Ib* 1 17.

Slaves cannot breathe in England, if their lungs
 Receive our air, that moment they are free,
 They touch our country, and their shackles fall
Ib 1 40

England, with all thy faults, I love thee still—
 My country! *Ib* 1 206

I would not yet exchange thv sullen skies,
 And fields without a flow'r for warmer France
 With all her vices. *Ib* 1 212

Presume to lay their hand upon the ark
 Of her magnificent and awful cause. *Ib* 1 231

Praise enough
 To fill th' ambition of a private man,
 That Chatham's language was his mother tongue,
 And Wolfe's great name compatriot with his own
Ib 1 235

Chatham heart-sick of his country's shame.
Ib 1 244

There is a pleasure in poetic pains
 Which only poets know *Ib* 1. 285

Variety's the very spice of life,
 That gives it all its flavour *Ib* 1 606.

His head,
Not yet by time completely silver'd o'er,
Bespoke him past the bounds of freakish youth,
But strong for service still, and unimpaired *Ib* 1 702.

Domestic happiness, thou only bliss
Of Paradise that has surviv'd the fall!
Ib bk iii, *The Garden*, 1 41

Guilty splendour *Ib* 1 70

I was a stricken deer, that left the herd
Long since *Ib* 1 108

Charge
His mind with meanings that he never had *Ib* 1 148

Great contest follows, and much learned dust
Involves the combatants *Ib* 1 161

From reveries so airy, from the toil
Of dropping buckets into empty wells,
And growing old in drawing nothing up! *Ib* 1 188

Exercise all functions of a man. *Ib* 1 198

Newton, childlike sage!
Sagacious reader of the works of God. *Ib* 1 252

Riches have wings *Ib* 1 263

The only amaranthine flower on earth
Is virtue *Ib* 1 268

Detested sport,
That owes its pleasures to another's pain *Ib* 1 326

Studious of laborious ease *Ib* 1 361

Who loves a garden loves a greenhouse too
Ib 1 566

To combat may be glorious, and success
Perhaps may crown us, but to fly is safe *Ib* 1 686

He comes, the herald of a noisy world,
With spatter'd boots, strapp'd waist, and frozen locks,
News from all nations lumb'ring at his back
Ib bk iv, *The Winter Evening*, 1 5

Now stir the fire, and close the shutters fast,
Let fall the curtains, wheel the sofa round,
And, while the bubbling and loud-hissing urn
Throws up a steamy column, and the cups,
That cheer but not inebriate, wait on each,
So let us welcome peaceful ev'ning in *Ib* 1 34

Katterfelto, with his hair on end
At his own wonders, wond'ring for his bread *Ib* 1 85

'Tis pleasant through the loopholes of retreat
To peep at such a world, to see the stir
Of Babel, and not feel the crowd *Ib* 1 88

O Winter, ruler of th' inverted year *Ib* 1 120

I love thee, all unlively as thou seem'st
And dreaded as thou art *Ib* 1 128

I crown thee king of intimate delights,
Fire-side enjoyments, home-born happiness *Ib* 1 139

A Roman meal,
a radish and an egg *Ib* 11 168-73

The slope of faces, from the floor to th' roof,
(As if one master-spring controll'd them all),
Relax'd into a universal grin. *Ib* 1 202.

With spots quadrangular of di'mond form,
Ensanguin'd hearts, clubs typical of strife,
And spades, the emblem of untimely graves *Ib* 1 217.

In indolent vacuity of thought *Ib* 1 297

It seems the part of wisdom *Ib* 1 336

All learned, and all drunk! *Ib* 1 478

Gloriously drunk, obey th' important call! *Ib* 1 510

Sidney, warbler of poetic prose *Ib* 1. 516

I never fram'd a wish, or form'd a plan,
That flatter'd me with hopes of earthly bliss,
But there I laid the scene *Ib* 1 695

Entangled in the cobwebs of the schools *Ib* 1 726

The fragrant weed,
The Frenchman's darling [mignonette] *Ib* 1 764

Prepost'rous sight! the legs without the man
Ib bk v, *The Winter Morning Walk*, 1 20

Half lurcher and half cur *Ib* 1 46.

Silently as a dream the fabric rose,—
No sound of hammer or of saw was there *Ib* 1 144

Great princes have great playthings *Ib* 1 175.

But war's a game, which, were their subjects wise,
Kings would not play at *Ib* 1 187.

And the first smith was the first murd'rer's son
Ib 1 219

The beggarly last doct *Ib* 1 316

All constraint,
Except what wisdom lays on evil men,
Is evil. *Ib* 1 448

He is the freeman whom the truth makes free
Ib 1 733.

Give what thou canst, without thee we are poor,
And with thee rich, take what thou wilt away
Ib 1. 905.

There is in souls a sympathy with sounds,
And, as the mind is pitch'd the ear is pleas'd
With melting airs, or martial, brisk, or grave:
Some chord in unison with what we hear,
Is touch'd within us, and the heart replies
Ib bk vi, *The Winter Walk at Noon*, 1 1.

Knowledge dwells
In heads replete with thoughts of other men;
Wisdom in minds attentive to their own *Ib* 1 89

Knowledge is proud that he has learn'd so much,
Wisdom is humble that he knows no more *Ib* 1 96

Books are not seldom talismans and spells. *Ib* 1 98

Nature is but a name for an effect,
Whose cause is God *Ib* 1 223.

A cheap but wholesome salad from the brook
Ib 1 304

Anger insignificantly fierce
Ib 1 320

I would not enter on my list of friends
(Tho' grac'd with polish'd manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility) the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm *Ib* 1 560.

The crested worm *Ib* 1 780.

Stillest streams
Of water fairest meadows, and the bird
That flutters least is longest on the wing *Ib* 1 929.
Public schools 'tis public folly breeds

Tirocinium, 1 250

We love the play-place of our early days *Ib* 1 297.

The little ones, unbutton'd, glowing hot,
Playing our games, and on the very spot,
As happy as we once, to kneel and draw
The chalky ring, and knuckle down at taw,
To pitch the ball into the grounded hat,
Or drive it devious with a dext'rous pat *Ib* 1 304

The parson knows enough who knows a duke
Ib 1 403

As a priest,
A piece of mere church furniture at best *Ib* 1 425
His fav'rite stand between his father's knees
Ib 1 570

Tenants of life's middle state,
Securely plac'd between the small and great
Ib 1 807

If it chance, as sometimes chance it will,
That, though school-bred, the boy be virtuous still
Ib 1 839

Humility may clothe an English dean *Truth*, 1 118
He has no hope who never had a fear *Ib* 1 298

Just knows, and knows no more, her Bible true—
A truth the brilliant Frenchman never knew
[Voltaire] *Ib* 1 327

Envy, ye great, the dull unletter'd small *Ib* 1 375

One who wears a coronet, and prays. *Ib* 1 378

His mind his kingdom, and his will his law
Ib 1 406

Mary! I want a lyre with other strings.
Sonnet to Mrs Umwin

Verse, that immortalizes whom it sings! *Ib*

I am monarch of all I survey,
My right there is none to dispute;
From the centre all round to the sea
I am lord of the fowl and the brute
Oh, solitude! where are the charms

'That sages have seen in thy face?
Better dwell in the midst of alarms,
Than reign in this horrible place

Verses Supposed to be Written by Alexander Selkirk.

Never hear the sweet music of speech *Ib*

Society, friendship, and love,
Divinely bestow'd upon man *Ib*

But the sound of the church-going bell
These valleys and rocks never heard,
Ne'er sigh'd at the sound of a knell,
Or smil'd when a sabbath appear'd *Ib*

Our severest winter, commonly called the spring
Letters To the Rev W Umwin, 8 June, 1783

He kissed likewise the maid in the kitchen, and
seemed upon the whole a most loving, kissing,
kind-hearted gentleman

Ib To the Rev. J. Newton, 29 Mar 1784

GEORGE CRABBE

1754-1832

What is a church?—Our honest sexton tells,
'Tis a tall building, with a tower and bells
The Borough, letter 11, *The Church*, 1 11

Virtues neglected then, adored become,
And graces slighted blossom on the tomb *Ib* 1 133

Intrigues half-gather'd, conversation-scrap,
Kitchen-cabals, and nursery-mishaps
Ib, letter iv, *The Vicar*, 1 71

Habit with him was all the test of truth,
'It must be right I've done it from my youth'
Ib 1 138

Lo! the poor toper whose untutor'd sense,
Sees bliss in ale, and can with wine dispense,
Whose head proud fancy never taught to steer,
Beyond the muddy ecstasies of beer
Inebriety, 1 120 (Imitation of Pope)

This, books can do—nor this alone they give
New views to life, and teach us how to live,
They soothe the grieved, the stubborn they chastise,
Fools they admonish, and confirm the wise
Their aid they yield to all they never shun
The man of sorrow, nor the wretch undone,
Unlike the hard, the selfish, and the proud,
They fly not sullen from the suppliant crowd;
Nor tell to various people various things,
But show to subjects, what they show to kings.
The Library, 1 41

Here come the grieved, a change of thought to find,
The curious here, to feed a craving mind,
Here the devout their peaceful temple choose,
And here the poet meets his favouring muse.
With awe around these silent walks I tread—
'These are the lasting mansions of the dead' *Ib* 1 101

And mighty folios first, a lordly band,
Then quartos, their well-order'd ranks maintain,
And light octavos fill a spacious plain,
See yonder, ranged in more frequented rows,
A humbler band of duodecimos *Ib* 1 128

Hence, in these times, untouch'd the pages lie,
And slumber out their immortality *Ib* 1 157.

Fashion, though Folly's child, and guide of fools,
Rules e'en the wisest, and in learning rules *Ib* 1 167.

Against her foes Religion well defends
Her sacred truths, but often fears her friends
Ib 1 249.

Coldly profane, and impiously gay *Ib* 1 265

The murmuring poor, who will not fast in peace
The Newspaper, 1 158

A master-passion is the love of news *Ib* 1 279

Hold their glimmering tapers to the sun
The Parish Register, introd to pt 1, 1 92

Our farmers round, well pleased with constant gain,
Like other farmers, flourish and complain
Ib pt 1, *Baptisms*, 1 273.

I preach for ever, but I preach in vain!
Ib pt 11, *Marriages*, 1 130

When from the cradle to the grave I look,
 Mine I conceive a melancholy book
Ib pt iii, Burials, l 21

Grave Jonas Kindred, Sybil Kindred's sire,
 Was six feet high, and look'd six inches higher
Tales, vi, The Frank Courtship, l 1

When the coarse cloth she saw, with many a stain,
 Soil'd by rude hands who cut and came again
Ib vii, The Widow's Tale, l 25

Who often reads, will sometimes wish to write
Ib xi, Edward Shore, l 109

The wife was pretty, trifling, childish, weak,
 She could not think, but would not cease to speak
Ib xiv, Struggles of Conscience, l 343

But 'twas a maxim he had often tried,
 That right was right, and there he would abide
Ib xv, The Squire and the Priest, l 365.

That all was wrong because not all was right
Ib xix, The Convert, l 313

He tried the luxury of doing good
Tales of the Hall, iii, Boys at School, l 139

Secrets with girls, like loaded guns with boys,
 Are never valued till they make a noise
Ib xi, The Maid's Story, l 84

'The game', he said, 'is never lost till won'
Ib xv, Gretna Green, l 334

The face the index of a feeling mind
Ib xvi, Lady Barbara, l 124

Love warps the mind a little from the right
Ib xxi, Smugglers and Poachers, l 216

Lo! where the heath, with withering brake grown o'er,
 Lends the light turf that warms the neighbouring
 poor,
 From thence a length of burning sand appears,
 Where the thin harvest waves its wither'd ears,
 Rank weeds, that every art and care defy,
 Reign o'er the land, and rob the blighted rye
 There thistles stretch their prickly arms afar,
 And to the ragged infant threaten war,
 There poppies, nodding, mock the hope of toil,
 There the blue bugloss paints the sterile soil,
 Hardy and high, above the slender sheaf,
 The slimy mallow waves her silky leaf,
 O'er the young shoot the charlock throws a shade,
 And clasping tares cling round the sickly blade
The Village, bk 1, l 63

I sought the simple life that Nature yields
Ib l 110

And the cold charities of man to man
Ib l 245

A potent quack, long versed in human ills,
 Who first insults the victim whom he kills,
 Whose murder's hand a drowsy Bench protect,
 And whose most tender mercy is neglect
Ib l 282

The ring so worn, as you behold,
 So thin, so pale, is yet of gold
 The passion such it was to prove,
 Worn with life's cares, love yet was love
His Mother's Wedding Ring

DINAH MARIA CRAIK

1824-1887

Douglas, Douglas, tender and true
Songs of Our Youth, 'Douglas, Douglas, Tender and True'

THOMAS CRANMER

1489-1556

This hand hath offended
Strype's Memorials of Cranmer, 1694, vol. iii.

RICHARD CRASHAW

1612?-1649

Nympha pudica Deum vidit, et erubuit
 The conscious water saw its God, and blushed
Epigrammata Sacra Aquae in Vinum Versae.
 (His own translation.)

All those fair and flagrant things
The Flaming Heart Upon the Book of Saint Teresa, l 34

Love's passives are his activ'st part
 The wounded is the wounding heart
Ib

O thou undaunted daughter of desires!
Ib

By thy large draughts of intellectual day
Ib.

By all the eagle in thee, all the dove
Ib l 95.

By the full kingdom of that final kiss
 That seized thy parting soul, and seal'd thee His,
 By all the Heavens thou hast in Him—
 Fair sister of the Seraphim!—
 By all of Him we have in thee;
 Leave nothing of myself in me.
 Let me so read thy life, that I
 Unto all life of mine may die!
Ib l 101.

I would be married, but I'd have no wife,
 I would be married to a single life
On Marriage

I sing the Name which none can say
 But touch'd with an interior ray
To the Name Above Every Name.

Narrow, and low, and infinitely less
Ib.

Come; and come strong,
 To the conspiracy of our spacious song.
Ib

Gloomy night embrac'd the place
 Where the noble Infant lay
 The Babe look't up and shew'd his face;
 In spite of darkness, it was day
 It was Thy day, sweet! and did rise
 Not from the East, but from thine eyes
Hymn of the Nativity

Poor World (said I) what wilt thou do
 To entertain this starry stranger?
 Is this the best thou canst bestow?
 A cold, and not too cleanly, manger?
 Content, ye powers of heav'n and earth
 To fit a bed for this huge birth
Ib.

- a** JULIA CRAWFORD OLIVER CROMWELL **b**
- Proud world, said I, cease your contest
And let the mighty Babe alone
The phoenix builds the phoenix' nest
Love's architecture is his own
- Ib.* I saw the curl'd drops, soft and slow,
Come hovering o'er the place's head,
Off'ring their whitest sheets of snow
To furnish the fair Infant's bed
Forbear, said I, be not too bold
Your fleece is white but 'tis too cold
- I saw the obsequious Seraphims
Their rosy fleece of fire bestow
For well they now can spare their wings
Since Heaven itself lies here below
Well done, said I but are you sure
Your down so warm, will pass for pure?
- Ib.* We saw thee in thy balmy nest,
Young dawn of our eternal day!
We saw thine eyes break from their East
And chase the trembling shades away.
We saw thee, and we blest the sight
We saw thee by thine own sweet light.
- Ib.* Welcome, all wonders in one sight!
Eternity shut in a span.
- Ib.* Love's great artillery *Prayer, l 15*
Lo here a little volume, but large book
On a Prayer-Book Sent to Mrs M R
- Happy soul she shall discover
What joy, what bliss,
How many heavens at once it is,
To have a God become her lover
- Ib.* Why, 'tis a point of faith Whate'er it be,
I'm sure it is no point of charity
On a Treatise of Charity
- Two walking baths; two weeping motions,
Portable, and compendious oceans
Saint Mary Magdalene, or The Weeper, xiv
- Love, thou art absolute sole Lord
Of life and death
*Hymn to the Name & Honour of the Admirable
Saint Teresa, l 1*
- Farewell house, and farewell home!
She's for the Moors, and martyrdom
- Ib l 63* Two went to pray? O rather say
One went to brag, th'other to pray.
- One nearer to God's Altar trod,
The other to the Altar's God
*Steps to the Temple, Two Went up into the
Temple to Pray*
- All is Caesar's; and what odds
So long as Caesar's self is God's?
- Ib Mark 12* And when life's sweet fable ends,
Soul and body part like friends,
No quarrels, murmurs, no delay,
A kiss, a sigh, and so away.
- Temperance.* Whoe'er she be,
That not impossible she
That shall command my heart and me,
Where'er she lie,
Lock'd up from mortal eye,
In shady leaves of destiny.
- Wishes to His Supposed Mistress*
- Meet you her my wishes,
Bespeak her to my blisses,
And be ye call'd my absent kisses.
- Ib.* I wish her beauty,
That owes not all his duty
To gaudy tire, or glist'ring shoe-tie
- Ib.* Life, that dares send
A challenge to his end,
And when it comes say 'Welcome Friend'
- Ib.* Sydnaean showers
Of sweet discourse, whose powers
Can crown old Winter's head with flowers.
- Ib.* 'Tis she, and here
Lo I unclothe and clear,
My wishes' cloudy character.
- Ib.* Let her full Glory,
My fancies, fly before ye,
Be ye my fictions, but her story
- Ib.*
- JULIA CRAWFORD
fl 1835
Kathleen Mavourneen! the grey dawn is breaking,
The horn of the hunter is heard on the hill,
The lark from her light wing the bright dew is shaking,
Kathleen Mavourneen! what, slumbering still?
Oh! hast thou forgotten how soon we must sever?
Oh! hast thou forgotten this day we must part?
It may be for years, and it may be for ever,
Oh! why art thou silent, thou voice of my heart?
*Kathleen Mavourneen Metropolitan Magazine,
London, 1835*
- MANDELL CREIGHTON
1843-1901
No people do so much harm as those who go about
doing good *Life, 1904, vol 11, p 503*
- JOHN WILSON CROKER
1780-1857
We now are, as we always have been, decidedly and
conscientiously attached to what is called the Tory,
and which might with more propriety be called the
Conservative, party
Article, Quarterly Review, Jan 1830, p 276
A game which a sharper once played with a dupe,
entitled, 'Heads I win, tails you lose'
Croker Papers, iii 59
- OLIVER CROMWELL
1599-1658
A few honest men are better than numbers
Letter to Sir W Spring, Sept 1643.
I beseech you, in the bowels of Christ, think it possible
you may be mistaken
*Letter to the General Assembly of the Church of
Scotland, 3 Aug 1650*
The dimensions of this mercy are above my thoughts
It is, for aught I know, a crowning mercy
*Letter for the Honourable William Lenthall,
4 Sept 1651*

Mr Lely, I desire you would use all your skill to paint my picture truly like me, and not flatter me at all, but remark all these roughnesses, pimples, warts, and everything as you see me, otherwise I will never pay a farthing for it

Remark, Walpole's Anecdotes of Painting, ch 12

Take away these baubles

Remark, Sydney Papers (1825), p 141

It's a maxim not to be despised, 'Though peace be made, yet it's interest that keeps peace'

Speech to Parliament, 4 Sept 1654.

Necessity hath no law Feigned necessities, imaginary necessities, are the greatest cozenage that men can put upon the Providence of God, and make pretences to break known rules by.

Speech to Parliament, 12 Sept. 1654

Your poor army, those poor contemptible men, came up hither

Speech to Parliament, 21 Apr. 1657.

You have accounted yourselves happy on being environed with a great ditch from all the world beside

Speech to Parliament, 25 Jan 1658

My design is to make what haste I can to be gone

Last Words Morley, Life, v, ch 10.

Not what they want but what is good for them

Attr. remark

RICHARD ASSHETON, VISCOUNT CROSS

1823-1914

[When the House of Lords laughed at his speech in favour of Spiritual Peers]

I hear a smile

G W E Russell's *Collections and Recollections*, ch 29.

JOHN CROWNE

1640?-1703?

River Thames, attended by two nymphs, representing Peace and Plenty

Calisto, prologue, stage directions

RICHARD CUMBERLAND

1631-1718

It is better to wear out than to rust out

G Horne, The Duty of Contending for the Faith

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM

1784-1842

A wet sheet and a flowing sea,

A wind that follows fast

And fills the white and rustling sail

And bends the gallant mast

A Wet Sheet and a Flowing Sea.

While the hollow oak our palace is,

Our heritage the sea

It's hame and it's hame, hame fain wad I be,

Ib.

O, hame, hame, hame to my ain cuntrye!

It's hame and It's hame [Hogg includes this poem among his *Jacobite Relics*, 1 135 In his notes, 1 294, he says he took it from Cromek's *Galloway and Nithsdale Relics*, and supposes that it owed much to Allan Cunningham]

The lark shall sing me hame in my ain cuntrye *Ib*

But the sun through the mirk blinks blithe in my e'e,
'I'll shine on ye yet in your ain cuntrye' *Ib*

Wha the deil hae we got for a King,

But a wee, wee German lairdie!

The Wee, Wee German Lairdie

JOHN PHILPOT CURRAN

1750-1817

The condition upon which God hath given liberty to man is eternal vigilance, which condition if he break, servitude is at once the consequence of his crime, and the punishment of his guilt

Speech on the Right of Election of Lord Mayor of Dublin, 10 July 1790.

GEORGE NATHANIEL CURZON, MARQUESS OF KEDLESTON

1859-1925

I do not exclude the intelligent anticipation of facts even before they occur

Speech, House of Commons, 29 Mar. 1898.

HENRY CUST

1861-1917

Let Hell afford

The pavement of her Heaven *Non Nobis, Domine.*

HARRY DACRE

fl 1892

Daisy, Daisy, give me your answer, do!

I'm half crazy, all for the love of you!

It won't be a stylish marriage,

I can't afford a carriage,

But you'll look sweet on the seat

Of a bicycle built for two!

Daisy Bell

CHARLES ANDERSON DANA

1819-1897

When a dog bites a man that is not news, but when a man bites a dog that is news

What is News? The New York Sun, 1882

SAMUEL DANIEL

1562-1619

Princes in this case

Do hate the traitor, though they love the treason.

Tragedy of Cleopatra, iv 1.

Unless above himself he can
Erect himself, how poor a thing is man!
To the Lady Margaret, Countess of Cumberland,
xii.

Custom that is before all law, Nature that is above
all art *A Defence of Rhyme*

Love is a sickness full of woes,
All remedies refusing:
A plant that with most cutting grows,
Most barren with best using

Why so?
More we enjoy it, more it dies,
If not enjoy'd, it sighing cries,
Hey ho.
Hymen's Triumph, I v

This is the thing that I was born to do.
Musophilus, I 577

And who, in time, knows whither we may vent
The treasure of our tongue, to what strange shores
This gain of our best glory shall be sent,
T'enrich unknowing nations with our stores?
What worlds in th'yet unformed Occident
May come refin'd with th'accents that are ours?
Ib 1. 957

But years hath done this wrong,
To make me write too much, and live too long.
Philotas, [Ded] To the Prince, I 108

Pity is sworn servant unto love:
And thus be sure, wherever it begin
To make the way, it lets your master in.
The Queen's Arcadia, II 1

Care-charmer Sleep, son of the sable Night,
Brother to Death, in silent darkness born:
Relieve my languish, and restore the light,
With dark forgetting of my care return,
And let the day be time enough to mourn
The shipwreck of my ill adventured youth.
Let waking eyes suffice to wail their scorn,
Without the torment of the night's untruth
Sonnets to Delia, liv

Come worthy Greek, Ulysses come
Possess these shores with me;
The winds and seas are troublesome,
And here we may be free
Here may we sit, and view their toil
That travail on the deep,
And joy the day in mirth the while,
And spend the night in sleep.
Ulysses and the Siren.

JOHN JEREMIAH DANIELL

1819-1898

Sing, boys, in joyful chorus
Your hymn of praise to-day,
And sing, ye gentle maidens,
Your sweet responsive lay
Hymns Ancient & Modern, Come, Sing with Holy Gladness.

CHARLES ROBERT DARWIN

1809-1882

We must, however, acknowledge, as it seems to me,
that man with all his noble qualities, . . still bears
in his bodily frame the indelible stamp of his lowly
origin

Descent of Man, vol II, pt III, ch 21, last words

I have called this principle, by which each slight
variation, if useful, is preserved, by the term of
Natural Selection

The Origin of Species, ch 3

We will now discuss in a little more detail the struggle
for existence *Ib*

The expression often used by Mr Herbert Spencer
of the Survival of the Fittest is more accurate, and
is sometimes equally convenient *Ib*

CHARLES D'AVENANT

1656-1714

Custom, that unwritten law,
By which the people keep even kings in awe
Circe, II III

WILLIAM DAVENANT

1606-1668

I shall sleep like a top *The Rivals, Act III*

The lark now leaves his wat'ry nest,
And clumbring, shakes his dewy wings,
He takes this window for the east,
And to implore your light, he sings,
Awake, awake, the morn will never rise,
Till she can dress her beauty at your eyes. *Song*

JOHN DAVIDSON

1857-1909

When the pods went pop on the broom, green broom
A Runnable Stag

A runnable stag, a kingly crop *Ib*

SIR JOHN DAVIES

1569-1626

Skill comes so slow, and life so fast doth fly,
We learn so little and forget so much
Nosce Teipsum, introduction, xix

Wit to persuade, and beauty to delight
Orchestra, v

Why should your fellowship a trouble be,
Since man's chief pleasure is society? *Ib xxxii*

Judge not the play before the play be done
Respite Finem.

a

SCROPE BERDMORE DAVIES : THOMAS DEKKER

b

SCROPE BERDMORE DAVIES

c 1783-1852

Babylon in all its desolation is a sight not so awful
as that of the human mind in ruins.

Letter to Thomas Raikes May 1835 See
Journal T Raikes, 1831 to 1847, 1856, vol. 11

WILLIAM HENRY DAVIES

1870-

A rainbow and a cuckoo's song
May never come together again,

May never come

This side the tomb

A Great Time

The simple bird that thinks two notes a song

April's Charms

A flowery, green, bird-singing land.

In May.

What is this life if, full of care,

We have no time to stand and stare?

Leisure

No time to see, in broad daylight,

Streams full of stars, like skies at night.

Ib

Sweet Stay-at-Home, sweet Well-content

Sweet Stay-at-Home.

JEFFERSON DAVIS

1808-1889

All we ask is to be let alone

*Attr Remark in Inaugural Address as President
of the Confederate States of America, 18 Feb.
1861.*

THOMAS OSBORNE DAVIS

1813-1845

Come in the evening, or come in the morning,

Come when you're looked for, or come without
warning

The Welcome

STEPHEN DECATUR

1779-1820

Our country! In her intercourse with foreign nations,
may she always be in the right, but our country,
right or wrong

A S Mackenzie, Life of Decatur, ch. xiv.

DANIEL DEFOE

1660?-1731

The best of men cannot suspend their fate:

The good die early, and the bad die late

Character of the late Dr S Annesley.

We lov'd the doctrine for the teacher's sake. *Ib*

Nature has left this tincture in the blood,

That all men would be tyrants if they could

The Kentish Petition, addenda, 1 11

I was born in the year 1632, in the city of York, of a
good family, though not of that county, my father
being a foreigner of Bremen, who settled first at
Hull

The Life and Adventures of Robinson Crusoe,
pt 1

Robin, Robin, Robin Crusoe, poor Robin Crusoe!
Where are you, Robin Crusoe? Where are you?
Where have you been? *Ib.*

It happened one day, about noon, going towards
my boat, I was exceedingly surprised with the
print of a man's naked foot on the shore, which
was very plain to be seen in the sand I stood like
one thunderstruck, or as if I had seen an apparition. *Ib.*

I takes my man Friday with me. *Ib.*

In trouble to be troubl'd

Is to have your trouble doubl'd.

Robinson Crusoe, The Farther Adventures.

Necessity makes an honest man a knave

Serious Reflections of Robinson Crusoe, ch. 2.

Wherever God erects a house of prayer,

The Devil always builds a chapel there;

And 'twill be found, upon examination,

The latter has the largest congregation.

The True-Born Englishman, pt. 1, l. 1.

From this amphibious ill-born mob began

That vain, ill-natur'd thing, an Englishman.

Ib. l. 132.

Your Roman-Saxon-Danish-Norman English

Ib. l. 139.

Great families of yesterday we show,

And lords whose parents were the Lord knows who.

Ib. l. 374.

In their religion they are so uneven,

That each man goes his own By-way to heaven.

Ib. l. 104.

And of all plagues with which mankind are curst,

Ecclesiastic tyranny's the worst. *Ib. pt. 11, l. 299.*

When kings the sword of justice first lay down,

They are no kings, though they possess the crown.

Titles are shadows, crowns are empty things,

The good of subjects is the end of kings. *Ib. l. 313.*

THOMAS DEKKER

1570?-1632

The best of men

That ere wore earth about him, was a sufferer,

A soft, meek, patient, humble, tranquil spirit,

The first true gentleman that ever breath'd.

The Honest Whore, pt. I 11.

That great fishpond (the sea).

Ib.

This principle is old, but true as fate,

Kings may love treason, but the traitor hate.

Ib. pt. iv. 1v.

Art thou poor, yet hast thou golden slumbers

Oh sweet content!

Art thou rich, yet is thy mind perplexed?

Oh, punishment!

Dost thou laugh to see how fools are vexed

To add to golden numbers, golden numbers?

O, sweet content, O sweet, O sweet content!

Work apace, apace, apace, apace,

Honest labour bears a lovely face;

Then hey nonny, nonny; hey nonny nonny

Patient Grissill, Act 1.

Canst drink the waters of the crisped spring?
 O sweet content!
 Swim'st thou in wealth, yet sink'st in thine own
 tears?
 O punishment!

Ib.

Golden slumbers kiss your eyes,
 Smiles awake you when you rise
 Sleep, pretty wantons, do not cry,
 And I will sing a lullaby
 Rock them, rock them, lullaby.

Care is heavy, therefore sleep you,
 You are care, and care must keep you

Ib IV II.

Cold 's the wind, and wet 's the rain,
 Saint Hugh be our good speed
 Ill is the weather that bringeth no gain,
 Nor helps good hearts in need

Trowle the bowl, the jolly nut-brown bowl,
 And here kind mate to thee

Let 's sing a dirge for Saint Hugh's soul,
 And down it merrily
Shoemaker's Holiday, Second Three-man's Song

WALTER DE LA MARE

1873-

Oh, no man knows
 Through what wild centuries
 Roves back the rose

All That's Past

Very old are we men;
 Our dreams are tales
 Told in dim Eden
 By Eve's nightingales;
 We wake and whisper awhile,
 But, the day gone by,
 Silence and sleep like fields
 Of amaranth lie.

Ib

Far are the shades of Arabia,
 Where the Princes ride at noon.

Arabia

'He is crazed with the spell of far Arabia,
 They have stolen his wits away'

Ib

What can a tired heart say,
 Which the wise of the world have made dumb?
 Save to the lonely dreams of a child,
 'Return again, come!'

Dreams

Bright towers of silence [clouds]

England

Here lies a most beautiful lady,
 Light of step and heart was she,
 I think she was the most beautiful lady
 That ever was in the West Country

But beauty vanishes, beauty passes,
 However rare—rare it be,
 And when I crumble, who will remember
 This lady of the West Country?

Epitaph

When I lie where shades of darkness
 Shall no more assail mine eyes

Fare Well

Memory fades, must the remembered
 Perishing be?

Ib

Look thy last on all things lovely,
 Every hour—let no night
 Seal thy sense in deathly slumber
 Till to delight

Thou hast paid thy utmost blessing,
 Since that all things thou wouldst praise
 Beauty took from those who loved them
 In other days

Fare Well, III

'Is there anybody there?' said the traveller,
 Knocking on the moonlit door.

The Listeners

'Tell them I came, and no one answered,
 That I kept my word,' he said

Ib

Never the least stir made the listeners

Ib

Ay, they heard his foot upon the stirrup,
 And the sound of iron on stone,
 And how the silence surged softly backward,
 When the plunging hoofs were gone.

Ib

It's a very odd thing—
 As odd as can be—
 That whatever Miss T eats
 Turns into Miss T

Miss T

Never more, Sailor,
 Shalt thou be
 Tossed on the wind-ridden
 Restless sea

Never More, Sailor

No robin ever
 On the deep
 Hopped with his song
 To haunt thy sleep.

Ib.

Three jolly Farmers
 Once bet a pound
 Each dance the others would
 Off the ground.

Off the Ground

And still would remain
 My wit to try—

My worn reeds broken,
 The dark tarn dry,

All words forgotten—

Thou, Lord, and I

The Scribe

Slowly, silently, now the moon
 Walks the night in her silver shoon

Silver

Ages and ages have fallen on me—
 On the wood and the pool and the elder tree

Song of Enchantment

Of all the trees in England,
 Oak, Elder, Elm and Thorn,
 The Yew alone burns lamps of peace
 For them that lie forlorn

Trees

JOHN DENHAM

1615-1669

Where, with like haste, though several ways they run,
 Some to undo, and some to be undone

Cooper's Hill, I 31

Oh, could I flow like thee, and make thy stream
 My great example, as it is my theme!

Though deep, yet clear, though gentle, yet not dull,
 Strong without rage, without o'erflowing full

The Thames, I 189

Youth, what man's age is like to be doth show,
 We may our ends by our beginnings know

Of Prudence, I 225

THOMAS DENHAM

1779-1854

Trial by jury itself, instead of being a security to persons who are accused, will be a delusion, a mockery, and a snare

Judgment in O'Connell v the Queen, 4 Sept 1844

JOHN DENNIS

1657-1734

A man who could make so vile a pun would not scruple to pick a pocket

The Gentleman's Magazine, 1781, p. 324 (Edit note).

Damn them! They will not let my play run, but they steal my thunder!

W S Walsh, Handy-book of Literary Curiosities

THOMAS DE QUINCEY

1785-1859

Set up as a theatrical scarecrow for superstitious terrors

Confessions of an English Opium Eater
Preface, 1856

The burden of the incommunicable. *Ib pt i.*

Thou hast the keys of Paradise, oh just, subtle, and mighty opium! *Ib pt ii, The Pleasures of Opium*

An Iliad of woes *Ib pt iii, The Pains of Opium*

Everlasting farewells! and again, and yet again reverberated—everlasting farewells! *Ib*

Murder Considered as One of the Fine Arts

Title of Essay

There is first the literature of knowledge, and secondly, the literature of power *Essays on the Poets, Pope*

Books, we are told, propose to instruct or to amuse Indeed! . . . The true antithesis to knowledge, in this case, is not pleasure, but power All that is literature seeks to communicate power, all that is not literature, to communicate knowledge

Letters to a Young Man, Letter iii. (De Quincey adds that he is indebted for this distinction to 'many years' conversation with Mr Wordsworth')

AUBREY THOMAS DE VERE

1814-1902

Love thy God and love Him only,
And thy breast will ne'er be lonely

The Waldenses

Vainly strives the soul to mingle
With a being of our kind,
Vainly hearts with hearts are twined,
For the deepest still is single

Ib

Mortal! Love that Holy One,
Or dwell for aye alone

Ib

EDWARD DE VERE,
EARL OF OXFORD

1550-1604

If women could be fair and yet not fond

Women's Changeableness.

ROBERT DEVEREUX,
EARL OF ESSEX

1566-1601

Reasons are not like garments, the worse for wearing
To Lord Willoughby, 4 Jan 1598-9 [See
Notes and Queries, Ser. X, vol. 11, p. 23]

GEORGE DEWEY

1837-1917

You may fire when you are ready, Gridley
Dewey's Autobiography.

CHARLES DIBDIN

1745-1814

Did you ever hear of Captain Wattle?

He was all for love and a little for the bottle

Captain Wattle and Miss Roe

For a soldier I listed, to grow great in fame,

And be shot at for sixpence a-day. *Charity*

In every mess I find a friend,

In every port a wife. *Jack in his Element*

And did you not hear of a jolly young waterman,

Who at Blackfriars Bridge used for to ply,

And he feather'd his oars with such skill and dexterity,

Winning each heart, and delighting each eye

The Jolly Young Waterman

As he row'd along, thinking of nothing at all *Ib*

What argues sniv'ling and piping your eye?

Poor Jack

For they say there's a Providence sits up aloft,

To keep watch for the life of poor Jack! *Ib*

Then farewell, my trim-built wherry!

Oars, and coat, and badge, farewell! *Poor Tom*

But the standing toast that pleased the most

Was—The wind that blows, the ship that goes,

And the lass that loves a sailor!

The Standing Toast, from the opera, The Round Robin

Spanking Jack was so comely, so pleasant, so jolly,

Though winds blew great guns, still he'd whistle and sing,

Jack lov'd his friend, and was true to his Molly,

And if honour gives greatness, was great as a king
The Sailor's Consolation

Oh! what a snug little Island,

A right little, tight little Island!

The Snug Little Island

Then a very great war-man call'd Billy the Norman,

Cried—Damn it, I never lik'd my land,

It would be much more handy to leave this Normandy

And live on yon beautiful island *Ib*

Here, a sheer hulk, lies poor Tom Bowling,
The darling of our crew. *Tom Bowling*

Faithful, below, he did his duty,
But now he's gone aloft. *Ib.*

O running stream of sparkling joy
'To be a soaring human boy! [*Mr. Chadband*]
Ib

Jobling, there are chords in the human mind [*Guppy*]
Ib ch 20

CHARLES DICKENS

1812-1870

Rather a tough customer in argeyment, Joe, if
anybody was to try and tackle him [*Parkes*]
Barnaby Rudge, ch 1.

Something will come of this I hope it mayn't be
human gore. [*Simon Tappertit*] *Ib* ch 4

Polly put the kettle on, we'll all have tea [*Grip*]
Ib ch 17

'There are strings,' said Mr. Tappertit, '... in the
human heart that had better not be vibrated'
Ib ch 22

Oh gracious, why wasn't I born old and ugly?
[*Miss Muggs*] *Ib* ch 70.

Jarndyce and Jarndyce still drags its dreary length
before the Court, perennally hopeless
Bleak House, ch. 1.

This is a London particular. . . . A fog, miss.
Ib ch 3

Educating the natives of Borribooola-Gha, on the
left bank of the Niger [*Mrs Jellyby*] *Ib* ch 4

The wind's in the east . . . I am always conscious
of an uncomfortable sensation now and then when
the wind is blowing in the east [*Mr Jarndyce*]
Ib ch 6

I only ask to be free. The butterflies are free
Mankind will surely not deny to Harold Skimpole
what it concedes to the butterflies! *Ib*

'Not to put too fine a point upon it'—a favourite
apology for plain-speaking with Mr Snagsby
Bleak House, ch 11

He was very good to me, he wos! [*Yo*] *Ib*

He [*Mr Turveydrop*] is celebrated, almost every-
where, for his Deportment [*Caddy*] *Ib* ch 14

'It was a maxim of Captain Swosser's', said Mrs
Badger, 'speaking in his figurative naval manner,
that when you make pitch hot, you cannot make it
too hot, and that if you only have to swab a plank,
you should swab it as if Davy Jones were after
you' *Ib* ch 17

The Professor made the same remark, Miss Summer-
son, in his last illness, when (his mind wandering)
he insisted on keeping his little hammer under the
pillow, and chipping at the countenances of the
attendants 'The ruling passion! [*Mrs Badger*]
Ib

'What is peace? Is it war? No Is it strife? No'
[*Mr Chadband*] *Ib* ch 19

The Chadband style of oratory is widely received
and much admired *Ib*

You are a human boy, my young friend A human
boy. O glorious to be a human boy!

'It is', says Chadband, 'the ray of rays, the sun of
suns, the moon of moons, the star of stars' It is the
light of 'Terewth' *Ib* ch 25

'Lo, the city is barren, I have seen but an eel' *Ib*

It's my old girl that advises She has the head But
I never own to it before her. Discipline must be
maintained [*Mr Bagnet*] *Ib* ch 27

It is a melancholy truth that even great men have
their poor relations *Ib* ch 28

Never have a mission, my dear child [*Mr Jellyby*]
Ib ch 30

England has been in a dreadful state for some weeks
Lord Coodle would go out, and Sir Thomas Doodle
wouldn't come in, and there being nobody in
Great Britain (to speak of) except Coodle and
Doodle, there has been no Government
Ib ch 40

She's Colour-Sergeant of the Nonpareil battalion
[*Mr Bagnet*] *Ib* ch 52

Hasn't a doubt—rample—far better hang wrong fler
than no fler [*The 'debilitated cousin'*] *Ib* ch 53

A smattering of everything, and a knowledge of
nothing [*Minerva House*]
Sketches by Boz Tales, ch 3 *Sentiment*

Grief never mended no broken bones, and as good
people's wery scarce, what I says is, make the
most on 'em *Ib Scenes*, ch. 22, *Gin-Shops*

O let us love our occupations,
Bless the squire and his relations,
Live upon our daily rations,
And always know our proper stations
The Chimes, 2nd Quarter.

In came a fiddler—and tuned like fifty stomach-aches
In came Mrs Fezziwig, one vast substantial smile
A Christmas Carol, stave 2

'God bless us every one!' said Tiny Tim, the last of
all *Ib* stave 3

It was a turkey! He could never have stood upon
his legs, that bird He would have snapped 'em
off short in a munute, like sticks of sealing-wax.
Ib stave 5

'Somebody's sharp' 'Who is?' asked the gentle-
man, laughing I looked up quickly, being curious
to know 'Only Brooks of Sheffield,' said Mr
Murdstone I was relieved that to find it was only
Brooks of Sheffield, for, at first, I really thought
it was I *David Copperfield*, ch 2

'I am a lone lorn creetur,' were Mrs Gummidge's
words, 'and evcrythink goes contrary with me'
Ib ch 3

'I feel it more than other people,' said Mrs Gum-
midge. *Ib*

I'd better go into the house, and die and be a rid-
dance! [*Mrs Gummidge*] *Ib*

She's been thinking of the old 'un! [*Mr. Peggotty, of Mrs Gummidge*] *David Copperfield*, ch 3

Barkis is willin'. *Ib.* ch 5

'There was a gentleman here yesterday,' he said—
'a stout gentleman, by the name of Topsawyer.
he came in here, . . . ordered a glass of this ale—
he'd order it—I told him not—drank it, and fell
dead. It was too old for him. It oughtn't to be
drawn, that's the fact' [*The Water*] *Ib.*

I live on broken wittles—and I sleep on the coals
[*The Water*] *Ib.*

'When a man says he's willin',' said Mr Barkis,
'it's as much as to say, that a man's waitin' for a
answer' *Ib.* ch 8

Experientia does it—as papa used to say. [*Mrs Micawber*] *Ib.* ch 11.

I have known him [*Micawber*] come home to supper
with a flood of tears, and a declaration that nothing
was now left but a jail, and go to bed making
a calculation of the expense of putting bow-windows
to the house, 'in case anything turned up,' which
was his favourite expression *Ib.*

I never will desert Mr Micawber. [*Mrs Micawber*] *Ib.* ch 12

Annual income twenty pounds, annual expenditure
nineteen nineteen six, result happiness. Annual
income twenty pounds, annual expenditure twenty
pounds ought and six, result misery [*Mr Micawber*] *Ib.*

Mr Dick had been for upwards of ten years endeavouring
to keep King Charles the First out of the Memorial, but he had been constantly getting
into it, and was there now *Ib.* ch 14

The mistake was made of putting some of the trouble
out of King Charles's head into my head *Ib.* ch 17.

We are so very 'umble [*Uriah Heep*] *Ib.*

'Orses and dorgs is some men's fancy. They're wittles
and drink to me—lodging, wife, and children—
reading, writing and 'rithmetic—snuff, tobacker,
and sleep *Ib.* ch 19.

I only ask for information [*Miss Rosa Dartle*] *Ib.* ch 20.

'It was as true', said Mr Barkis, 'as taxes is. And
nothing's truer than them' *Ib.* ch 21

What a world of gammon and spinnach it is, though,
ain't it! [*Miss Mowcher*] *Ib.* ch 22

The whole social system is a system of Prince's
nails [*Miss Mowcher*] *Ib.*

'Oh, surely! surely!' said Mr Spenlow 'I should
be happy, myself, to propose two months,
but I have a partner. Mr Jorkins' *Ib.* ch 23

Other things are all very well in their way, but give
me Blood! [*Mr Waterbrook*] *Ib.* ch 25.

I assure you she's the dearest girl [*Traddles*] *Ib.* ch 27

Accidents will occur in the best-regulated families,
and in families not regulated by that pervading
influence which sanctifies while it enhances the

—a—I would say, in short, by the influence of
Woman, in the lofty character of Wife, they may
be expected with confidence, and must be borne
with philosophy [*Mr Micawber*] *Ib.* ch 28.

He told me, only the other day, that it was provided
for That was Mr Micawber's expression, 'Pro-
vided for.' [*Traddles*] *Ib.*

'People can't die, along the coast,' said Mr Peggotty,
'except when the tide's pretty nigh out. They can't
be born, unless it's pretty nigh in—nor properly
born, till flood. He's a going out with the tide' *Ib.* ch 30.

Mrs Crupp had indignantly assured him that there
wasn't room to swing a cat there, but, as Mr Dick
justly observed to me, sitting down on the foot of
the bed, nursing his leg, 'You know, Trotwood, I
don't want to swing a cat. I never do swing a cat.
'Therefore, what does that signify to me?' *Ib.* ch 35.

It's only my child-wife. [*Dora*] *Ib.* ch 44.

Circumstances beyond my individual control. [*Mr Micawber*] *Ib.* ch 49.

I'm Gormed—and I can't say no fairer than that!
[*Mr. Peggotty*] *Ib.* ch 63.

He's tough, ma'am, tough, is J. B. Tough, and devilish
sly! [*Major Bagstock*] *Dombey and Son*, ch 7.

There was no light nonsense about Miss Blimber . . .
She was dry, and sandy with working in the graves
of deceased languages. None of your live languages
for Miss Blimber. They must be dead—stone
dead—and then Miss Blimber dug them up like a
Ghoul. *Ib.* ch 11.

As to Mr. Feeder, B A, Doctor Blimber's assistant,
he was a kind of human barrel-organ, with a little
list of tunes at which he was continually working,
over and over again, without any variation. *Ib.*

If I could have known Cicero, and been his friend,
and talked with him in his retirement at Tusculum
(beautiful Tusculum), I could have died contented
[*Mrs Blimber*] *Ib.*

'Wal'r, my boy,' replied the Captain, 'in the Proverbs
of Solomon you will find the following words,
'May we never want a friend in need, nor a bottle
to give him!' When found, make a note of'
[*Captain Cuttle*] *Ib.* ch 15.

Train up a fig-tree in the way it should go, and when
you are old sit under the shade of it [*Captain Cuttle*]. *Ib.* ch 19

Cows are my passion [*Mrs Skewton*] *Ib.* ch 21

Mr Toots devoted himself to the cultivation of those
gentle arts which refine and humanize existence,
his chief instructor in which was an interesting
character called the Game Chicken, who was
always to be heard of at the bar of the Black Badger,
wore a shaggy white great-coat in the warmest
weather, and knocked Mr Toots about the head
three times a week *Ib.* ch 22

It's of no consequence [*Mr Toots*] *Ib.*

The bearings of this observation lays in the applica-
tion on it [*Bunsby*] *Ib.* ch 23.

Say, like those wicked Turks, there is no What's-his-name but Thingummy, and What-you-may-call-it is his prophet! [*Mrs Skewton*]

Dombey and Son, ch 27.

I positively adore Miss Dombey,—I—I am perfectly sore with loving her. [*Mr. Toots*] *Ib* ch 30

England, Home, and Beauty! [*Captain Cuttle*] *Ib* ch 48.

If you could see my legs when I take my boots off, you'd form some idea of what unrequited affection is. [*Mr. Toots*] *Ib*.

Whatever was required to be done, the Circumlocution Office was beforehand with all the public departments in the art of perceiving—HOW NOT TO DO IT. *Little Dorrit*, bk 1, ch 10.

Look here Upon my soul you mustn't come into the place saying you want to know, you know. [*Barnacle Fumor*] *Ib*.

One remark . . . I wish to make, one explanation I wish to offer, when your Mama came and made a scene of it with my Papa and when I was called down into the little breakfast-room where they were looking at one another with your Mama's parasol between them seated on two chairs like mad bulls what was I to do? [*Flora Finching*] *Ib* ch 13

The Great Fire of London was not the fire in which your uncle George's workshops was burned down [*Mr. F's Aunt*] *Ib*

I hate a fool! [*Mr. F's Aunt*] *Ib*

Take a little time—count five-and-twenty, Tattycoram [*Mr. Meagles*] *Ib* ch 16

In company with several other old ladies of both sexes. *Ib* ch 17.

There's milestones on the Dover Road! [*Mr F's Aunt*] *Ib* ch 23.

You can't make a head and brains out of a brass knob with nothing in it You couldn't when your Uncle George was living; much less when he's dead [*Mr F's Aunt*] *Ib*

He [*Mr. Finching*] proposed seven times once in a hackney-coach once in a boat once in a pew once on a donkey at Tunbridge Wells and the rest on his knees [*Flora Finching*] *Ib* ch 24.

I revere the memory of Mr F as an estimable man and most indulgent husband, only necessary to mention Asparagus and it appeared or to hint at any little delicate thing to drink and it came like magic in a pint bottle it was not ecstasy but it was comfort [*Flora Finching*] *Ib*

E please. Double good! [*Mrs Plornish*] *Ib* ch 25

Father is rather vulgar, my dear The word Papa, besides, gives a pretty form to the lips Papa, potatoes, poultry, prunes and prism, are all very good words for the lips, especially prunes and prism [*Mrs General*] *Ib* bk 11, ch 5

Dante—known to that gentleman [*Mr. Sparkler*] as an eccentric man in the nature of an Old File, who used to put leaves round his head, and sit upon a stool for some unaccountable purpose, outside the cathedral at Florence *Ib* ch. 6

Once a gentleman, and always a gentleman [*Ragaud*] *Ib* ch 28

Stranger, pause and ask thyself the question, Canst thou do likewise? If not, with a blush retire *Edwin Drood*, ch 4

Circumstances alter cases. *Ib* ch 9

'Dear me,' said Mr Grewgious, peeping in, 'it's like looking down the throat of Old Time' *Ib*

'Umps,' said Mr Grewgious *Ib* ch 11

Your sister is given to government [*Joe Gargery*] *Great Expectations*, ch 7

I had cherished a profound conviction that her bringing me up by hand, gave her no right to bring me up by jerks. *Ib* ch 8

On the Rampage, Pip, and off the Rampage, Pip, such is Life! [*Joe Gargery*] *Ib* ch 15

Get hold of portable property [*Wemmuck*] *Ib* ch 24

You don't object to an aged parent, I hope? [*Wemmuck*] *Ib* ch 25

'Have you seen anything of London, yet?' [*Herbert*] 'Why, yes. Sir—but we didn't find that it come up to its likeness in the red bills—it is there drawn too architectooral.' [*Joe Gargery*] *Ib* ch 27

'Halloo! Here's a church! . . . Let's go in! Here's Miss Skiffins! Let's have a wedding' [*Wemmuck*] *Ib* ch 55

Now, what I want is, Facts . . . Facts alone are wanted in life [*Mr. Gradgrind*] *Hard Times*, bk 1, ch. 1

The Lord No Zoo. [*Toby Chuzzlewit*] *Martin Chuzzlewit*, ch 1.

'The name of those fabulous animals (pagan, I regret to say) who used to sing in the water, has quite escaped me' Mr George Chuzzlewit suggested 'Swans' 'No,' said Mr Pecksniff 'Not swans Very like swans, too Thank you' The nephew propounded 'Oysters' 'No,' said Mr Pecksniff, . . . 'nor oysters But by no means unlike oysters; a very excellent idea, thank you, my dear sir, very much Wait Sirens! Dear me! sirens, of course' *Ib* ch 4

Any man may be in good spirits and good temper when he's well dressed There an't much credit in that [*Mark Tapley*] *Ib* ch 5

Some credit in being jolly [*Mark Tapley*] *Ib*

A highly geological home-made cake *Ib*
'Let us be merry' Here he took a captain's biscuit [*Mr Pecksniff*] *Ib*

With affection beaming in one eye, and calculation shining out of the other [*Mrs Todgers*] *Ib* ch 8

Oh, Todger's could do it when it chose! Mind that *Ib* ch 9

Charity and Mercy Not unholy names, I hope? [*Mr Pecksniff*] *Ib*

'Do not repine, my friends,' said Mr Pecksniff, tenderly 'Do not weep for me It is chronic' *Ib*.

- Let us be moral Let us contemplate existence
[*Mr Pecksniff*] *Martin Chuzzlewit*, ch 9
- Here's the rule for bargains 'Do other men, for they would do you' That's the true business precept
[*Jonas Chuzzlewit*] *Ib* ch 11.
- Mrs Harris, 'I says, 'leave the bottle on the chumley-piece, and don't ask me to take none, but let me put my lips to it when I am so disposed.' [*Mrs Gamp*] *Ib*. ch. 19.
- Some people may be Rooshans, and others may be Prooshans, they are born so, and will please themselves 'Them which is of other natures thinks different [*Mrs Gamp*] *Ib*.
- Therefore I do require it, which I makes confession, to be brought reg'lar and draw'd milder [*Mrs Gamp*] *Ib* ch. 25.
- 'She's the sort of woman now,' said Mould, . . . 'one would almost feel disposed to bury for nothing and do it neatly, too' *Ib*
- He'd make a lovely corpse [*Mrs Gamp*] *Ib*.
- All the wickedness of the world is print to him [*Mrs Gamp*] *Ib* ch 26
- 'Sairey,' says Mrs Harris, 'sech is life. Vich like-ways is the hend of all things!' [*Mrs Gamp*] *Ib* ch 29
- Our backs is easy ris We must be cracked-up, or they rises, and we snarls You'd better crack up, you had! [*Chollop*] *Ib*. ch. 33.
- 'Our fellow-countryman is a model of a man, quite fresh from Natur's mould' . . . Rough he may be So air our Barrs Wild he may be. So air our Buffalors' [*Pogram*] *Ib* ch 34
- 'To be presented to a Pogram,' said Miss Codger, 'by a Hominy, indeed, a thrilling moment is it in its impressiveness on what we call our feelings' *Ib*.
- 'Mind and matter,' said the lady in the wig, 'glide swift into the vortex of immensity Howls the sublime, and softly sleeps the calm Ideal, in the whispering chambers of Imagination' *Ib*.
- 'The Ankworks package,' . . . 'I wish it was in Jonadage's belly, I do,' cried Mrs Gamp, appearing to confound the prophet with the whale in this miraculous aspiration *Ib* ch 40
- Oh Sairey, Sairey, little do we know wot lays afore us! [*Mrs Gamp*] *Ib*
- I know'd she wouldn't have a cucumber! [*Betsey Prig*] *Ib* ch 49
- 'Who deniges of it?' Mrs Gamp enquired. *Ib*.
- Ever since afore her First, which Mr Harris who was dreadful timid went and stopped his ears in a empty dog-kennel, and never took his hands away or come out once till he was showed the baby, wen been' took with fits, the doctor collared him and laid him on his back upon the airy stones, and she was told to ease her mind, his owls was organs [*Mrs Gamp*] *Ib*
- 'Bother Mrs Harris!' said Betsey Prig . . . 'I don't believe there's no sich a person!' *Ib*.
- The words she spoke of Mrs. Harris, lambs could not forgive . . . nor worms forget. [*Mrs Gamp*] *Ib*
- Which fiddle-strings is weakness to expredge my nerves this night! [*Mrs Gamp*] *Ib*. ch 51
- Farewell! Be the proud bride of a ducal coronet, and forget me! . . . Unalterably, never yours, Augustus. [*Augustus Middle*] *Ib* ch 54
- United Metropolitan Improved Hot Muffin and Crumpet Baking and Punctual Delivery Company
Nicholas Nickleby, ch 2
- He had but one eye, and the popular prejudice runs in favour of two [*Mr. Squeers*] *Ib*. ch 4
- Serve it right for being so dear [*Mr Squeers*] *Ib* ch 5
- Subdue your appetites, my dears, and you've conquered human natur. [*Mr. Squeers*] *Ib*
- C-l-e-a-n, clean, verb active, to make bright, to scour W-i-n, win, d-e-r, der, winder, a casement When the boy knows this out of the book, he goes and does it [*Mr. Squeers*] *Ib*. ch 8.
- As she frequently remarked when she made any such mistake, it would be all the same a hundred years hence. [*Mrs. Squeers*] *Ib*. ch. 9.
- There are only two styles of portrait painting; the serious and the smirk [*Miss La Creevy*] *Ib* ch 10
- Oh! they're too beautiful to live, much too beautiful [*Mrs Kemwigs*] *Ib*. ch. 14.
- Sir, My pa requests me to write to you, the doctors considering it doubtful whether he will ever recover the use of his legs which prevents his holding a pen. [*Fanny Squeers*] *Ib*. ch 15
- One mask of brooses both blue and green. [*Fanny Squeers*] *Ib*.
- I am screaming out loud all the time I write and so is my brother which takes off my attention rather and I hope will excuse mistakes. [*Fanny Squeers*] *Ib*.
- I pity his ignorance and despise him. [*Fanny Squeers*] *Ib*.
- This is all very well, Mr Nickleby, and very proper, so far as it goes—so far as it goes, but it doesn't go far enough. [*Mr. Gregsbury*] *Ib* ch. 16
- We've got a private master comes to teach us at home, but we ain't proud, because ma says it's sinful [*Mrs Kemwigs*] *Ib*
- 'What's the water in French, sir?' 'L'eau,' replied Nicholas 'Ah!' said Mr Lillywick, shaking his head mournfully 'I thought as much Lo, eh? I don't think anything of that language—nothing at all' *Ib*
- 'It's very easy to talk' said Mrs Mantalini 'Not so easy when one is eating a demnition egg,' replied Mr Mantalini, 'for the yolk runs down the waistcoat, and yolk of egg does not match any waistcoat but a yellow waistcoat, demmit' *Ib* ch 17.
- Language was not powerful enough to describe the infant phenomenon. *Ib* ch 23

'I hope you have preserved the unities, sir?' said Mr Curdle

'The unities, sir, are a completeness—a kind of a universal dovetailedness with regard to place and time' *Nicholas Nickleby*, ch 24

She's the only sylph I ever saw, who could stand upon one leg, and play the tambourine on her other knee, like a sylph [*Mr Crummles*] *Ib* ch 25

The two countesses had no outlines at all, and the dowager's was a demd outline [*Mr Mantalim*] *Ib* ch 34

A demd, damp, moist, unpleasant body. [*Mr Mantalim*] *Ib*

In the absence of the planet Venus, who has gone on business to the Horse Guards [*The Gentleman in the Small-clothes*] *Ib* ch 41.

Bring in the bottled lightning, a clean tumbler, and a corkscrew. [*The Gentleman in the Small-clothes*] *Ib* ch 49

All is gas and gaiters [*The Gentleman in the Small-clothes*] *Ib*

My life is one demd horrid grind! [*Mr Mantalim*] *Ib* ch 64

He has gone to the demnition bow-wows. [*Mr Mantalim*] *Ib*

Is the old min agreeable? [*Dick Swiveller*] *The Old Curiosity Shop*, ch 2

What is the odds so long as the fire of soul is kindled at the taper of conviviality, and the wing of friendship never moults a feather! [*Dick Swiveller*] *Ib*

Fan the sinking flame of hilarity with the wing of friendship, and pass the rosy wine. [*Dick Swiveller*] *Ib* ch 7

Codin's the friend, not Short [*Codin*] *Ib* ch 19

If I know'd a donkey wot wouldn't go
To see Mrs Jarley's waxwork show,
Do you think I'd acknowledge him,
Oh no no! *Ib* ch 27

I never nursed a dear Gazelle, to glad me with its soft black eye, but when it came to know me well, and love me, it was sure to marry a market-gardener [*Dick Swiveller*] *Ib* ch 56

'Did you ever taste beer?' 'I had a sip of it once,' said the small servant 'Here's a state of things!' cried Mr Swiveller 'She *never* tasted it—it can't be tasted in a sip!' *Ib* ch 57

It was a maxim with Foxey—our revered father, gentlemen—'Always suspect everybody' [*Sampson Brass*] *Ib* ch 66

Oliver Twist has asked for more! [*Bumble*] *Oliver Twist*, ch 2

Known by the *sobriquet* of 'The artful Dodger' *Ib* ch 8

'Hard,' replied the Dodger 'As nails,' added Charley Bates *Ib* ch 9

There is a passion for hunting something deeply implanted in the human breast *Ib* ch 10

I'll eat my head. [*Mr Grimwig*] *Ib* ch 14

I only know two sorts of boys Mealy boys, and beef-faced boys. [*Mr Grimwig*] *Ib*

Oh, Mrs Corney, what a prospect this opens! What a opportunity for a jining of hearts and house-keepings! [*Bumble*] *Ib* ch 27

'If the law supposes that,' said Mr Bumble 'the law is a ass—a idiot' *Ib* ch 51

Why then we should drop into poetry [*Boffin*] *Our Mutual Friend*, bk 1, ch 5

Decline-and-Fall-Off-The-Rooshan-Empire. [*Mr Boffin*] *Ib*

'Mrs Boffin, Wegg,' said Boffin, 'is a highflyer at Fashion' *Ib*

Meaty jelly, too, especially when a little salt, which is the case when there's ham, is mellering to the organ [*Silas Wegg*] *Ib*

'It is Rooshan, ain't it, Wegg?'

'No, sir Roman Roman'

'What's the difference, Wegg?'

'The difference, sir?—There you place me in a difficulty, Mr Boffin Suffice it to observe, that the difference is best postponed to some other occasion when Mrs Boffin does not honour us with her company' *Ib*

I didn't think this morning there was half so many Scarers in Print [*Boffin*] *Ib*

A literary man—with a wooden leg [*Mr Boffin on Silas Wegg*] *Ib* ch 8

Professionally he declines and falls, and as a friend he drops into poetry [*Mr Boffin on Silas Wegg*] *Ib*

Mr Podsnap settled that whatever he put behind him he put out of existence Mr Podsnap had even acquired a peculiar flourish of his right arm in often clearing the world of its most difficult problems, by sweeping them behind him *Ib* ch 11

The question [with Mr Podsnap] about everything was, would it bring a blush into the cheek of the young person? *Ib*

The gay, the gay and festive scene,
The hills, the halls of dazzling light [*Mrs Boffin*] *Ib* ch 15

Oh! I know their tricks and their manners [*Fanny Cleaver*] *Ib* bk 11, ch 1

Who comes here?

A Grenadier

What does he want?

A pot of beer *Ib* ch 2

I think that it is the best club in London [*Mr Twemlow, on the House of Commons*] *Ib* ch 3

I don't care whether I am a Minx, or a Sphinx [*Lavvy*] *Ib* ch 8

A slap-up gal in a bang-up chariot *Ib*

Queer street is full of lodgers just at present [*Fledge by*] *Ib* bk 11, ch 1

O Mrs Higden, Mrs Higden, you was a woman and a mother, and a mangler in a million million [*Sloppy*] *Ib* ch 9

- He'd be sharper than a serpent's tooth, if he wasn't as dull as ditch water [*Fanny Cleaver*]
Our *Mutual Friend*, bk iii, ch. 10.
- T'other governor. [*Mr. Roderhood*] *Ib* bk iv, ch. 1.
- The dodgerest of the dodgers [*Mr Fledgeby*]
Ib ch 8
- The Golden Dustman *Ib* ch 11
- He had used the word in its Pickwickian sense
He had merely considered him a humbug in a Pickwickian point of view [*Mr Blotton*]
Pickwick Papers, ch 1
- Heads, heads ! five children—mother—tall lady, eating sandwiches—forgot the arch—crash—knock—children look round—mother's head off—sandwich in her hand—no mouth to put it in—head of a family off—shocking, shocking! [*Jingle*]
Ib ch 2
- Half-a-crown in the bill, if you look at the waiter—Charge you more if you dine at a friend's than they would if you dined in the coffee-room [*Jingle*]
Ib
- Not presume to dictate, but broiled fowl and mushroom—capital thing! [*Jingle*]
Ib
- Kent, sir—everybody knows Kent—apples, cherries, hops, and women [*Jingle*]
Ib
- 'It wasn't the wine,' murmured Mr Snodgrass, in a broken voice 'It was the salmon' *Ib* ch 8
- I wants to make your flesh creep [*The Fat Boy*] *Ib*
- 'It's always best on these occasions to do what the mob do' 'But suppose there are two mobs?' suggested Mr Snodgrass 'Shout with the largest,' replied Mr Pickwick *Ib* ch 13
- 'Can I unmoved see thee dying
On a log,
Expiring frog!' [*Mrs Leo Hunter*] *Ib* ch 15
- 'Sir,' said Mr Tupman, 'you're a fellow' 'Sir,' said Mr Pickwick, 'you're another' *Ib*
- The world politics surprises by himself [*Count Smortork*]
Ib
- Right as a trivet, sir [*Sam Weller*] *Ib* ch 16
- Tongue, well that's a wery good thing when it an't a woman's [*Mr Weller*] *Ib* ch 19
- Mr Weller's knowledge of London was extensive and peculiar *Ib* ch 20
- The victim o' connubiality, as Blue Beard's domestic chaplain said, with a tear of pity, ven he buried him [*Mr Weller*]
Ib
- 'It's a wery remarkable circumstance, sir,' said Sam, 'that poverty and oysters always seems to go together' *Ib* ch 22
- It's over, and can't be helped, and that's one consolation, as they always says in Turkey, ven they cuts the wrong man's head off [*Sam Weller*]
Ib ch 23
- Dumb as a drum with a hole in it, sir [*Sam Weller*]
Ib ch 25
- Wery glad to see you, indeed, and hope our acquaintance may be a long 'un, as the gen'l'm'n said to the fi' pun' note [*Sam Weller*]
Ib
- Wen you're a married man, Samivel, you'll understand a good many things as you don't understand now, but vether it's worth while goin' through so much to learn so little, as the charity-boy said ven he got to the end of the alphabet, is a matter o' taste [*Mr. Weller*]
Ib ch 27
- Our noble society for providing the infant negroes in the West Indies with flannel waistcoats and moral pocket handkerchiefs *Ib* ch 27
- 'Eccentricities of genius, Sam,' said Mr Pickwick *Ib* ch 30
- Keep yourself to yourself [*Mr Raddle*] *Ib* ch 32
- Pursuit of knowledge under difficulties, Sammy? [*Mr. Weller*]
Ib ch 33
- A double glass o' the invariable [*Mr Weller*] *Ib*
- Poetry's unnat'ral, no man ever talked poetry 'cept a beadle on bovin' day, or Warren's blackin' or Rowland's oil, or some o' them low fellows [*Mr Weller*]
Ib
- Wot's the good o' callin' a young 'ooman a Venus or a angel, Sammy? [*Mr Weller*]
Ib
- 'That's rather a sudden pull up, ain't it, Sammy?' inquired Mr Weller
'Not a bit on it,' said Sam, 'she'll vish there was more, and that's the great art o' letter writin' '
Ib
- If your governor don't prove a alleby, he'll be what the Italians call reg'larly flummoxed [*Mr Weller*]
Ib
- She's a swellin' wisely before my wery eyes. [*Mr Weller*]
Ib
- It's my opinion, sir, that this meeting is drunk, sir! [*Mr Stiggins*]
Ib
- A Being, erect upon two legs, and bearing all the outward semblance of a man, and not of a monster [*Buzfuz*]
Ib ch 34
- Chops and Tomata sauce. Yours, Pickwick *Ib*
- 'Do you spell it with a "V" or a "W"?' inquired the judge
'That depends upon the taste and fancy of the speller, my Lord,' replied Sam *Ib*
- Put it down a we, my Lord, put it down a we [*Mr Weller*]
Ib
- 'Little to do, and plenty to get, I suppose?' said Sergeant Buzfuz, with jocularly
'Oh, quite enough to get, sir, as the soldier said ven they ordered him three hundred and fifty lashes,' replied Sam
'You must not tell us what the soldier, or any other man, said, sir,' interposed the judge, 'it's not evidence' *Ib*.
- 'Yes, I have a pair of eyes,' replied Sam, 'and that's just it If they was a pair o' patent double million magnifyin' gas microscopes of hextra power, p'raps I might be able to see through a flight o' stairs and a deal door, but bein' only eyes, you see my wision's limited.' *Ib*
- Oh Sammy, Sammy, vy worn't there a alleby! [*Mr Weller*]
Ib

A friendly swarry, consisting of a boiled leg of mutton with the usual trimmings. *Pickwick Papers*, ch. 37

'You dished the killbeate taste, perhaps?'

'I don't know much about that 'ere,' said Sam 'I thought they'd a wery strong flavour o' warm flat-irons'

'That is the killbeate, Mr Weller,' observed Mr John Smauker, contemptuously *Ib.*

'That 'ere young lady,' replied Sam. 'She knows wot's wot, she does' *Ib*

We know, Mr Weller—we, who are men of the world—that a good uniform must work its way with the women, sooner or later *Ib*

You're a amiably-disposed young man, sir, I don't think. [*Sam Weller*] *Ib* ch 38

'And a bird-cage, sir,' says Sam 'Veels vithin veels, a prison in a prison.' *Ib* ch 40

'It would make anyone go to sleep, that bedstead would, whether they wanted to or not' [*Mr Roker*]

'I should think,' said Sam, 'poppies was nothing to it' *Ib* ch 41

They don't mind it, it's a regular holiday to them—all porter and skittles. [*Sam Weller*] *Ib.*

If he damned hisself in confidence, o' course that was another thing [*Mr. Weller*] *Ib* ch. 43

The have-his-carcase, next to the perpetual motion, is vun of the blessedest things as was ever made [*Sam Weller*] *Ib*

Anythin' for a quiet life, as the man said wen he took the situation at the lighthouse. [*Sam Weller*] *Ib*

Wich puts me in mind o' the man as killed hisself on principle, wich o' course you've heerd on, sir [*Sam Weller*] *Ib.* ch 44

Which is your partickler wanity? Vich wanity do you like the flavour on best, sir? [*Sam Weller*] *Ib* ch 45.

You've got the key of the street, my friend [*Lousten*] *Ib* ch 47.

'Never . . . see . . . a dead postboy, did you?' inquired Sam . . . 'No,' rejoined Bob, 'I never did' 'No!' rejoined Sam triumphantly 'Nor never vill, and there's another thing that no man never see, and that's a dead donkey' *Ib* ch 51

'Vell, gov'ner, ve must all come to it, one day or another'

'So we must, Sammy,' said Mr Weller the elder.

'There's a Providence in it all,' said Sam

'O' course there is,' replied his father with a nod of grave approval 'Wot 'ud become of the undertakers without it, Sammy?' *Ib* ch 52

'Cos a coachman's a privileged individual,' replied Mr Weller, looking fixedly at his son 'Cos a coachman may do without suspicion wot other men may not, 'cos a coachman may be on the wery amicablest terms with eighty mule o' females, and yet nobody think that he ever means to marry any vun among them' *Ib*

Recalled to life That's a Blazing strange answer — Much of that wouldn't do for you, Jerry! I say, Jerry! You'd be in a Blazing bad way, if recalling

to life was to come into fashion, Jerry! [*Jerry Cruncher*] *A Tale of Two Cities*, bk 1, ch 2

I pass my whole life, miss, in turning an immense pecuniary Mangle [*Mr Lorry*] *Ib* ch 4

If you must go flopping yourself down, flop in favour of your husband and child, and not in opposition to 'em. [*Jerry Cruncher*] *Ib* bk ii, ch 1

'I tell thee,' said madame—that although it is a long time on the road, it is on the road and coming I tell thee it never retreats, and never stops' [*Mme Defarge*]

'It is possible—that it may not come, during our lives We shall not see the triumph' [*Defarge*]

'We shall have helped it,' returned madame *Ib* ch 16

There might be medical doctors a cocking their medical eyes [*Jerry Cruncher*] *Ib* bk iii, ch 9

It is a far, far better thing that I do, than I have ever done, it is a far, far better rest that I go to, than I have ever known. [*Sidney Carton*] *Ib* ch 15

EMILY DICKINSON

1830-1886

I asked no other thing,

No other was denied

I offered Being for it,

The mighty merchant smiled.

Brazil? He twirled a button,

Without a glance my way

'But, madam, is there nothing else

'That we can show to-day?'

Poems Life

I got so I could hear his name

Without—

Tremendous gain!—

That stop-sensation in my Soul

And thunder in the room *Ib I Got so I Could Hear*

Parting is all we know of heaven,

And all we need of hell.

Ib Parting

JOHN DICKINSON

1732-1808

Our cause is just Our union is perfect

Declaration on Taking Up Arms in 1775.

Then join in hand brave Americans all,

By uniting we stand, by dividing we fall

The Liberty Song Memoirs of the Historical Soc of Pennsylvania, vol xiv

WENTWORTH DILLON, EARL OF ROSCOMMON

1633?-1685

But words once spoke can never be recall'd

Art of Poetry, l 438.

The last loud trumpet's wondrous sound,

Shall through the rending tombs rebound,

And wake the nations under ground

On the Day of Judgement.

- Choose an author as you choose a friend
Essay on Translated Verse, 1. 96
- Immodest words admit of no defence,
 For want of decency is want of sense *Ib* 1 113
- The multitude is always in the wrong *Ib* 1 183

BENJAMIN DISRAELI

1804-1881

- Though I sit down now, the time will come when you will hear me
Maiden Speech, 7 Dec 1837 *Meynell, Disraeli*, 1 43.
- The Continent will not suffer England to be the workshop of the world
Speech, *H of C*, 15 March 1838
- The noble Lord [Lord Stanley] is the Rupert of Parliamentary discussion *Ib* 24 April 1844
- The right hon Gentleman [Sir Robert Peel] caught the Whigs bathing, and walked away with their clothes *Ib* 28 Feb 1845.
- Protection is not a principle, but an expedient
Ib 17 March 1845
- A Conservative Government is an organized hypocrisy. *Ib*
- He traces the steam-engine always back to the teakettle *Ib* 11 April 1845
- A precedent embalms a principle *Ib* 22 Feb 1848
- Justice is truth in action *Ib* 11 Feb 1851.
- I read this morning an awful, though monotonous, manifesto in the great organ of public opinion, which always makes me tremble Olympian bolts, and yet I could not help fancying amid their rumbling terrors I heard the plaintive treble of the Treasury Bench *Ib* 13 Feb 1851.
- England does not love coalitions *Ib* 16 Dec 1852
- Finality is not the language of politics
Ib 28 Feb 1859
- This shows how much easier it is to be critical than to be correct *Ib* 24 Jan 1860
- The Church of England is not a mere depositary of doctrine *Ib* 27 Feb 1861
- To put an end to these bloated armaments
Ib 8 May 1862
- He seems to think that posterity is a pack-horse, always ready to be loaded *Ib*. 3 June 1862
- Colonies do not cease to be colonies because they are independent. *Ib* 5 Feb 1863.
- Never take anything for granted
Ib at *Salthill*, 5 Oct 1864
- I hold that the characteristic of the present age is craving credulity
Ib at *Meeting of Society for Increasing Endowments of Small Livings in the Diocese of Oxford*, 25 Nov 1864
- Party is organized opinion *Ib*
- Is man an ape or an angel? Now I am on the side of the angels *Ib*
- Assassination has never changed the history of the world. *Ib* *H of C*, 1 May 1865.
- Change is inevitable In a progressive country change is constant *Ib*. *Edinburgh*, 29 Oct. 1867
- I had to prepare the mind of the country, and . . . to educate our party *Ib*
- We have legalized confiscation, consecrated sacrilege, and condoned high treason
Ib. *H. of C*, 27 Feb. 1871.
- I believe that without party Parliamentary government is impossible. *Ib* *Manchester*, 3 April 1872
- As I sat opposite the Treasury Bench the ministers reminded me of one of those marine landscapes not very unusual on the coasts of South America You behold a range of exhausted volcanoes *Ib*.
- Increased means and increased leisure are the two civilizers of man. *Ib*.
- A University should be a place of light, of liberty, and of learning *Ib* *H of C*, 11 March 1873
- All those institutions and all those principles . . . in due time will become great and 'burning' questions *Ib*. 20 March 1873.
- An author who speaks about his own books is almost as bad as a mother who talks about her own children *Ib*. at *Banquet Given by Glasgow to Ld Rector*, 19 Nov 1873
- King Louis Philippe once said to me that he attributed the great success of the British nation in political life to their talking politics after dinner. *Ib*
- Upon the education of the people of this country the fate of this country depends
Ib *H of C*, 15 June 1874
- He is a great master of gibes and flouts and jeers [Referring to his Colleague, the Marquis of Salisbury] *Ib*. *H of C*, 5 Aug 1874
- Lord Salisbury and myself have brought you back peace—but a peace I hope with honour *Ib* 16 July 1878.
- A series of congratulatory regrets [Lord Harrington's Resolution on the Berlin Treaty] *Ib* at *Banquet in Ruding School, Knightsbridge*, 27 July 1878
- A sophistical rhetorician, inebriated with the exuberance of his own verbosity [Gladstone] *Ib*
- The hare-brained chatter of irresponsible frivolity
Ib *Gulldhall, London*, 9 Nov 1878
- One of the greatest of Romans, when asked what were his politics, replied, *Imperium et Libertas* That would not make a bad programme for a British Ministry
Ib *Mansion House, London*, 10 Nov 1879.
- The key of India is in London
Ib *H of Lords*, 5 March 1881
- Damn your principles! Stick to your party.
Attr Remark to Bulwer Lytton (Latham, Famous Sayings)

Between ourselves, I could floor them all This *entre nous* I was never more confident of anything than that I could carry everything before me in that House. The time will come.

Letters, 7 Feb 1833

In the 'Town' yesterday, I am told 'some one asked Disraeli, in offering himself for Marylebone, on what he intended to stand "On my head," was the reply' *Ib 8 Apr. 1833*

There can be no economy where there is no efficiency *Ib To Constituents, 3 Oct 1868*

Everyone likes flattery, and when you come to Royalty you should lay it on with a trowel
Remark to Matthew Arnold G W.E Russell, Collections and Recollections, ch 23.

She is an excellent creature, but she never can remember which came first, the Greeks or the Romans. [Of his wife] *Ib ch 1*

Your Majesty is the head of the literary profession
Remark to Queen Victoria Ib ch 23

There is no reason to doubt the story which represents him as using more than once, in conversation with Her Majesty on literary subjects, the words 'We authors, Ma'am'

Buckle's Disraeli (1920), v 49.

'I am dead dead, but in the Elysian fields,' was Benjamin's reply to an acquaintance among the peers, who, when welcoming him to the Lords, expressed a fear lest he should miss the excitement of the Commons. *Ib 522*

Tadpole and Taper were great friends. Neither of them evr despaired of the Commonwealth
Conningsby, bk 1, ch 1

No Government can be long secure without a formidable Opposition *Ib bk 11, ch 1*

Conservatism discards Prescription, shrinks from Principle, disavows Progress, having rejected all respect for antiquity, it offers no redress for the present, and makes no preparation for the future *Ib ch 5.*

'A sound Conservative government,' said Taper, musingly. 'I understand Tory men and Whig measures' *Ib ch 6*

Adventures are to the adventurous *Ib bk 11, ch 1.*

The still hissing bacon and the eggs that looked like tufts of primroses *Ib*

Almost everything that is great has been done by youth. *Ib*

Youth is a blunder, Manhood a struggle, Old Age a regret. *Ib*

It seems to me a barren thing this Conservatism—an unhappy cross-breed, the mule of politics that engenders nothing *Ib ch 5*

I have been ever of opinion that revolutions are not to be evaded *Ib bk 14, ch 11.*

The depositary of power is always unpopular *Ib*

Where can we find faith in a nation of sectaries?
Ib ch 13

Man is only truly great when he acts from the passions *Ib*

I grew intoxicated with my own eloquence
Contarini Fleming, pt 1, ch 7

Read no history nothing but biography, for that is life without theory *Ib ch 23*

The practice of politics in the East may be defined by one word—dissimulation. *Ib pt v, ch 10*

He flits across the stage a transient and embarrassed phantom *Endymion, bk 1, ch 3*

His Christianity was muscular *Ib ch 14*

The Athanasian Creed is the most splendid ecclesiastical lyric ever poured forth by the genius of man *Ib ch 54*

'As for that,' said Waldershare, 'sensible men are all of the same religion' 'And pray, what is that?' inquired the prince 'Sensible men never tell' *Ib ch 81*

The sweet simplicity of the three per cents *Ib ch 91*

I believe they went out, like all good things, with the Stuarts. *Ib ch 99*

What we anticipate seldom occurs, what we least expect generally happens. *Ib bk 11, ch 4*

Time is the great physician. *Ib bk vi, ch 9*

They [the Furies] mean well, their feelings are strong, but their hearts are in the right place

The Infernal Marriage, pt 1, 1.

The blue ribbon of the turf [The Derby]
Life of Lord George Bentinck, ch 26

Every day when he looked into the glass, and gave the last touch to his consummate toilette, he offered his grateful thanks to Providence that his family was not unworthy of him. *Lothair, ch 1*

'I could have brought you some primroses, but I do not like to mix violets with anything'

'They say primroses make a capital salad,' said Lord St Jerome *Ib ch 13*

A Protestant, if he wants aid or advice on any matter, can only go to his solicitor. *Ib ch 27.*

London, a nation, not a city *Ib*

The gondola of London. [A hansom] *Ib*

When a man fell into his anecdotalage it was a sign for him to retire from the world *Ib ch 28*

He was not an intellectual Cæsar, but his pockets were full of sixpences *Ib ch 28*

What I admire in the order to which you belong is that they do live in the air, that they excel in athletic sports, that they can only speak one language, and that they never read This is not a complete education, but it is the highest education since the Greek *Ib ch 29*

You know who the critics are? The men who have failed in literature and art *Ib ch 35*

'My idea of an agreeable person,' said Hugo Bohun, 'is a person who agrees with me' *Ib ch 41.*

St Aldegonde had a taste for marriages and public executions *Ib* ch 88.

'I rather like bad wine,' said Mr Mountchesney,
'one gets so bored with good wine'
Sybil, bk 1, ch 1.

The Egremonts had never said anything that was remembered, or done anything that could be recalled *Ib* ch 3

To do nothing and get something, formed a boy's ideal of a manly career *Ib*. ch 5

Little things affect little minds *Ib* bk. iii, ch. 2.

Mr Kramlin himself was distinguished for ignorance, for he had only one idea,—and that was wrong.
Ib bk iv, ch. 5.

I was told that the Privileged and the People formed Two Nations *Ib*, ch 8

A public man of light and leading in the country *Ib* bk v, ch 1

The Youth of a Nation are the trustees of Posterity *Ib* bk vi, ch 13

Guanoe her mind by reading French novels
Tancred, bk ii, ch 9

That fatal drollery called a representative government *Ib* ch 13

A majority is always the best repartee. *Ib* ch 14

All is race, there is no other truth *Ib*

The East is a career. *Ib*

London is a modern Babylon. *Ib* bk v, ch 5

The microcosm of a public school
Vivian Grey, bk 1, ch 2

I hate definitions *Ib* bk ii, ch 6

Information upon points of practical politics *Ib* ch 15

Experience is the child of Thought, and Thought is the child of Action We cannot learn men from books *Ib* bk. v, ch 1.

There is moderation even in excess. *Ib*. bk vi, ch 1.

I repeat that all power is a trust—that we are accountable for its exercise—that, from the people, and for the people, all springs, and all must exist *Ib* ch 7

A dark horse, which had never been thought of, and which the careless St James had never even observed in the list, rushed past the grand stand in sweeping triumph *Ib* bk ii, ch 5

'The age of chivalry is past,' said May Dacre 'Bores have succeeded to dragons'
The Young Duke, bk ii, ch 5

A man may speak very well in the House of Commons, and fail very completely in the House of Lords There are two distinct styles requisite I intend, in the course of my career, if I have time, to give a specimen of both. *Ib* bk. v, ch 6

ISAAC DISRAELI

1766-1848

He wreathed the rod of criticism with roses [Bayle]
Curiosities of Literature, 1834, vol 1, p 20.

There is an art of reading, as well as an art of thinking, and an art of writing *Literary Character*, ch 11.

SIDNEY THOMPSON DOBELL

1824-1874

'Ho, sailor of the sea!
How's my boy—my boy?'
'What's your boy's name, good wife,
And in what good ship sailed he?'

'My boy John—
He that went to sea—
What care I for the ship, sailor?
My boy's my boy to me' *How's My Boy?*

The murmur of the mourning ghost
That keeps the shadowy kine,
'Oh, Keith of Ravelston,
The sorrows of thy line!' *A Nuptial Eve*

HENRIETTA OCTAVIA DE LISLE DOBREE

1831-1894

Safely, safely gather'd in,
Far from sorrow, far from sin.
Children's Hymn Book, 1881. *Safely, Safely Gather'd In.*

HENRY AUSTIN DOBSON

1840-1921

This was the Pompadour's Fan!
On a Fan that Belonged to the Marquise de Pompadour.

And I wove the thing to a random rhyme,
For the Rose is Beauty, the Gardener, Time
A Fancy from Fontenelle

His Christian name, I think, was John,—
His surname, Leisure
A Gentleman of the Old School

It may be that he could not count
The sires and sons to Jesse's fount,—
He liked the 'Sermon on the Mount,'—
And more, he read it *Ib*

All passes Art alone
Enduring stays to us;
The Bust outlasts the throne,—
The Coin, Tiberius. *Ars Victrix*

And where are the galleons of Spain?
Ballad to Queen Elizabeth.

O, Love's but a dance,
 Where Time plays the fiddle!
 See the couples advance,—
 O, Love's but a dance!
 A whisper, a glance,—
 'Shall we twirl down the middle?'
 O, Love's but a dance,
 Where Time plays the fiddle! *Cupid's Alley.*
 Ah, would but one might lay his lance in rest,
 And charge in earnest were it but a mull!
Don Quixote
 Fame is a food that dead men eat,—
 I have no stomach for such meat
Fame is a Food that Dead Men Eat.

Once at the Angelus
 (Ere I was dead),
 Angels all glorious
 Came to my bed,
 Angels in blue and white
 Crowned on the head *Good-night, Babette.*

He held his pen in trust
 To Art, not serving shame or lust *In After Days*
 The ladies of St James's!
 They're painted to the eyes,
 Their white it stays for ever,
 Their red it never dies
 But Phyllida, my Phyllida!
 Her colour comes and goes,
 It trembles to a lily,—
 It wavers to a rose. *The Ladies of St James's*

The ladies of St James's!
 They have their fits and freaks,
 They smile on you—for seconds,
 They frown on you—for weeks. *Ib.*

But Phyllida, my Phyllida!
 She takes her buckled shoon,
 When we go out a-courting
 Beneath the harvest moon *Ib.*

Time goes, you say? Ah nol
 Alas, Time stays, we go *The Paradox of Time*
 For I respectfully decline
 To dignify the Serpentine,
 And make *hors-d'œuvres* for fishes
To 'Lydia Languish'

I intended an Ode,
 And it turned to a Sonnet.
 It began *à la mode*,
 I intended an Ode,
 But Rose crossed the road
 In her latest new bonnet,
 I intended an Ode,
 And it turned to a Sonnet *Rose-Leaves*
 Rose kissed me to-day
 Will she kiss me to-morrow?
 Let it be as it may,
 Rose kissed me to-day,
 But the pleasure gives way
 To a savour of sorrow,—
 Rose kissed me to-day,—
 Will she kiss me to-morrow?

PHILIP DODDRIDGE

1702-1751

'Live, while you live,' the epicure would say,
 'And seize the pleasures of the present day.'

'Live, while you live,' the sacred preacher cries,
 'And give to God each moment as it flies'
 Lord, in my views let both united be,
 I live in pleasure, when I live to Thee
Epigram on His Family Arms, 'Dum Vivimus Vivamus' J Orton, *Memoirs of Doddridge*

Hark, the glad sound! The Saviour comes,
 The Saviour promised long

Hymns (1755) Hark, The Glad Sound
 O God of Bethel, by whose hand
 Thy people still are led *Ib. O God of Bethel*
 God of our fathers, be the God
 Of their succeeding race. *Ib.*

Ye servants of the Lord,
 Each in his office wait,
 Observant of His heav'nly Word,
 And watchful at His Gate
Ib Ye Servants of the Lord

MARY ABIGAIL DODGE

See GAIL HAMILTON.

CHARLES LUTWIDGE DODGSON

See LEWIS CARROLL

GEORGE BUBB DODINGTON

1691-1762

Love thy country, wish it well,
 Not with too intense a care,
 'Tis enough, that when it fell,
 Thou its ruin didst not share
Spence's Anecdotes

CHARLES FLETCHER DOLE

1845-?

Democracy is on trial in the world, on a more colossal
 scale than ever before *The Spirit of Democracy*

ALFRED DOMETT

1811-1887

It was the calm and silent night!—
 Seven hundred years and fifty-three
 Had Rome been growing up to might,
 And now was Queen of land and sea!
 No sound was heard of clashing wars,
 Peace brooded o'er the hushed domain;
 Apollo, Pallas, Jove and Mars,
 Held undisturbed their ancient reign,
 In the solemn midnight
 Centuries ago! *Christmas Hymn.*

JOHN DONNE

1571?-1631

Twice or thrice had I loved thee,
 Before I knew thy face or name
 So in a voice, so in a shapeless flame,
 Angels affect us oft, and worshipped be
Air and Angel

Just such disparity
As is 'twixt air and Angels' purity,
'Twixt women's love, and men's will ever be *Ib.*

All other things, to their destruction draw,
Only our love hath no decay,
This, no to-morrow hath, nor yesterday,
Running it never runs from us away,
But truly keeps his first, last, everlasting day
The Anniversary

Let us love nobly, and live, and add again
Years and years unto years, till we attain
To write threescore this is the second of our reign *Ib.*

Come live with me, and be my love,
And we will some new pleasures prove
Of golden sands, and crystal brooks,
With silken lines, and silver hooks *The Bait.*

A naked thinking heart, that makes no show,
Is to a woman, but a kind of ghost *The Blossom*

The day breaks not, it is my heart
Break of Day (attr also to John Dowland).
For God sake hold your tongue, and let me love
The Canonization

Wilt thou forgive that sin, where I begun,
Which is my sin, though it were done before?
Wilt thou forgive those sins through which I run
And do them still, though still I do deplore?
When thou hast done, thou hast not done,
For I have more

Wilt thou forgive that sin, by which I have won
Others to sin, and made my sin their door?
Wilt thou forgive that sin which I did shun
A year or two, but wallowed in a score?
When thou hast done, thou hast not done,
For I have more

I have a sin of fear that when I have spun
My last thread, I shall perish on the shore,
Swear by thy self that at my death, thy Sun
Shall shine as it shines now, and heretofore,
And having done that, thou hast done,
I have no more *To Christ*

Dear love, for nothing less than thee
Would I have broke this happy dream,
It was a theme
For reason, much too strong for fantasy,
Therefore thou wak'd'st me wisely, yet
My dream thou brok'st not, but continued'st it
The Dream.

Love built on beauty, soon as beauty, dies.
Elegies, No 2. The Anagram.

The grim eight-foot-high iron-bound serving-man,
That oft names God in oaths, and only then
Ib. No 4. The Perfume.

She, and comparisons are odious
Ib. No. 8. The Comparison.

No Spring, nor Summer beauty hath such grace,
As I have seen in one Autumnal face
Ib. No 9. The Autumnal

So, if I dream I have you, I have you,
For, all our joys are but fantastical
Ib. No 10. The Dream

By our first strange and fatal interview.
Ib. No 16. On His Mistress.

All will spy in thy face
A blushing womanly discovering grace. *Ib.*
Whoever loves, if he do not propose
The right true end of love, he's one that goes
To sea for nothing but to make him sick
Ib. No 18. Love's Progress

The straight Hellespont between
The Sestos and Abydos of her breasts *Ib.*
Those set our hairs, but these our flesh upright
Ib. No. 19. On Going to Bed

O my America! my new-found-land. *Ib.*
Where harmless fish monastic silence keep
*Epicædes and Obseques. Elegy on Mrs. Boul-
street, l 14*

O strong and long-liv'd death, how cam'st thou in?
Ib. l. 21.

Hail, Bishop Valentine, whose day this is,
All the air is thy Diocese
*Epithalamions 1, On the Lady Elizabeth and
Count Palatine being Married on St. Valentine's
Day.*

The household bird, with the red stomacher. *Ib.*
So, so, break off this last lamenting kiss,
Which sucks two souls, and vapours both away,
Turn thou ghost that way, and let me turn this,
And let our selves beight our happiest day
The Expiration

Where, like a pillow on a bed,
A pregnant bank swelled up, to rest
The violets' reclining head,
Sat we two, one another's best. *The Extasy*

So to 'entergraft our hands, as yet
Was all the means to make us one,
And pictures in our eyes to get
Was all our propagation. *Ib.*

And whilst our souls negotiate there,
We like sepulchral statues lay,
All day, the same our postures were,
And we said nothing, all the day *Ib.*

But O alas, so long, so far
Our bodies why do we forbear?
They're ours, though they're not we, we are
The intelligencies, they the sphere *Ib.*

So must pure lovers' souls descend
T' affections, and to faculties,
Which sense may reach and apprehend,
Else a great Prince in prison lies *Ib.*

She, she is dead, she's dead, when thou know'st this,
Thou know'st how dry a cinder this world is
The First Anniversary, l 427.

Who ever comes to shroud me, do not harm
Nor question much
That subtle wreath of hair, which crowns my arm,
The mystery, the sign you must not touch,
For 'tis my outward soul,
Viceroy to that, which then to heaven being gone,
Will leave this to control,
And keep these limbs, her Province, from dissolution
The Funeral.

What ere she meant by it, bury it with me,
 For since I am
 Love's martyr, it might breed idolatry,
 If into other's hands these relics came,
 As 'twas humility
 To afford to it all that a soul can do,
 So, 'tis some bravery,
 That since you would save none of me, I bury some
 of you *Ib*

I wonder by my troth, what thou, and I
 Did, till we lov'd? were we not wean'd till then?
 But suck'd on country pleasures, childishly?

The Good-Morrow

And now good morrow to our waking souls,
 Which watch not one another out of fear *Ib*

Without sharp North, without declining West *Ib*

That All, which always is Ail everywhere
Holy Sonnets Annunciation

Immensity cloistered in thy dear womb *Ib*

As due by many titles I resign
 My self to thee, O God, first I was made
 By thee, and for thee, and when I decayed
 Thy blood bought that, the which before was thine
Ib 11

I am a little world made cunningly
 Of elements, and an angelic sprite *Ib v*

At the round earth's imagined corners, blow
 Your trumpets, Angels, and arise, arise *Ib vii*

All whom war, dearth, age, agues, tyrannies,
 Despair, law, chance, hath slain. *Ib vii*

Death be not proud, though some have called thee
 Mighty and dreadful, for, thou art not so,
 For, those, whom thou think'st, thou dost overthrow,
 Die not, poor death *Ib x*

One short sleep past, we wake eternally,
 And death shall be no more, death, thou shalt die
Ib

What if this present were the world's last night?
Ib xiii

Batter my heart, three person'd God, for, you
 As yet but knock, breathe, shine, and seek to mend.
Ib xiv

Take me to you, imprison me, for I
 Except you enthrall me, never shall be free,
 Nor ever chaste, except you ravish me *Ib*

Show me, dear Christ, thy spouse, so bright and
 clear. *Ib xviii*

As thou

Art jealous, Lord, so I am jealous now,
 Thou lov'st not, till from loving more, thou free

My soul whoever gives, takes liberty.
 O, if thou car'st not whom I love

Alas, thou lov'st not me
Hymn to Christ, at the author's last going into Germany.

Seal then this bill of my Divorce to all. *Ib*

To see God only, I go out of sight.
 And to scape stormy days, I choose
 An everlasting night *Ib*

Since I am coming to that holy room,
 Where, with thy quire of Saints for evermore,

I shall be made thy Music, as I come
 I tune the instrument here at the door,
 And what I must do then, think here before
Hymn to God in My Sickness.

Will no other vice content you? *The Indifferent.*

Rob me, but bind me not, and let me go *Ib.*

And by Love's sweetest part, Variety, she swore. *Ib.*

And said, alas, some two or three
 Poor heretics in love there be,
 Which think to stablish dangerous constancy. *Ib.*

Stand still, and I will read to thee
 A lecture, Love, in love's philosophy
A Lecture upon the Shadow.

When I died last, and, Dear, I die
 As often as from thee I go,
 Though it be but an hour ago,
 And lovers' hours be full eternity. *The Legacy.*

Love is a growing or full constant light,
 And his first minute, after noon, is night. *Ib.*

If yet I have not all thy love,
 Dear, I shall never have it all *Lovers' Infiniteness.*

I long to talk with some old lover's ghost,
 Who died before the god of love was born
Love's Duty.

Rebel and Atheist too, why murmur I,
 As though I felt the worst that love could do? *Ib.*

'Tis the year's midnight, and it is the day's.
Nocturnal upon S. Lucy's Day.

The world's whole sap is sunk
 The general balm th' hydropic earth hath drunk *Ib.*

I sing the progress of a deathless soul
Progress of the Soul, 1.

Great Destiny the Commissary of God *Ib 1v*

To my six lustres almost now outwore *Ib. v.*

This soul to whom Luther, and Mahomet were
 Prisons of flesh *Ib. vii*

When my grave is broke up again
 Some second guest to entertain,
 (For graves have learnt that woman-head
 To be to more than one a bed) *The Relic.*

A bracelet of bright hair about the bone *Ib*

As till God's great *Vente* change the song
The Second Anniversary, 1 44.

Think then, my soul, that death is but a groom,
 Which brings a taper to the outward room *Ib 1 85.*

Her pure and eloquent blood
 Spoke in her cheeks, and so distinctly wrought,
 That one might almost say, her body thought
Ib 1 244

Whose twilights were more clear, than our mid-day
Ib 1 463.

Sweetest love, I do not go,
 For weariness of thee,
 Nor in hope the world can show
 A fitter Love for me,
 But since that I
 Must die at last, 'tis best,
 To use my self in jest
 Thus by fain'd deaths to die. *Song*

a

JULIA CAROLINE RIPLEY DORR : GAVIN DOUGLAS

b

Go, and catch a falling star,
Get with child a mandrake root,
Tell me, where all past years are,
Or who cleft the Devil's foot

Song, Go and Catch a Falling Star

And swear
No where

Lives a woman true and fair.

Ib.

Though she were true, when you met her,
And last, till you write your letter,

Yet she
Will be

False, ere I come, to two, or three

Ib.

Busy old fool, unruly Sun,
Why dost thou thus,

Through windows, and through curtains call on us?
Must to thy motions lovers' seasons run?

The Sun Rising

Love, all alike, no season knows, nor clime,
Nor hours, days, months, which are the rags of time

Ib

I am two fools, I know,
For loving, and for saying so
In whining Poetry.

The Triple Fool

Who are a little wise, the best fools be

Ib

I have done one braver thing
Than all the Worthies did,
And yet a braver thing doth spring,
Which is, to keep that hid

The Undertaking

So let us melt, and make no noise,
No tear-floods, nor sigh-tempests move,
'Twere profanation of our joys
To tell the laity our love

A Valediction Forbidding Mourning

Dull sublunary lovers' love
(Whose soul is sense) cannot admit
Absence, because it doth remove
Those things which elemented it

But we, by a love so much refined,
That ourselves know not what it is,
Inter-assured of the mind,
Care less, eyes, lips, and hands to miss.

Our two souls therefore, which are one,
Though I must go, endure not yet
A breach, but an expansion,
Like gold to airy thinness beat

If they be two, they are two so
As stiff twin compasses are two,
Thy soul the fixt foot, makes no show
To move, but doth, if the other do

And though it in the centre sit,
Yet when the other far doth roam,
It leans, and hearkens after it,
And grows erect, as that comes home

Such wilt thou be to me, who must
Like th' other foot, obliquely run,
Thy firmness makes my circle just,
And makes me end, where I begun

Ib

A Day that hath no *pride*, nor *postride*, yesterday
doth not usher it in, nor tomorrow shall not drive

it out. Methusalem, with all his hundreds of
years, was but a mushroom of a night's growth,
to this Day, and all the four Monarchies, with all
their thousands of years, and all the powerful
Kings and Queens of this world, were but as a
bed of flowers, some gathered at six, some at
seven, some at eight, all in one morning, in respect
of this Day.

Sermons, 1, p 747, No lxxiii *Eternity*.

I throw myself down in my chamber, and I call in,
and invite God, and his Angels thither, and when
they are there, I neglect God and his Angels, for
the noise of a fly, for the rattling of a coach, for the
whining of a door.

Ib p. 820, No lxxx *At the Funeral of Sir
William Cockayne*

JULIA CAROLINE RIPLEY
DORR

1825-1913

O true, brave heart! God bless thee, wheresoe'er
In God's great universe thou art to-day!

*Fraser Anselm and other Poems. How Can I
Cease to Pray for Thee?*

CHARLES SACKVILLE, EARL
OF DORSET

1638-1706

To all you ladies now at land,
We men, at sea, indite.

To All You Ladies Now at Land

Our paper, pen, and ink, and we,
Roll up and down our ships at sea.

Ib.

SARAH DOUDNEY

1843-1926

But the waiting time, my brothers,
Is the hardest time of all

Psalms of Life, The Hardest Time of All.

LORD ALFRED BRUCE
DOUGLAS

1870-

The placid pug that paces in the Park

The Placid Pug and Other Pieces

And duty is the lobster's chief obsession.

The Pongo Papers

GAVIN DOUGLAS

1474?-1522

Dame naturis menstrualis

Eneados, bk xii, prol, l 231

And all small fowls sings on the spray
Welcom the lord of lycht and lamp of day Ib l 251.

WILLIAM DOUGLAS

1672-1748

And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me down and dee.

Annie Laurie.

LORENZO DOW

1777-1834

Observing the doctrine of Particular Election . . and
those who preached it up to make the Bible clash
and contradict itself, by preaching somewhat like
this

You can and you can't—You shall and you shan't—
You will and you won't—And you will be damned
if you do—

And you will be damned if you don't
Reflections on the Love of God, vi (1836), 30.

ERNEST DOWSON

1867-1900

And I was desolate and sick of an old passion
Non Sum Qualis Eram.

I have been faithful to thee, Cynara! in my fashion
Ib.

Dancing, to put thy pale, lost lilies out of mind *Ib*

They are not long, the weeping and the laughter,
Love and desire and hate,

I think they have no portion in us after
We pass the gate. *Vitae Summa Brevis*

SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE

1859-1930

What of the bow?
The bow was made in England:
Of true wood, of yew-wood,
The wood of English bows. *Song of the Bow*.

To Sherlock Holmes she [Irene Adler] is always the
woman

*The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes. Scandal
in Bohemia*

It is a capital mistake to theorize before one has data
Ib

It is quite a three-pipe problem
Ib The Red-Headed League

I have nothing to do to-day My practice is never
very absorbing *Ib*

The husband was a teetotaler, there was no other
woman, and the conduct complained of was that
he had drifted into the habit of winding up every
meal by taking out his false teeth and hurling
them at his wife. *Ib A Case of Identity*

It has long been an axiom of mine that the little
things are infinitely the most important *Ib*

'It seems to be one of those simple cases which
are so extremely difficult' 'That sounds a little
paradoxical' 'But it is profoundly true Singu-

larity is almost invariably a clue The more
featureless and commonplace a crime is, the more
difficult is it to bring it home'

Ib The Boscombe Valley Mystery

A little monograph on the ashes of one hundred and
forty different varieties of pipe, cigar, and cigarette
tobacco *Ib*

A man should keep his little brain attic stocked with
all the furniture that he is likely to use, and the rest
he can put away in the lumber-room of his library,
where he can get it if he wants it

Ib Five Orange Pips

Circumstantial evidence is occasionally very con-
vincing, as when you find a trout in the milk, to
quote Thoreau's example

Ib The Noble Bachelor

It is my belief, Watson, founded upon my experi-
ence, that the lowest and vilest alleys of London
do not present a more dreadful record of sin than
does the smiling and beautiful countryside

Ib Copper Beeches

A long shot, Watson, a very long shot!
*The Memoirs of Sherlock Holmes The Silk
Blaze*

You know my methods in such cases, Watson
Ib The Musgrave Ritual

'These are much deeper waters than I had thought
Ib Reigate Squires

You know my methods, Watson
Ib The Crooked Man

'Excellent!' I [Dr Watson] cried 'Elementary,' said
he [Holmes] *Ib*

My practice could get along very well for a day or
two *Ib The Naval Treaty*.

He [Professor Moriarty] is the Napoleon of crime
Ib The Final Problem

'The practice is quiet,' said I [Dr Watson], 'and I
have an accommodating neighbour' *Ib*

'Arrest you!' said Holmes 'This is really most
grati—most interesting' *Ib The Norwood Builder*

'It is my duty to warn you that it will be used
against you,' cried the Inspector, with the mag-
nificent fair play of the British criminal law
Ib Dancing Men.

There is a spirituality about the face, however
which the typewriter does not generate The lady
is a musician
*The Return of Sherlock Holmes The Solitary
Cyclist*

You will ruin no more lives as you ruined mine.
You will wring no more hearts as you wrung mine
I will free the world of a poisonous thing Take
that, you hound, and that!—and that!—and that!—
and that! *Ib Charles Augustus Milverton*

We have not yet met our Waterloo, Watson, but this
is our Marengo *Ib Abbey Grange*

Now, Watson, the fair sex is your department
Ib The Second Step

But here, unless I am mistaken, is our client
His Last Bow Wistaria Lodge.

There is but one step from the grotesque to the
 horrible *Ib*

All other men are specialists, but his specialism is
 omniscience *Ib Bruce-Partington Plans*

I thought I knew my Watson *Ib The Devil's Foot*

'I [Sherlock Holmes] followed you—' 'I saw no
 one' 'That is what you may expect to see when I
 follow you' *Ib*

Good old Watson! You are the one fixed point in a
 changing age *Ib His Last Bow*

The giant rat of Sumatra, a story for which the
 world is not yet prepared

The Case Book Sussex Vampire

London, that great cesspool into which all the
 loungers of the Empire are irresistibly drained

A Study in Scarlet

'Wonderful!' I [Dr Watson] ejaculated 'Common-
 place,' said Holmes *Ib*

'I should have more faith,' he said, 'I ought to know
 by this time that when a fact appears opposed to
 a long train of deductions it invariably proves to
 be capable of bearing some other interpretation'
Ib

Detection is, or ought to be, an exact science, and
 should be treated in the same cold and unemo-
 tional manner You have attempted to tinge it
 with romanticism, which produces much the same
 effect as if you worked a love-story or an elopement
 into the fifth proposition of Euclid

The Sign of Four

An experience of women which extends over many
 nations and three separate continents *Ib*

How often have I said to you that when you have
 eliminated the impossible, whatever remains, how-
 ever improbable, must be the truth? *Ib*

You know my methods Apply them *Ib*

The Baker Street irregulars. *Ib*

'I am inclined to think—' said I [Dr Watson] 'I
 should do so,' Sherlock Holmes remarked,
 impatiently *The Valley of Fear*

The vocabulary of 'Bradshaw' is nervous and terse,
 but limited *Ib*

Mediocrity knows nothing higher than itself, but
 talent instantly recognizes genius *Ib*

FRANCIS HASTINGS CHARLES DOYLE

1810-1888

Right on our flank the crimson sun went down,
 The deep sea rolled around in dark repose,
 When, like a wild shriek from some captured town,
 The cry of women rose

Loss of the Birkenhead

Last night, among his fellow roughs,
 He jested, quaff'd, and swore
The Private of the Buffs.

To-day, beneath the foeman's frown,
 He stands in Elgin's place,
 Ambassador from Britain's crown
 And type of all her race *Ib*

Poor, reckless, rude, low-born, untaught,
 Bewilder'd, and alone,
 A heart with English instinct fraught
 He yet can call his own. *Ib.*

Vain, mightiest fleets of iron framed,
 Vain, those all-shattering guns,
 Unless proud England keep, untamed,
 The strong heart of her sons. *Ib*

A man of mean estate,
 Who died, as firm as Sparta's king,
 Because his soul was great *Ib*

His creed no parson ever knew,
 'For this was still his simpler plan,'
 To have with clergymen to do
 As little as a Christian can
The Unobtrusive Christian.

FRANCIS DRAKE

1540?-1596

I remember Drake, in the vaunting style of a soldier,
 would call the Enterprise [of Cadiz, 1587] the
 singing of the King of Spain's Beard.

Bacon, *Considerations touching a War with Spain*
(Harleian Misc 1745, vol v, p 85, col 1)

There is plenty of time to win this game, and to thrash
 the Spaniards too *Attr in the D N B*

[The tradition goes, that Drake would needs see
 the game up, but was soon prevail'd on to go and
 play out the rubber with the Spaniards W Oldys'
Life of Raleigh in Raleigh's Hist of the World,
 1736]

MICHAEL DRAYTON

1563-1631

Ill news hath wings, and with the wind doth go,
 Comfort's a cripple and comes ever slow
The Barrons' Wars, bk II, xxviii

Ile was a man (then boldly dare to say)
 In whose rich soul the virtues well did suit,
 In whom so mix'd the elements all lay,
 That none to one could sovereignty impute,
 As all did govern yet all did obey,
 He of a temper was so absolute,
 As that it seem'd when Nature him began,
 She meant to shew all, that might be in man
Ib bk III, xl

The mind is free, whate'er afflict the man,
 A King's a King, do Fortune what she can
Ib bk v, xxxvi

Thus when we fondly flatter our desires,
 Our best conceits do prove the greatest liars
Ib. bk. VI, xciv.

Fair stood the wind for France
When we our sails advance,
Nor now to prove our chance
Longer will tarry

To the Cambro-Britans Agincourt

They now to fight are gone,
Armour on armour shone,
Drum now to drum did groan,
To hear, was wonder,
That with the cries they make,
The very earth did shake,
Trumpet to trumpet spake,
Thunder to thunder

Suffolk his axe did ply,
Beaumont and Willoughby
Bare them right doughtily,
Ferrers and Fanhope

Upon Saint Crispin's Day
Fought was this noble fray,
Which fame did not delay
To England to carry
O when shall English men
With such acts fill a pen?
Or England breed again
Such a King Harry?

Care draws on care, woe comforts woe again,
Sorrow breeds sorrow, one grief brings forth twain
*England's Heroical Epistles Henry Howard,
Earl of Surrey, to the Lady Geraldine, l 87*

When Time shall turn those amber locks to grey,
My verse again shall gild and make them gay

Had in him those brave translunary things,
That the first poets had [Marlowe]
To Henry Reynolds, of Poets and Poesy, l 106

For that fine madness still he did retain
Which rightly should possess a poet's brain

Next these, learn'd Jonson, in this list I bring,
Who had drunk deep of the Pierian spring

I pray thee leave, love me no more,
Call home the heart you gave me,
I but in vain the saint adore,
That can, but will not, save me

To His Coy Love

These poor half-kisses kill me quite
He made him turn and stop, and bound,
To gallop, and to trot the round,
He scarce could stand on any ground,
He was so full of mettle

Nymphidia, The Court of Fairy, lcv

That shire which we the heart of England well may
call

Poly-olbion, song xiii, l 2

Crave the tuneful nightingale to help you with her lay,
The ousel and the throblecock, chief music of our May
Shepherd's Garland, eclogue iii, 17-18

How many paltry, foolish, painted things,
That now in coaches trouble ev'ry street,
Shall be forgotten, whom no poet sings,
Ere they be well wrapped in their winding sheet?

Where I to thee Eternity shall give,
When nothing else remaineth of these days,
And Queens hereafter shall be glad to live
Upon the alms of thy superfluous praise

Sonnets Idea, vi.

Since there's no help, come let us kiss and part,
Nay, I have done you get no more of me,
And I am glad, yea glad with all my heart,
That thus so clearly, I myself can free,
Shake hands for ever, cancel all our vows,
And when we meet at any time again,
Be it not seen in either of our brows,
That we one jot of former love retain,
Now at the last gasp of Love's latest breath,
When his pulse failing, Passion speechless lies,
When Faith is kneeling by his bed of death,
And Innocence is closing up his eyes,
Now if thou wouldst, when all have given him over,
From death to life, thou might'st him yet recover

Ib lxi.

WILLIAM DRENNAN

1754-1820

The men of the Emerald Isle *Erin*

JOHN DRINKWATER

1882-1937

He comes on chosen evenings,
My blackbird bountiful. *Blackbird.*

Moon-washed apples of wonder *Moonlit Apples*

For all their courteous words they are not one,
This Youth and Age, but civil strangers still,
Age with the best of all his seasons done,
Youth with his face towards the upland hill
Olton Pools, Dedication.

Knowledge we ask not—knowledge Thou has lent,
But, Lord, the will—there lies our bitter need,
Give us to build above the deep intent
The deed, the deed. *A Prayer.*

THOMAS DRUMMOND

1797-1840

Property has its duties as well as its rights
Letter to the Earl of Donoughmore, 22 May 1838

WILLIAM DRUMMOND

1585-1649

This fair volume which we World do name
The World Flowers of Ston

The last and greatest herald of Heaven's King
Poems For the Baptist

Only the echoes which he made relent,
Ring from their marble caves, repent, repent *Ib*
Or if by chance our minds do muse on ought,
It is some picture on the margin wrought *Ib*

Like the Italian Queen
Her hair about her eyne,
With neck and breasts ripe apples to be seen
Ib. Madrigal, 111

A hyacinth I wisht me in her hand. *Ib.*

Phœbus, arise,
And paint the sable skies,
With azure, white, and red. *Ib. Song (11)*

I long to kiss the image of my death
Ib. sonnet 14, Sleep, Silence Child

Alexis, here she stay'd among these pines *Ib. xlv1*

A morn
Of bright carnations did o'erspread her face *Ib.*

JOHN DRYDEN

1631-1701

In pious times, ere priestcraft did begin,
Before polygamy was made a sin
Absalom and Achitophel, pt 1, 1. 1.

And, wide as his command,
Scatter'd his Maker's image through the land *Ib. 1 9*

Whate'er he did was done with so much ease,
In him alone, 'twas natural to please *Ib. 1 27*

Plots, true or false, are necessary things,
To raise up commonwealths and ruin kings *Ib. 1 83*

Of these the false Achitophel was first,
A name to all succeeding ages curst
For close designs and crooked counsels fit,
Sagacious, bold, and turbulent of wit,
Restless, unfixed in principles and place,
In power unpleas'd, impatient of disgrace;
A fiery soul, which working out its way,
Fretted the pigmy body to decay
And o'er informed the tenement of clay.
A daring pilot in extremity,
Pleased with the danger, when the waves went high
He sought the storms, but for a calm unfit,
Would steer too nigh the sands to boast his wit
Great wits are sure to madness near all'd,
And thin partitions do their bounds divide *Ib. 1 150*

Bankrupt of life, yet prodigal of ease *Ib. 1 168.*

And all to leave what with his toil he won
To that unfeather'd two-legg'd thing, a son
Ib. 1 169

Resolv'd to ruin or to rule the state *Ib. 1 174*

And Heav'n had wanted one immortal song
Ib. 1 197

The people's prayer, the glad diviner's theme,
The young men's vision and the old men's dream!
Ib. 1 238

All empire is no more than power in trust
Ib. 1 411

Better one suffer, than a nation grieve *Ib. 1. 416.*

Who think too little, and who talk too much
Ib. 1. 534

A man so various that he seem'd to be
Not one, but all mankind's epitome
Stiff in opinions, always in the wrong,
Was everything by starts, and nothing long.
But, in the course of one revolving moon,
Was chemist, fiddler, statesman, and buffoon
Ib. 1 545

So over violent, or over civil,
That every man, with him, was God or Devil
Ib. 1 557

In squandering wealth was his peculiar art:
Nothing went unrewarded, but desert
Beggard by fools, whom still he found too late.
He had his jest, and they had his estate. *Ib. 1 559*

During his office treason was no crime,
The sons of Belial had a glorious time. *Ib. 1 597.*

His tribe were God Almighty's gentlemen
Ib. 1 645.

Youth, beauty, graceful action seldom fail
But common interest always will prevail
And pity never ceases to be shown
To him, who makes the people's wrongs his own
Ib. 1 723.

For who can be secure of private right,
If sovereign sway may be dissolv'd by might?
Nor is the people's judgement always true
The most may err as grossly as the few. *Ib. 1 779*

Never was patriot yet, but was a fool. *Ib. 1 968*

Beware the fury of a patient man *Ib. 1 1005.*

Henceforth a series of new time began,
The mighty years in long procession
Once more the God-like David was restored,
And willing nations knew their lawful lord
Ib. 1 1028

Doeg, though without knowing how or why,
Made still a blind ring kind of melody,
Spurr'd boldly on, and dash'd through thick and thin,
Through sense and nonsense, never out nor in,
Free from all meaning, whether good or bad,
And in one word, heroically mad
Ib. pt 11, 1 412.

Rhyme is the rock on which thou art to wreck
Ib. 1. 486

The god-like hero sate
On his imperial throne,
His valiant peers were plac'd around,
Their brows with roses and with myrtles bound
(So should desert in arms be crown'd)
The lovely Thais by his side,
Sate like a blooming Eastern bride
In flow'r of youth and beauty's pride
Happy, happy, happy pair!
None but the brave,
None but the brave,
None but the braves deserves the fair
Alexander's Feast, 1 4

Assumes the god,
Affects to nod,
And seems to shake the spheres *Ib. 1 44*
Bacchus ever fair, and ever young. *Ib. 1 48.*

Sound the trumpets, beat the drums,
 Flush'd with a purple grace
 He shows his honest face
 Now gives the hautboys breath, he comes, he comes
Ib 1 50

Drinking is the soldier's pleasure. *Ib* 1 57

Rich the treasure;
 Sweet the pleasure,
 Sweet is pleasure after pain *Ib* 1 58

And thrice he routed all his foes, and thrice he slew
 the slain. *Ib* 1 68

Fallen from his high estate,
 And weltring in his blood:
 Deserted at his utmost need
 By those his former bounty fed,
 On the bare earth expos'd he lies,
 With not a friend to close his eyes *Ib* 1 78

Revolving in his alter'd soul
 The various turns of chance below. *Ib* 1 85

Softly sweet, in Lydian measures,
 Soon he sooth'd his soul to pleasures
 War, he sung, is toil and trouble,
 Honour but an empty bubble.
 Never ending, still beginning,
 Fighting still, and still destroying,
 If all the world be worth the winning,
 Think, oh think, it worth enjoying
 Lovely This sits beside thee,
 Take the good the gods provide thee *Ib* 1 97

Sigh'd and look'd, and sigh'd again. *Ib* 1 120

And, like another Helen, fir'd another Troy
Ib 1 154

Could swell the soul to rage, or kindle soft desire
Ib 1 160

Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
 Or both divide the crown:
 He rais'd a mortal to the skies;
 She drew an angel down *Ib* 1 177

All For Love, or the World Well Lost
Title of Play

Fool that I was, upon my eagle's wings
 I bore this wren, till I was tired with soaring,
 And now he mounts above me
All For Love, II 1

Give, you gods,
 Give to your boy, your Caesar,
 The rattle of a glove to play withal,
 This gewgaw world, and put him cheaply off
 I'll not be pleased with less than Cleopatra *Ib*

The wretched have no friends *Ib* III 1

Nature has cast me in so soft a mould,
 That but to hear a story, feigned for pleasure,
 Of some sad lover's death, moistens my eyes,
 And robs me of my manhood. *Ib* IV 1

Men are but children of a larger growth,
 Our appetites as apt to change as theirs,
 And full as craving too, and full as vain *Ib*

Your Cleopatra, Dolabella's Cleopatra, every man's
 Cleopatra *Ib*

Welcome, thou kind deceiver!
 Thou best of thieves, who, with an easy key,
 Dost open life, and, unperceived by us,
 Even steal us from ourselves. *Ib* V 1.

A knock-down argument, 'tis but a word and a blow.
Amphitryon, I 1.

I am devilishly afraid, that's certain, but I'll sing,
 that I may seem valiant. *Ib* II 1.

Whistling to keep myself from being afraid *Ib* III 1

I never saw any good that came of telling truth *Ib*

I am the true Amphitryon *Ib* V 1.

As one that neither seeks, nor shuns his foe.
Annus Mirabilis, xli

By viewing nature, nature's handmaid art,
 Makes mighty things from small beginnings grow
 Thus fishes first to shipping did impart,
 Their tail the rudder, and their head the prow
Ib clv

And on the lunar world securely pry. *Ib* clxiv

An horrid stillness first invades the ear,
 And in that silence we the tempest fear
Astraea Redux, I 7

He made all countries where he came his own
Ib 1 76.

Death, in itself, is nothing, but we fear,
 To be we know not what, we know not where
Aureng-Zebe, IV 1

When I consider life, 'tis all a cheat,
 Yet, fool'd with hope, men favour the deceit,
 Trust on, and think to-morrow will repay
 To-morrow's false than the former day,
 Lies worse, and, while it says, we shall be blest
 With some new joys, cuts off what we possess
 Strange cozenage! None would live past years again,
 Yet all hope pleasure in what yet remain,
 And, from the dregs of life, think to receive,
 What the first sprightly running could not give *Ib*

From harmony, from heavenly harmony
 This universal frame began.
 From harmony to harmony

Through all the compass of the notes it ran,
 The diapason closing full in Man *St Cecilia's Day, I*

What passion cannot Music raise and quell? *Ib* II

The trumpet's loud clangour
 Excites us to arms *Ib* III

The soft complaining flute *Ib* IV

The trumpet shall be heard on high,
 The dead shall live, the living die,
 And Music shall untune the sky *Ib Grand Chorus*

And made almost a sin of abstinence
Character of a Good Parson, I 11

I am as free as nature first made man,
 Ere the base laws of servitude began,
 When wild in woods the noble savage ran
The Conquest of Granada, pt 1, I 1

Forgiveness to the injured does belong,
 But they ne'er pardon, who have done the wrong
Ib pt II, I 11

Thou strong seducer, opportunity!
 For he was great, ere fortune made him so
Death of Oliver Cromwell, vi

Old as I am, for ladies' love unfit,
 The power of beauty I remember yet
Cymon and Iphigeneia, l 1

When beauty fires the blood, how love exalts the
 mind
Ib l 41

He trudg'd along unknowing what he sought,
 And whistled as he went, for want of thought
Ib l 84.

She hugg'd th' offender, and forgave th' offence,
 Sex to the last
Ib l 367

Ill fortune seldom comes alone
Ib l 392.

Of seeming arms to make a short essay,
 Then hasten to be drunk, the business of the day
Ib l 407.

Theirs was the giant race before the flood
Epistles To Mr Congreve, l 5

Our builders were with want of genius curst,
 The second temple was not like the first,
 Till you, the best Vitruvius, come at length
Ib l 13

For Tom the Second reigns like Tom the First
Ib l 48

Heav'n, that but once was prodigal before,
 To Shakespeare gave as much, she could not give
 him more
Ib l 62

How blessed is he, who leads a country life,
 Unvex'd with anxious cares, and void of strife!
 Who studying peace, and shunning civil rage,
 Enjoy'd his youth, and now enjoys his age
 All who deserve his love, he makes his own,
 And, to be lov'd himself, needs only to be known
Ib To John Driden of Chesterton, l 1

Lord of yourself, uncumber'd with a wife
Ib l 18.

Better to hunt in fields, for health unbought,
 Than fee the doctor for a nauseous draught
 The wise, for cure, on exercise depend,
 God never made his work, for man to mend.
Ib l 92.

Ev'n victors are by victories undone
Ib l 164

His colours laid so thick on every place,
 As only showed the paint, but hid the face.
Ib To Sir R Howard, l 75

Here lies my wife here let her lie!
 Now she's at rest, and so am I
Epitaph Intended for Dryden's Wife.

He had brought me to my last legs, I was fighting as
 low as ever was Squire Widdrington
An Evening's Love, II 1

She fear'd no danger, for she knew no sin
The Hind and the Panther, pt 1, l 4.

And doom'd to death, though fated not to die
Ib l 8

For truth has such a face and such a mien
 As to be lov'd needs only to be seen
Ib l 33.

Reason to rule, mercy to forgive
 The first is law, the last prerogative.
Ib l 261.

For all have not the gift of martyrdom
Ib pt II, l 59.

Either be wholly slaves or wholly free
Ib l 285

Much malice mingled with a little wit
Ib pt III, l 1.

Think you your new French proselytes are come
 To starve abroad, because they starv'd at home?
 Your benefices twinkl'd from afar,
 They found the new Messiah by the star
Ib l 173

For present joys are more to flesh and blood
 Than a dull prospect of a distant good
Ib l 364.

By education most have been misled,
 So they believe, because they so were bred
 The priest continues what the nurse began,
 And thus the child imposes on the man
Ib l 389

The wind was fair, but blew a mack'rel gale
Ib l 456

T' abhor the makers, and their laws approve,
 Is to hate traitors and the treason love
Ib l 706

For those whom God to ruin has design'd,
 He fits for fate, and first destroys their mind
Ib l 1093

And love's the noblest frailty of the mind
The Indian Emperor, II II

Repentance is the virtue of weak minds.
Ib III 1

For all the happiness mankind can gain
 Is not in pleasure, but in rest from pain.
Ib IV 1

Since heav'n's eternal year is thine
To the Memory of Mrs Killigrew, l 15

While yet a young probationer,
 And candidate of heav'n
Ib l 21

When rattling bones together fly
 From the four corners of the sky
Ib l 184

That fairy kind of writing which depends only upon
 the force of imagination
King Arthur, Dedication

All heiresses are beautiful
Ib I 1

War is the trade of kings
Ib II II

Ovid, the soft philosopher of love
Love Triumphant, II 1

Thou tyrant, tyrant Jealousy,
 Thou tyrant of the mind!
Song of Jealousy Love Triumphant

All human things are subject to decay,
 And, when fate summons, monarchs must obey
Mac Flecknoe, l 1.

The rest to some faint meaning make pretence,
 But Shadwell never deviates into sense
 Some beams of wit on other souls may fall,
 Strike through and make a lucid interval,
 But Shadwell's genuine night admits no ray,
 His rising fogs prevail upon the day
Ib l 19.

And torture one poor word ten thousand ways

Ib 1 208

We burn daylight. *The Maiden Queen*, II 1.

I am resolved to grow fat and look young till forty,
and then slip out of the world with the first wrinkle
and the reputation of five-and-twenty. *Ib.* III 1

I am to be married within these three days, married
past redemption *Marriage à la Mode*, I. 1.

For secrets are edged tools,
And must be kept from children and from fools
Sir Martin Mar-All, II. 11

We loathe our manna, and we long for quails
The Medal, I. 131

But treason is not own'd when 'tis descried,
Successful crimes alone are justified. *Ib* 1 207

Three poets, in three distant ages born,
Greece, Italy and England did adorn
The first in loftiness of thought surpass'd,
The next in majesty, in both the last
The force of nature could no farther go,
To make a third she join'd the former two
Lines Under Portrait of Milton.

Whatever, is, is in its causes just *Oedipus*, III 1

Wit will shine
Through the harsh cadence of a rugged line
To the Memory of Mr. Oldham

But love's a malady without a cure
Palamon and Arcite, bk II, I 110

Fool, not to know that love endures no tie,
And Jove but laughs at lovers' perjury *Ib* 1 148

And Antony, who lost the world for love. *Ib* 1 607

Up rose the Sun, and up rose Emily
Ib bk III, I 190

Unsham'd, though foil'd he does the best he can
Ib. I 741

Repentance is but want of power to sin *Ib* 1 813

Since ev'ry man who lives is born to die,
And none can boast sincere felicity,
With equal mind, what happens, let us bear,
Nor joy nor grieve too much for things beyond our
care

Like pilgrims to th' appointed place we tend,
The world's an inn, and death the journey's end
Ib. I 883.

A virgin-widow and a Mourning Bride. *Ib.* I. 927.

Happy who in his verse can gently steer,
From grave to light, from pleasant to severe.
The Art of Poetry, canto 1, I 75.

Errors, like straws, upon the surface flow,
He who would search for pearls must dive below
Prologues and Epilogues Prologue, All For Love

Bold knaves thrive without one grain of sense,
But good men starve for want of impudence
Ib. Epilogue, Constantine the Great.

For, Heaven be thank'd we live in such an age,
When no man dies for love, but on the stage
Ib Epilogue, Mithridates.

But 'tis the talent of our English nation,
Still to be plotting some new reformation
Ib Prologue, Sophombrino, I 9

So poetry, which is in Oxford made
An art, in London only is a trade
Prologue to the University of Oxford.

Oxford to him a dearer name shall be,
Than his own mother University
Thebes did his green unknowing youth engage,
He chooses Athens in his riper age *Ib.*

I strongly wish for what I faintly hope
Like the day-dreams of melancholy men,
I think and think on things impossible,
Yet love to wander in that golden maze.
Rival Ladies, III 1

Learn to write well, or not to write at all
Essay on Satire, I 281.

This is the porcelain of humankind
Don Sebastian, I 1.

Brutus and Cato might discharge their souls,
And give them furloughs for another world,
But we, like sentinels, are obliged to stand
In starless nights, and wait the pointed hour.
Ib. II. 1.

A very merry, dancing, drinking,
Laughing, quaffing, and unthinking time
Secular Masque, I. 39

Joy rul'd the day, and Love the night. *Ib* 1 81.

There is a pleasure sure,
In being mad, which none but madmen know!
The Spanish Friar, II. 1.

Lord of humankind *Ib.*

And, dying, bless the hand that gave the blow. *Ib*

They say everything in the world is good for some-
thing *Ib* III 11

Or break the eternal Sabbath of his rest *Ib* V 11

'Peace, and the butt' *The Tempest*, IV. 111

The clouds dispell'd, the sky resum'd her light,
And Nature stood recover'd of her right
But fear, the last of ills, remain'd behind,
And horror heavy sat on ev'ry mind.
Theodore and Honoria, I 336

And that one hunting which the Devil design'd,
For one fair female, lost him half the kind
Ib. I 427

Mute and magnificent, without a tear.
Threnodia Augustalis, 11

Men met each other with erected look,
The steps were higher that they took,
Friends to congratulate their friends made haste,
And long inveterate foes saluted as they passed
Ib. IV

Freedom which in no other land will thrive,
Freedom an English subject's sole prerogative. *Ib* x

All delays are dangerous in war. *Tyrannic Love*, I. i.

Pains of love be sweeter far
Than all other pleasures are

Ib iv 1

We must beat the iron while it is hot, but we may
polish it at leisure *Dedication of the Aeneis*

I trade both with the living and the dead, for the
enrichment of our native language *Ib*

A thing well said will be wit in all languages
Essay of Dramatic Poesy

He was the man who of all modern, and perhaps
ancient poets, had the largest and most compre-
hensive soul He was naturally learn'd, he
needed not the spectacles of books to read Nature,
he looked inwards, and found her there . . . He
is many times flat, insipid, his comic wit degenerating
into clenches, his serious swelling into bombast
But he is always great, when some occasion is pre-
sented to him [Shakespeare] *Ib*

The consideration of this made Mr Hales of Eaton
say, that there was no subject of which any poet
ever writ, but he would produce it much better
done in Shakespeare. *Ib*

He invades authors like a monarch, and what would
be theft in other poets, is only victory in him
[Ben Jonson] *Ib*

If by the people you understand the multitude, the
hoi polloi, 'tis no matter what they think, they
are sometimes in the right, sometimes in the wrong
their judgement is a mere lottery *Ib*

He [Shakespeare] is the very Janus of poets, he
wears almost everywhere two faces, and you have
scarce begun to admire the one, ere you despise
the other

Essay on the Dramatic Poetry of the Last Age

One of the greatest, most noble, and most sublime
poems which either this age or nation has produced
[Paradise Lost]

Essays, Apology for Heroic Poetry

What judgment I had increases rather than dimi-
nishes, and thoughts, such as they are, come
crowding in so fast upon me, that my only diffi-
culty is to choose or reject, to run them into verse
or to give them the other harmony of prose

Preface to Fables

'Tis sufficient to say [of Chaucer], according to the
proverb, that here is God's plenty *Ib*

It becomes not me to draw my pen in defence of a
bad cause, when I have so often drawn it for a
good one *Ib*

He [Chaucer] is a perpetual fountain of good sense
Ib

Cousin Swift, you will never be a poet
Johnson's *Lives of the Poets* Swift

Happy the man, and happy he alone,
He, who can call today his own
He who, secure within, can say,
Tomorrow do thy worst, for I have lived today
Trans. of Horace, bk iii, Ode xxxix

Not Heav'n itself upon the past has pow'r,
But what has been, has been, and I have had my
hour *Ib*

I can enjoy her while she's kind,
But when she dances in the wind,
And shakes the wings, and will not stay,
I puff the prostitute away [Fortune] *Ib*

Look round the habitable world! how few
Know their own good, or knowing it, pursue
Trans. of Juvenal, x

To see and to be seen, in heaps they run,
Some to undo, and some to be undone
Trans. of Ovid, Art of Love, i 109.

Thus, while the mute creation downward bend
Their sight, and to their earthly mother tend,
Man looks aloft, and with erected eyes
Beholds his own hereditary skies
Trans. of Ovid, Metamorphoses, i 107

Who, for false quantities, was whipt at school
Trans. of Persius, Satires, i. 135.

Swear, fool, or starve, for the dilemma's even,
A tradesman thou' and hope to go to heaven?
Ib v 204

She knows her man, and when you rant and swag,
Can draw you to her with a single hair *Ib 246.*

Arms, and the man I sing, who, forced by fate,
And haughty Juno's unrelenting hate.
Trans. of Virgil, Aeneid, i 1

SIR HENRY BATE DUDLEY

1745-1824

Wonders will never cease.
Letter to Garrick, 13 Sept 1776. Correspondence of Garrick, ed. 1832, vol 11.

GEORGE DUFFIELD

1818-1888

Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!
The Psalmist. Stand Up, Stand Up for Jesus.

WILLIAM DUNBAR

1465?-1530?

Timor mortis conturbat me
Lament for the Makaris

London, thou art of townes a per se. *London, l. 1.*

'Thou lusty Troynovaunt *Ib. l. 9*

London, thou art the flower of cities all
 Gemme of all joy, jasper of jocunditie. *Ib* 1 16.
 Fair be their wives, right lovesom, white and small
Ib 1 46.

Thy famous Maire, by princely governaunce,
 With sword of justice thee rulcth prudently
 No Lord of Parys, Venyce, or Florauunce
 In dignitie or honour goeth to hym nigh *Ib* 1. 49
 All love is lost but upon God alone
The Merle and the Nightingale, 11

FINLEY PETER DUNNE

1867-1935

'Th' American nation in th' Sixth Ward is a fine
 people,' he says 'They love th' eagle,' he says,
 'on th' back iv a dollar'
*Mr Dooley in Peace and War. Oratory on
 Politics*.

THOMAS D'URFEY

1653-1723

Neighbours o'er the Herring Pond
Pills to Purge Melancholy, 1719, vol 11, p 333
*Fable of the Lady, the Lurcher, and the Marrow-
 Puddings*, xiv.

EDWARD DYER

c 1540-1607

My mind to me a kingdom is,
 Such perfect joy therein I find,
 That it excels all other bliss
 That world affords or grows by kind
 Though much I want which most would have,
 Yet still my mind forbids to crave
My Mind to Me a Kingdom Is.

Some have too much, yet still do crave;
 I little have, and seek no more,
 They are but poor though much they have,
 And I am rich with little store,
 'They poor, I rich, they beg, I give;
 'They lack, I have, they pine, I live. *Ib*

And he that will this health deny,
 Down among the dead men let him lie
Toast Here's a Health to the King

JOHN DYER

1699-1758

A little rule, a little sway,
 A sunbeam in a winter's day,
 Is all the proud and mighty have
 Between the cradle and the grave *Grongar Hill*, 1 89.

While the wanton Zephyr sings,
 And in the vale perfumes his wings *Ib* 1 139.

There is a kindly mood of melancholy,
 That wings the soul and points her to the skies
The Ruins of Rome, 1 347

MARIA EDGEWORTH

1767-1849

Well! some people talk of morality, and some of
 religion, but give me a little snug property

The Absentee, ch 2.

And all the young ladies . . . said that to be sure
 a love match was the only thing for happiness,
 where the parties could any way afford it

Castle Rackrent (Continuation of Memoirs)

I've a great fancy to see my own funeral afore I die *Ib*

Come when you're called,
 And do as you're bid,
 Shut the door after you,
 And you'll never be chid *The Contrast*, ch 1
 Business was his aversion; pleasure was his business *Ib* ch 2

There is one distinguishing peculiarity of the Irish
 bull—its horns are tipped with brass [i.e. with im-
 pudence or assurance]. *Essay on Irish Bulls*, ch 9

THOMAS ALVA EDISON

1847-1931

Genius is one per cent inspiration and ninety-nine
 per cent perspiration
Newspaper Interview Life (1932), ch 24

JAMES EDMESTON

1791-1867

Lead us, Heavenly Father, lead us
 O'er the world's tempestuous sea;
 Guard us, guide us, keep us, feed us,
 For we have no help but Thee
Sacred Lyrics, Set 2 Lead Us, Heavenly Father

EDWARD III

1312-1377

Let the boy win his spurs
Of the Black Prince at Crécy, 1345
 [Also say to them, that they suffer hym this day to
 wyne his spurs, for if god be pleased, I woll this
 journey be his, and the honour therof
 Lord Berners, *Froissart's Chron*, 1812, 1 cxxx
 158]

RICHARD EDWARDES

1523?-1566

In going to my naked bed, as one that would have
 slept,
 I heard a wife sing to her child, that long before had
 wept.
 She sighed sore, and sang full sweet, to bring the
 babe to rest,
 That would not cease, but cried still in sucking at her
 breast
 She was full weary of her watch and grieved with her
 child,
 She rocked it, and rated it, till that on her it smiled
 'Then did she say, 'Now have I found this proverb true
 to prove
 The falling out of faithful friends, renewing is of
 love' *Amantium Irae*, ed 1580

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT

1789-1871

'Christian! seek not yet repose,'
Hear thy guardian angel say,
Thou art in the midst of foes—
'Watch and pray'

*Morning and Evening Hymns Christian! Seek
Not Yet Repose*

Just as I am, without one plea
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come!
Invalid's Hymn Book Just As I Am

EBENEZER ELLIOTT

1781-1849

What is a communist? One who hath yearnings
For equal division of unequal earnings
Poetical Works Epigram.

When wilt thou save the people?
Oh, God of Mercy! when?
The people, Lord, the people!
Not thrones and crowns, but men!
Ib The People's Anthem.

GEORGE ELLIS

See GREGORY GANDER.

HENRY HAVELOCK ELLIS

1859-

Every artist writes his own autobiography
The New Spirit Tolstoi II

ELSTOW

Elstow smiling said . . . 'With thanks to God we know
the way to heaven, to be as ready by water as by
land, and therefore we care not which way we go'
When threatened with drowning by Henry VIII
Stow, *Annales*, 1615, p 543 ['One Elstow, a
friar of the order of Observant Friars']

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

1803-1882

There is no great and no small
To the Soul that maketh all—
And where it cometh, all things are;
And it cometh everywhere. *The Absorbing Soul*

Of Caesar's hand, and Plato's brain,
Of Lord Christ's heart, and Shakespeare's strain *Ib*

If the red slayer think he slays,
Or if the slain think he is slain,
They know not well the subtle ways
I keep, and pass, and turn again *Brahma*

Far or forgot to me is near *Ib*

I am the doubter and the doubt,
And I the hymn the Brahmin sings. *Ib*

But thou, meek lover of the good!
Find me, and turn thy back on heaven. *Ib*

By the rude bridge that arched the flood,
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
Here once the embattled farmers stood,
And fired the shot heard round the world
*Hymn Sung at the Completion of the Concord
Monument*

Knows he who tills this lonely field,
To reap its scanty corn,
What mystic fruit his acres yield
At midnight and at morn? *Durge. Concord, 1838*

Ye cannot unlock your heart,
The key is gone with them,
The silent organ loudest chants
The master's requiem *Durge*

Nor knowest thou what argument
Thy life to thy neighbour's creed has lent
All are needed by each one;
Nothing is fair or good alone *Each and All.*

O fair and stately maid, whose eyes
Were kindled in the upper skies
At the same torch that lighted mine. *To Eva.*

Hast thou named all the birds without a gun?
Forbearance.

Give all to love
Obey thy heart,
Friends, kindred, days,
Estate, good fame,
Plans, credit, and the Muse,—
Nothing refuse *Give All to Love*

Cling with life to the maid,
But when the surprise,
First vague shadow of surmise
Flits across her bosom young
Of a joy apart from thee,
Free be she, fancy-free. *Ib*

It was not for the mean,
It requireth courage stout. *Ib*

Heartily know,
When half-gods go,
The gods arrive *Ib.*

Good-bye, proud world! I'm going home—
Thou art not my friend, and I'm not thine *Good-bye*

For what are they all in their high conceit,
When man in the bush with God may meet? *Ib.*

Thou animated torrid-zone *To the Humble Bee.*

A subtle chain of countless rings
The next unto the farthest brings,
And, striving to be man, the worm
Mounts through all the spires of form. *May Day.*

The mountain and the squirrel
Had a quarrel,
And the former called the latter 'Little Prig'
Bun replied,
'You are doubtless very big,
But all sorts of things and weather
Must be taken in together,
To make up a year
And a sphere' *Fable, The Mountain and the Squirrel*

Things are in the saddle,
And ride mankind
Ode, Inscribed to W. H. Channing

The sinful painter drapes his goddess warm,
Because she still is naked, being dressed
The godlike sculptor will not so deform
Beauty, which limbs and flesh enough invest

Painting and Sculpture

Olympian bards who sung
Divine ideas below,
Which always find us young,
And always keep us so

The Poet

I like a church, I like a cowl,
I love a prophet of the soul,
And on my heart monastic aisles
Fall like sweet strains, or pensive smiles,
Yet not for all his faith can see,
Would I that cowl'd churchman be

The Problem

Not from a vain or shallow thought
His awful Jove young Phidias brought

Ib

The hand that rounded Peter's dome,
And groined the aisles of Christian Rome,
Wrought in a sad sincerity,
Himself from God he could not free,
He builded better than he knew,—
The conscious stone to beauty grew

Ib

Taylor, the Shakespeare of divines.

Ib

Some of your hurts you have cured,
And the sharpest you still have survived,
But what torments of grief you endured
From evils which never arrived!

Quatrains Borrowing (from the French)

Rhadora¹ if the sages ask thee why
This charm is wasted on the earth and sky,
Tell them, dear, that if eyes were made for seeing,
Then Beauty is its own excuse for being

The Rhodora

Though love repine, and reason chafe,
There came a voice without reply,—
'Tis man's perdition to be safe,
When for the truth he ought to die

Sacrifice

The frolic architecture of the snow.

The Snowstorm

Nor sequent centuries could hit
Orbit and sum of Shakespeare's wit

Solution

Wilt thou seal up the avenues of ill?
Pay every debt, as if God wrote the bill

Ib

It is time to be old,
To take in sail

Terminus

House and tenant go to ground,
Lost in God, in Godhead found

Threnody.

So nigh is grandeur to our dust,
So near is God to man,
When Duty whispers low, *Thou must,*
The youth replies, *I can*

Voluntaries, III

There is no way to success in our art but to take off
your coat, grind paint, and work like a digger on
the railroad, all day and every day.

Conduct of Life. Power

Art is a jealous mistress

Ib. Wealth

The louder he talked of his honour, the faster we
counted our spoons

Ib. Worship

London is the epitome of our times, and the Rome
of to-day

English Traits, xviii. Result

So . . . I feel in regard to this aged England . . . pressed
upon by transitions of trade and competing
populations,—I see her not dispirited, not weak,
but well remembering that she has seen dark days
before,—indeed, with a kind of instinct that she
sees a little better in a cloudy day, and that, in
storm of battle and calamity, she has a secret vigour
and a pulse like a cannon

Ib ch 19 (Speech at Manchester, 1847)

Every reform was once a private opinion, and when
it shall be a private opinion again it will solve the
problem of the age

Essays, I History

There is properly no history, only biography

Ib

To believe your own thought, to believe that what is
true for you in your private heart is true for all
men,—that is genius

Ib II Self-Reliance

To-morrow a stranger will say with masterly good
sense precisely what we have thought and felt all
the time, and we shall be forced to take with shame
our own opinion from another.

Ib

Society everywhere is in conspiracy against the man-
hood of every one of its members

Ib

Whoso would be a man must be a nonconformist

Ib

A foolish consistency is the hobgoblin of little minds,
adored by little statesmen and philosophers and
divines With consistency a great soul has simply
nothing to do

Speak what you think to-day
in words as hard as cannon-balls, and to-morrow
speak what to-morrow thinks in hard words again,
though it contradict every thing you said to-day

Ib

Is it so bad, then, to be misunderstood? Pythagoras
was misunderstood, and Socrates, and Jesus, and
Luther, and Copernicus, and Galileo, and Newton,
and every pure and wise spirit that ever took flesh
To be great is to be misunderstood

Ib

Shoves Jesus and Judas equally aside.

Ib

I like the silent church before the service begins,
better than any preaching

Ib

As men's prayers are a disease of the will so are their
creeds a disease of the intellect

Ib

Every Stoic was a Stoic, but in Christendom where
is the Christian?

Ib

Men are better than this theology

Ib. III Compensation

There are not in the world at any one time more than
a dozen persons who read and understand Plato —
never enough to pay for an edition of his works,
yet to every generation these come duly down, for
the sake of those few persons, as if God brought
them written in his hand

Ib IV Spiritual Laws

If you would not be known to do anything, never
do it

Ib

All mankind love a lover

Ib v. Love

Yet these uneasy pleasures and fine pains are for
curiosity, and not for life

Ib VI Friendship

A friend may well be reckoned the masterpiece of
Nature

Ib

In skating over thin ice, our safety is in our speed

Ib VII Prudence

Tart, cathartic virtue *Ib* viii *Heroism*
 O friend, never strike sail to a fear! Come into port
 greatly, or sail with God the seas *Ib*
 It was a high counsel that I once heard given to a
 young person, 'Always do what you are afraid to do' *Ib*
 We are wiser than we know *Ib* ix *The Over-Soul*
 Converse with a mind that is grandly simple, and
 literature looks like word-catching *Ib*
 Beware when the great God lets loose a thinker on
 this planet *Ib* x *Circles*
 People wish to be settled only as far as they are
 unsettled is there any hope for them *Ib*
 Nothing great was ever achieved without enthusiasm *Ib*
 God offers to every mind its choice between truth
 and repose *Ib* xi *Intellect*
 He in whom the love of truth predominates submits
 to the inconvenience of suspense and imperfect
 opinion, but he is a candidate for truth and
 respects the highest law of his being *Ib*
 Nothing astonishes men so much as common-sense
 and plain dealing *Ib* xii *Art*
 Though we travel the world over to find the beautiful
 we must carry it with us or we find it not *Ib*
 Words and deeds are quite indifferent modes of the
 divine energy Words are also actions, and actions
 are a kind of words *Ib* xiii *The Poet*
 It is not metres, but a metre-making argument, that
 makes a poem *Ib*
 We are symbols, and inhabit symbols *Ib*
 Language is fossil poetry *Ib*
 The poet knows that he speaks adequately, then, only
 when he speaks somewhat wildly, or, 'with the
 flower of the mind' *Ib*
 I knew a witty physician who found the creed in the
 biliary duct, and used to affirm that if there was
 disease in the liver, the man became a Calvinist,
 and if that organ was sound, he became a Unitarian
Ib xiv *Experience*
 To fill the hour—that is happiness *Ib*
 The wise through excess of wisdom is made a fool *Ib*
 The years teach much which the days never know *Ib*
 Those who listened to Lord Chatham felt that there
 was something finer in the man, than anything
 which he said *Ib* xv *Character*
 Men are conservatives when they are least vigorous,
 or when they are most luxurious They are con-
 servatives after dinner *Ib* *New England Reformers*
 The reward of a thing well done, is to have done it
Ib
 We are always getting ready to live, but never living
Journals, 13 Apr. 1834.
 Man does not live by bread alone, but by faith, by
 admiration, by sympathy.
Lectures and Biographical Sketches The
Sovereignty of Ethics

Great men are they who see that spiritual is stronger
 than any material force, that thoughts rule the
 world

Letters and Social Aims Progress of Culture,
Phi Beta Kappa Address, 18 July 1876

By necessity, by proclivity,—and by delight, we all
 quote *Ib* *Quotation and Originality*

Next to the originator of a good sentence is the first
 quoter of it *Ib*

When Nature has work to be done, she creates a
 genius to do it *Method of Nature*

I have heard with admiring submission the experience
 of the lady who declared that the sense of being
 well-dressed gives a feeling of inward tranquility
 which religion is powerless to bestow [Miss C F
 Forbes, 1817-1911] *Ib* *Social Aims*

Every hero becomes a bore at last
Representative Men Uses of Great Men

Is not marriage an open question, when it is alleged,
 from the beginning of the world, that such as are
 in the institution wish to get out, and such as are
 out wish to get in *Ib* *Montaigne*

Belief consists in accepting the affirmations of the
 soul, Unbelief, in denying them *Ib*

Hitch your wagon to a star
Society and Solitude Civilization

We boil at different degrees *Ib* *Eloquence.*
 One of our statesmen said, 'The curse of this country
 is eloquent men' *Ib*

Invention breeds invention *Ib* *Works and Days*

Never read any book that is not a year old *Ib* *Books.*
 'Tis the good reader that makes the good book
Ib *Success*

America is a country of young men *Ib* *Old Age*

Glittering generalities! They are blazing ubiquities
Attr remark on some sneering at the ideas
of the Declaration of Independence as 'glittering
generalities'

If a man write a better book, preach a better sermon,
 or make a better mouse-trap than his neighbour,
 tho' he build his house in the woods, the world will
 make a beaten path to his door

[Mrs Sarah S B Yule (1856-1916) credits the
 quotation to Emerson in her *Borrowings* (1889),
 stating in *The Docket*, Feb 1912, that she copied
 this in her handbook from a lecture delivered
 by Emerson 'The 'mouse-trap' quotation was
 the occasion of a long controversy, owing to
 Elbert Hubbard's claim to its authorship]

He who has a thousand friends has not a friend to
 spare,

And he who has one enemy will meet him everywhere
Translations. From Omar Châm.

THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH

1819-1902

Oh! don't you remember sweet Alice, Ben Bolt,
 Sweet Alice, whose hair was so brown,
 Who wept with delight when you gave her a smile,
 And trembled with fear at your frown? *Ben Bolt.*

SIR HENRY ERSKINE
SIR HENRY ERSKINE

1746-1817

In the garb of old Gaul, wi' the fire of old Rome
In the Garb of Old Gaul

GEORGE ETHEREGE

1635?-1691

I must confess I am a fop in my heart, ill customs
influence my very senses, and I have been so used
to affectation that without the help of the air of the
court what is natural cannot touch me

Letter to Mr Poley, 2/12 Jan 1687/8

Few of our plays can boast of more wit than I have
heard him speak at a supper [Sir Charles Sedley]
Letter to Mr Will Richards, undated

I walk within the purlieu of the Law
Love in a Tub, I III

Do not vow—Our love is frail as is our life, and full
as little in our power, and are you sure you shall
out-live this day? *The Man of Mode, II I*

When love grows diseas'd, the best thing we can do
is to put it to a violent death, I cannot endure the
torture of a lingring and consumptive passion

Ib II

Writing Madam's a mechanic part of wit! A gentle-
man should never go beyond a song or a billet

Ib IV I

What e'er you say, I know all beyond High-Park's a
desart to you

Ib V II

ABEL EVANS

1679-1737

Under this stone, Reader, survey
Dead Sir John Vanbrugh's house of clay
Lie heavy on him, Earth! for he
Laid many heavy loads on thee!
*Epitaph on Sir John Vanbrugh, Architect of
Blenheim Palace*

When Tadlow walks, the streets, the pavours cry,
'God bless you, Sir!' and liv their rammers by
Epigram On Dr Tadlow

VISCOUNT EVERSLEY
(CHARLES SHAW-LEFEVRE)

1794-1888

What is that fat gentleman in such a passion about?
*Remark as a child on hearing Mr Fox speak in
Parliament G W E Russell, Collections and
Recollections, ch II*

FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER

JOHN EVELYN

1620-1706

This knight was indeed a valiant gentleman, but not
a little given to romance, when he spake of him-
self. *Diary, 6 Sept. 1652*

Mulberry Garden, now the only place of refreshment
about the town for persons of the best quality to be
exceedingly cheated at *Ib 10 May 1654*

That miracle of a youth, Mr Christopher Wren
Ib 11 July 1654.

I saw Hamlet Prince of Denmark played, but now
the old plays began to disgust this refined age
Ib 26 Nov 1661.

DAVID EVERETT

1769-1813

You'd scarce expect one of my age
To speak in public on the stage,
And if I chance to fall below
Demosthenes or Cicero,
Don't view me with a critic's eye,
But pass my imperfections by
Large streams from little fountains flow,
Tall oaks from little acorns grow
Lines Written for a School Declamation.

JOHN EWEN

1741-1821

O weel may the boatie row,
And better may she speed! *The Boatie Rows*

WILLIAM NORMAN EWER

b 1885

I gave my life for freedom—This I know
For those who bade me fight had told me so.
Five Souls, 1917.

How odd
Of God
To choose
The Jews

How Odd.

FREDERICK WILLIAM
FABER

1814-1863

Have mercy on us worms of earth
*Jesus and Mary Have Mercy on Us, God Most
High*

My God, how wonderful 'Thou art!
Thy majesty how bright,
How beautiful Thy mercy-seat
In depths of burning light!
Ib My God, How Wonderful Thou Art!

Thine endless wisdom, boundless power,
And awful purity! *Ib.*

Hark! Hark! my soul, angelic songs are swelling
O'er earth's green fields and ocean's wave-beat
shore!

How sweet the truth those blessed strains are telling
Of that new life when sin shall be no more!
Oratory Hymns The Pilgrims of the Night

The music of the Gospel leads us home. *Ib*
 Rest comes at length, though life be long and dreary,
 The day must dawn, and darksome night be passed.
Ib.

O Paradise! O Paradise!
 Who doth not crave for rest? *Ib. Paradise*

Faith of our fathers! holy faith!
 We will be true to thee till death
Ib A Pledge of Faithfulness

Small things are best
 Grief and unrest,
 To rank and wealth are given,
 But little things
 On little wings
 Bear little souls to Heaven
Written in a Little Lady's Little Album

ROBERT FABYAN

d. 1513

Finally he paid the debt of nature.
Chronicles, pt 11, xli

GEORGE FARQUHAR

1678-1707

Sir, you shall taste my *Anno Domini*
The Beaux Stratagem, 1 1.

I have fed purely upon ale, I have eat my ale, drank
 my ale, and I always sleep upon ale *Ib*

My Lady Bountiful *Ib*
 Says little, thinks less, and does—nothing at all, faith.
Ib

'Tis still my maxim, that there is no scandal like rags,
 nor any crime so shameful as poverty *Ib*

There's some diversion in a talking blockhead, and
 since a woman must wear chains, I would have the
 pleasure of hearing 'em rattle a little. *Ib. 11. 11*

No woman can be a beauty without a fortune *Ib*
 I believe they talked of me, for they laughed con-
 sumedly *Ib 111 1*

'Twas for the good of my country that I should be
 abroad—Anything for the good of one's country—
 I'm a Roman for that. *Ib 11*

Captain is a good travelling name, and so I take it *Ib*
 AIMWELL.

Then you understand Latin, Mr Boniface?
 BONNIFACE

Not I, Sir, as the saying is, but he talks it so very fast
 that I'm sure it must be good *Ib.*

There are secrets in all families *Ib 111*
 How a little love and good company improves a
 woman! *Ib. 11 1*

It is a maxim that man and wife should never have it
 in their power to hang one another *Ib. 11.*

Spare all I have, and take my life *Ib. v. 11*
 I hate all that don't love me, and slight all that do

The Constant Couple, 1 11
 Grant me some wild expressions, Heavens, or I shall
 burst— Words, words or I shall burst. *Ib. v. 11*

Charming women can true converts make,
 We love the precepts for the teacher's sake. *Ib*

Crimes, like virtues, are their own rewards
The Inconstant, 11 11

'Tis an old saying, Like master, like man, why not as
 well, Like mistress, like maid? *Love and a Bottle, 1. 1*

Money is the sinews of love, as of war *Ib 11 1.*
 Poetry's a mere drug, Sir. *Ib 111 11*

He answered the description the page gave to a T,
 Sir. *Ib. 11 111*

And there's a pleasure sure, in being mad,
 Which none but mad-men know

The Recruiting Officer, 1 111
 Hanging and marriage, you know, go by Destiny
Ib. 111 11

I could be mighty foolish, and fancy my self mighty
 witty, Reason still keeps its throne, but it nods a
 little, that's all. *Ib*

A lady, if undrest at Church, looks silly,
 One cannot be devout in dishably

The Stage Coach, prologue
 I'm privileg'd to be very impertinent, being an
 Oxonian. *Sir Harry Wildair, 11 1*

The King of Spain is dead. *Ib. 11.*

FREDERICK WILLIAM FARRAR

1831-1903

Russell acted invariably from the highest prin-
 ciples *Eric, or Little by Little, pt 1, ch 3*

'Russell, let me always call you Edwin, and call me
 Eric' *Ib ch 4*

'By heavens, this is too bad!' he exclaimed, stamping
 his foot with anger 'What have I ever done to you
 young blackguards, that you should treat me thus?'

Ib pt 11, ch 1

JOHN FERRIAR

1761-1815

Now cheaply bought for thrice their weight in gold
Illustrations of Sterne Bibbomania, 1 65

WILLIAM PITT FESSENDEN

1806-1869

Repudiate the repudiators
Presidential Campaign Slogan, 1868

EUGENE FIELD

1850-1895

But I, when I undress me
 Each night, upon my knees
 Will ask the Lord to bless me
 With apple pie and cheese. *Apple Pie and Cheese*

When I demanded of my friend what vands he
 preferred,
 He quoth 'A large cold bottle, and a small hot bird!'

The Bottle and the Bird.

The little toy dog is covered with dust,
 But sturdy and staunch he stands,
 And the little toy soldier is red with rust,
 And his musket moulds in his hands
 Time was when the little toy dog was new,
 And the soldier was passing fair,
 And that was the time when our Little Boy Blue
 Kissed them and put them there
Little Boy Blue

A little peach in an orchard grew,—
 A little peach of emerald hue,
 Warmed by the sun and wet by the dew,
 It grew
The Little Peach
 Listen to my tale of woe *Ib.*

Wynken, Blynken, and Nod one night
 Sailed off in a wooden shoe—
 Sailed on a river of crystal light,
 Into a sea of dew *Wynken, Blynken, and Nod*

HENRY FIELDING

1707-1754

'Tace, madam,' answered Murphy, 'is Latin for a candle'
Amelia, bk 1, ch 10

There are moments in life worth purchasing with worlds
Ib. bk 11, ch. 2

It hath been often said, that it is not death, but dying, which is terrible
Ib. ch 4

These are called the pious frauds of friendship
Ib. bk vi, ch 6

When widows exclaim loudly against second marriages, I would always lay a wager, that the man, if not the wedding-day, is absolutely fixed on
Ib. ch. 8

One fool at least in every married couple.
Ib. bk. ix, ch 4

I am not the least versed in the chrematistic art
Ib. ch 5

There is not in the universe a more ridiculous, nor a more contemptible animal, than a proud clergyman
Ib. ch 10

One of my illustrious predecessors
Covent-Garden Journal, No. 3, 11 Jan 1752

I am as sober as a Judge
Don Quixote in England, 111 xiv

Oh! The roast beef of England,
 And old England's roast beef
The Grub Street Opera, 111 111

He in a few minutes ravished this fair creature, or at least would have ravished her, if she had not, by a timely compliance, prevented him
Jonathan Wild, bk 111, ch 7

But pray, Mr Wild, why bitch?
Ib. ch 8

To whom nothing is given, of him can nothing be required
Joseph Andrews, bk 11, ch 8

I describe not men, but manners; not an individual, but a species
Ib. bk 111, ch 1.

They are the affectation of affectation
Ib. ch 3

Public schools are the nurseries of all vice and immorality
Ib. ch 5

I defy the wisest man in the world to turn a good action into ridicule
Ib. ch 6

Some folks rail against other folks, because other folks have what some folks would be glad of
Ib. bk iv, ch 6

Love and scandal are the best sweeteners of tea
Love in Several Masques, 1V xi

Yes, I had two strings to my bow, both golden ones, agad! and both cracked
Ib. v xiii

We must eat to live, and not live to eat
The Miser, 111 111

Map me no maps, sir, my head is a map, a map of the whole world
Rape upon Rape, 1 v

Every physician almost hath his favourite disease
Tom Jones, bk 11, ch 9

Thwackum was for doing justice, and leaving mercy to heaven
Ib. bk 111, ch 10

A late facetious writer, who told the public that whenever he was dull they might be assured there was a design in it
Ib. bk v, ch 1

O! more than Gothic ignorance
Ib. bk vii, ch 3

'I did not mean to abuse the cloth, I only said your conclusion was a *non sequitur*'—

'You are another,' cries the sergeant, 'an you come to that, no more a *sequitur* than yourself'
Ib. bk. ix, ch 6

An amiable weakness
Ib. bk x, ch 8

His designs were strictly honourable, as the phrase is, that is, to rob a lady of her fortune by way of marriage
Ib. bk. xi, ch 4

Composed that monstrous animal a husband and wife
Ib. bk xv, ch 9

Nay, you may call me coward if you will, but if that little man there upon the stage is not frightened, I never saw any man frightened in my life
Ib. bk xvi, ch 5

'He the best player!' cries Partridge, with a contemptuous sneer 'Why, I could act as well as he myself I am sure, if I had seen a ghost, I should have looked in the very same manner, and done just as he did . . . The king for my money! He speaks all his words distinctly, half as loud again as the other. Anybody may see he is an actor.'
Ib.

All Nature wears one universal grin
Tom Thumb the Great, 1 1

To sun my self in Huncamunca's eyes
Ib. 111

When I'm not thank'd at all, I'm thank'd enough, I've done my duty, and I've done no more.
Ib.

The dusky night rides down the sky,
 And ushers in the morn,
 The hounds all join in glorious cry,
 The huntsman winds his horn
 And a-hunting we will go
A-Hunting We Will Go.

JOHN ARBUTHNOT FISHER, LORD FISHER

1841-1920

You will always be fools! We shall never be gentlemen!

The Times, 26 June 1919 [Quoted by him as 'the apposite words spoken by a German naval officer to his English confrère On the whole I think I prefer to be the fool—even as a matter of business']

Sack the lot!

Ib 2 Sept 1919

ALBERT H. FITZ

You are my honey, honey-suckle,
I am the bee *The Honey-Suckle and the Bee*

CHARLES FITZGEFFREY

fl 1617

And bold and hard adventures t' undertake,
Leaving his country for his country's sake
Life and Death of Sir Francis Drake (1596),
ccxiii

EDWARD FITZGERALD

1809-1883

Awake! for Morning in the Bowl of Night
Has flung the Stone that puts the Stars to Flight
And Lo! the Hunter of the East has caught
The Sultan's Turret in a Noose of Light
Omar Khayyám, ed 1, 1

Wake! For the Sun, who scatter'd into flight
The Stars before him from the Field of Night,
Drives Night along with them from Heav'n, and
strikes
The Sultan's Turret with a Shaft of Light *Ib* ed 4, 1
Dreaming when Dawn's Left Hand was in the Sky
I heard a Voice within the Tavern cry,
'Awake, my Little ones, and fill the Cup
Before Life's Liquor in its Cup be dry' *Ib* ed 1, 11
Before the phantom of False morning died,
Methought a Voice within the Tavern cried,
'When all the Temple is prepared within,
Why nods the drowsy Worshipper outside?'
Ib ed 4, 11

Now the New Year reviving old Desires,
The thoughtful Soul to Solitude retires
Ib eds 1 and 4, 1v

Iram indeed is gone with all its Rose,
And Jamshyd's Sev'n-ring'd Cup where no one
knows,
But still the Vine her ancient Ruby yields,
And still a Garden by the Water blows *Ib* ed 1, v
Iram indeed is gone with all his Rose *Ib* ed 4, v
But still a Ruby kindles in the Vine,
And many a Garden by the Water blows *Ib*.

In divine
High piping Pehlevi, with 'Wine! Wine! Wine!'
'Red Wine!'—the Nightingale cries to the Rose
That yellow Cheek of her's to incarnadine
Ib ed 1, vi

That sallow cheek of hers to incarnadine
Ib ed 4, vi.

Come, fill the Cup, and in the Fire of Spring
The Winter Garment of Repentance fling
The Bird of Time has but a little way
To fly—and Lo! the Bird is on the Wing
Ib ed 1, vii.

Come, fill the Cup, and in the fire of Spring
Your Winter-garment of Repentance fling
The Bird of Time has but a little way
To flutter—and the Bird is on the wing
Ib ed 4, vii

And look—a thousand Blossoms with the Day
Woke—and a thousand scatter'd into Clay
Ib ed 1, viii.

Each Morn a thousand Roses brings, you say,
Yes, but where leaves the Rose of Yesterday?
Ib ed 4, ix.

But come with old Khayyám, and leave the Lot
Of Kaikobad and Kaikhosru forgot
Let Rustum lay about him as he will,
Or Hatum Tai cry Supper—heed them not
Ib ed 1, ix.

Well, let it take them! What have we to do
With Kaikobad the Great, or Kaikhosru?
Let Zal and Rustum bluster as they will,
Or Hatum call to Supper—heed not you
Ib ed 4, x

And pity Sultan Mahmud on his Throne
Ib ed 1, x

And Peace to Mahmud on his golden Throne
Ib ed 4, xi

Here with a Loaf of Bread beneath the bough,
A Flask of Wine, a Book of Verse—and Thou
Beside me singing in the Wilderness—
And Wilderness is Paradise enow *Ib* ed 1, xi.

A Book of Verses underneath the Bough,
A Jug of Wine, a Loaf of Bread—and Thou
Beside me singing in the Wilderness—
Oh, Wilderness were Paradise enow! *Ib* ed 4, xii
Ah, take the Cash in hand and waive the Rest,
Oh, the brave Music of a distant Drum!
Ib ed 1, xii

Ah, take the Cash, and let the Credit go,
Nor heed the rumble of a distant Drum!
Ib ed 4, xiii

The Worldly Hope men set their Hearts upon
Turns Ashes—or it prospers, and anon,
Like Snow upon the Desert's dusty Face
Lighting a little Hour or two—is gone
Ib ed 1, xiv, ed 4, xvi.

And those who husbanded the Golden grain,
And those who flung it to the winds like Rain,
Alike to no such aureate Earth are turn'd
As, buried once, Men want dug up again
Ib eds 1 and 4, xv

Think, in this batter'd Caravanserai
Whose Doorways are alternate Night and Day,
How Sultan after Sultan with his Pomp
Abode his Hour or two, and went his way
Ib ed 1, xvi.

Think, in this batter'd Caravanserai
Whose Portals are alternate Night and Day,
How Sultan after Sultan with his Pomp
Abode his destin'd Hour, and went his way
Omar Khayyám, ed. 4, xvii

They say the Lion and the Lizard keep
The Courts where Jamshyd gloried and drank deep
And Bahram, that great Hunter—the Wild Ass
Stamps o'er his Head, and he lies fast asleep
Ib ed 1, xvi

Stamps o'er his Head, but cannot break his Sleep
Ib ed 4, xviii

I sometimes think that never blows so red
The Rose as where some buried Caesar bled,
That every Hyacinth the Garden wears
Dropt in her Lap from some once lovely Head
Ib ed 1, xviii, ed 4, xix

To-morrow!—Why, To-morrow I may be
Myself with Yesterday's Sev'n thousand Years
Ib ed 1, xx, ed 4, xxi

Lo! some we loved, the loveliest and best
That Time and Fate of all their Vintage prest,
Have drunk their Cup a Round or two before,
And one by one crept silently to Rest
Ib ed 1, xxi

For some we loved, the loveliest and the best
That from his Vintage rolling Time hath prest
Ib ed 4, xxii

Ah, make the most of what we yet may spend,
Before we too into the Dust descend,
Dust into Dust, and under Dust, to lie,
Sans Wine, sans Song, sans Singer, and—sans End!
Ib ed 1, xxii, ed 4, xxiv

Oh, come with old Khayyám, and leave the Wise
To talk, one thing is certain, that Life flies,
One thing is certain, and the Rest is Lies,
The Flower that once hath blown for ever dies
Ib ed 1, xxvi

Oh threats of Hell and Hopes of Paradise!
One thing at least is certain—*This* Life flies
Ib ed 4, lxiii

Myself when young did eagerly frequent
Doctor and Saint, and heard great argument
About it and about but evermore
Came out by the same door as in I went
Ib ed 1, xxvii

Came out by the same Door where in I went
Ib ed 4, xxvii

I came like Water, and like Wind I go
Ib eds 1 and 4, xxviii

Into this Universe, and *Why* not knowing
Nor *Whence*, like Water willy-nilly flowing,
And out of it, as Wind along the Waste,
I know not *Whither*, willy-nilly blowing
Ib eds 1 and 4, xxix

What, without asking, hither hurried *whence*?
And, without asking, *whither* hurried hencel
Another and another Cup to drown
The Memory of this Impertinence!
Ib ed 1, xxx

Oh, many a Cup of this forbidden Wine
Must drown the memory of that insolence!
Ib ed 4, xxx

There was a Door to which I found no Key
There was a Veil past which I could not see
Some little Talk awhile of ME and THEE
There seem'd—and then no more of THEE and ME
Ib ed 1, xxxii

There was the Door to which I found no Key,
There was the Veil through which I might not see
Some little talk awhile of ME and THEE
There was—and then no more of THEE and ME
Ib ed 4, xxxiii

And with its all obliterated Tongue
It murmur'd—"Gently, Brother, gently, pray!"
Ib eds 1 and 4, xxxvi.

Ah, fill the Cup—what boots it to repeat
How Time is slipping underneath our Feet
Unborn TOMORROW, and dead YESTERDAY,
Why fret about them if TODAY be sweet!
Ib ed 1, xxxvii Not in ed 4

One Moment in Annihilation's Waste,
One Moment, of the Well of Life to taste—
The Stars are Setting and the Caravan
Starts for the Dawn of Nothing—Oh, make haste!
Ib ed 1, xxxviii

A Moment's Halt—a momentary taste
Of BEING from the Well amid the Waste—
And lo!—the phantom Caravan has reach'd
The Nothing it set out from—Oh, make haste!
Ib ed 4, xliii

Was never deep in anything but—Wine
Ib ed 1, xli, ed 4, lvi.

The Grape that can with Logic absolute
The Two-and Seventy jarring Sects confute
Ib ed 1, xliii, ed 4, lix

'Tis all a Chequer-board of Nights and Days
Where Destiny with Men for Pieces plays
Hither and thither moves, and mates, and slays,
And one by one back in the Closet lays
Ib ed 1, xlix

But helpless Pieces of the Game He plays
Upon this Cheque-board of Nights and Days,
Hither and thither moves, and checks, and slays,
And one by one back in the Closet lays
Ib ed 4, lxxx.

The Moving Finger writes, and, having writ
Moves on nor all thy Piety nor Wit
Shall lure it back to cancel half a Line,
Nor all thy Tears wash out a Word of it *Ib* ed 1, li
[Ed 4, lxi, reads 'your' instead of 'thy']

And that inverted Bowl we call The Sky,
Whereunder crawling coop't we live and die,
Lift not thy hands to *It* for help—for *It*
Rolls impotently on as Thou or I *Ib* ed 1, lii
And that inverted Bowl they call the Sky
Ib ed 4, lxxii

As impotently moves as you or I *Ib.*

One glimpse of it within the Tavern caught
Better than in the Temple lost outright *Ib* ed 1, lvi

One Flash of it within the Tavern caught
Omar Khayyám, ed 4, lxxvii

Oh Thou, who didst with Pitfall and with Gin
 Beset the Road I was to wander in,
 Thou wilt not with Predestination round
 Enmesh me, and impute my Fall to Sin?
Ib ed 1, lvi

Thou wilt not with Predestined Evil round
 Enmesh, and then impute my Fall to Sin!
Ib ed 4, lxxx

Oh, Thou, who Man of baser Earth didst make,
 And who with Eden didst devise the Snake,
 For all the Sin wherewith the Face of Man
 Is blacken'd, Man's Forgiveness give—and take!
Ib ed 1, lviii

And even with Paradise devise the Snake
Ib ed 4, lxxxii

'Who is the Potter, pray, and who the Pot?'
Ib ed 1, lx, ed 4, lxxxvii

'He's a Good Fellow, and 'twill all be well'
Ib ed 1, lxiv, ed 4, lxxxviii

And much as Wine has play'd the Infidel,
 And robb'd me of my Robe of Honour—Well,
 I wonder often what the Vintners buy
 One half so precious as the Goods they sell
Ib ed 1, lxxi

One half so precious as the stuff they sell
Ib ed 4, xcvi

Alas, that Spring should vanish with the Rose!
 That Youth's sweet-scented manuscript should close!
 The Nightingale that in the branches sang,
 Ah, whence, and whither flown again, who knows!
Ib ed 1, lxxii

Yet Ah, that Spring should vanish with the Rose!
Ib ed 4, xcvi

Ah Love! could thou and I with Fate conspire
 To grasp this sorry Scheme of Things entire,
 Would not we shatter it to bits—and then
 Re-mould it nearer to the Heart's Desire!
Ib ed 1, lxxiii

Ah Love! could you and I with Him conspire
Ib ed 4, xcix

Ah, Moon of my Delight who know'st no wane,
 The Moon of Heav'n is rising once again
 How oft hereafter rising shall she look
 Through this same Garden after me—in vain!
Ib ed 1, lxxiv

Yon rising Moon that looks for us again
 How oft hereafter will she wax and wane,
 How oft hereafter rising look for us
 Through this same Garden—and for one in vain!
Ib ed 4, c

And when Thyself with shining Foot shall pass
 Among the Guests Star-scattered on the Grass,
 And in thy joyous Errand reach the Spot
 Where I made one—turn down an empty Glass!
Ib ed 1, lxxv

And when like her, O Saki, you shall pass
Ib ed 4, ci

And in your joyous errand reach the spot
Ib

The Wine of Life keeps oozing drop by drop,
 The Leaves of Life keep falling one by one
Ib ed 4, viii Not in ed. 1.

Drink! for you know not whence you came, nor why
 Drink! for you know not why you go, nor where
Ib ed 4, lxxiv Not in ed. 1

A Mr Wilkinson, a clergyman
 Benson's *Life of FitzGerald*, p 62, and Hallam
 Tennyson's *Tennyson*, 1 153 [An imitation of
 Wordsworth's worst style]

JAMES ELROY FLECKER

1884-1915

Voiced like a great bell swinging in a dome
The Bridge of Fire, iv
 For pines are gossip pines the wide world through
Brumana.

Half to forget the wandering and the pain,
 Half to remember days that have gone by,
 And dream and dream that I am home again! *Ib*

The Kings of England lifting up their swords
 Shall gather at the gate of Paradise
The Burial in England

Noon strikes on England, noon on Oxford town,
 Beauty she was statue cold—there's blood upon her
 gown

Noon of my dreams, O noon!
 Proud and godly kings had built her, long ago,
 With her towers and tombs and statues all arow,
 With her fair and floral air and the love that lingers
 there,

And the streets where the great men go
The Dying Patriot

Evening on the olden, the golden sea of Wales,
 When the first star shivers and the last wave pales
 O evening dreams! *Ib*

West of these out to seas colder than the Hebrides
 I must go
 Where the fleet of stars is anchored and the young
 star-captains glow *Ib*

The dragon-green, the luminous, the dark, the
 serpent-haunted sea
The Gates of Damascus West Gate

When the great markets by the sea shut fast
 All that calm Sunday that goes on and on
 When even lovers find their peace at last,
 And Earth is but a star, that once had shone
The Golden Journey to Samarkand Prologue

And some to Meccah turn to pray, and I toward thy
 bed, Yasmin *Hassan*, 1 11

For one night or the other night
 Will come the Gardener in white, and gathered flowers
 are dead, Yasmin *Ib*

For lust of knowing what should not be known,
 We take the Golden Road to Samarkand
Ib v 11

And old Mæonides the blind
 Said it three thousand years ago
To a Poet a Thousand Years Hence

A ship, an isle, and a sickle moon—
With few but with how splendid stars
The mirrors of the sea are strewn
Between their silver bars.

A Ship, an Isle, and a Sickle Moon

And with great lies about his wooden horse
Set the crew laughing, and forgot his course

The Old Ships

It was so old a ship—who knows, who knows?

And yet so beautiful, I watched in vain
To see the mast burst open with a rose,
And the whole deck put on its leaves again *Ib*

And walk with you, and talk with you, like any other
boy *Ricupérour*

RICHARD FLECKNOE

d. 1678?

Still-born Silence! thou that art
Floodgate of the deeper heart *Poems, 1653*
Was wont to be as still as mouse. *Diurnal, 9 (1656)*

MARJORIE FLEMING

1803-1811

A direful death indeed they had
That would put any parent mad
But she was more than usual calm
She did not give a singel dam *Journal, p 29*

The most devilish thing is 8 times 8 and 7 times 7
it is what nature itself can endure *Ib p 47*

Today I pronounced a word which should never come
out of a lady's lips it was that I called John a
Impudent Bitch *Ib p 51*

I am going to turn over a new life and am going to be
a very good girl and be obedient to Isa Keith, here
there is plenty of gooseberries which makes my
teeth watter *Ib p 76*

I hope I will be religious again but as for regaining
my character I despare *Ib p 80*

An annibabstist is a thing I am not a member of
Ib p 99

Sentiment is what I am not acquainted with *Ib*

O lovely O most charming pug
Thy graceful air and heavenly mug

His noses cast is of the roman

He is a very pretty woman

I could not get a rhyme for roman

And was obliged to call it weoman *Poems.*

My dear Isa,

I now sit down on my bottom to answer all your
kind and beloved letters which you was so good as to
write to me. *Letters I, To Isabella*

ANDREW FLETCHER OF SALTOUN

1655-1692

I knew a very wise man so much of Sir Chr—'s senti-
ment, that he believed if a man were permitted to
make all the ballads, he need not care who should
make the laws of a nation

*Letter to the Marquis of Montrose, and Others
Political Works.*

PHINEAS FLETCHER

1582-1650

The way to God is by our selves

The Purple Island To the Readers

Poorly (poor man) he liv'd, poorly (poor man) he
di'd. *Ib i xix.*

His little son into his bosom creeps,

The lively picture of his father's face *Ib xii. vi.*

Drop, drop, slow tears,

And bathe those beauteous feet,

Which brought from Heav'n

The news and Prince of Peace *An Hymn*

In your deep floods

Drown all my faults and fears,

Not let His eye

See sin, but through my tears. *Ib*

Love is like linen often chang'd, the sweeter,

Scehdes, iii v.

The coward's weapon, poison.

Ib v iii

Love's tongue is in the eyes.

Piscatory Eclogues, eclog v, xiii.

SAMUEL FOOTE

1720-1777

Born in a cellar, and living in a garret

The Author, ii

She went into the garden to cut a cabbage-leaf, to
make an apple-pie, and at the same time a great
she-bear, coming up the street, pops its head into
the shop "What! no soap?" So he died, and she
very imprudently married the barber, and there
were present the Picinnies, and the Jobillies, and
the Garyales, and the grand Panjandrum himself,
with the little round button at top

*An Incoherent Story Invented for Charles Mack-
lin, who said he could say anything by heart after
one reading Quarterly Review, Sept 1854.*

For as the old saying is,

When house and land are gone and spent

Then learning is most excellent *Taste, i 1*

He is not only dull in himself, but the cause of dull-
ness in others

*Remark Boswell's Life of Johnson, ed Powell,
iv, p 178 [Parody of Shakespeare, Henry IV,
pt ii, iv 1 2]*

HENRY FORD

1863-

History is bunk

*In the witness box during his libel suit v. the
Chicago Tribune, July 1919*

JOHN FORD

1586-1639?

We can drink till all look blue,

The Lady's Trial, iv. ii.

Tell us, pray, what devil

This melancholy is, which can transform

Men into monsters

Ib iii 1.

'Tis Pity She's a Whore

Title of Play.

LENA GUILBERT FORD

d 1916?

Keep the home fires burning, while your hearts are yearning,

Though your lads are far away they dream of home,
There's a silver lining through the dark cloud shining
Turn the dark cloud inside out, till the boys come home
Keep the Home Fires Burning

THOMAS FORD

c 1580-1648

There is a lady sweet and kind,
Was never face so pleased my mind,
I did but see her passing by,
And yet I love her till I die
There is a Lady (Music of Sundry Kinds, 1607, IX 1)

SAM WALTER FOSS

1858-1911

I say the very things that make the greatest stir,
An' the most interestin' things, are things that didn't occur
Back Country Poems Things That Didn't Occur

CHARLES FOSTER

1828-1904

Isn't this a billion dollar country?
At the 51st Congress, retorting to a Democratic gibe about a 'million dollar Congress'

STEPHEN COLLINS FOSTER

1826-1864

I come down dah wid my hat caved in,
Doodah! doodah!
I go back home wid a pocket full of tin,
Oh! doodah day!
Gwine to run all night!
Gwine to run all day!
I'll bet my money on de bob-tail nag,
Somebody bet on de bay *Camptown Races*
De blind hoss stick'n in a big mud hole,
Doodah! doodah!
Can't touch de bottom wid a ten-foot pole,
Oh! doodah day! *Ib*

Weep no more, my lady,
Oh! weep no more today!
We will sing one song for the old Kentucky Home,
For the old Kentucky Home far away
My Old Kentucky Home

'Way down upon de Swanee Ribber,
Far, far away,
Dere's where my heart is turning cbberr
Dere's where de old folks stav
All up and down de whole creation
Sadly I roam,
Still longing for de old plantation,
And for de old folks at home
Old Folks at Home (Swanee Ribber)

I'm coming, I'm coming,
For my head is bending low,
I hear their gentle voices calling
'Poor old Joe'

Poor Old Joe

He had no wool on de top of his head,
In de place whei e de wool ought to grow
Dere's no more hard work for poor old Ned,
He's gone whar de good niggers go *Ib*

SIR GEORGE EULAS FOSTER

1847-1931

In these somewhat troublesome days when the great
Mother Empire stands splendidly isolated in Europe

Speech, Canadian House of Commons, 16 Jan 1896

CHARLES JAMES FOX

1749-1806

How much the greatest event it is that ever happened
in the world! and how much the best!

On the Fall of the Bastille Letter to Fitzpatrick, 30 July 1789 Russell's Life and Times of C J Fox, vol II, p 361

I die happy

Last Words Russell, Ib vol III, ch 69

No man could be so wise as Thurlow looked
Campbell's *Lives of the Lord Chancellors*, 1846,
vol V, p 661

He was uniformly of opinion which, though not a
popular one, he was ready to aver, that the right of
governing was not property, but a trust

On Pitt's scheme of Parliamentary Reform J L Hammond, C J Fox (1903), p 75

HENRY FOX

1705-1774

If Mr Selwyn calls again, shew him up, if I am alive
I shall be delighted to see him, and if I am dead he
would like to see me

Last Words J H Jesse, George Selwyn and his Contemporaries, 1844, vol III, p 50

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

1706-1790

Remember, that time is money
Advice to Young Tradesman, 1748 Writings, vol II

No nation was ever ruined by trade
Essays Thoughts on Commercial Subjects.

Be in general virtuous, and you will be happy
Ib On Early Marriages

But in this world nothing can be said to be certain,
except death and taxes
Letter to Jean Baptiste Le Roy, 13 Nov 1789 Writings, vol x

Here Skugg lies snug,
As a bug in a rug
Letter to Miss G Shipley, 26 Sept. 1772. Ib, vol v

a

THOMAS FREEMAN

A little neglect may breed mischief, for want of a
 nail, the shoe was lost; for want of a shoe the
 horse was lost, and for want of a horse the rider
 was lost.

Maxims . . . Prefixed to Poor Richard's Almanac,
 1758

Three removes is as bad as a fire *Ib*

Fools make feasts, and wise men eat them
Poor Richard's Almanac, May 1733

Some are weather-wise, some are otherwise
Ib Feb. 1735

Necessity never made a good bargain *Ib Apr 1735*

Three may keep a secret, if two of them are dead
Ib July 1735

Early to bed, and early to rise,
 Makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise
Ib Oct 1735

God helps them that helps themselves *Ib June 1736*

At twenty years of age, the will reigns, at thirty, the
 wit, and at forty, the judgement *Ib June 1741*

Experience keeps a dear school, but fools will learn
 in no other *Ib 1743*

Dost thou love life? Then do not squander time, for
 that's the stuff life is made of *Ib June 1746*

Many have been ruined by buying good pennyworths
Ib Sept 1747.

Little strokes fell great oaks *Ib Aug 1750*

If you would know the value of money, go and try
 to borrow some, for he that goes a borrowing goes
 a sorrowing *Ib Apr 1754*

He that lives upon hope will die fasting
Ib 1758, preface.

Poor man, said I, you pay too much for your whistle
The Whistle, 10 Nov 1779

We must indeed all hang together, or, most assuredly,
 we shall all hang separately

Remark to John Hancock, at Signing of the
Declaration of Independence, 4 July 1776

Man is a tool-making animal
Boswell's Life of Johnson, 7 Apr 1778

There never was a good war, or a bad peace
Letter to Quincy, 11 Sept. 1783.

Ça ira. *Attr.*

THOMAS FREEMAN

b c 1591

I love thee Cornwall, and will ever,
 And hope to see thee once again,
 For why? thine equal knew I never,
 For honest minds and active men
Encomion Cornubiæ

PHILIP MOCIN FRENEAU

1752-1832

What madness is ambition!
 What is there in that little breath of men,
 Which they call Fame, that should induce the brave
 To forfeit ease and that domestic bliss
 Which is the lot of happy ignorance?
Columbus in Chains, l 12

THOMAS FULLER

b

JOHN HOOKHAM FRERE

1769-1846

The feather'd race with pinions skim the air—
 Not so the mackerel, and still less the bear!
Progress of Man, l. 34 Poetry of the Anti-
Jacobin, 1799

Ah! who has seen the mailed lobster rise,
 Clap her broad wings, and soaring claim the skies?
Ib. l 44

CHARLES FROHMAN

1860-1915

Why fear death? It is the most beautiful adventure in
 life *His last words before going down in the Lusitania, 7 May 1915*

I F. Marcosson and D. Frohman, *Charles*
Frohman, ch 19

ROBERT FROST

1875-

Something there is that doesn't love a wall
North of Boston Mending Wall.

My apple trees will never get across
 And eat the cones under his pines, I tell him
 He only says, 'Good fences make good neighbours.'
Ib.

JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE

1818-1894

Wild animals never kill for sport Man is the only
 one to whom the torture and death of his fellow-
 creatures is amusing in itself *Oceana, ch 5*

Human improvement is from within outdoors.
Short Studies on Great Subjects 3rd Ser Divus
Caesar

Men are made by nature unequal It is vain, there-
 fore, to treat them as if they were equal
Ib Party Politics

Experience teaches slowly, and at the cost of mistakes
Ib

Fear is the parent of cruelty *Ib*

THOMAS FULLER

1608-1661

Thus this brook hath conveyed his [Wickliff's] ashes
 into Avon, Avon into Severn, Severn into the
 narrow seas, they, into the main ocean And thus
 the ashes of Wickliff are the emblem of his doctrine,
 which now, is dispersed all the world over
The Church History (1655), bk iv, sec 11, par
53, p 171

A proverb is much matter decocted into few words
The History of the Worthines of England, ch 2

Know most of the rooms of thy native country before
 thou goest over the threshold thereof
The Holy and Profane State (1642), bk 11,
ch 4, p 159 Of Travelling

A little skill in antiquity inclines a man to Popery;
but depth in that study brings him about again to
our religion

Ib ch 6, p 69 *The True Church Antiquary*
Light (God's eldest daughter)

Ib ch 7, p 167 *Of Building*

Learning hath gained most by those books by which
the printers have lost

Ib bk iii, ch 18, p 200 *Of Books*

He was one of a lean body and visage, as if his eager
soul, biting for anger at the clog of his body, de-
sired to fret a passage through it

Ib bk. v, ch 19, p 441 *Life of the Duke of*
Alva.

It is always darkest just before the day dawneth
Pisgah Sight, bk ii, ch 11, § 5

Worldly wealth he cared not for, desiring only to
make both ends meet [Of Edmund Grindall]
Worthnes of England Worthnes of Cumberland

It is a silly game where nobody wins
Gnomologia, No 2880

THOMAS GAINSBOROUGH

1727-1788

We are all going to heaven, and Vandyke is of the
company

Last Words Boulton, *Thomas Gainsborough*, ch 9

THOMAS GAISFORD

1779-1855

The advantages of a classical education are two-fold—
it enables us to look down with contempt on those
who have not shared its advantages, and also fits us
for places of emolument not only in this world, but
in that which is to come

Good Friday Sermon in the Cathedral, Oxford
On the authority of Dr Strong, Bishop of
Oxford, to whom Canon Liddon told the story

RICHARD GALL

1776-1801

Baloo, baloo, my wee wee thing *Poems and Songs*

SIR GREGORY GANDER (GEORGE ELLIS)

1745-1815

Snowy, Flowy, Blowy,
Showery, Flowery, Bowery,
Hoppy, Croppy, Droppy,
Breezy, Sneazy, Freezy. *The Twelve Months*

AUGUSTUS P. GARDNER

1865-1918

Wake up America *Speech*, 16 Oct 1916

JAMES ABRAM GARFIELD

1831-1881

Fellow-citizens God reigns, and the Government at
Washington lives!

Speech on Assassination of Lincoln, 1865.

DAVID GARRICK

1717-1779

Prologues precede the piece—in mournful verse,
As undertakers—walk before the hearse

Apprentice, prologue

Are these the choice dishes the Doctor has sent us?
Is this the great poet whose works so content us?
This Goldsmith's fine feast, who has written fine
books?

Heaven sends us good meat, but the Devil sends
cooks

On Doctor Goldsmith's Characteristical Cookery

Come, cheer up, my lads! 'tis to glory we steer,
To add something more to this wonderful year,
To honour we call you, not press you like slaves,
For who are so free as the sons of the waves?

Heart of oak are our ships,
Heart of oak are our men

We always are ready,
Steady, boys, steady,

We'll fight and we'll conquer again and again

Heart of Oak

We ne'er see our foes but we wish 'em to stay,
They never see us but they wish us away,
If they run, why, we follow, and run 'em ashore,
For if they won't fight us, we cannot do more *Ib*

Here lies Nolly Goldsmith, for shortness call'd Noll,
Who wrote like an angel, but talk'd like poor Poll

Impromptu Epitaph

I've that within—for which there are no plasters
Prologue to Goldsmith's She Stoops to Conquer.

A fellow-feeling makes one wond'rous kind
An Occasional Prologue on Quitting the Theatre,
10 June 1776.

That blessed word Mesopotamia

[Garrick tells of the power of George White-
field's voice, that 'he could make men either
laugh or cry by pronouncing the word Mesopotamia'
Related by Francis Jacob *A story goes (Harvey's Companion to English Literature)*
that an old woman told her pastor that she
found great support in that comfortable word
Mesopotamia]

Notes and Queries, Ser XI, 1 458

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON

1805-1879

I am in earnest—I will not equivocate—I will not
excuse—I will not retreat a single inch—and I will
be heard!

Salutatory Address of The Liberator, 1 Jan
1831

Our country is the world—our countrymen are all mankind *Prospectus of The Liberator, 15 Dec 1837.*

The compact which exists between the North and the South is 'a covenant with death and an agreement with hell'.

Resolution adopted by the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, 27 Jan 1843

SAMUEL GARTH

1661-1719

Hard was their lodging, homely was their food,
For all their luxury was doing good

Claremont, 1 148

A barren superfluity of words,

The Dispensary, c. 2, 1 95

ELIZABETH CLEGHORN

GASKELL

1810-1865

Get her a flannel waistcoat and flannel drawers,
ma'am, if you wish to keep her alive But my
advice is, kill the poor creature at once [*Capt
Brown on Miss Betsey Barker's cow*]

Cranford, ch. 1

We were none of us musical, though Miss Jenkyns
beat time, out of time, by way of appearing to be so

Ib

Bombazine would have shown a deeper sense of her
loss *Miss Jenkyns*

Ib ch. 7

JOHN GAY

1685-1732

I rage, I melt, I burn,

The feeble God has stabb'd me to the heart

Acis and Galatea, 11

Bring me an hundred reeds of decent growth,

To make a pipe for my capacious mouth

Ib

O ruddier than the cherry,

O sweeter than the berry

Ib

Wou'd you gain the tender creature?

Softly, gently, kindly treat her,

Suff'ring is the lover's part

Beauty by constraint, possessing,

You enjoy but half the blessing,

Lifeless charms, without the heart

Ib.

Love sounds the alarm, and Fear is a flying

Ib

How, like a moth, the simple maid

Still plays about the flame!

The Beggar's Opera, Act 1, sc. 1v, air 1v

Our Polly is a sad slut! nor heeds what we have taught
her

I wonder any man alive will ever rear a daughter!

Ib viii, air vii

Do you think your mother and I should have liv'd
comfortably so long together, if ever we had been
married?

Ib

There are not many husbands and wives who can
bear the charges of plaguing one another in a hand-
some way.

Ib

Can Love be controll'd by advice?

Ib air viii

O Polly, you might have toy'd and kist,

By keeping men off, you keep them on

Ib air ix

Well, Polly, as far as one woman can forgive another,
I forgive thee

Ib

POLLY.

Then all my sorrows are at an end

MRS PEACHUM

A mighty likely speech, in troth, for a wench who is
just married!

Ib.

Money, wife, is the true fuller's earth for reputations,
there is not a spot or a stain but what it can take out

Ib ix

A fox may steal your hens, sir

If lawyer's hand is fee'd, sir

He steals your whole estate

Ib air xi

The comfortable estate of widowhood, is the only
hope that keeps up a wife's spirits

Ib x

Oh, ponder well! be not severe,

So save a wretched wife

For on the rope that hangs my dear

Depends poor Polly's life

Ib air xii

Away, hussy! Hang your husband and be dutiful

Ib

Even butchers weep!

Ib xii

Pretty Polly, say,

When I was away,

Did your fancy never stray

To some never lover?

Ib xiii, air xiv.

I sipp'd each flower,

I chang'd ev'ry hour,

But here ev'ry flower is united.

Ib air xv.

If with me you'd fondly stray

Over the hills and far away

Ib air xvi

O what pain it is to part!

Ib air xvii.

We retrench the superfluities of mankind

Ib ii 1

Fill ev'ry glass, for wine inspires us,

And fires us

With courage, love and joy

Women and wine should life employ

Is there ought else on earth desirous?

Ib air xix

If the heart of a man is deprest with cares,

The mist is dispell'd when a woman appears

Ib iii, air xxi

I must have women There is nothing unbends the
mind like them

Ib

Youth's the season made for joys,

Love is then our duty

Ib iv, air xxii

To cheat a man is nothing, but the woman must have
fine parts indeed who cheats a woman!

Ib

Man may escape from rope and gun,

Nay, some have outliv'd the doctor's pill

Who takes a woman must be undone,

That basilisk is sure to kill

The fly that sips treacle is lost in the sweets,

So he that tastes woman, woman, woman,

He that tastes woman, ruin meets

Ib. viii, air xxv.

MACHEATH

I have you no bowels, no tenderness, my dear Lucy, to
see a husband in these circumstances?

LUCY

A husband!

MACHEATH

In ev'ry respect but the form

Ib ix.

I am ready, my dear Lucy, to give you satisfaction—
if you think there is any in marriage? *Ib*

In one respect indeed, our employment may be
reckoned dishonest, because, like great Statesmen,
we encourage those who betray their friends *Ib* x

I think you must ev'n do as other widows—buy your-
self weeds, and be cheerful *Ib* xi

How happy could I be with either,
Were t'other dear charmer away!

But while ye thus tease me together,
To neither a word will I say *Ib* xiii, an xxxv

One wife is too much for one husband to hear,
But two at a time there's no mortal can bear
This way, and that way, and which way I will,
What would comfort the one, t'other wife would take
ill *Ib* iii xi, air liii

The charge is prepar'd, the lawyers are met,
The Judges all rang'd (a terrible show!) *Ib* air liii

That that Jemmy Twitcher should peach me, I own
surprised me! *Ib* xiv

She who has never lov'd, has never lov'd
The Captives, ii 1

If e'er your heart has felt the tender passion
You will forgive this just, this pious fraud *Ib* iv x

She who trifles with all
Is less likely to fall
Than she who but trifles with one
The Coquet Mother and the Coquet Daughter

Then nature rul'd, and love, devoid of art,
Spoke the consenting language of the heart
Drone, prologue.

Behold the victim of Parthenia's pride!
He saw, he sigh'd, he lov'd, was scorn'd and died
Ib i 1

He best can pity who has felt the woe *Ib* ii ii
Woman's mind

Off't shifts her passions, like th'inconstant wind,
Sudden she rages, like the troubled main,
Now sinks the storm, and all is calm again *Ib* v

A woman's friendship ever ends in love *Ib* iv vi
Behold the bright original appear

Epistle to a Lady, l 85
Praising all alike, is praising none *Ib* l 114

One always zealous for his country's good *Ib* l 118
Variety's the source of joy below.

Epistle to Bernard Lintott, l 41
Yet why should learning hope success at Court?

Why should our patriots virtue's cause support?
Why to true merit should they have regard?

They know that virtue is its own reward
Epistle to Methuen, l 39

Life is a jest, and all things show it
I thought so once, but now I know it

My Own Epitaph
Whence is thy learning? Hath thy toil

O'er books consum'd the midnight oil?
Fables Series 1, introduction, l 15

Where yet was ever found a mother,
Who'd give her booby for another?
Ib *The Mother, the Nurse, and the Fairy*, iii, l 33.

Envy's a sharper spur than pay,
No author ever spar'd a brother,
Wits are gamecocks to one another
Ib *The Elephant and the Bookseller*, l 74.

An open foe may prove a curse,
But a pretended friend is worse
Ib xvii *The Shepherd's Dog and the Wolf*, l 33

In ev'ry age and clime we see,
Two of a trade can ne'er agree
Ib xxi *The Rat-Catcher and Cats*, l 43

Where there is life, there's hope, he cried,
Then why such haste? so groan'd and died
Ib xxvii *The Sick Man and the Angel*, l 49

Those who in quarrels interpose,
Must often give a bloody nose
Ib, xxxiv *The Mastiff*, l 1.

I how many saucy airs we meet
From Temple-bar to Aldgate-street
Ib xlv *The Barley-Mow and Dunchull*, l 1.

Fools may our scorn, not envy raise,
For envy is a kind of praise
Ib xlv *The Hound and the Huntsman*, l 29

Friendship, like love, is but a name
Ib l *The Hare and Many Friends*, l 1.

And when a lady's in the case,
You know, all other things give place *Ib* l 41

Give me, kind heaven, a private station,
A mind serene for contemplation
Ib Series ii, ii *The Vulture, the Sparrow, and
Other Birds*, l 69

Studious of elegance and ease
Ib viii *The Man, the Cat, the Dog, and the
Fly*, l 127

'Tis a gross error, held in schools,
That Fortune always favours fools
Ib xii. *Pan and Fortune*, l 119

Like a stuck pig I gaping stare.
A New Song of New Similes

Soft as silk *Ib*
Sound as a top *Ib*

Lighter than a feather *Ib*
Brown as a berry *Ib*

Sharp as a needle *Ib*
Happy as a king *Ib*

Whoever heard a man of fortune in England talk of
the necessaries of life? Whether we can afford
it or no, we must have superfluities *Polly*, l 1

How little are our customs known on this side of the
herring-pond! *Ib*

Why, all our fine ladies, in what they call pin-money,
have no other views *Ib*

No, sir, tho' I was born and bred in England, I can
dare to be poor, which is the only thing now-a-
days men are ashamed of *Ib* xi

An inconstant woman, tho' she has no chance to be
very happy, can never be very unhappy. *Ib* xiv.

Sleep, O Sleep,
With thy rod of incantation
Charm my imagination

What's to sleep?
'Tis a visionary blessing,
A dream that's past expressing,
Our utmost wish possessing
So may I always keep *Ib* II 1
Where I behold the farmer's early care
In the revolving labours of the year
Rural Sports, c 1, l 37
And one slight hair the mighty bulk commands
Ib l 244

All in the Downs the fleet was moor'd,
The streamers waving in the wind,
When black-ey'd Susan came aboard.
Sweet William's Farewell to Black-Eyed Susan
We only part to meet again
Change, as ye list, ye winds, my heart shall be
The faithful compass that still points to thee *Ib*
They'll tell thee, sailors, when away,
In ev'ry port a mustress find *Ib*
If to far India's coast we sail,
Thy eyes are seen in di'monds bright,
Thy breath is Africk's spicy gale,
Thy skin is ivory, so white
Thus ev'ry beauteous object that I view,
Wakes in my soul some charm of lovely Sue. *Ib*
Adieu, she cries! and wav'd her lily hand *Ib*
A miss for pleasure, and a wife for breed

The Toilette
With thee conversing, I forget the way
Trivia, bk II, l 480
Now Cynthia nam'd, fair regent of the Night
Ib bk III, l 4
Dispute the reign of some luxurious mure *Ib* l 48
'Twas when the seas were roaring
With hollow blasts of wind,
A damsel lay deploring,
All on a rock reclin'd
The What D'ye Call It, II VIII

GEORGE I OF ENGLAND

1660-1727

I hate all Boets and Bainters
Campbell, *Lives of the Chief Justices*, ch 30,
Lord Mansfield.

GEORGE II OF ENGLAND

1683-1760

Non, j'aurai des maîtresses
Reply to *Queen Caroline* when, as she lay dying,
she urged him to marry again Her reply to this
was 'Ah! mon Dieu! cela n'empêche pas'
Hervey, *Memoirs of George the Second*, 1848,
vol II
Oh! he is mad, is he? Then I wish he would bite
some other of my generals
Reply to one who complained that General Wolfe
was a madman F Thackeray, *History of*
William Pitt, vol. I, ch. 15, note.

GEORGE V OF ENGLAND

1865-1936

Wake up England
Title of a reprint in 1911 of a speech made by the
King when Prince of Wales in the Guildhall on
5 Dec 1901 on his return from a tour of the
Empire

[I venture to allude to the impression which seemed
generally to prevail among their brethren across
the seas, that the old country must wake up if she
intends to maintain her old position of pre-
eminence in her colonial trade against foreign
competitors *Speech*]

How is the Empire?
Last Words. The Times, 21 Jan 1936

HENRY GEORGE

1839-1897

So long as all the increased wealth which modern
progress brings goes but to build up great fortunes,
to increase luxury and make sharper the contrast
between the House of Have and the House of Want,
progress is not real and cannot be permanent
Progress and Poverty. Introductory, The Problem.

EDWARD GIBBON

1737-1794

My early and invincible love of reading, which I would
not exchange for the treasures of India
Autobiography (*World's Classics* ed), p 27

I spent fourteen months at Magdalen College, they
proved the fourteen months the most idle and
unprofitable of my whole life *Ib* p. 36.

The monks of Magdalen *Ib* p. 40.

Decent easy men, who supinely enjoyed the gifts of
the founder *Ib*

Their dull and deep potations excused the brisk in-
temperance of youth *Ib*

Dr — well remembered that he had a salary to receive,
and only forgot that he had a duty to perform
Ib p 44.

It was here that I suspended my religious inquiries
(aged 17) *Ib* p 63

I saw and loved *Ib*, p 81.

I sighed as a lover, I obeyed as a son *Ib*

Crowds without company, and dissipation without
pleasure (*Of London*) *Ib* p 90

I was never less alone than when by myself *Ib* p 92.

The captain of the Hampshire grenadiers has not
been useless to the historian of the Roman empire
Ib p. 106.

It was at Rome, on the 15th of October, 1764, as I
sat musing amidst the ruins of the Capitol, while
the barefooted friars were singing vespers in the
Temple of Jupiter, that the idea of writing the
decline and fall of the city first started to my mind
Ib p. 160.

a **WILLIAM HAMILTON GIBSON**

The first of earthly blessings, independence
Ib p 176

I will not dissemble the first emotions of joy on the recovery of my freedom, and, perhaps, the establishment of my fame But my pride was soon humbled, and a sober melancholy was spread over my mind, by the idea that I had taken an everlasting leave of an old and agreeable companion, and that whatsoever might be the future date of my History, the life of the historian must be short and precarious
Ib p 205

The various modes of worship, which prevailed in the Roman world, were all considered by the people as equally true, by the philosopher, as equally false, and by the magistrate, as equally useful

Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, ch 2

The principles of a free constitution are irrecoverably lost, when the legislative power is nominated by the executive
Ib ch 3

Titus Antoninus Pius His reign is marked by the rare advantage of furnishing very few materials for history, which is, indeed, little more than the register of the crimes, follies, and misfortunes of mankind
Ib

If a man were called to fix the period in the history of the world during which the condition of the human race was most happy and prosperous, he would, without hesitation, name that which elapsed from the death of Domitian to the accession of Commodus
Ib

All taxes must, at last, fall upon agriculture. *Ib ch 8*

Corruption, the most infallible symptom of constitutional liberty
Ib ch 21

In every deed of mischief he (Commenus) had a heart to resolve, a head to contrive, and a hand to execute
Ib ch. 48.

A victorious line of march had been prolonged above a thousand miles from the rock of Gibraltar to the banks of the Loire, the repetition of an equal space would have carried the Saracens to the confines of Poland and the Highlands of Scotland the Rhine is not more impassable than the Nile or Euphrates, and the Arabian fleet might have sailed without a naval combat into the mouth of the Thames Perhaps the interpretation of the Koran would now be taught in the schools of Oxford, and her pulpits might demonstrate to a circumcised people the sanctity and truth of the revelation of Mahomet
Ib ch 52

Vicissitudes of fortune, which spares neither man nor the proudest of his works, which buries empires and cities in a common grave
Ib ch 71

All that is human must retrograde if it does not advance
Ib

**WILLIAM HAMILTON
GIBSON**

1850-1896

Oh, the lovely fickleness of an April day!
Pastoral Days Spring.

WILLIAM SCHWENK GILBERT b

HUMPHREY GIFFORD

1550-1600

I cannot say the crow is white,
But needs must call a spade a spade
*Song, A Woman's Face is Full of Wiles Ault,
Elizabethan Lyrics*

Ye curious carpet knights, that spend the time in sport and play,
Abroad, and see new sights, your country's cause calls you away. *For Soldiers' Pose of Gilloflowers*

WILLIAM GIFFORD

1756-1826

In all the sad variety of woe *The Baviad, l 164*

The insatiate itch of scribbling
Trans of Juvenal, vii 79

Virtue alone is true nobility *Ib viii 32*

REV. RICHARD GIFFORD

1725-1807

Verse sweetens toil, however rude the sound,
She feels no biting pang the while she sings,
Nor, as she turns the giddy wheel around,
Revolves the sad vicissitudes of things
Contemplation.

FRED GILBERT

1850-1903

At Trinity Church I met my doom *Title of Song*

Woa, mare! Woa, mare!
You've earned your little bit o' corn!
Down the Road

As I walk along the Bois Bou-long,
With an independent air,
You can hear the girls declare,
'He must be a millionaire',
You can hear them sigh and wish to die,
You can see them wink the other eye
At the man who broke the Bank at Monte Carlo
The Man Who Broke the Bank at Monte Carlo.

HUMPHREY GILBERT

1539?-1583

We are as near to heaven by sea as by land!
Hakluyt's Voyages, iii (1600), p 159

**WILLIAM SCHWENK
GILBERT**

1836-1911

It is my duty, and I will
The 'Bab' Ballads Captain Reece

It was their duty, and they did
Ib.

The mildest curate going
Ib. The Rival Curates.

a		b
From a highly impossible tree In a highly impossible scene	<i>Ib. Only a Dancing Girl</i>	His terrible taste for tipping <i>Ib</i>
There were captains by the hundred, there were baronets by dozens	<i>Ib. Ferdinand and Elvira</i>	A taste for drunk, combined with gout, Had doubled him up for ever <i>Ib</i>
Only find out who it is that writes those lovely cracker mottos!	<i>Ib</i>	Oh, 'tis a glorious thing, I ween, To be a regular Royal Queen! No half-and-half affair, I mean, But a right-down regular Royal Queen! <i>Ib</i>
Oh, I am a cook and a captain bold, And the mate of the <i>Nancy</i> brig, And a bo'sun tight, and a midshipmite, And the crew of the captain's gig	<i>Ib. The Yarn of the 'Nancy Bell'</i>	All shall equal be <i>Ib</i>
Among them was a Bishop, who Had lately been appointed to The balmy isle of Rum-ti-Foo, And Peter was his name	<i>Ib. The Bishop of Rum-ti-Foo</i>	The Earl, the Marquis, and the Dook, The Groom, the Butler, and the Cook, The Aristocrat who banks with Coutts, The Aristocrat who cleans the boots <i>Ib</i>
Which is pretty, but I don't know what it means	<i>Ib. Story of Prince Agib</i>	But the privilege and pleasure That we treasure beyond measure Is to run on little errands for the Ministers of State <i>Ib 11</i>
Then they began to sing That extremely lovely thing, ' <i>Scherzando! ma non troppo ppp</i> '	<i>Ib</i>	With the gratifying feeling that our duty has been done! <i>Ib</i>
Roll on, thou ball, roll on! Through pathless realms of Space Roll on!		Take a pair of sparkling eyes <i>Ib</i>
What though I'm in a sorry case? What though I cannot meet my bills? What though I suffer toothache's ills? What though I swallow countless pills?		Take my counsel, happy man, Act upon it, if you can! <i>Ib</i>
Never you mind! Roll on!	<i>Ib. To the Terrestrial Globe</i>	He wished all men as rich as he (And he was rich as rich could be), So to the top of every tree Promoted everybody <i>Ib</i>
It's true I've got no shirts to wear, It's true my butcher's bill is due, It's true my prospects all look blue— But don't let that unsettle you!		Dukes were three a penny <i>Ib</i>
Never you mind! Roll on!	<i>(It rolls on) Ib</i>	When every blessed thing you hold Is made of silver, or of gold, You long for simple pewter When you have nothing else to wear But cloth of gold and satins rare, For cloth of gold you cease to care— Up goes the price of shoddy <i>Ib</i>
The padre said, 'Whatever have you been and gone and done?'	<i>Ib. Gentle Alice Brown</i>	When everyone is somebodee, Then no one's anybody! <i>Ib</i>
A very good girl was Emily Jane, Jimmy was good and true, John was a very good man in the main (And I am a good man too)	<i>Ib. Emily, John, James, and I</i>	I see no objection to stoutness, in moderation. <i>Iolanthe, 1</i>
Down went the owners—greedy men whom hope of gain allured		For I'm to be married today—today— Yes, I'm to be married to-day! <i>Ib</i>
Oh, dry the starting tear, for they were heavily insured	<i>Ib. Etiquette</i>	Thou the singer, I the song! <i>Ib</i>
He had often eaten oysters, but had never had enough	<i>Ib</i>	Bow, bow, ye lower middle classes! Bow, bow, ye tradesmen, bow, ye masses <i>Ib</i>
In all the woes that curse our race There is a lady in the case	<i>Fallen Fairies, 11</i>	The Law is the true embodiment Of everything that's excellent It has no kind of fault or flaw, And I, my Lords, embody the Law <i>Ib</i>
He led his regiment from behind— He found it less exciting	<i>The Gondoliers, 1</i>	Pretty young wards in Chancery <i>Ib</i>
That celebrated, Cultivated, Underrated Nobleman, The Duke of Plaza Toro!	<i>Ib.</i>	A pleasant occupation for A rather susceptible Chancellor! <i>Ib</i>
Of that there is no manner of doubt— No probable, possible shadow of doubt— No possible doubt whatever.	<i>Ib</i>	For I'm not so old, and not so plain, And I'm quite prepared to marry again. <i>Ib</i>
		Spuin not the nobly born with love affected, Nor treat with virtuous scorn the well-connected <i>Ib.</i>
		Hearts just as pure and fair May beat in Belgrave Square As in the lowly air <i>Ib</i>
		Of Seven Dials <i>Ib</i>

When I went to the Bar as a very young man, (Said I to myself, said I)	<i>Iolanthe, 1</i>	As some day it may happen that a victim must be found,	
My son in tears—and on his wedding day!	<i>Ib</i>	I've got a little list—I've got a little list	
He exercises of his brains,		Of social offenders who might well be under ground	
That is, assuming that he's got any	<i>Ib 11</i>	And who never would be missed—who never would be missed!	<i>Ib</i>
I am an intellectual chap, And think of things that would astonish you		The idiot who praises, with enthusiastic tone, All centuries but this, and every country but his own	<i>Ib</i>
I often think it's comical How Nature always does contrive		Three little maids from school are we, Pert as a schoolgirl well can be,	
That every boy and every gal, That's born into the world alive,		Filled to the brim with girlish glee	<i>Ib</i>
Is either a little Liberal, Or else a little Conservative!	<i>Ib</i>	Life is a joke that's just begun	<i>Ib</i>
The House of Peers, throughout the war, Did nothing in particular,		Three little maids who, all unwary, Come from a ladies' seminary	<i>Ib</i>
And did it very well Yet Britain set the world ablaze		Modified rapture!	<i>Ib.</i>
In good King George's glorious days!	<i>Ib</i>	Awaiting the sensation of a short, sharp shock, From a cheap and chippy chopper on a big black block	<i>Ib</i>
Oh, Captain Shaw!		For he's going to marry Yum-Yum— Yum-Yum	<i>Ib</i>
Type of true love kept under!		There's not a trace Upon her face	
Could thy Brigade With cold cascade		Of diffidence or shyness	<i>Ib 11</i>
Quench my great love, I wonder!	<i>Ib</i>	Ah, pray make no mistake, We are not shy,	
For you dream you are crossing the Channel, and tossing about in a steamer from Harwich—		We're very wide awake, The moon and I!	<i>Ib</i>
Which is something between a large bathing machine and a very small second class carriage	<i>Ib</i>	Brightly dawns our wedding day, Joyous hour, we give thee greeting!	<i>Ib</i>
And bound on that journey you find your attorney (who started that morning from Devon),		Sing a merry madrigal.	<i>Ib</i>
He's a bit undersized, and you don't feel surprised when he tells you he's only eleven	<i>Ib</i>	Matrimonial devotion Doesn't seem to suit her notion	<i>Ib</i>
Faint heart never won fair lady!		Here's a how-de-doo!	<i>Ib</i>
Nothing venture, nothing win— Blood is thick, but water's thin—		Ha! ha! I amly Pride, how do you like that, my buck?	<i>Ib</i>
In for a penny, in for a pound— It's Love that makes the world go round!	<i>Ib</i>	My object all sublime I shall achieve in time—	
A wandering minstrel I— A thing of shreds and patches, Of ballads, songs and snatches, And dreamy lullaby!	<i>The Mikado, 1</i>	To make the punishment fit the crime— The punishment fit the crime	<i>Ib</i>
Are you in sentimental mood?		A source of innocent merriment!	
I'll sigh with you	<i>Ib</i>	Of innocent merriment	<i>Ib</i>
But the happiest hour a sailor sees Is when he's down At an inland town,		Sent to hear sermons From mystical Germans	
With his Nancy on his knees, yo ho!		Who preach from ten till four	<i>Ib</i>
And his arm around her waist!	<i>Ib</i>	The music-hall singer attends a series Of masses and fugues and 'ops'	
And I am right, And you are right, And all is right as right can be!	<i>Ib</i>	By Bach, interwoven With Spohr and Beethoven,	
It revolts me, but I do it!	<i>Ib</i>	At classical Monday Pops	<i>Ib</i>
I accept refreshment at any hands, however lowly	<i>Ib</i>	The billiard sharp whom any one catches, His doom's extremely hard—	
And the brass will crash, And the trumpets bray, And they'll cut a dash On their wedding day	<i>Ib</i>	He's made to dwell— In a dungeon cell	
I am happy to think that there will be no difficulty in finding plenty of people whose loss will be a distinct gain to society at large	<i>Ib</i>	On a spot that's always barred And there he plays extravagant matches In fitless finger-stalls	
		On a cloth untrue With a twisted cue	
		And elliptical billiard balls	<i>Ib</i>
		The criminal cried, as he dropped him down, In a state of wild alarm—	
		With a frightful, frantic, fearful frown, I bared my big right arm	<i>Ib.</i>

- I drew my snickersnee! *Mikado*, 11 For Art stopped short in the cultivated court of the Empress Josephine *Ib*
- Her terrible tale
You can't assail,
With truth it quite agrees,
Her taste exact
For faultless fact
Amounts to a disease *Ib*
- Though trunkless, yet
It couldn't forget
The deference due to me! *Ib*
- Something lingering, with boiling oil in it, I fancy *Ib*
- Merely corroborative detail, intended to give artistic
versimilitude to an otherwise bald and uncon-
vincing narrative *Ib*.
- She has a left elbow which people come miles to see! *Ib*
- The flowers that bloom in the spring, 'Tis la,
Have nothing to do with the civic *Ib*
- I've got to take under my wing,
tra la,
A most unattractive old thing,
tra la,
- With a caricature of a face
And that's what I mean when I say, or I sing,
'Oh bother the flowers that bloom in the spring' *Ib*
- On a tree by a river a little tom-tit
Sang 'Willow, titwillow, titwillow!'
And I said to him, 'Dicky-bird, why do you sit
Singing 'Willow, titwillow, titwillow?' *Ib*
- 'Is it weakness of intellect, birdie?' I cried,
'Or a rather tough worm in your little inside?'
With a shake of his poor little head he replied,
'Oh, willow, titwillow, titwillow!' *Ib*
- He sobbed and he sighed, and a gurgle he gave,
Then he plunged himself into the billowy wave,
And an echo arose from the suicide's grave—
'Oh willow, titwillow, titwillow!' *Ib*.
- There's a fascination frantic
In a ruin that's romantic,
Do you think you are sufficiently decayed? *Ib*
- When your Majesty says, 'Let a thing be done,' it's
as good as done—practically, it is done—because
your Majesty's will is law *Ib*
- Twenty love-sick maidens we,
Love-sick all against our will *Patience*, 1
- When I first put this uniform on. *Ib*
- Am I alone,
And unobserved? I am! *Ib*.
- If you're anxious for to shine in the high aesthetic line
as a man of culture rare *Ib*.
- You must lie upon the daisies and discourse in novel
phrases of your complicated state of mind,
The meaning doesn't matter if it's only idle chatter of
a transcendental kind
And everyone will say,
As you walk your mystic way,
'If this young man expresses himself in terms too
deep for me,
Why, what a very singularly deep young man this
deep young man must be!' *Ib*
- Then a sentimental passion of a vegetable fashion
must excite your languid spleen,
An attachment à la Plato, for a bashful young potato,
or a not too French French bean!
Though the Philistines may jostle, you will rank as an
apostle in the high aesthetic band,
If you walk down Piccadilly with a poppy or a lily in
your medieval hand
And everyone will say,
As you walk your flowery way,
'If he's content with a vegetable love which would
certainly not suit me,
Why, what a most particularly pure young man this
pure young man must be!' *Ib*
- Prithee, pretty maiden—prithee, tell me true. *Ib*
- Nobody I care for comes a-courting me. *Ib*
- Prithee, pretty maiden, will you marry me?
(Hey, but I'm hopeful, willow, willow, waly!)
I may say, at once, I'm a man of propertee—
Hey willow waly O!
Money, I despise it,
Many people prize it,
Hey willow waly O! *Ib*
- The pain that is all but a pleasure will change
For the pleasure that's all but pain *Ib*
- There will be too much of me
In the coming by and by! *Ib* 11
- While this magnetic,
Peripatetic
Lover, he lived to learn,
By no endeavour
Can magnet ever
Attract a Silver Churn! *Ib*
- Sing 'Hey to you—good day to you'—
Sing 'Bah to you—ha! ha! to you'—
Sing 'Booh to you—pooh, pooh to you' *Ib*.
- He will have to be contented
With our heartfelt sympathy! *Ib*.
- 'Tigh diddle diddle'
Will rank as an idyll,
If I pronounce it chaste! *Ib*
- Who's fond of his dinner
And doesn't get thinner
On bottled beer and chops *Ib*
- Francesca di Rimini, muminy, piminy,
Je-ne-sais-quoi young man! *Ib*.
- A greenery-gallery, Grosvenor Gallery,
Foot-in-the-grave young man! *Ib*
- A Sewell and Cross young man,
A Howell & James young man,
A pushing young particle—'What's the next article?'
Waterloo House young man! *Ib*
- I'm called Little Buttercup—dear Little Buttercup,
Though I could never tell whv *H M S Pinafore*, 1
- I am the Captain of the *Pinafore*,
And a right good captain too! *Ib*.

- And I'm never, never sick at sea!
 What, never?
 No, never!
 What, *never*?
 'Hardly ever!
 He's hardly ever sick at sea!
 Then give three cheers, and one cheer more,
 For the hardy Captain of the *Pinafore*! *Ib.*
- You're exceedingly polite,
 And I think it only right
 To return the compliment *Ib.*
- I never use a big, big D *Ib.*
- And so do his sisters and his cousins and his aunts!
 His sisters and his cousins,
 Whom he reckons up by dozens,
 And his aunts! *Ib.*
- When I was a lad I served a term
 As office boy to an Attorney's firm
 I cleaned the windows and I swept the floor,
 And I polished up the handle of the big front door
 I polished up that handle so carefuller
 That now I am the Ruler of the Queen's Navee! *Ib.*
- And I copied all the letters in a big round hand *Ib.*
- I always voted at my party's call,
 And I never thought of thinking for myself at all *Ib.*
- Stuck close to your desks and never go to sea,
 And you all may be Rulers of the Queen's Navee! *Ib.*
- His energetic fist should be ready to resist
 A dictatorial word *Ib.*
- His bosom should heave and his heart should glow,
 And his fist be ever ready for a knock-down blow *Ib.*
- Things are seldom what they seem,
 Skim milk masquerades as cream *Ib.*
- The merry maiden and the tar *Ib.*
- It was the cat *Ib.*
- He is an Englishman!
 For he himself has said it,
 And it's greatly to his credit,
 That he is an Englishman! *Ib.*
- For he might have been a Roosian,
 A French, or Turk, or Proosian,
 Or perhaps Ital-ian!
 But in spite of all temptations
 To belong to other nations,
 He remains an Englishman! *Ib.*
- The other, upper crust,
 A regular patrician *Ib.*
- It is, it is a glorious thing
 To be a Pirate King *Pirates of Penzance, 1.*
- The question is, had he not been
 A thing of beauty,
 Would she be swayed by quite as keen
 A sense of duty? *Ib.*
- Poor wandering one!
 Though thou hast surely strayed,
 Take heart of grace,
 Thy steps retrace,
 Poor wandering one! *Ib.*
- Take heart, fair days will shine,
 Take any heart, take mune! *Ib.*
- I am the very model of a modern Major-General *Ib.*
- When the foeman bares his steel,
 Tarantara, tarantara!
 We uncomfortable feel,
 Tarantara *Ib.*
- When constabulary duty's to be done,
 The policeman's lot is not a happy one *Ib.*
- When the enterprising burglar's not a-burgling *Ib.*
- When the coster's finished jumping on his mother—
 He loves to lie a-basking in the sun *Ib.*
- No Englishman unmoved that statement hears,
 Because, with all our faults, we love our House of
 Peers *Ib.*
- Politics we bar,
 They are not our bent,
 On the whole we are
 Not intelligent *Princess Ida, 1.*
- Yet everybody says I'm such a disagreeable man!
 And I can't think why! *Ib.*
- To everybody's prejudice I know a thing or two,
 I can tell a woman's age in half a minute—and I do! *Ib.*
- Man is Nature's sole mistake! *Ib.*
- My natural instinct teaches me
 (And instinct is important, O!)
 You're everything you ought to be,
 And nothing that you oughtn't, O! *Ib.*
- Oh, don't the days seem lank and long
 When all goes right and nothing goes wrong,
 And isn't your life extremely flat
 With nothing whatever to grumble at! *Ib.*
- All baronets are bad *Ruddigore, 1.*
- I'll wager in their joy they kissed each other's cheek
 (Which is what them furriners do) *Ib.*
- You must stir it and stump it,
 And blow your own trumpet,
 Or trust me, you haven't a chance *Ib.*
- He combines the manners of a Marquis with the
 morals of a Methodist *Ib.*
- When he's excited he uses language that would make
 your hair curl *Ib.*
- For duty, duty must be done,
 The rule applies to everyone *Ib.*
- If a man can't forge his own will, whose will can he
 forge? *Ib.*
- For you are such a smart little craft—
 Such a neat little, sweet little craft,
 Such a bright little, tight little,
 Slight little, light little,
 Trim little, prim little craft! *Ib.*
- Desperate deeds of derring do *Ib.*
- Some word that teems with hidden meaning—like
 Basingstoke *Ib.*

Her modest looks the cottage might adorn,
Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn
Ib 1 329

In all the silent manliness of grief. *Ib* 1. 384
Thou source of all my bliss, and all my woe,
That found'st me poor at first, and keep'st me so
Ib 1 413.

The fat was so white, and the lean was so ruddy
The Haunch of Venison, l. 4.

Turn, gentle Hermit of the dale,
And guide my lonely way,
To where yon taper cheers the vale
With hospitable ray
Edwin and Angelina, or The Hermit

Taught by the Power that pities me,
I learn to pity them *Ib*

Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long *Ib*

And what is friendship but a name,
A charm that lulls to sleep
A shade that follows wealth or fame,
But leaves the wretch to weep? *Ib*

The blossom opening to the day,
'The dews of heav'n refined,
Could nought of purity display,
'To emulate his mind *Ib*.

'Turn, Angelina, ever dear' *Ib*.

Thus let me hold thee to my heart,
And ev'ry care resign
And shall we never, never part,
My life,—my all that's mine? *Ib*

The sigh that rends thy constant heart,
Shall break thy Edwin's too *Ib*

Brutes never meet in bloody fray,
Nor cut each others' throats, for pay
Logicians Refuted, l 39

Good people all, of every sort,
Give ear unto my song,
And if you find it wond'rous short,
It cannot hold you long
Elegy on the Death of a Mad Dog

That still a godly race he ran,
Whene'er he went to pray *Ib*

The naked every day he clad,
When he put on his clothes *Ib*

And in that town a dog was found,
As many dogs there be,
Both mongrel, puppy, whelp, and hound,
And curs of low degree *Ib*

The dog, to gain some private ends,
Went mad and bit the man *Ib*

And swore the dog had lost his wits,
To bite so good a man *Ib*

The man recover'd of the bite,
The dog it was that died. *Ib*

Our Garrick's a salad, for in him we see
Oil, vinegar, sugar, and saltness agree
Retaliation, l 11

Who mix'd reason with pleasure, and wisdom with mirth

If he had any faults, he has left us in doubt [Dr Barnard, Dean of Derry] *Ib* 1 24

Here lies our good Edmund, whose genius was such,
We scarcely can praise it, or blame it too much;
Who, born for the Universe, narrow'd his mind,
And to party gave up what was meant for mankind
Though fraught with all learning, yet straining his throat

To persuade Tommy Townshend to lend him a vote,
Who, too deep for his hearers, still went on refining,
And thought of convincing, while they thought of dining,

Though equal to all things, for all things unfit,
Too nice for a statesman, too proud for a wit
[Edmund Burke] *Ib* 1 29

Too fond of the right to pursue the expedient
[Edmund Burke] *Ib* 1. 46

His conduct still right, with his argument wrong
[William Burke] *Ib* 1 46

Here lies David Garrick, describe me, who can,
An abridgment of all that was pleasant in man. *Ib* 1 93

As a wit, if not first, in the very first line [Garrick] *Ib* 1 96

On the stage he was natural, simple, affecting;
'Twas only that when he was off he was acting
[Garrick] *Ib* 1 101

He cast off his friends as a huntsman his pack,
For he knew when he pleas'd he could whistle them back

Of praise a mere glutton, he swallow'd what came,
And the puff of a dunce he mistook it for fame
[Garrick] *Ib* 1 107

He was, could he help it?—a special attorney
[Joseph Hickey] *Ib* 1 136

Here Reynolds is laid, and to tell you my mind,
He has not left a better or wiser behind
His pencil was striking, resisless, and grand;
His manners were gentle, complying, and bland,
Still born to improve us in every part,
His pencil our faces, his manners our heart. *Ib* 1. 137.

When they talk'd of their Raphaels, Correggios, and stuff,

He shifted his trumpet, and only took snuff
[Reynolds] *Ib* 1 145

Thou best-humour'd man with the worst-humour'd muse
[Whitefoord] *Ib* 1 174

Let schoolmasters puzzle their brain,
With grammar, and nonsense, and learning,
Good liquor, I stoutly maintain,
Gives genius a better discerning

She Stoops to Conquer, l 1, song

Remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow,
Or by the lazy Scheldt, or wandering Po

The Traveller, l 1.

Where'er I roam, whatever realms to see,
My heart untravell'd fondly turns to thee,
Still to my brother turns with ceaseless pain,
And drags at each remove a lengthening chain *Ib* 1 7.

And learn the luxury of doing good *Ib* 1 22
 These little things are great to little man *Ib* 1 42
 Who can direct, when all pretend to know? *Ib* 1 64
 Such is the patriot's boast, where'er we roam,
 His first, best country ever is, at home *Ib* 1 73
 Where wealth and freedom reign, contentment fails,
 And honour sinks where commerce long prevails
Ib 1 91.
 Man seems the only growth that dwindles here
Ib 1 126
 But winter ling'ring chills the lap of May *Ib* 1 172
 At night returning, every labour sped,
 He sits him down the monarch of a shed;
 Smiles by his cheerful fire, and round surveys
 His children's looks, that brighten at the blaze,
 While his lov'd partner, boastful of her hoard,
 Displays her cleanly platter on the board *Ib* 1 191
 They please, are pleas'd, they give to get esteem,
 Till, seeming bless'd, they grow to what they seem
Ib 1 265
 To men of other minds my fancy flies,
 Embosom'd in the deep where Holland lies.
 Methinks her patient sons before me stand,
 Where the broad ocean leans against the land
Ib 1. 282.
 Pride in their port, defiance in their eye,
 I see the lords of human kind pass by *Ib* 1 327.
 The land of scholars, and the nurse of arms
Ib 1 356
 Laws grind the poor, and rich men rule the law
Ib 1 386
 When lovely woman stoops to folly
 And finds too late that men betray,
 What charm can soothe her melancholy,
 What art can wash her guilt away?
 The only art her guilt to cover,
 To hide her shame from every eye,
 To give repentance to her lover,
 And wring his bosom—is to die
Song From the Vicar of Wakefield, ch. 29.
 For he who fights and runs away
 May live to fight another day,
 But he who in battle slain
 Can never rise and fight again
*Art of Poetry on a New Plan Written by
 Newbery, revised by Goldsmith*
 I am resolved to write on, if it were only to spite them
The Bee, No 4 27 Oct 1750 Miscellaneous
 As writers become more numerous, it is natural for
 readers to become more indolent
Ib No 175 Upon Unfortunate Merrit
 The volume of nature is the book of knowledge
Citizen of the World. Letter 4.
 'The Republic of Letters' is a very common expres-
 sion among the Europeans *Ib Letter 20.*
 He writes indexes to perfection *Ib Letter 29.*
 To a philosopher no circumstance, however trifling,
 is too minute *Ib Letter 30*
 'Did I say so?' replied he coolly, 'to be sure, if I said
 so, it was so' *Ib Letter 54.*

Had Caesar or Cromwell exchanged countries, the one
 might have been a sergeant, and the other an ex-
 ciseman *Essays, 1 Introductory Paper*
 The true use of speech is not so much to express our
 wants as to conceal them
Ib v. The Use of Language.
 Bacon, that great and hardy genius
Ib xviii Travel in Asia
 Here's to the memory of Shakespeare, Falstaff, and
 all the merry men of Eastcheap
Ib xix At The Boar's Head Tavern
 I hate the French because they are all slaves, and wear
 wooden shoes
Ib xxiv Distresses of a Common Soldier
 'His same philosophy is a good horse in the stable, but
 an arrant jade on a journey
The Good-Natured Man, 1
 We must touch his weaknesses with a delicate hand
 There are some faults so nearly allied to excellence,
 that we can scarce weed out the fault without
 eradicating the virtue *Ib*
 All his faults are such that one loves him still the
 better for them *Ib.*
 I'm now no more than a mere lodger in my own
 house *Ib*
 Life at the greatest and best is but a froward child,
 that must be humour'd and coax'd a little till it
 falls asleep, and then all the care is over *Ib.*
 Friendship is a disinterested commerce between
 equals, love, an abject intercourse between tyrants
 and slaves *Ib*
 Don't let us make imaginary evils, when you know
 we have so many real ones to encounter *Ib*
 LEONTINE
 An only son, sir, might expect more indulgence.
 CROAKER
 An only father, Sir, might expect more obedience
Ib
 I am told he makes a very handsome corpse, and be-
 comes his coffin prodigiously *Ib*
 Silence is become his mother tongue *Ib 11*
 Measures, not men, have always been my mark. *Ib*
 All men have their faults, too much modesty is his *Ib*
 You, that are going to be married, think things can
 never be done too fast, but we, that are old, and
 know what we are about, must clope methodically,
 madam *Ib*
 She stoops to conquer *Title of play*
 In my time, the follies of the town crept slowly
 among us, but now they travel faster than a stage-
 coach *She Stoops to Conquer, 1*
 I love every thing that's old, old friends, old times,
 old manners, old books, old wines *Ib*
 As for disappointing them I should not so much
 mind, but I can't abide to disappoint myself *Ib*
 Is it one of my well-looking days, child? Am I in
 face today? *Ib*

- The very pink of perfection. *Ib* [To Johnson who was laughing when he said that the little fishes in a proposed fable should talk like little fishes]
- In a concatenation accordingly *Ib* Why, Dr Johnson, this is not so easy as you seem to think, for if you were to make little fishes talk, they would talk like whales. *Ib. 27 April 1773*
- I'll be with you in the squeezing of a lemon *Ib*
- This is Liberty-Hall, gentlemen. *Ib II.*
- We are the boys
- That fears no noise
- Where the thundering cannons roar *Ib*
- Ask me no questions, and I'll tell you no fibs *Ib III*
- Was there ever such a cross-grained brute? *Ib*
- Women and music should never be dated *Ib*
- As for murmurs, mother, we grumble a little now and then, to be sure But there's no love lost between us *Ib IV*
- A book may be amusing with numerous errors, or it may be very dull without a single absurdity
The Vicar of Wakefield, advertisement
- I was ever of opinion, that the honest man who married and brought up a large family, did more service than he who continued single and only talked of population *Ib ch I*
- All our adventures were by the fire-side, and all our migrations from the blue bed to the brown *Ib*
- A mutilated courtesy *Ib*
- The virtue which requires to be ever guarded is scarcely worth the sentinel *Ib ch 5*
- I find you want me to furnish you with argument and intellects too No, Sir, there I protest you are too hard for me *Ib ch 7*
- 'Very well,' cried I, 'that's a good girl, I find you are perfectly qualified for making converts, and so go help your mother to make the gooseberry-pie' *Ib.*
- By the living jingo, she was all of a muck of sweat *Ib ch 9*
- With other fashionable topics, such as pictures, taste, Shakespeare, and the musical glasses *Ib*
- Mr Burchell at the conclusion of every sentence would cry out 'Fudge!'—an expression which displeased us all *Ib ch II*
- Conscience is a coward, and those faults it has not strength enough to prevent it seldom has justice enough to accuse *Ib ch 13.*
- It seemed to me pretty plain, that they had more of love than matrimony in them *Ib ch 16*
- As ten millions of circles can never make a square, so the united voice of myriads cannot lend the smallest foundation to falsehood *Ib ch 27*
- There is no arguing with Johnson, for when his pistol misses fire, he knocks you down with the butt end of it
Remark Boswell's Life of Johnson, 26 Oct 1769
- As I take my shoes from the shoemaker, and my coat from the tailor, so I take my religion from the priest *Ib 9 April 1773*
- [To Boswell, for talking of Johnson as entitled to the honour of unquestionable superiority]
Sir, are you for making a monarchy of what should be a republic. *Ib 7 May 1773*
- [To Boswell, of Johnson]
Is he like Burke, who winds into a subject like a serpent? *Ib 10 May 1773*

ADAM LINDSAY GORDON

1833-1870

- Yet if man, of all the Creator planned,
His noblest work is reckoned,
Of the works of His Hand, by sea or by land,
The horse may at least rank second
Hippodromama, pt I, III
- She was iron-sinew'd and satin-skinn'd,
Rubb'd like a drum and limb'd like a deer,
Fierce as the fire and fleet as the wind—
There was nothing she couldn't climb or clear
The Romance of Britomarte, vi
- I should live the same life over, if I had to live again,
And the chances are I go where most men go
The Sick Stockrider
- A little season of love and laughter,
Of light and life, and pleasure and pain,
And a horror of outer darkness after,
And dust returneth to dust again.
Then the lesser life shall be as the greater,
And the lover of life shall join the hater,
And the one thing cometh sooner or later,
And no one knoweth the loss or gain
The Swimmer
- The restless throbbings and burnings
That hope unsatisfied brings,
The weary longings and yearnings
For the mystical better things
Warmwood and Nightshade.
- No game was ever yet worth a rap
For a rational man to play,
Into which no accident, no mishap,
Could possibly find its way
Ye Weare Wayfarer, Fytte 4
- Yet if once we efface the joys of the chase
From the land, and outroot the Stud,
Goodbye to the Anglo-Saxon race!
Farewell to the Norman blood! *Ib Fytte 7.*
- Question not, but live and labour
Till yon goal be won,
Helping every feeble neighbour,
Seeking help from none,
Life is mostly froth and bubble,
Two things stand like stone,
Kindness in another's trouble,
Courage in your own
Ib Fytte 8.

EVA GORE-BOOTH

1872-1926

The little waves of Breffny go stumbling through my soul
Poems The Little Waves of Breffny.

GEORGE JOACHIM, FIRST
VISCOUNT GOSCHEN

1831-1907

If so we shall make our wills and do our duty
Speech, 14 Apr 1886

We have stood alone in that which is called isolation—
 our splendid isolation, as one of our colonial friends
 was good enough to call it [See G E Foster]
Speech at Lewes, 26 Feb 1896.

SIR WILLIAM EDWARD
GOSCHEN

1847-1924

I have the courage of my opinions, but I have not the
 temerity to give a political blank cheque to Lord
 Salisbury.
Speech, H. of C, 19 Feb. 1884

EDMUND GOSSE

1849-1928

Papa, don't tell me that she's a Pacdobaptist?
Father and Son, ch 10

JOHN GOWER

1325?-1408

It hath and schal ben evernour
 That love is mistryer wher he wile
Confessio Amantis, prologue, l 34.

RICHARD GRAFTON

?-1572?

Thirty days hath November,
 April, June, and September,
 February hath twenty-eight alone,
 And all the rest have thirty-one
Abridgement of the Chronicles of England
 (1570), introductory matter, sig 1 ¶ j b

CHARLES GRAHAM

Two little girls in blue, lad,
 Two little girls in blue,
 They were sisters, we were brothers,
 And learned to love the two
Two Little Girls In Blue

HARRY GRAHAM

1874-

Aunt Jane observed, the second time
 She tumbled off a bus,
 The step is short from the Sublime
 To the Ridiculous
Ruthless Rhymes Equanimity

Billy, in one of his nice new sashes,
 Fell in the fire and was burnt to ashes,
 Now, although the room grows chilly,
 I haven't the heart to poke poor Billy
Ib Tender-Heartedness

Auntie, did you feel no pain
 Falling from that apple-tree?
 Would you do it, please, again?
 Cos my friend here didn't see *Ib Appreciation*

O'er the rugged mountain's brow
 Clara threw the twins she nursed,
 And remarked, 'I wonder now
 Which will reach the bottom first?'
Ib Calculating Clara

Philip, foozling with his cleek,
 Drove his ball through Helen's cheek;
 Sad they bore her corpse away,
 Seven up and six to play *Ib Philip*
 'There's been an accident!' they said,
 'Your servant's cut in half, he's dead!'
 'Indeed!' said Mr Jones, 'and please
 Send me the half that's got my keys' *Ib Mr Jones*

ROBERT CUNNINGHAME-
GRAHAM

1735-1797

If doughty deeds my lady please,
 Right soon I'll mount my steed
If Doughty Deeds My Lady Please, or O Tell
Me How To Woo Thee

For you alone I ride the ring *Ib*

JAMES GRAHAME

1765-1811

Hail, Sabbath! thee I hail, the poor man's day
The Sabbath, l 29

What strong, mysterious links enchain the heart
 To regions where the morn of life was spent!
Ib l 404

JAMES GRAINGER

1721?-1766

What is fame? an empty bubble,
 Gold? a transient, shining trouble *Solitude, l 96*

Now, Muse, let's sing of rats
The Sugar Cane MS quoted in Boswell's Life
of Johnson, 21 March 1776 The passage was
not printed

SIR ROBERT GRANT

1779-1838

The Ancient of Days,
 Pavilioned in splendour,
 And girded with praise
Bickersteth's Church Psalmody O Worship the
King

Frail children of dust,
 And feeble as frail *Ib*

ULYSSES SIMPSON GRANT

1822-1885

I know no method to secure the repeal of bad or obnoxious laws so effective as their stringent execution *Inaugural Address, 4 March, 1869*

I purpose to fight it out on this line, if it takes all summer

Dispatch to Washington, From Head-Quarters in the Field, 11 May 1864

Let no guilty man escape, if it can be avoided
No personal considerations should stand in the way of performing a public duty

Indorsement of a Letter relating to the Whiskey Ring, 29 July 1875

Let us have peace

Letter of Acceptance of Nomination, 29 May 1868

No terms except unconditional and immediate surrender can be accepted I propose to move immediately upon your works

Fort Donelson, 16 Feb 1862

GEORGE GRANVILLE,
BARON LANSDOWNE

1667-1735

I'll be this abject thing no more,
Love, give me back my heart again

Adieu l'Amour

Who to a woman trusts his peace of mind,
Trusts a frail bark, with a tempestuous wind

The British Enchanters, II 1

Of all the plagues with which the world is curst,
Of every ill, a woman is the worst *Ib*

Marriage the happiest bond of love might be,
If hands were only joined when hearts agree *Ib v 1*

Oh Love! thou bane of the most generous souls!
Thou doubtful pleasure, and thou certain pain

Heroic Love, II 1

'Tis the talk, and not the intrigue, that's the crime
The She Gallants, III 1

Cowards in scarlet pass for men of war *Ib v*
Whimsey, not reason, is the female guide

The Vision, I 81

ARTHUR PERCEVAL GRAVES

1846-1931

Of priests we can offer a charmin' variety,
Far renowned for larin' and piety *Father O'Flynn,*

Powerfulest preacher and tinderrest teacher
And kindest creature in ould Donegal *Ib*

Checkin' the crazy ones, coavin' onaisy ones,
Liftin' the lazy ones on wid the stuck *Ib*

JOHN WOODCOCK GRAVES

1795-1886

D'ye ken John Peel with his coat so gray?
D'ye ken John Peel at the break of the day?
D'ye ken John Peel when he's far far away
With his hounds and his horn in the morning?

"Twas the sound of his horn called me from my bed,
And the cry of his hounds has me oft-times led,
For Peel's view-hollo would waken the dead,
Or a fox from his lair in the morning *John Peel.*

ROBERT GRAVES

1895-

Goodbye to all that *Title of Book.*

THOMAS GRAY

1716-1771

Daughter of Jove, relentless power,
Thou tamer of the human breast,
Whose iron scourge and tort'ring hour
The bad affright, afflict the best

Hymn to Adversity, I 1

What sorrow was, thou bad'st her know,
And from her own, she learn'd to melt at others' woe. *Ib I 15.*

And leave us leisure to be good. *Ib. I 20*

Ruin seize thee, ruthless King!
Confusion on thy banners wait,
Tho' fann'd by Conquest's crimson wing
They mock the air with idle state *The Bard, I 1*

To arms! cried Mortimer, and couch'd his quiv'ring lance *Ib*

To high-born Hoel's harp, or soft Llewellyn's lay *Ib I 11*

Weave the warp, and weave the woof,
The winding-sheet of Edward's race.
Give ample room, and verge enough
The characters of hell to trace *Ib II 1*

Fair laughs the morn, and soft the zephyr blows,
While proudly riding o'er the azure realm
In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes,
Youth on the prow, and Pleasure at the helm,
Regardless of the sweeping whirlwind's sway,
That, hush'd in grim repose, expects his evening prey *Ib II 11*

Ye towers of Julius, London's lasting shame,
With many a foul and midnight murder fed *Ib II 111*

Visions of glory, spare my aching sight,
Ye unborn ages, crowd not on my soul! *Ib III 1*

And Truth severe, by fairy Fiction drest *Ib III 11*

What female heart can gold despise?
What cat's averse to fish?
Ode on the Death of a Favourite Cat

A fav'rite has no friend! *Ib*

Not all that tempts your wand'ring eyes
And heedless hearts, is lawful prize,
Nor all, that glisters, gold *Ib.*

Now my weary lips I close,
Leave me, leave me to repose!
Descent of Odin, I 71.

To warm their little loves the birds complain
Sonnet on the Death of Richard West.

And weep the more because I weep in vain *Ib*
 The social smile, the sympathetic tear
Alliance of Education and Government, l 37
 When love could teach a monarch to be wise,
 And gospel-light first dawn'd from Bullen's eyes
Ib l 108.

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
 The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,
 The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
 And leaves the world to darkness and to me
 Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
 And all the air a solemn stillness holds
 Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight
 And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds
Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard, 1-11.

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tow'r,
 The moping owl does to the moon complain

Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
 The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep *Ib iv*

The breezy call of incense-breathing Morn,
 The swallow twitt'ring from the straw-built shed,
 The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
 No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
 Or busy housewife ply her evening care
 No children run to lisp their sire's return,
 Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share
Ib v-vi

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
 Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
 Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile,
 The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of pow'r,
 And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
 Awaits alike th' inevitable hour,
 The paths of glory lead but to the grave
Ib viii-ix

Where thro' the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault
 The pealing anthem swells the note of praise. *Ib.*

Can storied urn or animated bust
 Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
 Can honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
 Or flatter's soothe the dull, cold ear of death?
Ib xi

Hands, that the rod of empire might have swav'd,
 Or wak'd to ecstasy the living lyre. *Ib xii*

But knowledge to their eyes her ample page
 Rich with the spoils of time did ne'er unroll,
 Chill penury repress'd their noble rage,
 And froze the genial current of the soul

Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
 The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear
 Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
 And waste its sweetness on the desert air

Some village-Hampden, that with dauntless breast
 The little tyrant of his fields withstood,
 Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
 Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood

Th' applause of list'ning senates to command,
 The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
 To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
 And read their hist'ry in a nation's eyes
Ib xiii-xvi.

Forbad to wade through slaughter to a throne,
 And shut the gates of mercy on mankind
Ib xvii

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
 Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray,
 Along the cool sequester'd vale of life
 They kept the noiseless tenor of their way

Yet ev'n these bones from insult to protect
 Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
 With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture deck'd,
 Implores the passing tribute of a sigh
Ib xix-xx

And many a holy text around she strews,
 That teach the rustic moralist to die
Ib xxi

For who to dumb Forgetfulness a prey,
 This pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd,
 Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
 Nor cast one longing, ling'ring look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
 Some pious drops the closing eye requires,
 Ev'n from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,
 Ev'n in our ashes live their wonted fires
Ib xxii-xxiii

Mindful of th' unhonour'd dead
Ib xxiv

Brushing with hasty steps the dew away
 To meet the sun upon the upland lawn
Ib xxv

His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
 And pore upon the brook that babbles by
Ib xxvi

Here rests his head upon the lap of Earth
 A youth to fortune and to fame unknown
 Fair Science frown'd not on his humble birth,
 And Melancholy mark'd him for her own

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
 Heav'n did a recompense as largely send
 He gave to Mis'ry all he had, a tear,
 He gain'd from Heav'n ('twas all he wish'd) a friend

No further seek his merits to disclose,
 Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
 (There they alike in trembling hope repose),
 The bosom of his Father and his God
Ib xxx-xxxii.

Ye distant spires, ye antique towers,
 That crown the wat'ry glade
Ode on a Distant Prospect of Eton College, l 1

Urge the flying ball
Ib l 30

Still as they run they look behind,
 They hear a voice in every wind,
 And snatch a fearful joy
Ib l 38

Alas, regardless of their doom,
 The little victims play!
 No sense have they of ills to come,
 Nor care beyond to-day
Ib l 51.

a HORACE GREELEY ALBERT GORTON GREENE

Ah, tell them, they are men	<i>Ib</i> 1 60.
Gum-visag'd, comfortless Despair	<i>Ib</i> 1 69.
Slow-consuming Age	<i>Ib</i> 1 90.
To each his sufferings all are men, Condemn'd alike to groan, The tender for another's pain, Th' unfeeling for his own	

Yet ah! why should they know their fate?
Since sorrow never comes too late,
And happiness too swiftly flies
Thought would destroy their paradise
No more, where ignorance is bliss,
'Tis folly to be wise

Iron-sleet of arrowy shower
Hurtles in the darken'd air. *The Fatal Sisters*

Rich windows that exclude the light,
And passages, that lead to nothing *A Long Story*, 11
Full oft within the spacious walls,
When he had fifty winters o'er him,
My grave Lord-Keeper led the brawls,
The Seal, and Maces, danc'd before him *Ib* 111

Hence, avaunt, ('tis holy ground)
Comus, and his midnight-crew
Ode for Music, or Installation Ode, l 1

Servitude that hugs her chain Ib 1 6

There sit the sainted sage, the bard divine,
The few, whom genius gave to shine
Thro' every unboorn age, and undiscover'd clime.
Id. l. 15

Their tears, their little triumphs o'er,
Their human passions now no more *Ib* 1 48

The meanest flowret of the vale,
The simplest note thit swells the gale,
The common sun, the air, and skies,
To him are opening paradise
Ode On the Pleasure Arising from Vicissitude,
1 49

The bloom of young desire and purple light of love
The Progress of Poesy, 13

Nature's darling [Shakespeare] Ib iii i

The dauntless child
Stretched forth his little arms, and smiled
[Shakespeare]. *Id*

Or one the sacred source of sympathetic tears *Ib*

Nor second he, that rode sublime
 Upon the seriph-wings of ecstasy,
 'The secrets of th' abyss to spy
 He pass'd the flaming bounds of place and time
 The living throne, the sapphire-blaze,
 Where angels tremble, while they gaze,
 He saw, but blasted with excess of light,
 Closed his eyes in endless night [Milton] Ib iii 2

Two coursers of ethereal race,
With necks in thunder clothed, and long-resounding
pace Ib

Bright-eyed Fancy, hovering o'er,
Scatters from her pictured urn
Thoughts, that breathe, and words, that burn *Ib* 3

HORACE GREELEY ALBERT GORTON GREENE

Beyond the limits of a vulgar fate,
Beneath the good how far—but far above the great
It

Too poor for a bribe, and too proud to importune,
He had not the method of making a fortune

Sketch of his own Character

The Attic warbler pours her throat,
Responsive to the cuckoo's note

Ode on the Spring, 15

How vain the ardour of the crowd,
How low, how little are the proud,
How indigent the great! *Ib* 1 18

Contemplation's sober eye *Ib* 1 3L.

It has been usual to catch a mouse or two (for form's sake) in public once a year [On refusing the Laureateship]

Ib. 259, To Mason, 19 Dec. 1757

Now as the paradisaical pleasures of the Mahometans
consist in playing upon the flute and lying with
Houris, be mine to read eternal new romances of
Marivaux and Crebillon

Letters 103, *To West*, [8] Apr., [1742]

Any fool may write a most valuable book by chance,
if he will only tell us what he heard and saw with
veracity *Ib* 475, *To Walpole, 25 Feb 1768*

HORACE GREELEY

1811-1872

Go West, young man, and grow up with the country
Hints Toward Reform

MATTHEW GREEN

1696-1737

I live by pulling off the hat
On Barclay's Apology, 184.

They politics like ours profess,
The greater prey upon the less *The Grotto*, l 69

Fling but a stone, the giant dies
Laugh and be well *The Spleen*, l 92

Or to some coffee-house I stray,
For news, the manna of a day,
And from the hipp'd discourses gather
That politics go by the weather

Experience joined with common sense,
To mortals is a providence *Ib* 1 312.

Who their ill-tasted, home-brewed prayer
To the State's mellow forms prefer. *Ib* 1 336

By happy alchemy of mind
They turn to pleasure all they find *Ib* 1 610

ALBERT GORTON GREENE

1802-1868

Old Grimes is dead! that good old man
We never shall see more
He used to wear a long, black coat
All buttoned down before

Old Grimes.

ROBERT GREENE

1560?-1592

A noble mind disdain to hide his head,
And let his foes triumph in his overthrow
Alphonso, King of Aragon, 1

Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay. *Title of play.*

Hangs in the uncertain balance of proud time
Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay, III 1

Cupid abroad was lated in the night,
His wings were wet with ranging in the rain
Sonnet Cupid Abroad was Lated

Sweet Adon, darest not glance thine eye
N'oserez vous, mon bel ami ?
Upon thy Venus that must die?
Je vous en prie, pity me
N'oserez vous, mon bel, mon bel,
N'oserez vous, mon bel ami ? *Infida's Song.*

Ah! were she pitiful as she is fair,
Or but as mild as she is seeming so
Dorastus in Praise of Fawnia Pandosto, ed 1694.

O glorious sun, imagine me the west!
Shine in my arms, and set thou in my breast! *Ib.*

Love in my bosom like a bee
Doth suck his sweet,
Now with his wings he plays with me,
Now with his feet
Within mine eyes he makes his nest,
His bed amid my tender breast,
My kisses are his daily feast,
And yet he robs me of my rest
Ah, wanton, will ye? *Rosalind's Madrigal*

Like to Diana in her summer weed,
Girt with a crimson robe of brightest dye,
Goes fair Samela
Whiter than be the flocks that straggling feed,
When washed by Arethusa's fount they lie,
Is fair Samela *Samela*

Weep not, my wanton, smile upon my knee,
When thou art old there's grief enough for thee
Mother's wag, pretty boy,
Father's sorrow, father's joy.
When thy father first did see
Such a boy by him and me,
He was glad, I was woe
Fortune changed made him so,
When he left his pretty boy,
Last his sorrow, first his joy *Sephestia's Song*

The wanton smiled, father wept,
Mother cried, baby leapt,
More he crowed, more we cried;
Nature could not sorrow hide.
He must go, he must kiss
Child and mother, baby bliss;
For he left his pretty boy,
Father's sorrow, father's joy. *Ib*

The swain did woo, she was nice,
Following fashion nayd him twice
The Shepherd's Ode

Ah! what is love! It is a pretty thing,
As sweet unto a shepherd as a king,
And sweeter too,

For kings have cares that wait upon a crown,
And cares can make the sweetest love to frown
Ah then, ah then,
If country loves such sweet desires do gain,
What lady would not love a shepherd swain?

The Shepherd's Wife's Song

For there is an upstart crow, beautified with our
feathers, that with his tiger's heart wrapped in a
player's hide, supposes he is as well able to
bumbast out a blank verse as the best of you,
and being an absolute *Iohannes fac totum*, is in
his own conceit the only Shake-scene in a country
The Groatworth of Wit Bought with a Million
of Repentance

STEPHEN GRELLET

1773-1855

I expect to pass through this world but once, any
good thing therefore that I can do, or any kindness
that I can show to any fellow-creature, let me do it
now, let me not defer or neglect it, for I shall not
pass this way again

Attr 'Treasure Trove', collected by John o'
London, 1925 Many other claimants to author-
ship.

CHARLES CAVENDISH
FULKE GREVILLE

1794-1865

Knowing, as 'the man in the street' (as we call him
at Newmarket) always does, the greatest secrets of
kings, and being the confidant of their most hidden
thoughts *Memoirs, 22 March 1831*

FULKE GREVILLE,
FIRST BARON BROOKE

1554-1628

More than most fair, full of that heavenly fire,
Kindled above to show the Maker's glory,
Beauty's first-born, in whom all powers conspire
To write the Graces' life, and Muses' story
If in my heart all saints else be defaced,
Honour the shrine, where you alone are placed
Gaelica, sonnet III

Fire and people do in this agree,
They both good servants, both ill masters be
Inquisition upon Fame, lxvii

Do what you can mine shall subsist by me:
I am the measure of Felicity
Mustapha Chorus Tertius, Eternity.

Oh wearisome condition of humanity!
Born under one law, to another bound
Mustapha, v 1v

Silence augmenteth grief, writing increaseth rage,
Stal'd are my thoughts, which loved and lost, the
wonder of our age,
Yet quick'ned now with fire, though dead with frost
ere now,

Enraged I write, I know now what dead, quick, I
know not how
Elegy on the Death of Sir Philip Sidney.

Fulke Greville, Servant to Queen Elizabeth, Coun-
cillor to King James, and Friend to Sir Philip
Sidney

*Epitaph Written for Himself, on his Monument
in Warwick*

EDWARD, VISCOUNT GREY OF FALLODEN

1862-1933

The British Army should be a projectile to be fired
by the British Navy.

Lord Fisher, Memories, ch 1

The lamps are going out all over Europe, we shall
not see them lit again in our lifetime

3 Aug 1914 Twenty-Five Years, vol 11, ch 20

GERALD GRIFFIN

1803-1840

I knew a gentle maid,
Flower of the hazel glade,—

Eileen Aroon *Eileen Aroon*

Dear were her charms to me,
Dearer her laughter free,
Dearest her constancy,—

Eileen Aroon!

Ib

NICHOLAS GRIMALD

1519-1562

Of all the heavenly gifts that mortal men commend,
What trusty treasure in the world can countervail a
friend?

Of Friendship

In working, if travail you sustain,
Into the wind shall lightly pass the pain;
But of the deed the glory shall remain,
And cause your name with worthy wights to reign
In working wrong, if pleasure you attain,
The pleasure soon shall fade, and void as vain,
But of the deed throughout the life the shame
Endures, defacing you with foul defame

Musonius the Philosopher's Saying

GEORGE GROSSMITH

1874-1935

and

WEEDON GROSSMITH

1875?-1919

What's the good of a home if you are never in it?
The Diary of a Nobody, ch 1

I recognized her as a woman who used to work
years ago for my old aunt at Clapham. It only
shows how small the world is *Ib* ch 2

'One, two, three, go! Have you an estate in Green-
land?' *Ib* ch 10

'That's right' (*Mr Padge*) *Ib* ch 11

Without an original there can be no imitation. *Ib*.

I left the room with silent dignity, but caught my
foot in the mat *Ib* ch 12

Tum, tum, then the band played *Ib* ch 13

What's the matter with Gladstone? He's all right
Ib ch 17

TEXAS GUINAN

1884-1933

Fifty million Frenchmen can't be wrong
Attr New York World-Telegram 21 Mar
1931

DOROTHY FRANCES GURNEY

1858-1932

The kiss of the sun for pardon,
The song of the birds for mirth,
One is nearer God's Heart in a garden
Than anywhere else on earth *God's Garden*

DOUGLAS HAIG, EARL HAIG

1861-1928

Every position must be held to the last man there
must be no retirement. With our backs to the wall,
and believing in the justice of our cause, each one
of us must fight on to the end
Order to the British Troops, 12 Apr 1918
The Times, 13 Apr

SARAH JOSEPHA HALE

1788-1879

Mary had a little lamb,
Its fleece was white as snow,
And everywhere that Mary went
The lamb was sure to go.

'What makes the lamb love Mary so?'

The eager children cry

'Oh, Mary loves the lamb, you know,'

The teacher did reply

Poems for Our Children Mary's Little Lamb

THOMAS CHANDLER HALIBURTON

1796-1865

I want you to see Peel, Stanley, Graham, Shiel,
Russell, Macaulay, Old Joe, and so on. These men
are all upper crust here

Sam Slick in England, ch 24

GEORGE SAVILE, MARQUIS OF HALIFAX

1633-1695

Love is a passion that hath friends in the garrison
*Advice to a Daughter Behaviour and Comer-
sation*

This innocent word 'Trimmer' signifies no more than this, that if men are together in a boat, and one part of the company would weigh it down on one side, another would make it lean as much to the contrary
Character of a Trimmer, preface

He would rather die, than see a spire of English grass trampled down by a foreign Trespasser
Character of a Trimmer

Men are not hanged for stealing horses, but that horses may not be stolen
Poetical Thoughts and Reflections Of Punishment

To the question, What shall we do to be saved in this World? there is no other answer but this, Look to your Moat

A Rough Draft of a New Model at Sea

CHARLES SPRAGUE HALL

fl 1860

John Brown's body lies a mould'ring in the grave,
His soul is marching on!

John Brown's Body Nicholas Smith's *Stories of Great National Songs*

JOSEPH HALL

1574-1656

Ah me! how seldom see we sons succeed
Their fathers' praise, in prowess and great deed. *Ib*
Satires, bk iv, no 3

All his dealings are square, and above the board
Virtues and Vices (1608), bk 1, p 15

FITZ-GREENE HALLECK

1790-1867

Lord Stafford mines for coal and salt,
The Duke of Norfolk deals in malt,
The Douglas in red herrings *Alnwick Castle*

Forever, float that standard sheet!
Where breathes the foe but falls before us,
With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,
And Freedom's banner streaming o'er us?

The American Flag
[Attr. also to Joseph Rodman Drake, 1795-1820]

They love their land because it is their own,
And scorn to give aught other reason why,
Would shake hands with a king upon his throne,
And think it kindness to his Majesty
Connecticut

Green be the turf above thee,
Friend of my better days!
None knew thee but to love thee,
Nor named thee but to praise
On the Death of J R Drake

Come to the bridal-chamber, Death!
Come to the mother's, when she feels,
For the first time, her first-born's breath
Marco Bozzaris

PHILIP GILBERT HAMERTON

1834-1894

The art of reading is to skip judiciously
Intellectual Life, pt iv, letter iv.

ALEXANDER HAMILTON

1757-1804

A national debt, if it is not excessive, will be to us a national blessing
Letter to Robert Morris, 30 Apr 1781

GAIL HAMILTON

1838-1896

The total depravity of inanimate things *Epigram*

WILLIAM HAMILTON

1704-1754

Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny bonny bride,
Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow
Poetical Works The Braes of Yarrow

SIR WILLIAM HAMILTON

1788-1856

Truth, like a torch, the more it's shook it shines
Discussions on Philosophy, title-page.

PERCY HAMMOND

1873-

The human knee is a joint and not an entertainment
Mark Sullivan, *Our Times*, vol iii, ch 10

RICHARD ROLLE DE HAMPOLE

1290?-1349

When Adam dalfe and Eve spane
So spire if thou may spede,
Whare was than the pride of man,
That now merres his mede?

Peligious Pieces in Prose and Verse, vii *Early English Text Society, Original Series*, No 26
An altered form was used by John Ball (d 1381) as the text of his revolutionary sermon on the outbreak of the Peasants' Revolt, 1381
When Adam delfed and Eve span,
Who was then the gentleman?

JOHN HANCOCK

1737-1793

There, I guess King George will be able to read that.
Remark on signing the Declaration of Independence, 4 July 1776

MINNY MAUD HANFF

fl 1900

Since then they called him Sunny Jim
Sunny Jim [Advertisement for Force, a
 breakfast food]

KATHERINE HANKEY

1834-1911

Tell me the old, old story,
 Of unseen things above
The Story Wanted Tell Me the Old, Old Story.

PHILIP YORKE,
EARL OF HARDWICKE

1690-1764

His doubts are better than most people's certainties
 [Referring to the book *Direton's Doubts*]
 Boswell's *Johnson* (1934), III, p. 205

THOMAS HARDY

1840-1928

'He was a man who used to notice such things'
Afterwards

Some nocturnal blackness, mothy and warm,
 When the hedgehog travels furtively over the lawn
Ib

As the hope-hour stroked its sum
A Broken Appointment

Twin halves of one august event
Convergence of the Twain

A dear dark-eyed gentleman
The Dark-Eyed Gentleman

And he came and he tied up my garter for me
Ib

An aged thrush, frail, gaunt, and small,
 In blast-beruffled plume
The Darkling Thrush

So little cause for carolings
 Of such ecstatic sound

Was written on terrestrial things
 Afar or nigh around,

That I could think there trembled through
 His happy good-night ur

Some blessed Hope, whereof he knew
 And I was unaware
Ib

Patriotism, grown Godlike
Departure

And foreign constellations west
 Each night above his mound
Drummer Hodge

What of the Immanent Will and its designs?—
 It works unconsciously as heretofore,
 Eternal artistry in Circumstance

The Dynasts, pt 1 *Fore-Scene*

Like a knitter drowsed,
 Whose fingers play in skilled unmundfulness,
 The Will has woven with an absent heed
 Since life first was, and ever so will weave
Ib

The nether sky opens, and Europe is disclosed as a
 prone and emaciated figure, the Alps shaping
 like a backbone, and the branching mountain-
 chains like ribs, the peninsular plateau of Spain
 forming a head Broad and lengthy lowlands
 stretch from the north of France across Russia
 like a grey-green garment hemmed by the Ural
 mountains and the glistening Arctic Ocean

The point of view then sinks downwards
 through space, and draws near to the surface of
 the perturbed countries, where the peoples, dis-
 tressed by events which they did not cause, are
 seen writhing, crawling, heaving, and vibrating in
 their various cities and nationalities

Ib Stage Direction

A local cult called Christianity
Ib 1 v1

My argument is that War makes rattling good history,
 but Peace is poor reading
Ib 11 v.

But O, the intolerable antilogy
 Of making figments feel!
Ib 1V v1.

Each captain, petty officer, and man
 Is only at his post when under fire
(Villeneuve)
Ib v 1

The all-urging Will, raptly magnipotent
Ib VI viii

But—a stirring thrills the air
 Like to sounds of joyance there
 That the rages
 Of the ages

Shall be cancelled, and deliverance offered from the
 darts that were,
 Consciousness the Will informing, till It fashion all
 things fair!
Ib pt III, last lines.

The selfsame bloody mode
Embarcation.

William Dewy, Tranter Reuben, Farmer Ledlow late
 at plough,
 Robert's kin, and John's, and Ned's,
 And the Squire, and Lady Susan, lie in Mellstock
 churchyard now!
Friends Beyond

Mothy curfew-tide
Ib.

A lone cave's stillicide
Ib

If ye break my best blue china, children, I shan't care
 or ho.
Ib.

And shakes this fragile frame at eve
 With throbbings of noontide
I Look Into My Glass

If way to the Better there be, it exacts a full look at the
 worst.
In Tenebris

Only a man harrowing clods
 In a slow silent walk

With an old horse that stumbles and nods
 Half asleep as they stalk

Only thin smoke without flame
 From the heaps of couch grass,
 Yet this will go onward the same
 Though Dynasties pass

Yonder a maid and her wight
 Come whispering by
 War's annals will cloud into night
 Ere their story die
In Time of 'The Breaking of Nations'.

That long drip of human tears
On an Invitation to the United States

Let me enjoy the earth no less
 Because the all-enacting Might
 That fashioned forth its loveliness
 Had other arms than my delight

Let Me Enjoy the Earth

Here's not a modest maiden elf
 But dreads the final Trumpet,
 Lest half of her should rise herself,
 And half some sturdy strumpet!

The Levelled Churchyard.

What of the faith and fire within us
 Men who march away
 Ere the barn-cocks say
 Night is growing gray?

Men Who March Away

Your face, and the God-curst sun, and a tree,
 And a pond edged with grayish leaves

Neutral Tones.

And both of us, scorning parochial ways,
 Had lived like the wives in the patriarchs' days
Over the Coffin.

Christmas Eve, and twelve of the clock
 'Now they are all on their knees,'
 An elder said as we sat in a flock
 By the embers in hearthside ease. *The Oxen.*

So fair a fancy few would weave
 In these years! *Ib*

I should go with him in the gloom,
 Hoping it might be so *Ib*

Read that moderate man Voltaire
The Respectable Burgher

I have lived with Shades so long
Retrospect I Have Lived with Shades

Love is lame at fifty years *The Revisitation*

A little ball of feather and bone *Shelley's Skylark*

Patiently adjust, amend, and heal
The Sleep-Worker

And the spirits of those who were homing
 Passed on, rushing,
 Like the Pentecost Wind *Souls of the Slain*

This is the weather the cuckoo likes,
 And so do I *Weathers.*

And maids come forth sprig-muslin drest *Ib*

This is the weather the shepherd shuns,
 And so do I *Ib*

Rooks in families homeward go *Ib*

When I set out for Lyonesse,
 A hundred miles away
When I Set Out for Lyonesse.

When I came back from Lyonesse
 With magic in my eyes *Ib*

Goodbye is not worth while *Without Ceremony*

'Life offers—to deny!' *Yellham-Wood's Story*

The kingly brilliance of Sirius pierced the eye with
 a steely glitter, the star called Capella was yellow,

Aldebaran and Betelgueux shone with a fiery red
 To persons standing alone on a hill during a clear
 midnight such as this, the roll of the world east-
 ward is almost a palpable movement

Far From the Madding Crowd, ch 2

A nice unparticular man *Ib* ch 8

We ought to feel deep cheerfulness that a happy
 Providence kept it from being any worse *Ib*

'Ah! stirring times we live in—stirring times'
Ib ch 15

Five decades hardly modified the cut of a garter,
 the embroidery of a smock-frock, by the breadth
 of a hair 'Ten generations failed to alter the turn
 of a single phrase. In these Wessex nooks the
 busy outsider's ancient times are only old, his
 old times are still new, his present is futurity
Ib ch 22

'And the people of Bath', continued Cam, 'never
 need to light their fires except as a luxury, for
 the water springs up out of the earth ready boiled
 for use.' 'Tis true as the light', testified Matthew
 Moon 'I've heard other navigators say the same
 thing' *Ib* ch 33

All that's the matter with me is the affliction called a
 multiplying eye *Ib* ch 42.

Ethelberta breathed a sort of exclamation, not right
 out, but stealthily, like a parson's damn
The Hand of Ethelberta

'Done because we are too menny'
Jude the Obscure, pt vi, ch 2

Life's Little Ironies. *Title*

'Well, poor soul, she's helpless to hinder that or
 anything now', answered Mother Cuxsom 'And
 all her shining keys will be took from her, and
 her cupboard opened, and things a' didn't wish
 seen, anybody will see, and her little wishes and
 ways will all be as nothing'
The Mayor of Casterbridge, ch 18

Dialect words—those terrible marks of the beast to
 the truly genteel *Ib* ch 20.

Michael Henchard's Will
 That Elizabeth-Jane Farfrae be not told of my death,
 or made to grieve on account of me
 & that I be not buried in consecrated ground.
 & that no sexton be asked to toll the bell
 & that nobody is wished to see my dead body.
 & that no mourners walk behind me at my funeral.
 & that no flours be planted on my grave
 & that no man remember me
 To this I put my name *Ib* ch 45

The heaven being spread with this pallid screen and
 the earth with the darkest vegetation, their meeting-
 line at the horizon was clearly marked. In such
 contrast the heath wore the appearance of an
 instalment of night which had taken up its place
 before its astronomical hour was come darkness
 had to a great extent arrived hereon, while day
 stood distinct in the sky

The Return of the Native, ch 1

In fact, precisely at this transitional point of its
 nightly roll into darkness the great and particular
 glory of the Egdon waste began, and nobody
 could be said to understand the heath who had
 not been there at such a time *Ib*

The great inviolate place had an ancient permanence
which the sea cannot claim Who can say of a
particular sea that it is old? Distilled by the sun,
kneaded by the moon, it is renewed in a year, in
a day, or in an hour The sea changed, the fields
changed, the rivers, the villages, and the people
changed, yet Egdon remained *Ib*

A little one-eyed, blinking sort o' place
Tess of the D'Urbervilles, ch 1.

Always washing, and never getting finished *Ib* ch 4

The New Testament was less a Christiad than a
Pauliad to his intelligence. *Ib*, ch 25.

The President of the Immortals (in Æschylean
phrase) had ended his sport with Tess *Ib* ch 59

The courses of the *Victory* were absorbed into the
main, then her topsails went, and then her top-
gallants She was now no more than a dead fly's
wing on a sheet of spider's web, and even this
fragment diminished Anne could hardly bear to
see the end, and yet she resolved not to flinch.
The admiral's flag sank behind the watery line,
and in a minute the very truck of the last main-
mast stolt away The *Victory* was gone

The Trumpet Major, ch 34

'Good, but not religious-good'
Under the Greenwood Tree, ch 2

'Silent? Ah, he is silent! He can keep silence, well
'That man's silence is wonderful to listen to'

Ib ch 14

'You was a good man, and did good things'
The Woodlanders, ch 48

JULIUS CHARLES HARE

1795-1855

and

AUGUSTUS WILLIAM HARE

1792-1834

Man without religion is the creature of circumstances
Guesses at Truth, Series 1

The ancients dreaded death the Christian can only
fear dying *Ib*

Half the failures in life arise from pulling in one's
horse as he is leaping *Ib*

Purity is the feminine, Truth the masculine, of
Honour *Ib*

Every Irishman, the saying goes, has a potato in his
head *Ib*

Everybody has his own theatre, in which he is
manager, actor, prompter, playwright, sceneshifter,
boxkeeper, doorkeeper, all in one, and audience
into the bargain *Ib* Series 2

JOHN HARINGTON

1561-1612

When I make a feast,
I would my guests should praise it, not the cooks
Epigrams, bk 1, No 5 *Against Writers that
Carp at Other Men's Books.*

Treason doth never prosper what's the reason?

For if it prosper, none dare call it treason

Ib bk iv, No 5 *Of Treason*

WILLIAM WALLACE HARNEY

1831-1912

On the road, the lonely road,
Under the cold, white moon,
Under the rugged trees he strode,
Whistled and shifted his heavy load—
Whistled a foolish tune. *The Stab*

ROBERT GOODLOE HARPER

1765-1825

Millions for defence but not a cent for tribute
*Toast at the dinner given by Congress at Phila-
delphia, 13 June 1798* (Claypoole's *American
Daily Advertiser*, 20 June 1798 A J Beve-
ridge's *Life of John Marshall*, vol 11)

CHARLES K. HARRIS

1865-1930

After the ball is over *After the Ball*
Somewhere the sun is shining *Somewhere.*

CLIFFORD HARRIS

You called me Baby Doll a year ago *A Broken Doll*
You left behind a broken doll *Ib*

JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS

1848-1908

'Law, Brer Tarrypin' sez Brer Fox, sezee, 'you ain't
see no trouble yit Ef you wanter see sho' nuff
trouble, you des oughter go' longer me, I'm de man
w'at kin show you trouble,' sezee

Nights with Uncle Remus, ch 17

W'en folks git ole en strucken wid de palsy, dey mus'
speck ter be laff'd at *Ib*, ch 23.

Hit look lak sparrer-grass, hit feel like sparrer-grass,
hit tas'e lak sparrer-grass, en I bless ef 'taint
sparrer-grass *Ib* ch 27

All by my own-alone self *Ib* ch 36

No 'pollygy aint gwine ter make h'ar come back whar
de b'ilin' watter hit *Ib* ch 45

We er sorter po'ly, Sis Tempy, I'm 'blige ter you
You know w'at de jay-bird say ter der squinch-owl!
'I'm sickly but sassy' *Ib* ch 50

A contrapshun what he call a T'r-Baby
Uncle Remus Legends of the Old Plantation,
ch 2 *Tar-Baby Story*

Tar-baby ain't sayin' nuthin', en Brer Fox, he lay low *Ib*

Bred en bawn in a brier-patch! *Ib* ch 4

Lounjun 'roun' en suffer'n' *Ib* ch 12

a FRANCIS BRETT HART : NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE **b**

Ole man Know-All died las' year
Ib ch 34 Plantation Proverbs

Licker talks mighty loud w'en it git loose fum de jug
Ib

Hongry rooster don't cackle w'en he fine a wum *Ib*

Youk'n hide de fier, but w'at you gwine do wid de
 smoke? *Ib*

Oh, whar shill we go w'en de great day comes,
 Wid de blowin' er de trumpets en de bangin' er de
 drums?

How many po' sinners'll be kitched out late
 En find no latch ter de golden gate?

Uncle Remus His Songs, 1

FRANCIS BRETT HART or BRET HARTE

1836-1902

'Put Watts into 'em—Boys, give 'em Watts'
Coldwell of Springfield

You see this yer Dow
 Hed the worst kind of luck,
 He slipped up somehow
 On each thing that he struck
 Why, ef he'd a straddled that fence-rail, the derned
 thing 'ed get up and buck *Dow's Flat*

Thar ain't no sense
 In gittin' riled! *Jfm*

Never a tear bedims the eye
 That time and patience will not dry,
 Never a lip is curved with pain
 That can't be kissed into smiles again *The Lost Galleon*

Over the trackless past, somewhere,
 Lie the lost days of our tropic youth,
 Only regained by faith and prayer,
 Only recalled by prayer and plaint
 Each lost day has its patron saint! *Ib*

For there be women fair as she,
 Whose verbs and nouns do more agree
Mrs Judge Jenkins

If, of all words of tongue and pen,
 The saddest are, 'It might have been,'
 More sad are these we daily see
 'It is, but hadn't ought to be!' *Ib*

Which I wish to remark,
 And my language is plain,
 That for ways that are dark
 And for tricks that are vain,
 The heathen Chinese is peculiar,
 Which the same I would rise to explain
Plain Language from Truthful James

But his smile it was pensive and childlike *Ib*

But he smiled as he sat by the table,
 With the smile that was childlike and bland *Ib*

And the same with intent to deceive *Ib*

We are ruined by Chinese cheap labour *Ib*

And we found on his nails, which were taper,
 What is frequent in tapers—that's wax. *Ib*

He wore, I think, a chasuble, the day when first we
 met *The Ritualist*

I reside at Table Mountain, and my name is Truthful
 James *The Society upon the Stamslaus.*

And he smiled a kind of sickly smile, and curled up
 on the floor,
 And the subsequent proceedings interested him no
 more *Ib*

With unpronounceable awful names
The Tale of a Pony.

CHRISTOPHER HARVEY

1597-1663

My mind's my kingdom
Schola Cordis, Ode iv, st v

GABRIEL HARVEY

1545?-1630

Now sick, as a dog
Letters, &c, Works (1884), vol 1, p 161

WILLIAM HAUGHTON

fl 1598

As fit as a fiddle *English-Men for My Money, iv 1*

STEPHEN HAWES

fl 1502-1521

When the lytle byrdes swetely dyd syng
 Laudes to their maker early in the mornyng
Passtyme of Pleasure, cap 33, xxxiii

For though the day be never so longe,
 At last the belles ringeth to evensonge *Ib cap 42*

ROBERT STEPHEN HAWKER

1803-1875

And have they fixed the where and when?
 And shall Trelawny die?
 Here's twenty thousand Cornish men
 Will know the reason why!
Song of the Western Men The last three lines
 have existed since the imprisonment by James
 II, 1688, of the seven Bishops, including
 Trelawny, Bishop of Bristol

ANTHONY HOPE HAWKINS

See ANTHONY HOPE

ALICE HAWTHORNE

Contemp

What is home without a mother? *Title of Song*

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

1804-1864

Dr Johnson's morality was as English an article as a
 beefsteak *Our Old Home Lichfield and Uttoxeter*

LORD CHARLES HAY

?—1760

Gentlemen of the French Guard, fire first! [Messieurs les gardes françaises, tirez]

Battle of Fontenoy, 1745 E. Fournier, L'Esprit dans l'Histoire (1883), ch 52, p 349

JOHN HAY

1838–1905

He never flunked, and he never lied,—
I reckon he never knewed how.

Jim Bludso

And I think that saving a little child,

And fotching him to his own,
Is a derned sight better business

Than loafing around The Throne

Little Breeches, vii.

WILLIAM HAZLITT

1778–1830

His sayings are generally like women's letters, all the
pith is in the postscript [Chas Lamb]

Conversations of Northcote Boswell Redivivus

The only specimen of Burke is, *all that he wrote*
English Literature, ch ix. *Character of Mr Burke*

He writes as fast as they can read, and he does not
write himself down *Ib* ch xiv *Sir Walter Scott*

His worst is better than any other person's best *Ib*

His works (taken together) are almost like a new
edition of human nature. This is indeed to be an
author! *Ib*

The round-faced man in black entered, and dissipated
all doubts on the subject, by beginning to
talk. He did not cease while he stayed, nor has he
since, that I know of [Hazlitt's father]

Ib ch xvii *My First Acquaintance with Poets*

'For those two hours,' he [Coleridge] afterwards was
pleased to say, 'he was conversing with W. H.'s
forehead!' *Ib*

He [Coleridge] lamented that Wordsworth was not
prone enough to belief in the traditional superstitions
of the place, and that there was a something corporeal,
a *matter-of-fact-ness*, a clinging to the palpable,
or often to the petty, in his poetry,
in consequence *Ib*

At Godwin's they [Lamb, Holcroft, and Coleridge]
were disputing fiercely which was the best—
Man as he was, or man as he is to be. 'Give me,'
says Lamb, 'man as he is *not* to be.' This saying
was the beginning of a friendship between us,
which I believe still continues *Ib*

The temple of fame stands upon the grave the flame
that burns upon its altars is kindled from the ashes
of great men

Lectures on the English Poets Lecture viii, On the Living Poets

He [Coleridge] talked on for ever, and you wished
him to talk on for ever *Ib.*

The dupe of friendship, and the fool of love, have I
not reason to hate and to despise myself? Indeed
I do, and chiefly for not having hated and despised
the world enough

The Plain Speaker On the Pleasure of Hating

The love of liberty is the love of others, the love of
power is the love of ourselves

Political Essays The Times Newspaper

Those who make their dress a principal part of themselves,
will, in general, become of no more value
than their dress

Ib On the Clerical Character

There is nothing good to be had in the country, or, if
there is, they will not let you have it

Ib 1817 Observations on Mr. Wordsworth's Excursion

The art of pleasing consists in being pleased

Round Table, vol 1 On Manner

The greatest offence against virtue is to speak ill of it
Sketches and Essays On Cant and Hypocrisy

The most fluent talkers or most plausible reasoners
are not always the justest thinkers

Ib On Prejudice

We never do anything well till we cease to think
about the manner of doing it *Ib*

There is an unseemly exposure of the mind, as well as
of the body *Ib On Disagreeable People*

A nickname is the heaviest stone that the devil can
throw at a man *Ib Nicknames*

Rules and models destroy genius and art

Ib On Taste.

But of all footmen the lowest class is *literary footmen.*

Ib Footmen

His [Leigh Hunt's] light, agreeable, polished style
hits off the faded graces of 'in Adonis of fifty'

The Spirit of the Age Mr Leigh Hunt

Cavanagh's blows were not undecided and ineffectual
—lumbering like Mr Wordsworth's epic poetry,
nor wavering like Mr Coleridge's lyric prose, nor
short of the mark like Mr Brougham's speeches,
nor wide of it like Mr Canning's wit, nor foul like
the *Quarterly*, nor let balls like the *Edinburgh Review*
Cobbett and Junius together would have
made a Cavanagh

Table Talk, vii The Indian Jugglers

When I am in the country I wish to vegetate like
the country *Ib* xlii *On Going a Journey*

Give me the clear blue sky over my head, and the
green turf beneath my feet, a winding road before
me, and a three hours' march to dinner—and then
to thinking! It is hard if I cannot start some game
on these lone heaths *Ib*

The English (it must be owned) are rather a foul-
mouthed nation *Ib* xlii *On Criticism*

We can scarcely hate any one that we know *Ib*

Venerate art as art *Ib xxx*
 So have I loitered my life away, reading books, looking
 at pictures, going to plays, hearing, thinking,
 writing on what pleased me best I have wanted
 only one thing to make me happy, but wanting that
 have wanted everything
Winterslow My First Acquaintance with Poets
 Well, I've had a happy life
Last words W C Hazlitt's Memoirs of
William Hazlitt, 1867

Reading is sometimes an ingenious device for avoid-
 ing thought *Ib. bk 11, ch 1.*

What a blessing this smoking is! perhaps the greatest
 that we owe to the discovery of America
Ib Series II, 1859, vol 1, ch 1, Worry

There is one statesman of the present day, of whom
 I always say that he would have escaped making
 the blunders that he has made if he had only ridden
 more in omnibuses
Ib vol 11, ch 9, On Government

REGINALD HEBER

1783-1826

Brightest and best of the sons of the morning!
 Dawn on our darkness and lend us Thine aid!
Hymns, &c Brightest and Best

By cool Siloam's shady rill
 How sweet the lily grows! *Ib By Cool Siloam's*

From Greenland's icy mountains,
 From India's coral strand,
 Where Afric's sunny fountains
 Roll down the golden sand
Ib From Greenland's Icy Mountains

What though the spicy breezes
 Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
 Though every prospect pleases,
 And only man is vile:
 In vain with lavish kindness
 The gifts of God are strown,
 The heathen in his blindness
 Bows down to wood and stone

[This is the most familiar version Bishop
 Heber originally wrote 'The savage in his blind-
 ness' He altered this, and also altered 'Ceylon's'
 to 'Java's'] *Ib.*

Holy, Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty!
 Early in the morning our song shall rise to Thee
 Holy, Holy, Holy! Merciful and Mighty!
 God in Three Persons, Blessed Trinity!
 Holy, Holy, Holy! all the Saints adore Thee,
 Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy
 sea *Ib Holy, Holy, Holy!*

The Son of God goes forth to war,
 A Kingly crown to gain;
 His blood-red banner streams afar —
 Who follows in His train?

Ib The Son of God Goes Forth

A noble army, men and boys,
 The matron and the maid,
 Around the Saviour's throne rejoice
 In robes of light array'd *Ib*
 They climb'd the steep ascent of Heav'n
 Through peril, toil and pain,
 O God, to us may grace be given
 To follow in their train *Ib.*

ARTHUR HELPS

1813-1875

Somebody, I suppose, was excusing something on
 the score of temper, to which the bishop replied,
 'Temper is nine-tenths of Christianity'
Friends in Council, bk 1, ch 8

FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS

1793-1835

I hear thee speak of the better land,
 Thou call'st its children a happy band,
 Mother! oh, where is that radiant shore?
 Shall we not seek it, and weep no more?

The Better Land

Not there, not there, my child! *Ib*

The boy stood on the burning deck
 Whence all but he had fled,
 The flame that lit the battle's wreck
 Shone round him o'er the dead *Casabianca*

There came a burst of thunder sound—
 The boy—oh! where was he? *Ib.*

But the noblest thing which perish'd there
 Was that young faithful heart! *Ib*

Oh! call my brother back to me!
 I cannot play alone,
 The summer comes with flower and bee—
 Where is my brother gone?
The Child's First Grief.

Calm on the bosom of thy God,
 Young spirit! rest thee now!
 Even while with us thy footstep trod,
 His seal was on thy brow *A Dirge.*

Go, stranger! track the deep,
 Free, free the white sail spread!
 Wave may not foam, nor wild wind sweep,
 Where rest not England's dead *England's Dead*

They grew in beauty, side by side
 They fill'd one home with glee,—
 Their graves are sever'd, far and wide,
 By mount, and stream, and sea
The Graves of a Household

One sleeps where Southern vines are drest
 Above the noble slain,
 He wrapt his colours round his breast
 On a blood-red field of Spain. *Ib*

She faded 'midst Italian flowers—
 The last of that bright band *Ib*

He Never Smiled Again! *Title*

The stately homes of England,
 How beautiful they stand!
 Amidst their tall ancestral trees,
 O'er all the pleasant land
The Homes of England

The cottage homes of England!
By thousands on her plains

Ib

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,
And stars to set—but all,
Thou hast *all* seasons for thine own, O Death!

The Hour of Death

It is written on the rose,
In its glory's full array—
Read what those buds disclose—
'Passing away'

Passing Away

Home of the Arts! where glory's faded smile
Sheds lingering light o'er many a mouldering pile
Restoration of the Works of Art to Italy.

In the busy haunts of men

Tale of the Secret Tribunal, pt 1, 1 203

A poor old tramp explains his poor old ulcers
Life is (I think) a blunder and a shame

In Hospital, 11 Waiting

Far in the stillness a cat
Languishes loudly

Ib vii Vigil

Much is she worth, and even more is made of her
Ib viii Staff-Nurse Old Style

Valiant in velvet, light in ragged luck,
Most vain, most generous, sternly critical,
Buffoon and poet, lover and sensualist
A deal of Ariel, just a streak of Puck,
Much Antony, Hamlet most of all,
And something of the Shorter-Catechist [Stevenson]
Ib xxv Apparition

Gulls in an aery morrice *Rhymes and Rhythms, xi*

WILLIAM ERNEST HENLEY

1849-1903

Out of the night that covers me,
Black as the Pit from pole to pole,
I thank whatever gods may be
For my unconquerable soul.

In the fell clutch of circumstance,
I have not winced nor cried aloud
Under the bludgeonings of chance
My head is bloody, but unbowed

Echoes, iv Invictus In Mem R T H B

It matters not how strait the gate,
How charged with punishments the scroll,
I am the master of my fate
I am the captain of my soul

Ib

The friendly and comforting breast
Of the old nurse, Death *Ib xxix To R L S*

A late lark twitters from the quiet skies
Ib xxxv Margaritæ Sororis

Night with her train of stars
And her great gift of sleep

Ib

So be my passing!
My task accomplished and the long day done,
My wages taken, and in my heart
Some late lark singing,
Let me be gathered to the quiet west,
The sundown splendid and serene,
Death.

Ib

I was a King in Babylon
And you were a Christian Slave

Ib xxxvii To W A

What have I done for you,
England, my England?
What is there I would not do,
England, my own?

For England's Sake, 111 Pro Rege Nostro

Ever the faith endures,
England, my England—
"Take and break us we are yours,
England, my own!

Life is good, and joy runs high
Between English earth and sky,
Death is death, but we shall die

To the Song on your bugles blown, England' Ib

MATTHEW HENRY

1662-1714

Many a dangerous temptation comes to us in gaw,
fine colours, that are but skin-deep
Commentaries, Genesis, 111 1

The better day, the worse deed *Ib vi*

To their own second and sober thoughts
Ib Job vi xxix.

He rolls it under his tongue as a sweet morsel
Ib Ps xxxvi, 11

They that die by famine die by inches
Ib Ps. LIX, xv

Men of polite learning and a liberal education.
Ib Acts x 1

There are shallows in them in which a lamb may wade
and there are depths in which an elephant may
swim

*Exposition of the Poetical Books of the O T ,
Solomon's Song, Introductory observation.*

O. HENRY (WILLIAM SYDNEY PORTER)

1862-1910

Life is made up of sobs, sniffles, and smiles, with
sniffles predominating *Gifts of the Magi*

Turn up the lights, I don't want to go home in the
dark

*Last words, quoting popular song C A Smith's
O Henry, ch' 9*

PATRICK HENRY

1736-1799

Cæsar had his Brutus—Charles the First, his Crom-
well—and George the Third—"Treason," cried
the Speaker) *may profit by their example If this
be treason, make the most of it*

*Speech in the Virginia Convention, 1765. W
Wirt's Patrick Henry (1818), p 65*

I am not a Virginian, but an American *Ib Sept. 1774.*

I know not what course others may take, but as for
me, give me liberty, or give me death!
Ib 23 Mar. 1775. W Wirt's, *Patrick Henry*
(1818), p. 123

PHILIP HENRY

1631-1696

They are not amiss, but præmissi
[Not lost, but gone before]
Matthew Henry, *Life of Philip Henry*, ch. 5,
ed 1825, p. 111

ALAN PATRICK HERBERT

1890-

Don't let's go to the dogs tonight,
For mother will be there

Don't Let's Go to the Dogs

Don't tell my mother I'm living in sin,
Don't let the old folks know
Don't tell my twin that I breakfast on gin,
He'd never survive the blow

Don't Tell My Mother

It may be life, but ain't it slow? *It May Be Life*

I wouldn't be too ladylike in love if I were you
I Wouldn't Be Too Ladylike

Let's stop somebody from doing something!
Everybody does too much *Let's Stop Somebody*

Let's find out what everyone is doing,
And then stop everyone from doing it *Ib*

As my poor father used to say

In 1863,

Once people start on all this Art
Good-bye, moralitee!

And what my father used to say
Is good enough for me

Lines for a Worthy Person

This high official, all allow,
Is grossly overpaid
There wasn't any Board, and now
There isn't any trade

On the President of the Board of Trade.

Saturday night!

Saturday night!

I want to make Hammersmith hum

Saturday Night

Harriet, Hi!

Light of my eye!

Come to the pictures and have a good cry,

For it's jolly old Saturday,

Mad-as-a-hatter-day,

Nothing-much-matter-day-night!

Ib

Well, fancy giving money to the Government!

Might as well have put it down the drain

Fancy giving money to the Government!

Nobody will see the stuff again

Well, they've no idea what money's for—

Ten to one they'll start another war

I've heard a lot of silly things, but, Lor'!

Fancy giving money to the Government!

Too Much!

EDWARD HERBERT, BARON HERBERT OF CHERBURY

1583-1648

Now that the April of your youth adorns
The garden of your face

Poems Ditty Now That the April

GEORGE HERBERT

1593-1633

He shoots higher that threatens the moon than he
that aims at a tree

A Priest to the Temple, To the Reader

The book of books, the storehouse and magazine of
life and comfort, the holy Scriptures

Ib ch 4

Hearken unto a Verser, who may chance
Rhyme thee to good, and make a bait of pleasure
A verse may find him who a sermon flies,
And turn delight into a sacrifice

The Temple. The Church Porch, 1

Drink not the third glass—which thou canst not tame
When once it is within thee

Ib v

Dare to be true nothing can need a lie,
A fault, which needs it most, grows two thereby

Ib xiii.

Chase brave employment with a naked sword
Throughout the world

Ib xv.

O England, full of sin, but most of sloth,
Spit out thy phlegm, and fill thy breast with glory

Ib xvi

Think the king sees thee still, for his King does

Ib xxi

Never was scraper brave man Get to live,
Then live, and use it

Ib xxvi.

Wit's an unruly engine, wildly striking
Sometimes a friend, sometimes the engineer

Ib xl

Towards great persons use respective boldness

Ib xliii

But love is lost, the way of friendship's gone,
Though David had his Jonathan, Christ his John

Ib xlvii

Be calm in arguing, for fierceness makes
Error a fault and truth discourtesy

Ib lii

Calmness is great advantage, he that lets

Another chafe, may warm him at his fire

Ib liii

Who aimeth at the sky

Shoots higher much than he that means a tree

Ib lvi

Man is God's image, but a poor man is
Christ's stamp to boot

Ib lxiiv.

Kneeling ne'er spoil'd silk stocking, quit thy state,
All equal are within the Church's gate

Ib lxxviii.

O, be drest,

Stay not for th' other pin! Why, thou hast lost

A joy for it worth worlds *Ib* lxiix.

Judge not the preacher, for He is thy Judge,
 If thou mislike him, thou conceiv'st Him not
 God calleth preaching folly do not grudge
 To pick out treasures from an earthen pot
 The worst speaks something good, if all want sense,
 God takes a text, and preacheth patience

Ib lxxii

Look not on pleasures as they come, but go

Ib lxxvii

But who does hawk at eagles with a dove?

Ib *The Sacrifice*, xxiii.

I got me flowers to strew Thy way,
 I got me boughs off many a tree,
 But Thou wast up by break of day,
 And brought'st Thy sweets along with Thee

Ib *Easter Song*.

Lord, with what care Thou hast begirt us round!
 Parents first season us, then schoolmasters
 Deliver us to laws, they send us, bound
 To rules of reason, holy messengers,

Pulpits and Sundays, sorrow dogging sin,
 Afflictions sorted, anguish of all sizes,
 Fine nets and stratagems to catch us in,
 Bibles laid open, millions of surprises.

Ib *Sin*.

Yet all these fences and their whole array
 One cunning bosom sin blows quite away
 I read, and sigh, and wish I were a tree—
 For sure then I should grow
 To fruit or shade, at least some bird would trust
 Her household to me, and I should be just

Ib *Affliction*.

Ah, my dear God, though I am clean forgot,
 Let me not love Thee, if I love Thee not.

Ib

Let all the world in ev'ry corner sing
 My God and King.

The heav'ns are not too high,
 His praise may thither fly,
 The earth is not too low,
 His praises there may grow
 Let all the world in ev'ry corner sing
 My God and King

The Church with psalms must shout,
 No door can keep them out
 But above all, the heart

Must bear the longest part

Ib *Antiphon*

Death is still working like a mole,
 And digs my grave at each remove

Ib *Grace*

Enrich my heart, mouth, hands in me,
 With faith, with hope, with charity,
 That I may run, rise, rest with Thee

Ib *Trinity Sunday*

My God, my verse is not a crown,
 No point of honour, or gay suit,
 No hawk, no banquet, or renown,
 Nor a good sword, nor yet a lute

Ib *The Quiddity*

The Sundays of man's life,
 Threaded together on Time's string,
 Make bracelets to adorn the wife
 Of the eternal glorious King
 On Sunday heaven's gate stands ope,
 Blessings are plentiful and rife,
 More plentiful than hope

Ib *Sunday*

Money, thou bane of bliss and source of woe

Ib *Avarice*.

How well her name an 'Army' doth present,
 In whom the 'Lord of Hosts' did pitch His tent!
Ib *Anagram, Mary*.

Oh that I were an orange-tree,
 That busy plant!

Then I should ever laden be,
 And never want

Some fruit for Him that dressed me

Ib *Employment*

Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
 The bridal of the earth and sky,
 The dew shall weep thy fall to-night,
 For thou must die

Sweet rose, whose hue angry and brave
 Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye,
 Thy root is ever in its grave,
 And thou must die.

Sweet spring, full of sweet days and roses,
 A box where sweets compacted lie.

Ib *Virtue*

Only a sweet and virtuous soul,
 Like season'd timber, never gives;
 But though the whole world turn to coal,
 Then chiefly lives.

Ib

For us the winds do blow,
 The earth resteth, heav'n moveth, fountains flow,
 Nothing we see but means our good,
 As our delight or as our treasure,
 The whole is either our cupboard of food
 Or cabinet of pleasure.

Ib *Man*

Oh mighty love! Man is one world, and hath
 Another to attend him

Ib

Lord, make me coy and tender to offend
 In friendship, first I think if that agree
 Which I intend

Unto my friend's intent and end,
 I would not use a friend as I use Thee

Ib *Unkindness*

My friend may spit upon my curious floor,
 Would he have gold? I lend it instantly,

But let the poor,
 And Thou within them, starve at door
 I cannot use a friend as I use Thee.

Ib

I made a posy while the day ran by,
 Here will I smell my remnant out, and tie
 My life within this band,
 But Time did beckon to the flow'rs, and they
 By noon most cunningly did steal away,
 And wither'd in my hand

Ib *Life*

But Thou shalt answer, Lord, for me.

Ib *The Quip*.

SAVIOUR
 That as I did freely part
 With my glory and desert,
 Left all joys to feel all smart—

MAN

Ah, no more 'Thou break'st my heart

Ib *Dialogue*.

Grasp not at much, for fear thou losest all

Ib *The Size*

King of glory, King of peace,
 I will love Thee,
 And, that love may never cease,
 I will move Thee

Ib *Praise*.

a OLIVER HERFORD

Sev'n whole days, not one in seven,
 I will praise Thee,
 In my heart, though not in heaven,
 I can raise Thee *Ib*

I struck the board, and cried, 'No more,
 I will abroad'
 What, shall I ever sigh and pine?
 My lines and life are free, free as the roe,
 Loose as the wind, as large as store
 Shall I be still in suit?
 Have I no harvest but a thorn
 To let me blood, and not restore
 What I have lost with cordial fruit?
 Sure there was wine
 Before my sighs did dry it, there was corn
 Before my tears did drown it,
 Is the year only lost to me?
 Have I no days to crown it? *Ib The Collar.*

Away! take heed,
 I will abroad
 Call in thy death's-head there, tie up thy fears,
 He that forbears
 To suit and serve his need
 Deserves his load
 But as I rav'd and grew more fierce and wild
 At every word,
 Methought I heard one calling, 'Child',
 And I replied, 'My Lord' *Ib*

He would adore my gifts instead of Me,
 And rest in Nature, not the God of Nature
 So both should losers be. *Ib The Pulley*

Yet let him keep the rest,
 But keep them with repining restlessness,
 Let him be rich and weary, that at least,
 If goodness lead him not, yet weariness
 May toss him to My breast. *Ib*

And now in age I bud again,
 After so many deaths I live and write;
 I once more smell the dew and rain,
 And relish versing 'O, my only Light,
 It cannot be
 That I am he
 On whom Thy tempests fell all night *Ib The Flower.*

Like summer-friends,
 Flies of estates and sunshine *Ib The Answer*

The God of love my Shepherd is,
 And He that doth me feed,
 While He is mine, and I am His,
 What can I want or need? *Ib 23rd Psalm*

Throw away Thy rod,
 Throw away Thy wrath,
 O my God,
 Take the gentle path. *Ib Discipline*

Love is swift of foot,
 Love's a man of war,
 And can shoot,
 And can hit from far *Ib*

Teach me, my God and King,
 In all things Thee to see,
 And what I do in any thing
 To do it as for Thee. *Ib The Eliaz*

ROBERT HERRICK

b

A servant with this clause
 Makes drudgery divine,
 Who sweeps a room as for Thy laws
 Makes that and th' action fine *Ib*

Love bade me welcome, yet my soul drew back,
 Guilty of dust and sin
 But quick-ey'd Love, observing me grow slack
 From my first entrance in,
 Drew nearer to me, sweetly questioning
 If I lack'd any thing *Ib Love*

'You must sit down,' says Love, 'and taste My meat'
 So I did sit and eat *Ib*

OLIVER HERFORD

1863-

The bubble winked at me, and said,
 'You'll miss me brother, when you're dead'
Toast The Bubble Winked

ROBERT HERRICK

1591-1674

With thousand such enchanting dreams, that meet
 To make sleep not so sound, as sweet
*Hesperides A Country Life to his Brother,
 M Tho Herrick*

Blest is the bride, on whom the sun doth shine
Ib A Nuptial Song

I sing of brooks, of blossoms, birds, and bowers:
 Of April, May, of June, and July-flowers
 I sing of May-poles, Hock-carts, wassails, wakes,
 Of bride-grooms, brides, and of their bridal-cakes
Ib Argument of his Book

A little saint best fits a little shrine,
 A little prop best fits a little vine,
 As my small cruse best fits my little wine
*Ib A Ternary of Littles, upon a Pipkin of Jelly
 sent to a Lady*

A little stream best fits a little boat,
 A little lead best fits a little float,
 As my small pipe best fits my little note.

A little meat best fits a little belly,
 As sweetly Lady, give me leave to tell ye,
 This little pipkin fits this little jelly *Ib*

Fair pledges of a fruitful tree,
 Why do ye fall so fast?
 Your date is not so past;
 But you may stay yet here a while,
 To blush and gently smile,
 And go at last *Ib Blossoms*

Cherry ripe, ripe, ripe, I cry,
 Full and fair ones, come and buy
 If so be, you ask me where
 They do grow? I answer, there,
 Where my Julia's lips do smile,
 There's the land, or cherry-isle *Ib Cherry Ripe.*

What needs complaints
When she a place
Has with the race

Of Saints?

In endless mirth,
She thinks not on
What's said or done

In earth

Ib Comfort to a Youth that had Lost his Love

Nor do's she mind,
Or think on't now,
That ever thou

Wast kind

Ib.

Get up, get up for shame, the blooming morn
Upon her wings presents the god unshorn

Ib. Corinna's Going a-Maying.

Get up, sweet Slug-a-bed, and see
The dew bespangling herb and tree.

Ib

'Tis sin,

Nay, profanation to keep in.

Ib

Come, let us go, while we are in our prime,
And take the harmless folly of the time

Ib.

So when or you or I are made
A fable, song, or fleeting shade,
All love, all liking, all delight
Lies down'd with us in endless night
Then while time serves, and we are but decaying,
Come, my Corinna, come, let's go a-Maying. *Ib.*

Fair daffodils, we weep to see
You haste away so soon
As yet the early-rising sun
Has not attain'd his noon.

Stay, stay,

Until the hasting day
Has run

But to the even-song,
And, having pray'd together, we
Will go with you along

Ib Daffodils.

We have short time to stay, as you,
We have as short a Spring,
As quick a growth to meet decay,
As you or any thing

Ib

A sweet disorder in the dress
Kindles in clothes a wantonness
A lawn about the shoulders thrown
Into a fine distraction
An erring lace, which here and there
Enthralls the crimson stomacher.
A cuff neglectful, and thereby
Ribbands to flow confusedly
A winning wave (deserving note)
In the tempestuous petticoat
A careless shoe-string, in whose tie
I see a wild civility
Do more bewitch me, than when Art
Is too precise in every part *Ib Delight in Disorder*

Here a solemn Fast we keep,
While all beauty lies asleep
Husht be all things, (no noise here)
But the toning of a tear
Or a sigh of such as bring
Cowslips for her covering

Ib Epitaph upon a Virgin

Only a little more
I have to write,
Then I'll give o'er,
And bid the world Good-night

Ib His Poetry his Pillar

Roses at first were white,
'Till they co'd not agree,
Whether my Sappho's breast,
Or they more white should be

Ib How Roses Came Red

'Twixt kings and tyrants there's this difference
known,

Kings seek their subjects' good tyrants their own

Ib Kings and Tyrants

You say, to me-wards your affection's strong,
Pray love me little, so you love me long

Ib. Love me Little, Love me Long

Love is a circle that doth restless move
In the same sweet eternity of love

Ib Love What It Is

Night makes no difference 'twixt the Priest and Clerk,
Joan as my Lady is as good i' th' dark

Ib No Difference i' th' Dark

I do love I know not what,
Sometimes this, and sometimes that

Ib No Luck in Love

Because thou prizest things that are
Curious, and unfamiliar

Ib Oberon's Feast

Made us nobly wild, not mad

Ib Ode for Ben Jonson

Out-did the meat, out-did the frolic wine *Ib*

Fain would I kiss my Julia's dainty leg,
Which is as white and hairless as an egg

Ib On Julia's Legs

Men are suspicious, prone to discontent

Subjects still loathe the present Government

Ib Present Government Grievous

The readiness of doing, doth express
No other, but the doer's willingness *Ib Readiness*

Attempt the end, and never stand to doubt;
Nothing's so hard, but search will find it out.

Ib Seek and Find

And once more yet (ere I am laid out dead)

Knock at a star with my exalted head

Ib The Bad Season Makes the Poet Sad

It is the end that crowns us, not the fight

Ib The End

Good morrow to the day so fair,
Good morning Sir to you
Good morrow to mine own torn hair
Bedabbled with the dew

Ib The Mad Maid's Song.

Her eyes the glow-worm lend thee,
The shooting-stars attend thee,

And the elves also,

Whose little eyes glow,

Like the sparks of fire, befriend thee

No Will-o'-th'-Wisp mislight thee,

Nor snake, or slow-worm bite thee

But on, on thy way

Not making a stay,

Since ghost there's none to affright thee

Ib The Night-Piece, to Julia.

Praise they that will times past, I joy to see
My self now live this age best pleaseth me

Ib. The Present Time Best Pleaseth.

Some ask'd how pearls did grow, and where?
Then spoke I to my girl,
To part her lips, and shew'd them there
The quarelets of pearl

Ib. The Rock of Rubies, and the Quarry of Pearls

Now is the time, when all the lights wax dim,
And thou (Anthea) must withdraw from him
Who was thy servant

Ib. To Anthea Now is the Time.

Give me a kiss, and to that kiss a score,
Then to that twenty, add a hundred more
A thousand to that hundred so kiss on,
To make that thousand up a million
Treble that million, and when that is done,
Let's kiss afresh, as when we first begun

Ib. To Anthea Ah, My Anthea!

Bid me to live, and I will live
Thy Protestant to be
Or bid me love, and I will give
A loving heart to thee
A heart as soft, a heart as kind,
A heart as sound and free,
As in the whole world thou canst find,
That heart I'll give to thee

Ib. To Anthea, Who May Command Him Anything.

Bid me to weep, and I will weep,
While I have eyes to see

Ib.

Bid me despair, and I'll despair,
Under that cypress tree
Or bid me die, and I will dare
E'en Death, to die for thee

Ib.

Thou art my life, my love, my heart,
The very eyes of me
And hast command of every part,
To live and die for thee.

Ib.

No marigolds yet closed are,
No shadows great appear

Ib. To Daisies, not to Shut so Soon.

Sweet, be not proud of those two eyes,
Which star-like sparkle in their skies.

Ib. To Dianeme.

I dare not ask a kiss,
I dare not beg a smile,
Lest having that, or this,
I might grow proud the while

No, no, the utmost share
Of my desire, shall be
Only to kiss that air,
That lately kissed thee.

Ib. To Electra

He loves his bonds, who when the first are broke,
Submits his neck unto a second yoke.

Ib. To Love

Gather ye rosebuds while ye may,
Old Time is still a-flying
And this same flower that smiles to-day,
To-morrow will be dying.

The glorious lamp of Heaven, the sun,
The higher he's a getting,
The sooner will his race be run,
And nearer he's to setting

That age is best, which is the first,
When youth and blood are warm;
But being spent, the worse, and worst
Times, still succeed the former.

Then be not coy, but use your time,
And while ye may, go marry
For having lost but once your prime,
You may for ever tarry

Ib. To Virgins, to Make Much of Time.

Welcome maids of honour,
You do bring

In the Spring,
And wait upon her

Ib. To Violets.

Her pretty feet
Like snails did creep
A little out, and then,
As if they started at bo-peep,
Did soon draw in agen

Ib. Upon her Feet.

Whenas in silks my Julia goes,
Then, then (methinks) how sweetly flows
That liquifaction of her clothes.

Next, when I cast mine eyes and see
That brave vibration each way free,
O how that glittering taketh me!

Ib. Upon Julia's Clothes

So smooth, so sweet, so silv'ry is thy voice,
As, could they hear, the damn'd would make no noise,
But listen to thee (walking in thy chamber)
Melting melodious words, to lutes of amber

Ib. Upon Julia's Voice

Here a little child I stand,
Heaving up my either hand;
Cold as paddocks though they be,
Here I lift them up to Thee,
For a benison to fall

Ib.

On our meat, and on us all Amen

Noble Numbers Another Grace for a Child

Lord, Thou hast given me a cell
Wherein to dwell,

A little house, whose humble roof
Is weather-proof,

Under the spars of which I lie
Both soft, and dry

Ib. A Thanksgiving to God for his House

A little buttery, and therein

A little bin,
Which keeps my little loaf of bread
Unchipt, unhead

Some brittle sticks of thorn or briar
Make me a fire,

Close by whose living coal I sit,
And glow like it

Ib

To him, who longs unto his Christ to go,
Celerity even itself is slow

Ib. Coming to Christ

When the artless doctor sees
No one hope, but of his fees,
And his skill runs on the lees,
Sweet Spirit comfort me!

When his potion and his pill,
His, or none, or little skill,
Meet for nothing, but to kill,
Sweet Spirit comfort me!
Ib Ilus Latany to the Holy Spirit.

In prayer the lips ne'er act the winning part,
Without the sweet concurrence of the heart
Ib The Heart

But, for Man's fault, then was the thorn,
Without the fragrant rose-bud, born,
But ne'er the rose without the thorn *Ib. The Rose*
To work a wonder, God would have her shown,
At once, a bud, and yet a rose full-blown
Ib The Virgin Mary

If any thing delight me for to print
My book, 'tis this, that Thou, my God, art in't
Ib. To God.

JAMES HERVEY

1714-1758

E'en crosses from his sov'reign hand
Are blessings in disguise
Works Reflections on a Flower-Garden.

DU BOSE HEYWARD

1885-

Roll dem bones. *Gamesters All*

JOHN HEYWOOD

1497?-1580?

All a green willow, willow,
All a green willow is my garland
The Green Willow.

EMILY HENRIETTA HICKEY

1845-1924

Beloved, it is morn!
A redder berry on the thorn,
A deeper yellow on the corn,
For this good day new-born
Pray, Sweet, for me
That I may be
Faithful to God and thee
Beloved, It Is Morn

WILLIAM EDWARD HICKSON

1803-1870

'Tis a lesson you should heed,
Try, try again
If at first you don't succeed,
Try, try again
Try and Try Again

AARON HILL

1685-1750

Tender-handed stroke a nettle,
And it stings you for your pains,
Grasp it like a man of mettle,
And it soft as silk remains
Verses Written on Window.

'Tis the same with common natures,
Use 'em kindly, they rebel
But be rough as nutmeg-graters,
And the rogues obey you well. *Ib*

ROWLAND HILL

1744-1833

He did not see any reason why the devil should have
all the good tunes
E W Broome, Rev Rowland Hill, vii

ARTHUR CLEMENT HILTON

1851-1877

And we found in his palms which were hollow,
What are frequent in palms,—that is dates
The Heathen Pass-ee

PRINCE HOARE

1755-1834

The saucy Arethusa. *Song The Arethusa.*

THOMAS HOBBS

1588-1679

Geometry (which is the only science that it hath
pleased God hitherto to bestow on mankind)
Leviathan, pt. 1, ch 4

They that approve a private opinion, call it opinion,
but they that dislike it, heresy and yet heresy
signifies no more than private opinion
Ib ch 11

No arts, no letters, no society, and which is worst of
all, continual fear and danger of violent death, and
the life of man, solitary, poor, nasty, brutish, and
short
Ib ch. 13

Force, and fraud, are in war the two cardinal virtues
Ib

The Papacy is not other than the Ghost of the
deceased Roman Empire, sitting crowned upon the
grave thereof
Ib pt 1v, ch 47

He was wont to say that if he had read as much as
other men, he should have known no more than
other men
Aubrey, Life of Hobbes

I am about to take my last voyage, a great leap in the
dark
Last Words (Watkins, Anecdotes of Men of Learning)

EDWARD WALLIS HOCH

1849-1925

There is so much good in the worst of us,
 And so much bad in the best of us,
 That it hardly becomes any of us
 'To talk about the rest of us
Good and Bad Attr to many other authors

RALPH HODGSON

1871-

Eve, with her basket, was
 Deep in the bells and grass,
 Wading in bells and grass
 Up to her knees,
 Plucking a dish of sweet
 Berries and plums to eat,
 Down in the bells and grass
 Under the trees

Poems Eve

Picture that orchard sprite,
 Eve, with her body white,
 Supple and smooth to her
 Slim finger tips

Ib

But oh, the den of wild things in
 The darkness of her eyes!

Ib. The Gypsy Girl

Reason has moons, but moons not hers,
 Lie mirror'd on her sea,
 Confounding her astronomers,
 But, O! delighting me

Ib Reason Has Moons

God loves an idle rainbow,
 No less than labouring seas

Ib

'Twould ring the bells of Heaven
 The wildest peal for years,
 If Parson lost his senses
 And people came to theirs,
 And he and they together
 Knelt down with angry prayers
 For tamed and shabby tigers
 And dancing dogs and bears,
 And wretched, blind, pit ponies,
 And little hunted hares.

Ib The Bells of Heaven.

See an old unhappy bull,
 Sick in soul and body both

Ib The Bull

I did not pray him to lay bare
 The mystery to me,
 Enough the rose was heaven to smell,
 And His own face to see

Ib The Mystery

I climbed a hill as light fell short,
 And rooks came home in scramble sort,
 And filled the trees and flapped and fought
 And sang themselves to sleep

Ib The Song of Honour

Hear flocks of shiny pleiades
 Among the plums and apple trees
 Sing in the summer day

Ib

When stately ships are twirled and spun
 Like whipping tops and whirled there's none
 And mighty ships ten thousand ton
 Go down like lumps of lead

Ib

I stood upon that silent hill
 And stared into the sky until
 My eyes were blind with stars and still
 I stared into the sky
 Time, you old gypsy man,
 Will you not stay,
 Put up your caravan
 Just for one day?

*Ib**Ib Time, You Old Gypsy Man*

HEINRICH HOFFMAN

1809-1874

Anything to me is sweeter
 Than to see Shock-headed Peter
Struwwelpeter Shock-Headed Peter

Here is cruel Frederick, see!
 A horrid wicked boy was he.

Ib Cruel Frederick

The trough was full, and faithful Tray
 Came out to drink one sultry day,
 He wagged his tail, and wet his lip

Ib

At this, good Tray grew very red,
 And growled, and bit him till he bled

Ib

But good dog Tray is happy now,
 He has no time to say 'Bow-wow!'
 He seats himself in Frederick's chair
 And laughs to see the good things there
 The soup he swallows, sup by sup—
 And eats the pies and puddings up

Ib

It almost makes me cry to tell
 What foolish Harriet befall
Ib Harriet and the Matches.

Now tall Agrippa lived close by—
 So tall, he almost touch'd the sky,
 He had a mighty inkstand, too,
 In which a great goose-feather grew

Ib The Inky Boys

He finds it hard, without a pair
 Of spectacles, to shoot the hare
 The hare sits snug in leaves and grass,
 And laughs to see the green man pass

Ib The Man Who Went Out Shooting

And now she's trying all she can,
 To shoot the sleepy, green-coat man

Ib

'Help! Fire! Help! The Hare! The Hare!'
 The hare's own child, the little hare

Ib

The door flew open, in he ran,
 The great, long, red-legged scissor-man
Ib The Little Suck-a-Thumb

'Ah!' said Mamma, 'I knew he'd come
 To naughty little Suck-a-Thumb'

Ib

Augustus was a chubby lad,
 Fat ruddy cheeks Augustus had
 And everybody saw with joy
 The plump and hearty, healthy boy.
 He ate and drank as he was told,
 And never let his soup get cold

But one day, one cold winter's day,
 He screamed out, 'Take the soup away!
 O take the nasty soup away!
 I won't have any soup to-day.'

Ib Augustus.

Let me see if Philip can
Be a little gentleman,
Let me see, if he is able
To sit still for once at table

Ib Fidgety Philip

But fidgety Phil,
He won't sit still,
He wriggles
And giggles,
And then, I declare,
Swings backwards and forwards,
And tilts up his chair

Ib.

'Look at little Johnny there,
Little Johnny Head-in-Air'

Ib Johnny Head-in-Air

'Silly little Johnny, look,
You have lost your writing-book!'

Ib

JAMES HOGG

1770-1835

My love she's but a lassie yet *Title of Song*

Bonny Kilmeny gaed up the glen
*The Queen's Wake, 11 Kilmeny Thirteenth
Bard's Song, 1 1*

Late, late in the gloamin' Kilmeny came hame!
Ib 1 24

For Kilmeny had been she knew not where,
And Kilmeny had seen what she could not declare
Ib 1 38

And hey, then, up go we
Jacobite Relics of Scotland, 1 15. Title

Wha the dail hae we gotten for a King
But a wee wee German lairdie?
And when we gade to bring him hame,
He was delving in his kail-yardie
Ib 83 The Wee, Wee German Lairdie

Listen a while, and I'll tell you a tale,
Of a new device of a Protestant Flail
Ib 324 The Protestant Flail

God bless our Lord the king!
God save our lord the king!
God save the king!
Make him victorious,
Happy, and glorious,
Long to reign over us
God save the king!
Ib 11 50 God Save The King

We'll o'er the water, we'll o'er the sea,
We'll o'er the water to Charlie,
Come weel, come wo, we'll gather and go,
And live or die wi' Charlie
Ib 76 O'er the Water to Charlie

There grows a bonny briar bush in our kail yard
Ib 78. An You Be He

'Twas on a Monday morning,
Right early in the year,
That Charlie came to our town,
The young Chevalier
And Charlie he's my darling,
My darling, my darling,

And Charlie he's my darling,
The young Chevalier

*Ib 93 The Young Chevalier
(Another version by Lady Nairne)*

Hey, Johnnie Cope, are ye wauking yet?
And are your drums a-beatin' yet?
Ib 113 Johnnie Cope

Cock up your beaver, and cock it fu' sprush,
We'll over the Border and gie them a brush,
There's somebody there we'll teach better behaviour
Hey, Johnnie lad, cock up your beaver!
Ib 127 Cock Up Your Beaver

Will you no come back again?
Btter lo'cd you'll never be,
And will you no come back again?
Ib 195 Will You No Come Back Again?

HENRY RICHARD VASSAL FOX, 3rd BARON HOLLAND

1773-1840

Nephew of Fox, and friend of Grey,—
Enough my meed of fame
If those who deign'd to observe me say
I injur'd neither name
Memoirs of Rev Sidney Smith (1855), 1. 334

SIR RICHARD HOLLAND

c 1450

O Dowglas, O Dowglas,
tendir and trewel *Duke of the Howlat, xxxi*

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

1809-1894

Lean, hungry, savage anti-everythings
Poems A Modest Request.

Sweet is the scene where genial friendship plays
The pleasing game of interchanging praise
Ib An After-Dinner Poem

Uncursed by doubt, our earliest creed we take;
We love the precepts for the teacher's sake
Ib A Rhymed Lesson (Urama)

And, when you stick on conversation's burrs,
Don't strew your pathway with those dreadful us *Ib*
Man wants but little drink below,
But wants that little strong
Ib A Song of other Days (Parody on Goldsmith)

Day hath put on his jacket, and around
His burning bosom buttoned it with stars
Ib Evening.

We greet the monarch-peasant
Ib For the Burns Centennial Celebration.

Wisdom has taught us to be calm and meek,
To take one blow, and turn the other cheek,
It is not written what a man shall do
If the rude cuttiff smite the other too!
Ib Non-Resistance

The love that loves a scarlet coat
Should be more uniform *Ib*
His death, which happen'd in his berth,
At forty-odd befall
They went and told the sexton, and
The sexton toll'd the bell *Faithless Sally Brown.*

I remember, I remember,
The house where I was born,
The little window where the sun
Came peeping in at morn,
He never came a wink too soon,
Nor brought too long a day,
But now, I often wish the night
Had borne my breath away! *I Remember*

I remember, I remember,
The roses, red and white,
The v'lets, and the lily-cups,
Those flowers made of light!
The lilacs where the robin built,
And where my brother set
The laburnum on his birthday,—
The tree is living yet! *Ib*

I remember, I remember,
The fir trees dark and high,
I used to think their slender tops
Were close against the sky
It was a childish ignorance,
But now 'tis little joy
To know I'm farther off from heav'n
Than when I was a boy *Ib.*

That fierce thing
They call a conscience *Lama, sc 11*
For that old enemy the gout
Had taken him in to! *Lieutenant Luff*

Alas! my everlasting peace
Is broken into pieces *Mary's Ghost*

And then, in the fulness of joy and hope,
Seem'd washing his hands with invisible soap,
In imperceptible water
Miss Kulmansegg Her Christening

There's Bardus, a six-foot column of fop,
A lighthouse without any light atop
Ib Her First Step

For one of the pleasures of having a rout,
Is the pleasure of having it over *Ib Her Dream*

Yet Wedlock's a very awful thing!
'Tis something like that feat in the ring,
Which requires good nerve to do it—
When one of a 'Grand Equestrian Troop'
Makes a jump at a gilded hoop,
Not certain at all
Of what may befall

After his getting through it! *Ib Her Marriage*
Home-made dishes that drive one from home
Ib Her Misery

No sun—no moon!
No morn—no noon!
No dawn—no dusk—no proper time of day *No'*
No warmth, no cheerfulness, no healthful ease,
No comfortable feel in any member—
No shade, no shine, no butterflies, no bees,
No fruits, no flowers, no leaves, no birds,—
November! *Ib*

I saw old Autumn in the misty morn
Stand shadowless like Silence, listening
To silence *Ode Autumn*

Thou'lt find thy Manhood all too fast—
Soon come, soon gone! and Age at last
A sorry breaking-up! *Ode Clapham Academy.*

And there is ev'n a happiness
That makes the heart afraid! *Ode to Melancholy*

Not one of those self-constituted saints,
Quacks—not physicians—in the cure of souls.
Ode to Rae Wilson, l 13

Dear bells! how sweet the sounds of village bells
When on the undulating air they swim!
Now loud as welcomes! faint, now, as farewells!
Ib l 159

She stood breast high amid the corn,
Clasp'd by the golden light of morn,
Like the sweetheart of the sun,
Who many a glowing kiss had won *Ruth*

Thus she stood amid the stooks,
Praising God with sweetest looks *Ib*

Sure, I said, heav'n did not mean,
Where I reap thou shouldst but glean,
Lay thy sheaf adown and come,
Share my harvest and my home *Ib*

There is a silence where hath been no sound,
There is a silence where no sound may be,
In the cold grave—under the deep deep sea,
Or in the wide desert where no life is found
Sonnet Silence

One more Unfortunate,
Weary of breath,
Rashly importunate,
Gone to her death!

Take her up tenderly,
Lift her with care,
Fashion'd so slenderly,
Young, and so fair!

Look at her garments
Clinging like cerements.
The Bridge of Sighs

Loving, not loathing *Ib*

All that remains of her
Now is pure womanly *Ib*

Past all dishonour,
Death has left on her
Only the beautiful *Ib*

Still, for all slips of hers,
One of Eve's family *Ib*

Was there a dearer one
Still, and a nearer one
Yet, than all other? *Ib*

Alas! for the rarity
Of Christian charity
Under the sun!
Oh! it was pitiful
Near a whole city full,
Home had she none! *Ib.*

Even God's providence
Seeming estranged
Mad from life's history,
Glad to death's mystery,
Swift to be hurl'd—
Anywhere, anywhere
Out of the world!
Picture it—think of it,
Dissolute man!
Lave in it, drink of it,
Then, if you can!
Owning her weakness,
Her evil behaviour,
And leaving, with meekness,
Her sins to her Saviour!
Our very hopes belied our fears,
Our fears our hopes belied—
We thought her dying when she slept,
And sleeping when she died! *The Death Bed*
Much study had made him very lean,
And pale, and leaden-eyed
The Dream of Eugene Aram
But Guilt was my grim Chamberlain
That lighted me to bed
Two stern-faced men set out from Lynn,
Through the cold and heavy mist,
And Eugene Aram walked between,
With gyves upon his wrist
Where folks that ride a bit of blood,
May break a bit of bone *The Epping Hunt, 1 99*
He keeps a parlour boarder of a pig
The Irish Schoolmaster, v
He never spoils the child and spares the rod,
But spoils the rod and never spares the child
But evil is wrought by want of thought,
As well as want of heart! *The Lady's Dream*
On Margate beach, where the sick one roams,
And the sentimental reads,
Where the maiden flirts, and the widow comes—
Like the ocean—to cast her weeds
The Mermaid of Margate
The shrill sweet lark
The Plea of the Midsummer Fairies, xxx
The bird forlorn,
That singeth with her breast against a thorn
We will not woo foul weather all too soon,
Or nurse November on the lap of June
With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat in unwomanly rags,
Plying her needle and thread—
Stitch! stitch! stitch!
In poverty, hunger, and dirt
The Song of the Shirt
O! men with sisters dear,
O! men with mothers and wives!
It is not linen you're wearing out,
But human creatures' lives!
Sewing at once, with a double thread,
A shroud as well as a shirt

Oh! God! that bread should be so dear,
And flesh and blood so cheap!
No blessed leisure for love or hope,
But only time for grief!
My tears must stop, for every drop
Hinders needle and thread!
A wife who preaches in her gown,
And lectures in her night-dress!
The Supplice Question.
Our hands have met, but not our hearts,
Our hands will never meet again. *To a False Friend*
There are three things which the public will always
clamour for, sooner or later namely, Novelty,
novelty, novelty
Announcement of Comic Annual for 1836
The sedate, sober, silent, serious, sad-coloured sect
[Quakers] *The Doves and the Crows.*
'Extremes meet', as the whiting said with its tail in
its mouth
I don't set up for being a cosmo-polite, which, to
my mind, signifies being polite to every country
except your own
Up the Rhine To Gerard Brooke
Holland lies so low they're only saved by being
dammed
lb. To Rebecca Page

RICHARD HOOKER

1554?–1600

He that goeth about to persuade a multitude, that
they are not so well governed as they ought to be,
shall never want attentive and favourable hearers
Ecclesiastical Polity, bk 1, § 1
Of Law there can be no less acknowledged, than that
her seat is the bosom of God, her voice the har-
mony of the world all things in heaven and earth
do her homage, the very least as feeling her care,
and the greatest as not exempted from her power
lb § xvi.
Change is not made without inconvenience, even from
worse to better
*Quoted by Johnson, as from Hooker, in the
Preface to the 'English Dictionary'.*

ELLEN STURGIS HOOPER

1816–1841

I slept, and dreamed that life was Beauty,
I woke, and found that life was Duty
Life a Duty

HERBERT CLARK HOOVER

1874–

Our country has deliberately undertaken a great
social and economic experiment, noble in motive
and far-reaching in purpose [The Eighteenth
Amendment, enacting Prohibition]
Letter to Senator W H Borah, 28 Feb 1928

ANTHONY HOPE (ANTHONY HOPE HAWKINS)

1863-1933

'You oughtn't to yield to temptation'
'Well, somebody must, or the thing becomes absurd'

Dolly Dialogues, No 14

'Boys will be boys—'
'And even that wouldn't matter if we could only prevent girls from being girls'

Ib No 16

'Bourgeois,' I observed, 'is an epithet which the raff apply to what is respectable, and the aristocracy to what is decent'

Ib No 17

He is very fond of making things which he doesn't want, and then giving them to people who have no use for them

Ib

'I wish you would read a little poetry sometimes Your ignorance cramps my conversation'

Ib No 22

'I may not understand, but I am willing to admire'

Ib

Good families are generally worse than any others
Prisoner of Zenda, ch 1

LAURENCE HOPE (ADELA FLORENCE NICOLSON)

1865-1904

Pale hands I loved beside the Shalimar,
Where are you now? Who lies beneath your spell?

Indian Love Lyrics Pale Hands I Loved

Pale hands, pink-tipped, like lotus-pads that float
On those cool waters where we used to dwell,
I would have rather felt you round my throat
Crushing out life than waving me farewell

Ib

Less than the dust beneath thy chariot wheel,
Less than the weed that grows beside thy door,
Less than the rust that never stained thy sword,
Less than the need thou hast in life of me,
Even less am I

Ib Less than the Dust

GERARD MANLEY HOPKINS

1844-1899

Not, I'll not, carion comfort, Despair, not feast on thee,
Not untwist—slack they may be—these last strands of man

In me or, most weary, cry *I can no more* I can,
Can something, hope, wish div come, not choose not to be

Carion Comfort

That night, that year
Of now done darkness I wretch liy wrestling with
(my God!) my God

Ib

Towery city and branchy between towers
Duns Scotus' Oxford

Didst fettle for the great grey drayhorse his bright
and battering sandal!

Felix Randal

The world is charged with the grandeur of God
God's Grandeur.

Because the Holy Ghost over the bent
World broods with warm breast and with ah! bright wings

Ib

I have desired to go
Where springs not fail,
To fields where flies no sharp and sided hail
And a few lilies blow

And I have asked to be
Where no storms come,
Where the green swell is in the heavens dumb,
And out of the swing of the sea

Heaven-Haven

What would the world be, once bereft
Of wet and of wildness? Let them be left,
O let them be left, wildness and wet,
Long live the weeds and the wilderness yet

Inversnaid

Life death does end and each day dies with sleep
No Worst, There Is None

Glory be to God for dappled things
Pied Beauty

All things counter, original, spare, strange,
Whatever is fickle, freckled (who knows how?)
With swift, slow, sweet, sour, adazzle, dim,
He fathers-forth whose beauty is past change

Praise him Ib

I am all at once what Christ is, since he was what I am, and

This Jack, joke, poor potsherd, patch, matchwood,
immortal diamond,
Is immortal diamond
That Nature is a Heraclitean Fire

Wild air, world-mothering air,
Nestling me everywhere
The Blessed Virgin Compared to the Air We Breathe

Some candle clear burns somewhere I came by
I muse at how its being puts blissful back
With yellowy moisture mild night's bleak-all black,
Or to-fro tender trambeams truckle at the eye
The Candle Indoors

Elected Silence, sing to me
And beat upon my whorled ear,
Pipe me to pastures still and be
'The music that I care to hear'
The Habit of Perfection

Palate, the hutch of tasty lust,
Desire not to be rinsed with wine
The can must be so sweet, the crust
So fresh that come in fasts divine!

Ib

And you unhouse and house the Lord

Ib

Look at the stars! look, look up at the skies!
O look at all the fire-folk sitting in the air!
The bright boroughs, the circle-citadels there!
The Starlight Night

Ah well! it is all a purchase, all is a prize
Buy then! bid then!—What?—Prayer, patience, alms,
vows

Look, look. a May-mess, like on orchard boughs!
Look! March-bloom, like on mealed-with-yellow
sallows!

These are indeed the barn, withindoors house
The shocks This piece-bright paling shuts the
spouse
Christ home, Christ and his mother and all his
hallows

Thou art indeed just, Lord, if I contend
With thee, but, sir, so what I plead is just
Why do sinners' ways prosper? and why must
Disappointment all I endeavour end?

Thou Art Indeed Just, Lord

Birds build—but not I build, no, but strain,
Time's eunuch, and not breed one work that wakes
Mine, O thou lord of life, send my roots rain *Ib*
I caught this morning morning's minion, kingdom of
daylight's dauphin, dapple-dawn-drawn Falcon

The Windhover

The achieve of, the mastery of the thing! *Ib*

JOSEPH HOPKINSON

1770–1842

Hail, Columbia! happy land!
Hail, ye heroes! heaven-born band! *Hail, Columbia!*

RICHARD HENRY HORNE

1803–1884

'Tis always morning somewhere in the world
Orion, bk III, canto II

Ye rigid Ploughmen! Bear in mind
Your labour is for future hours
Advance! Spare not! Nor look behind!
Plough deep and straight with all your powers!
The Plough

JOHN HOSKINS

1566–1638

Absence, hear thou my protestation
Against thy strength,
Distance and length
Do what thou canst for alteration,
For hearts of truest mettle
Absence doth join, and time doth settle
Absence A Poetical Rhapsody Attr
By absence this good means I gain,
That I can catch her,
Where none can watch her,
In some close corner of my brain
There I embrace and kiss her,
And so I both enjoy and miss her *Ib.*

RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES, BARON HOUGHTON

1809–1885

'Lady Moon, Lady Moon, where are you roving?'
'Over the sea'
'Lady Moon, Lady Moon, whom are you loving?'
'All that love me' *A Child's Song Lady Moon*

A fair little girl sat under a tree,
Sewing as long as her eyes could see,
'Then smoothed her work, and folded it right,
And said, 'Dear work! Good Night! Good Night!'
Good Night and Good Morning

I wander'd by the brookside,
I wander'd by the mill,—
I could not hear the brook flow,
The noisy wheel was still,
There was no burr of grasshopper,
No chirp of any bird,
But the beating of my own heart
Was all the sound I heard *Song The Brookside*

A Second Class in the School of Life
Collections and Recollections, ch 5 G W E. Russell

ALFRED EDWARD HOUSMAN

1859–1936

Loveliest of trees, the cherry now
Is hung with bloom along the bough,
And stands about the woodland ride
Wearing white for Easter tide
Now, of my three score years and ten,
Twenty will not come again,
And take from seventy years a score,
It only leaves me fifty more
And since to look at things in bloom
Fifty springs are little room,
About the woodlands I will go
To see the cherry hung with snow
A Shropshire Lad, II

And naked to the hangman's noose
The morning clocks will ring
A neck God made for other use
Than strangling in a string *Ib ix*

In farm and field through all the shire
The eye beholds the heart's desire,
Ah, let not only mine be vain
For lovers should be loved again *Ib x*

Lovers lying two and two
Ask not whom they sleep beside,
And the bridegroom all night through
Never turns him to the bride *Ib xii*

When I was one-and-twenty
I heard a wise man say,
'Give crowns and pounds and guineas
But not your heart away' *Ib xiii.*

But I was one-and-twenty,
No use to talk to me *Ib*

When I was one-and-twenty
I heard him say again,
'The heart out of the bosom
Was never given in vain,
'Tis paid with sighs a plenty
And sold for endless rue'
And I am two-and-twenty,
And oh, 'tis true, 'tis true *Ib.*

His folly has not blue flow
Beneath the blue of day
That gives to man or woman
His heart and soul away *Ib xiv.*

Oh, when I was in love with you,
Then I was clean and brave,
And miles around the wonder grew
How well I did behave.

And now the fancy passes by,
And nothing will remain,
And miles around they'll say that I
Am quite myself again *A Shropshire Lad, xviii*

In summertime on Bredon
The bells they sound so clear,
Round both the shires they ring them
In steeples far and near,
A happy noise to hear

Here of a Sunday morning
My love and I would lie,
And see the coloured counties,
And hear the larks so high
About us in the sky

And I would turn and answer
Among the springing thyme,
'Oh, peal upon our wedding,
'And we will hear the chime,
'And come to church in time' *Ib. xxi*

They tolled the one bell only,
Groom there was none to see,
The mourners followed after,
And so to church went she,
And would not wait for me *Ib.*

The bells they sound on Bredon,
And still the steeples hum
'Come all to church, good people,'—
Oh, noisy bells, be dumb,
I hear you, I will come *Ib.*

The lads that will die in their glory and never be old
Ib. xxiii

Is my team ploughing,
That I was used to drive? *Ib. xxvii*

Ay, the horses trample,
The harness jingles now,
No change though you lie under
The land you used to plough *Ib.*

The goal stands up, the keeper
Stands up to keep the goal *Ib.*

Yes, lad, I lie easy,
I lie as lads would choose,
I cheer a dead man's sweetheart,
Never ask me whose *Ib.*

To-day the Roman and his trouble
Are ashes under Uricon *Ib. xxvi*

'Oh, go where you are wanted, for you are not wanted
here'

And that was all the farewell when I parted from my
dear *Ib. xxxiv The New Mistress*

'And the enemies of England they shall see me and
be sick' *Ib.*

White in the moon the long road lies,
The moon stands blank above,
White in the moon the long road lies
That leads me from my love *Ib. xxxv*

Oh tarnish late on Wenlock Edge,
Gold that I never see,
Lie long, high snowdrifts in the hedge
That will not shower on me *Ib. xxxix.*

Into my heart an air that kills
From yon far country blows
What are those blue remembered hills,
What spires, what farms are those?
That is the land of lost content,
I see it shining plain,
The happy highways where I went
And cannot come again *Ib. xl.*

But play the man, stand up and end you,
When your sickness is your soul *Ib. xlv*
Be still, be still, my soul, it is but for a season,
Let us endure an hour and see injustice done *Ib. xlviii.*

Oh 'tis jesting, dancing, drinking
Spins the heavy world around
If young hearts were not so clever,
Oh, they would be young for ever
Think no more, 'tis only thinking
Lays lads underground *Ib. xlix.*

Think no more, lad, laugh, be jolly
Why should men make haste to die?
Empty heads and tongues a-talking
Make the rough road easy walking,
And the feather pate of folly
Bears the falling sky *Ib.*

Far in a western brookland
That bred me long ago
The poplars stand and tremble
By pools I used to know *Ib. lii.*

There, by the starlit fences,
The wanderer halts and hears
My soul that lingers sighing
About the glimmering weirs *Ib.*

Many a rose-lipt maiden
And many a lightfoot lad *Ib. liv*

I shall have lived a little while
Before I die for ever *Ib. lvii*

In all the endless road you tread
There's nothing but the night *Ib. lx*

Say, for what were hop-yards meant,
Or why was Burton built on Trent? *Ib. lxii*

Malt does more than Milton can,
To justify God's ways to man *Ib.*

Mithridates, he died old *Ib.*

We'll to the woods no more,
The laurels all are cut *Last Poems, introductory*

And lads are in love with the grave *Ib. iv*

Peace is come and wars are over,
Welcome one and welcome all *Ib. viii*

May will be fine next year as like as not
Oh ay, but then we shall be twenty-four *Ib. ix*

We for a certainty are not the first
Have sat in taverns while the tempest hurled
Their hopeful plans to emptiness, and cursed
Whatever brute and blackguard made the world *Ib.*

a

RICHARD HOVEY . JAMES HOWELL

b

The troubles of our proud and angry dust
Are from eternity, and shall not fail
Bear them we can, and if we can we must
Shoulder the sky, my lad, and drink your ale *Ib*
Pass me the can, lad, there's an end of May *Ib*

But men at whiles are sober
And think by fits and starts
And if they think, they fasten
Their hands upon their hearts *Ib* \

I, a stranger, and afraid
In a world I never made *Ib* xii

The Wain upon the northern steep
Descends and lifts away
Oh I will sit me down and weep
For bones in Africa *Ib* xvii *Astronomy*

Made of earth and sea
His overcoat for ever,
And wears the turning globe *Ib* xx

The faeries break their dances
And leave the printed lawn,
And up from India glances
The silver sail of dawn.

The candles burn their sockets,
The blinds let through the day,
The young man feels his pockets
And wonders what's to pay *Ib* xxi

Sec, in mid heaven the sun is mounted, hark,
The belfries tingle to the noonday chime
'Tis silent, and the subterranean dark
Has crossed the nadir, and begins to climb *Ib* xxxvi

These, in the day when heaven was falling,
The hour when earth's foundations fled,
Followed their mercenary calling
And took their wages and are dead.

Their shoulders held the sky suspended,
They stood, and earth's foundations stay,
What God abandoned, these defended,
And saved the sum of things for pay
Ib xxxvii *Eptaph on an Army of Mercenaries*

RICHARD HOVEY

1864-1900

I do not know beneath what sky
Nor on what seas shall be thy fate,
I only know it shall be high,
I only know it shall be great *Unmanifest Destiny*

WILLIAM WALSHAM HOW

1823-1897

For all the Saints who from their labours rest,
Who Thee by faith before the world confess'd,
Thy Name, O Jesu, be for ever blest,
Alleluia!
E Nelson's Hymns For Saints' Days For All the Saints

And when the strife is fierce, the warfare long,
Steals on the ear the distant triumph-song,
And hearts are brave again, and arms are strong
Alleluia! *Ib*

From earth's wide bounds, from ocean's farthest coast,
Through gates of pearl streams in the countless host,
Singing to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Alleluia! *Ib*

O Lord, stretch forth thy mighty hand
And guard and bless our fatherland
Church Hymns, 1871 To Thee, Our God, We Fly

O Jesu, thou art standing
Outside the fast-closed door
Psalms and Hymns, 1867

Shame on us, Christian brethren,
His Name and sign who bear *Ib*

SAMUEL HOWARD

1710-1782

Gentle Shepherd, tell me where. *Song*

ELLEN CLEMENTINE HOWARTH

1827-1899

'Tis but a little faded flow'r,
But oh, how fondly dear!
'Twill bring me back one golden hour,
Through many a weary year
'Tis But a Little Faded Flower

JULIA WARD HOWE

1819-1910

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored
Battle Hymn of the American Republic

His truth is marching on *Ib*

Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer Him, be jubilant,
my feet! *Ib*

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born, across the sea,
With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me
As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men free. *Ib*

JAMES HOWELL

1594?-1666

Some hold translations not unlike to be
'The wrong side of a Turkey tapestry
Familiar Letters, bk 1, § 6

One hair of a woman can draw more than a hundred pair of oxen *Ib* bk ii, let 4

This life at best is but an inn,
And we the passengers *Ib* let 73

MARY HOWITT

1799-1888

Old England is our home and Englishmen are we,
Our tongue is known in every clime, our flag on every
sea

Old England Is Our Home

'Will you walk into my parlour?' said a spider to a fly
'Tis the prettiest little parlour that ever you did spy'

The Spider and the Fly

EDMOND HOYLE

1672-1769

When in doubt, win the trick

*Hoyle's Games Whist Twenty-four Short
Rules for Learners*

ELBERT HUBBARD

1859-1915

Heaven is largely a matter of digestion

A Thousand and One Epigrams, p 34

Life is just one damned thing after another

Ib p 137

THOMAS HUGHES

1822-1896

Life isn't all beer and skittles

Tom Brown's Schooldays, pt 1, ch 2

He never wants anything but what's right and fair,
only when you come to settle what's right and fair,
it's everything that he wants and nothing that you
want And that's his idea of a compromise Give
me the Brown compromise when I'm on his side

Ib pt II, ch 2

DAVID HUME

1711-1776

Avarice, the spur of industry

Essays Of Civil Liberty

A miracle may be accurately defined, a transgression
of a law of nature by a particular volition of the
Deity, or by the interposition of some invisible
agent

On Miracles pt 1, note

No testimony is sufficient to establish a miracle,
unless the testimony be of such a kind, that its
falseness would be more miraculous than the fact
which it endeavours to establish and even in that
case there is a mutual destruction of arguments,
and the superior only gives us an assurance suitable
to that degree of force which remains after de-
ducting the inferior

Ib pt 1

There is not to be found, in all history, any miracle
attested by a sufficient number of men, of such
unquestioned good sense, education, and learning,
as to secure us against all delusion in themselves,
of such undoubted integrity, as to place them
beyond all suspicion of any design to deceive

others, of such credit and reputation in the eyes
of mankind, as to have a great deal to lose in case
of their being detected in any falsehood, and at
the same time attesting facts, performed in such
a public manner, and in so celebrated a part of
the world, as to render the detection unavoidable

Ib pt 2

The usual propensity of mankind towards the
marvellous

Ib

The Christian religion not only was at first attended
with miracles, but even at this day cannot be
believed by any reasonable person without one
Mere reason is insufficient to convince us of its
veracity and whoever is moved by faith to assent
to it, is conscious of a continued miracle in his
own person, which subverts all the principles of
his understanding, and gives him a determination
to believe what is most contrary to custom and
experience

Ib

Custom, then, is the great guide of human life.

Inquiry Concerning Human Understanding, sec
5, pt 1

Never literary attempt was more unfortunate than my
Treatise of Human Nature It fell dead-born from
the press

My Own Life, ch 1.

Opposing one species of superstition to another, set
them a quarrelling, while we ourselves, during
their fury and contention, happily make our escape
into the calm, though obscure, regions of philo-
sophy

The Natural History of Religion

Though I throw out my speculations to entertain
the learned and metaphysical world, yet in other
things I do not think so differently from the rest
of the world as you imagine

Remark Alexander Carlyle's Autobiography

G W. HUNT

fl 1878

We don't want to fight, but, by jingo if we do,

We've got the ships, we've got the men, we've got the
money too

We've fought the Bear before, and while Britons shall
be true,

The Russians shall not have Constantinople

We Don't Want to Fight. Music Hall Song,
1878

JAMES HENRY LEIGH
HUNT

1784-1859

Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase!)

Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,

And saw, within the moonlight in his room,

Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,

An angel writing in a book of gold —

Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,

And to the presence in the room he said,

'What writest thou?' — The vision raised its head,

And with a look made of all sweet accord,

Answered, 'The names of those who love the Lord'

Abou Ben Adhem and the Angel

'I pray thee then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow-men' *Ib*
And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest *Ib*
'By God!' said Francis, 'rightly done!' and he rose
from where he sat
'No love,' quoth he, 'but vanity, sets love a task like
that' *The Glove and the Lions*

Green little vaulter in the sunny grass
To the Grasshopper and the Cricket
The laughing queen that caught the world's great
hands *The Nile*

If you become a nun, dear,
A friar I will be *The Nun*

Jenny kissed me when we met,
Jumping from the chair she sat in,
Time, you thief, who love to get
Sweets into your list, put that in
Say I'm weary, say I'm sad,
Say that health and wealth have mused me,
Say I'm growing old, but add,
Jenny kissed me *Rondeau*

Where the light woods go seaward from the town
The Story of Rimini, 1, 1 18

But most he loved a happy human face
Ib III, 1 110

The two divinest things this world has got,
A lovely woman in a rural spot! *Ib* 1 257

Places of nestling green, for poets made *Ib* 1 430

This Adonis in loveliness was a corpulent man of
fifty [George IV] *The Examiner*, 22 Mar 1812

ANNE HUNTER

1742-1821

My mother bids me bind my hair
With bands of rosy hue,
Tie up my sleeves with ribbons rare,
And lace my bodice blue
My Mother Bids Me Bind My Hair

FRANCIS HUTCHESON

1694-1746

Wisdom denotes the pursuing of the best ends by the
best means

*Inquiry into the Original of our Ideas of Beauty
and Virtue*, 1725 Treatise, I, sec v, § 18

That action is best, which procures the greatest happi-
ness for the greatest numbers

Ib Treatise II *Concerning Moral Good and
Evil*, sec 3, § 8

ALDOUS LEONARD HUXLEY

1894-

But when the wearied Band
Swoons to a waltz, I take her hand,
And there we sit in peaceful calm,
Quietly sweating palm to palm *Frascati's*

Seated upon the convex mound
Of one vast kidney, Jonah prays
And sings his canticles and hymns,
Making the hollow vault resound
God's goodness and mysterious ways,
Till the great fish spouts music as he swims *Jonah*
Bewildered furrows deepen the Thunderer's scowl,
This world so vast, so variously foul—
Who can have made its ugliness? In what
Revolting fancy were the Forms begot
Of all these monsters? What strange deity—
So barbarously not a Greek was he? *Leda*
If, O my Lesbia, I should commit,
Not fornication, dear, but suicide,
My Thames-blown body, (Pliny vouches it)
Would drift face upwards on the oily tide
With the other garbage, till it putrefied
The Second Philosopher's Song

Your maiden modesty would float face down,
And men would weep upon your hinder parts *Ib*
Beauty for some provides escape,
Who gain a happiness in eyeing
The gorgeous buttocks of the ape
Or Autumn sunsets exquisitely dying
The Ninth Philosopher's Song

Then brim the bowl with atrabilious liquor!
We'll pledge our Empire vast across the flood
For Blood, as all men know, than water's thicker,
But water's wider, thank the Lord, than Blood *Ib*
Votaries of the copulative cult
Soles Occidere et Redire Possunt

Food and drink, food and drink
Olives as firm and sleek and green
As the breasts of a sea-god's daughter,
Swimming far down where the corpses sink
Through the dense shadowy water
Silver and black on flank and back,
The glossy sardine mourns its head
The red anchovy and the beetroot red,
With carrots build a gorgeous stair—
Bronze, apoplexy and Venetian hair—
And the green pillar of the salad round
Sharpens their clarion sound
De lady take hors d'œuvres? and de gentleman
too?
Per duel! Due! Echo answers Du' *Ib* ix

THOMAS HENRY HUXLEY

1825-1895

The chess-board is the world, the pieces are the
phenomena of the universe, the rules of the game
are what we call the laws of Nature The player on
the other side is hidden from us We know that
his play is always fair, just, and patient But also
we know, to our cost, that he never overlooks a
mistake, or makes the smallest allowance for igno-
rance

Lay Sermons, &c, III *A Liberal Education*
If some great Power would agree to make me always
think what is true and do what is right, on con-
dition of being turned into a sort of clock and
wound up every morning before I got out of bed,
I should instantly close with the offer
*On Descartes' Discourse on Method Method &
Results* IV

- a** **EARL OF CLARENDON** **ANDREW JACKSON** **b**
- The great end of life is not knowledge but action
Science & Culture, III *Technical Education* **Ib**
- Logical consequences are the scarecrows of fools and
the beacons of wise men **Ib**
- Ib* ix *On the Hypothesis that Animals are Automata* **Ib**
- Irrationally held truths may be more harmful than
reasoned errors **Ib**
- Ib* xii *The Coming of Age of the Origin of Species* **Ib**
- It is the customary fate of new truths to begin as
heresies and to end as superstitions **Ib**
- I took thought, and invented what I conceived to be
the appropriate title of 'agnostic'
Science and Christian Tradition, ch 7
- EDWARD HYDE**
EARL OF CLARENDON
1609-1674
- Without question, when he [Hampden] first drew the
sword, he threw away the scabbard
History of the Great Rebellion, III vii 84
- He [Hampden] had a head to contrive, a tongue to
persuade, and a hand to execute any mischief **Ib**
- He [Falkland] would, with a shrill and sad accent,
ingeminate the word *Peace, Peace* **Ib** 233
- WILLIAM RALPH INGE**
1860-
- Literature flourishes best when it is half a trade and
half an art
The Victorian Age (1922), p 49
- A man may build himself a throne of bayonets, but
he cannot sit on it
Marchant, Wit and Wisdom of Dean Inge, No
108
- The nations which have put mankind and posterity
most in their debt have been small states—Israel,
Athens, Florence, Elizabethan England **Ib** No 181
- JEAN INGELow**
1820-1897
- But two are walking apart for ever,
And wave their hands for a mute farewell
Divided
- When sparrows build, and the leaves break forth,
My old sorrow wakes and cries
Supper at the Mill
- Play up 'The Brides of Enderby'
The High Tide on the Coast of Lincolnshire,
1571
- Come up Whitefoot, come up Lightfoot,
Come up Jetty, rise and follow,
Jetty, to the milking shed **Ib**
- A sweeter woman ne'er drew breath
Than my son's wife, Elizabeth **Ib**
- And awesome bells they were to me,
That in the dark rang 'Enderby' **Ib**
- That flow strewed wrecks about the grass,
That ebb swept out the flocks to sea,
A fatal ebb and flow, alas!
To many more than mine and me **Ib**
- ROBERT GREENE**
INGERSOLL
1833-1899
- An honest God is the noblest work of man
Gods, pt 1, p 2.
- In nature there are neither rewards nor punishments
—there are consequences
Lectures & Essays, 3rd Series, *Some Reasons*
Why, viii
- JOHN KELLS INGRAM**
1823-1907
- Who fears to speak of Ninety-Eight?
The Nation, April 1843
- WASHINGTON IRVING**
1783-1859
- A tart temper never mellows with age, and a sharp
tongue is the only edged tool that grows keener
with constant use *Rip Van Winkle*.
- They who drink beer will think beer
The Sketch Book Stratford
- A woman's whole life is a history of the affections
Ib *The Broken Heart*
- Free-livers on a small scale, who are prodigal within
the compass of a guinea *The Stout Gentleman*
- I am always at a loss to know how much to believe of
my own stories
Tales of a Traveller, To the Reader
- There is a certain relief in change, even though it be
from bad to worse, as I have found in travelling in
a stage-coach, that it is often a comfort to shift
one's position and be bruised in a new place **Ib**
- The almighty dollar, that great object of universal
devotion throughout our land, seems to have no
genuine devotees in these peculiar villages
Wolfert's Roost The Creole Village
- ANDREW JACKSON**
1767-1845
- You are uneasy, you never sailed with me before, I see
J Parton's Life of Jackson, vol III, ch 35
- Our Federal Union it must be preserved
Toast given on the Jefferson Birthday Celebration
13 Apr 1830 Benton, *Thirty Years' View*,
vol 1

a

CARRIE JACOBS-BOND

1862-

When you come to the end of a perfect day
Roads of Melody (1927) *A Perfect Day*

RICHARD JAGO

1715-1781

With leaden foot time creeps along
 While Delia is away.

Absence With Leaden Foot

JAMES I OF ENGLAND AND VI OF SCOTLAND

1566-1625

A branch of the sin of drunkenness, which is the root
 of all sins

A Counterblast to Tobacco (1604)

A custom loathsome to the eye, hateful to the nose,
 harmful to the brain, dangerous to the lungs, and
 in the black, stinking fume thereof, nearest re-
 sembling the horrible Stygian smoke of the pit that
 is bottomless *Ib.*

Herein is not only a great vanity, but a great contempt
 of God's good gifts, that the sweetness of man's
 breath, being a good gift of God, should be wilfully
 corrupted by this stinking smoke. *Ib.*

The wisest fool in Christendom [James]
*Ascribed to Henry IV of France in Green's
 Short History of the English People* (1888), p
 477

HENRY JAMES

1843-1916

It takes a great deal of history to produce a little
 literature *Life of Nathaniel Hawthorne*

[Thoreau] was worse than provincial—he was
 parochial *Ib* ch 4

Dramatise, dramatise!

Prefaces Altar of the Dead, and elsewhere

The note I wanted, that of the strange and sinister
 embroidered on the very type of the normal and
 easy. *Ib*

The terrible fluidity of self-revelation

Ib The Ambassadors

The deep well of unconscious cerebration.

Ib The American

The historian, essentially, wants more documents
 than he can really use, the dramatist only wants
 more liberties than he can really take

Ib The Aspern Papers, &c

I have always fondly remembered a remark that I
 heard fall years ago from the lips of Ivan Turgeneff
 in regard to his own experience of the usual origin
 of the fictive picture. It began for him almost

THOMAS JEFFERSON

b

always with the vision of some person or persons,
 who hovered before him, soliciting him, as the
 active or passive figure, interesting him, and appeal-
 ing to him just as they were and by what they were.
 He saw them in that fashion, as *disposables*, saw
 them subject to the chances, the complications of
 existence, and saw them vividly, but then had to
 find for them the right relations, those that would
 bring them out

Ib The Portrait of a Lady

The fatal futility of Fact

Ib The Spoils of Poynton, &c

The only obligation to which in advance we may
 hold a novel, without incurring the accusation of
 being arbitrary, is that it be interesting

The Art of Fiction Partial Portraits

Experience is never limited, and it is never com-
 plete, it is an immense sensibility, a kind of huge
 spider-web of the finest silken threads suspended
 in the chamber of consciousness, and catching
 every air-borne particle in its tissue. *Ib*

What is character but the determination of incident?
 what is incident but the illustration of character?

Ib

We must grant the artist his subject, his idea, his
donné our criticism is applied only to what he
 makes of it *Ib*

Vercker's secret, my dear man—the general intention
 of his books the string the pearls were strung on,
 the buried treasure, the figure in the carpet.

The Figure in the Carpet, ch 11

Cats and monkeys, monkeys and cats—all human
 life is there. *The Madonna of the Future*

Tennyson was not Tennysonian

The Middle Years

'Print it as it stands—beautifully'

Temptations The Death of the Lion, x

THOMAS JEFFERSON

1743-1826

In the full tide of successful experiment

First Inaugural Address, 4 March 1801.

Peace, commerce, and honest friendship with all
 nations—entangling alliances with none. *Ib*

A little rebellion now and then is a good thing

Letter to James Madison, 30 Jan 1787

The tree of liberty must be refreshed from time to
 time with the blood of patriots and tyrants. It is its
 natural manure.

Ib To W S Smith, 13 Nov 1787

Whenever a man has cast a longing eye on them
 [offices], a rottenness begins in his conduct

Ib To Tench Cox, 1799

To seek out the best through the whole Union, we
 must resort to other information, which, from the
 best of men, acting disinterestedly and with the
 purest motives, is sometimes incorrect

*Letter to Elias Shipman and others of New
 Haven, 12 July, 1801*

If a due participation of office is a matter of right, how are vacancies to be obtained? Those by death are few, by resignation, none

[Usually quoted, 'Few die and none resign'] Ib

Indeed I tremble for my country when I reflect that God is just

Notes on Virginia, Query xviii Manners

When a man assumes a public trust, he should consider himself as public property

Remark to Baron von Humboldt, 1807. *Rayner's Life of Jefferson*, p 356

No duty the Executive had to perform was so trying as to put the right man in the right place

J B MacMaster, *History of the People of the U S*, vol 11, ch 13, p 586

CHARLES JEFFERYS

1807-1865

I have heard the mavis singing

His love-song to the morn,

I have seen the dew-dropping clinging

To the rose just newly born. *Mary of Argyle*

The bud is on the bough again,

The leaf is on the tree

The Meeting of Spring and Summer

FRANCIS LORD JEFFREY

1773-1850

This will never do

On Wordsworth's 'Excursion'. *Edinburgh Review*, Nov 1814, p 1.

SOAME JENYNS

1704-1787

A fair where thousands meet, but none can stay,

An inn where travellers but, then post away.

The Immortality of the Soul, bk 1, l 399
Tr from the Latin of Isaac Hawkins Browne,
1705-60

JEROME KLAPKA JEROME

1859-1927

It is impossible to enjoy idling thoroughly unless one has plenty of work to do

Idle Thoughts of an Idle Fellow On Being Idle

Love is like the measles, we all have to go through it

Ib On Being in Love

I like work it fascinates me I can sit and look at it for hours I love to keep it by me the idea of getting rid of it nearly breaks my heart

Three Men in a Boat, ch 15

DOUGLAS WILLIAM JERROLD

1803-1857

Honest bread is very well—it's the butter that makes the temptation

The Catspaw, Act III

Religion's in the heart, not in the knees

The Devil's Ducat, I 11.

He is one of those wise philanthropists who, in a time of famine, would vote for nothing but a supply of toothpicks

Wit and Opinions of Douglas Jerrold (1859), p 2 *A Philanthropist*

Love's like the measles—all the worse when it comes late in life

Ib p 6

The best thing I know between France and England is—the sea

Ib p 13 *The Anglo-French Alliance*

That fellow would vulgarize the day of judgment

Ib *A Comic Author*

The ugliest of trades have their moments of pleasure

Now, if I were a grave-digger, or even a hangman, there are some people I could work for with a great deal of enjoyment

Ib p 14 *Ugly Trades*

Earth is here [Australia] so kind, that just tickle her with a hoe and she laughs with a harvest

Ib *A Land of Plenty*.

Some people are so fond of ill-luck that they run half-way to meet it

Ib *Meeting Troubles Half-way*

He was so good he would pour rose-water over a toad

Ib p 17 *A Charitable Man*

Talk to him of Jacob's ladder, and he would ask the number of the steps

Ib p 29 *A Matter-of-fact Man*

We love peace, as we abhor pusillanimity, but not peace at any price There is a peace more destructive of the manhood of living man than war is destructive of his material body Chains are worse than bayonets

Ib p 155 *Peace*

If an earthquake were to engulf England to-morrow, the English would manage to meet and dine somewhere among the rubbish, just to celebrate the event

Remark Blanchard Jerrold's Life of D Jerrold, ch 14

The only athletic sport I ever mastered was backgammon

W Jerrold, *Douglas Jerrold* (1914), vol 1, ch 1, p 22

JOHN JEWEL

1522-1571

In old time we had teen chalice and golden priests, but now we have teen priests and golden chalices

Certain Sermons Preached Before the Queen's Majesty, 1609, p 176

ANDREW JOHNSON

1808-1875

We are swinging round the circle

Speech on the Presidential Reconstruction, August 1866

LIONEL PIGOT JOHNSON

1867-1902

There Shelley dream'd his white Platonic dreams
Oxford

In her ears the chime
Of full, sad bells brings back her old springtide Ib

I know you solitary griefs,
Desolate passions, aching hours
The Precept of Silence

The saddest of all Kings
Crown'd, and again disown'd
By the Statue of King Charles I at Charing Cross

Stars in their stations set,
And every wandering star Ib

The fair and fatal King Ib

Speak after sentence? Yea
And to the end of time Ib

King, tried in fires of woe!
Men hunger for thy grace
And through the night I go,
Loving thy mournful face Ib.

PHILANDER CHASE
JOHNSON

1866-

Cheer up, the worst is yet to come
Shooting Stars See Everybody's Magazine,
May, 1920

SAMUEL JOHNSON

1709-1784

The rod produces an effect which terminates in itself
A child is afraid of being whipped, and gets his
task, and there's an end on't, whereas, by exciting
emulation and comparisons of superiority, you lay
the foundation of lasting mischief, you make
brothers and sisters hate each other
Boswell's Life of Johnson (L F Powell's
revision of G B Hill's edition), vol 1, p 46

Johnson I had no notion that I was wrong or irrever-
ent to my tutor

Boswell That, Sir, was great fortitude of mind

Johnson No, Sir, stark insensibility
Ib p 60. 5th Nov 1728

Sir, we are a nest of singing birds Ib p 75 1730

If you call a dog Hervey, I shall love him
Ib p 106 1737

My old friend, Mrs Carter, could make a pudding, as
well as translate Epictetus Ib p 123 n. 1738

Sleep, undisturb'd, within this peaceful shrine,
Till angels wake thee with a note like thine!
Ib p 149 1741

Great George's acts let tuneful Cibber sing;
For Nature form'd the Poet for the King Ib

Tom Birch is as brisk as a bee in conversation, but
no sooner does he take a pen in his hand, than it
becomes a torpedo to him, and benumbs all his
faculties Ib p 159 1743

[When asked how he felt upon the ill success of *Irene*]
Like the Monument Ib p 199 Feb 1799

I'll come no more behind your scenes, David, for the
silk stockings and white bosoms of your actresses
excite my amorous propensities Ib p 201 1750

A man may write at any time, if he will set himself
doggedly to it Ib p 203 Mar 1750

[Of F Lewis]
Sir, he lived in London, and hung loose upon society
Ib p 226 1750

[To Beauclerk]
Thy body is all vice, and thy mind all virtue
Ib p 250. 1752

[On being knocked up at 3 a m by Beauclerk and
Langton]

What, is it you, you dogs! I'll have a frisk with you Ib

Wretched un-idea'd girls Ib p 251 1753

I had done all I could, and no man is well pleased to
have his all neglected, be it ever so little
Ib p 261 Letter to Lord Chesterfield, 7 Feb
1755

The shepherd in Virgil grew at last acquainted with
Love, and found him a native of the rocks Ib

Is not a Patron, my Lord, one who looks with un-
concern on a man struggling for life in the water,
and, when he has reached ground, encumbers him
with help? The notice which you have been
pleased to take of my labours, had it been early,
had been kind, but it has been delayed till I am
indifferent, and cannot enjoy it, till I am solitary,
and cannot impart it, till I am known, and do not
want it Ib

[Of Lord Chesterfield]
This man I thought had been a Lord among wits,
but, I find, he is only a wit among Lords
Ib p 266 1754

[Of Lord Chesterfield's Letters]
They teach the morals of a whore, and the manners
of a dancing master Ib

[Of Bolingbroke and his editor, Mallet]
Sir, he was a scoundrel, and a coward a scoundrel,
for charging a blunderbuss against religion and
morality, a coward, because he had not resolution
to fire it off himself, but left half a crown to a
beggarly Scotchman, to draw the trigger after his
death! Ib p 268 6 Mar 1754

Mr Millar, bookseller, undertook the publication of
Johnson's Dictionary When the messenger who
carried the last sheet to Millar returned, Johnson
asked him, 'Well, what did he say?' 'Sir,' answered
the messenger, 'he said, thank God I have done
with him'

'I am glad', replied Johnson, with a smile, 'that he
thinks God for any thing' Ib p 287 April 1755

I respect Millar, Sir, he has raised the price of litera-
ture Ib p 288 1755

There are two things which I am confident I can do
very well one is an introduction to any literary
work, stating what it is to contain, and how it
should be executed in the most perfect manner,
the other is a conclusion, shewing from various
causes why the execution has not been equal to
what the author promised to himself and to the
public Ib p 292 1755

[When asked by a lady why he defined 'pastern' as the 'knee' of a horse, in his Dictionary]

Ignorance, madam, pure ignorance *Ib* p 293 1755

Lexicographer a writer of dictionaries, a harmless drudge *Ib* p 296 1755.

I have protracted my work till most of those whom I wished to please have sunk into the grave, and success and miscarriage are empty sounds

Ib p 297 1755

A man, Sir, should keep his friendship in constant repair. *Ib* p 300 1755

The booksellers are generous liberal-minded men

Ib p 304 1756

The worst of Warburton is, that he has a rage for saying something, when there's nothing to be said

Ib p 329 1758

No man will be a sailor who has contrivance enough to get himself into a jail, for being in a ship is being in a jail, with the chance of being drowned. A man in a jail has more room, better food, and commonly better company *Ib* p 348 16 Mar 1759

'Are you a botanist, Dr Johnson?'

'No, Sir, I am not a botanist, and (alluding, no doubt, to his near sightedness) should I wish to become a botanist, I must first turn myself into a reptile'

Ib p 377 20 July 1762

Boswell I do indeed come from Scotland, but I cannot help it.

Johnson That, Sir, I find, is what a very great many of your countrymen cannot help

Ib p 392 16 May 1763

[On Dr Blair's asking whether any man of a modern age could have written *Ossian*]

Yes, Sir, many men, many women, and many children *Ib* p 396 24 May 1763

Sir, it was like leading one to talk of a book when the author is concealed behind the door *Ib*

He insisted on people praying with him, and I'd as lief pray with Kit Smart as any one else

Ib p 397 24 May 1763

[Of Kit Smart]

He did not love clean linen, and I have no passion for it *Ib*

[Of literary criticism]

You may scold a carpenter who has made you a bad table, though you cannot make a table. It is not your trade to make tables *Ib* p 409 25 June 1763

[Of Dr John Campbell]

I am afraid he has not been in the inside of a church for many years, but he never passes a church without pulling off his hat. This shews that he has good principles *Ib* p 418 1 July 1763

[Of Dr John Campbell]

He is the richest author that ever grazed the common of literature *Ib* n

Norway, too, has noble wild prospects, and Lapland is remarkable for prodigious noble wild prospects. But, Sir, let me tell you, the noblest prospect which a Scotchman ever sees, is the high road that leads him to England! *Ib* p 425 6 July 1763

A man ought to read just as inclination leads him; for what he reads as a task will do him little good

Ib p 428 14 July 1763

But if he does really think that there is no distinction between virtue and vice, why, Sir, when he leaves our houses let us count our spoons

Ib p 432 14 July 1763

Truth, Sir, is a cow, which will yield such people [sceptics] no more milk, and so they are gone to milk the bull *Ib* p 444 21 July 1763

Your levellers wish to level down as far as themselves, but they cannot bear levelling up to themselves

Ib p 448 21 July 1763

Sir, it is no matter what you teach them [children] first, any more than what leg you shall put into your breeches first *Ib* p 452 26 July 1763

Why, Sir, Sherry [Thomas Sheridan] is dull, naturally dull, but it must have taken him a great deal of pains to become what we now see him. Such an excess of stupidity, Sir, is not in Nature

Ib p 453 28 July 1763

[Of Sheridan's influence on the English language]

Sir, it is burning a farthing candle at Dover, to shew light at Calais *Ib* p 454 28 July 1763

Sir, a woman's preaching is like a dog's walking on his hinder legs. It is not done well, but you are surprised to find it done at all

Ib p 463 31 July 1763

I look upon it, that he who does not mind his belly will hardly mind anything else

Ib p 467 5 Aug 1763

This was a good dinner enough, to be sure, but it was not a dinner to ask a man to

Ib p 470 5 Aug 1763

Sir, we could not have had a better dinner had there been a *Synod of Cooks* *Ib*

[Talking of Bishop Berkeley's theory of the non-existence of matter, Boswell observed that though they were satisfied it was not true, they were unable to refute it. Johnson struck his foot against a large stone, till he rebounded from it, saying]

I refute it *thus*. *Ib* p 471 6 Aug 1763

[Of Sir John Hawkins]

A very unclubbable man *Ib* p 480 n 1764

Our tastes greatly alter. The lad does not care for the child's rattle, and the old man does not care for the young man's whore

Ib vol II, p 14 Spring, 1766

It was not for me to bandy civilities with my Sovereign *Ib* p 35 Feb 1767

Johnson Well, we had a good talk

Boswell Yes, Sir, you tossed and gored several persons *Ib* p 66 1769

Let me smile with the wise, and feed with the rich *Ib* p 79 6 Oct 1769

Sir, We know our will is free, and *there's* an end on't *Ib* p 82 16 Oct 1769.

Inspissated gloom *Ib*

I do not know, Sir, that the fellow is an infidel, but if he be an infidel, he is an infidel as a dog is an infidel, that is to say, he has never thought upon the subject *Ib* p 95 19 Oct 1769.

I would not coddle the child *Ib* p 101 26 Oct 1769.

Boswell So, Sir, you laugh at schemes of political improvement?

Johnson Why, Sir, most schemes of political improvement are very laughable things

Boswell's Life of Johnson, vol 11, p 102 26 Oct. 1769

It matters not how a man dies, but how he lives

Ib p 106 26 Oct 1769

Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*, he said, was the only book that ever took him out of bed two hours sooner than he wished to rise *Ib* p 121 1770

[On Jonas Hanway, who followed his *Travels to Persia with An Eight Day's Journey from London to Portsmouth*]

Jonas acquired some reputation by travelling abroad, but lost it all by travelling at home

Ib p 122 1770

That fellow seems to me to possess but one idea, and that is a wrong one *Ib* p 126 1770

A gentleman who had been very unhappy in marriage, married immediately after his wife died *Johnson* said, it was the triumph of hope over experience *Ib* p 128 1770

Every man has a lurking wish to appear considerable in his native place

Ib p 141 *Letter to Sir Joshua Reynolds*, 17 July 1771

Nobody can write the life of a man, but those who have eat and drunk and lived in social intercourse with him *Ib* p 166 31 Mar 1772

I would not give half a guinea to live under one form of government rather than another. It is of no moment to the happiness of an individual

Ib p 170 31 Mar 1772

[To Sir Adam Fergusson]

Sir, I perceive you are a vile Whig *Ib*

There is a remedy in human nature against tyranny, that will keep us safe under every form of government *Ib*

A man who is good enough to go to heaven, is good enough to be a clergyman *Ib* p 171 5 Apr 1772

Sir, there is more knowledge of the heart in one letter of Richardson's, than in all *Tom Jones*

Ib p 174 6 Apr 1772

Why, Sir, if you were to read Richardson for the story, your impatience would be so much fretted that you would hang yourself

Ib p 175 6 Apr 1772

[On Lord Mansfield, who was educated in England] Much may be made of a Scotchman, if he be caught young *Ib* p 194 Spring 1772

[On Goldsmith's apology in the *London Chronicle* for beating Evans the bookseller]

It is a foolish thing well done

Ib p 210 3 Apr 1773

Elphinston What, have you not read it through?

Johnson No, Sir, do you read books through?

Ib p 226 19 Apr 1773

[Quoting a college tutor]

Read over your compositions, and where ever you meet with a passage which you think is particularly fine, strike it out *Ib* p 237 30 Apr 1773

He [Goldsmith] is now writing a Natural History and will make it as entertaining as a Persian Tale *Ib*

[Of Lady Diana Beauclerk]

The woman's a whore, and there's an end on't

Ib p 247 7 May 1773

I hope I shall never be deterred from detecting what

I think a cheat, by the menaces of a ruffian

Ib p 298 *Letter to James Macpherson*, 20 Jan 1775

[To Dr Barnard, Bishop of Killaloe]

The Irish are a fair people,—they never speak well of one another *Ib* p 307 1775

[To William Strahan]

There are few ways in which a man can be more innocently employed than in getting money

Ib p 323 27 Mar 1775

He [Thomas Gray] was dull in a new way, and that made many people think him great

Ib p 327 28 Mar 1775

I never think I have hit hard, unless it rebounds

Ib p 335 2 Apr 1775

I think the full tide of human existence is at Charing-Cross

Ib p 337 2 Apr 1775

Most vices may be committed very genteelly a man may debauch his friend's wife genteelly he may cheat at cards genteelly *Ib* p 340 6 Apr 1775

George the First knew nothing, and desired to know nothing, did nothing, and desired to do nothing, and the only good thing that is told of him is, that he wished to restore the crown to its hereditary successor *Ib* p 342 6 Apr 1775

A man will turn over half a library to make one book

Ib p 344 6 Apr 1775

Patriotism is the last refuge of a scoundrel

Ib p 348 7 Apr 1775

That is the happiest conversation where there is no competition, no vanity, but a calm quiet interchange of sentiments *Ib* p 359 14 Apr 1775

[On the Scotch]

Their learning is like bread in a besieged town every man gets a little, but no man gets a full meal

Ib p 363 18 Apr 1775

Knowledge is of two kinds We know a subject ourselves, or we know where we can find information upon it *Ib* p 365 18 Apr 1775

In lapidary inscriptions a man is not upon oath

Ib p 407 1775

There is now less flogging in our great schools than formerly, but then less is learned there, so that what the boys get at one end they lose at the other *Ib*

When men come to like a sea-life, they are not fit to live on land *Ib* p 438 18 Mar 1776.

Sir, it is a great thing to dine with the Canons of Christ-Church *Ib* p 445 20 Mar 1776

There is nothing which has yet been contrived by man, by which so much happiness is produced as by a good tavern or inn

Ib p 452 21 Mar 1776.

Marriages would in general be as happy, and often more so, if they were all made by the Lord Chancellor

Boswell's *Life of Johnson*, vol II, p 461.
22 Mar 1776

Questioning is not the mode of conversation among gentlemen *Ib* p 472 Mar 1776.

Fine clothes are good only as they supply the want of other means of procuring respect
Ib p 475 27 Mar 1776

[Johnson had observed that a man is never happy for the present, but when he is drunk, and Boswell said 'Will you not add,—or when driving rapidly in a post-chaise?']

No, Sir, you are driving rapidly from something, or to something *Ib* vol III, p 5 29 Mar 1776

If a madman were to come into this room with a stick in his hand, no doubt he should pity the state of his mind, but our primary consideration would be to take care of ourselves. We should knock him down first, and pity him afterwards *Ib* p 11 3 Apr 1776

Consider, Sir, how should you like, though conscious of your innocence, to be tried before a jury for a capital crime, once a week *Ib*

We would all budge if we could *Ib* p 13 3 Apr 1776

No man but a blockhead ever wrote, except for money *Ib* p 19 5 Apr 1776

His [Lord Shelburne's] parts, Sir, are pretty well for a Lord, but would not be distinguished in a man who had nothing else but his parts
Ib p 35 11 Apr 1776

A man who has not been in Italy, is always conscious of an inferiority *Ib* p 36 11 Apr 1776

'Does not Gray's poetry tower above the common mark?'

'Yes, Sir, but we must attend to the difference between what men in general cannot do if they would, and what every man may do if he would. Sixteen-string Jack towered above the common mark.'
Ib p 38 12 Apr 1776

'Sir, what is poetry?'

'Why, Sir, it is much easier to say what it is not. We all know what light is, but it is not easy to tell what it is' *Ib*

[To Mrs Thrale, who had interrupted him and Boswell by a lively extravagant sally on the expense of clothing children]

Nay, Madam, when you are declaiming, declaim, and when you are calculating, calculate
Ib p 49 26 Apr 1776

Every man of any education would rather be called a rascal, than accused of deficiency in the graces
Ib p 54. May 1776

Sir, you have but two topics, yourself and me. I am sick of both *Ib* p 57 May 1776

Dine with Jack Wilkes, Sir! I'd as soon dine with Jack Ketch *Ib* p 66 15 May 1776

Sir, it is not so much to be lamented that Old England is lost, as that the Scotch have found it
Ib p 78 15 May 1776

Olivarum Goldsmith, Poetae, Physici, Historici, Qui nullum fere scribendi genus non tetigit, Nullum quod tetigit non ornavit

[To Oliver Goldsmith, A Poet, Naturalist, and Historian, who left scarcely any style of writing untouched, and touched nothing that he did not adorn]

Ib p 82. 22 June 1776 Epitaph on Goldsmith.

That distrust which intrudes so often on your mind is a mode of melancholy, which, if it be the business of a wise man to be happy, it is foolish to indulge, and if it be a duty to preserve our faculties entire for their proper use, it is criminal

Ib p 135 Letter to Boswell, 11 Sept 1777

If I had no duties, and no reference to futurity, I would spend my life in driving briskly in a post-chaise with a pretty woman

Ib p 162 19 Sept 1777

Depend upon it, Sir, when a man knows he is to be hanged in a fortnight, it concentrates his mind wonderfully *Ib* p 167 19 Sept. 1777.

No, Sir, when a man is tired of London, he is tired of life, for there is in London all that life can afford.
Ib p 178 20 Sept 1777

He was so generally civil, that nobody thanked him for it *Ib* p 183 21 Sept 1777

He who praises everybody praises nobody.

Ib p 225 n

Round numbers are always false.

Ib p 226, n 4 30 Mar. 1778 Wks 1787,

[Of the appearance of the spirit of a person after death]

All argument is against it, but all belief is for it

Ib p. 230 31 Mar 1776.

John Wesley's conversation is good, but he is never at leisure. He is always obliged to go at a certain hour. This is very disagreeable to a man who loves to fold his legs and have out his talk, as I do. *Ib*

Though we cannot out-vote them we will out-argue them *Ib* p 234 3 Apr 1778

[To a clergyman who asked 'Were not Dodd's sermons addressed to the passions?']

They were nothing, Sir, be they addressed to what they may *Ib* p 248 7 Apr 1778

Seeing Scotland, Madam, is only seeing a worse England *Ib*

Goldsmith, however, was a man, who, whatever he wrote, did it better than any other man could do.
Ib p 253 9 Apr 1778.

Every man thinks meanly of himself for not having been a soldier, or not having been at sea
Ib p 265 10 Apr 1778.

A mere antiquarian is a rugged being

Ib p 278 Letter to Boswell, 23 Apr 1778.

Johnson had said that he could repeat a complete chapter of 'The Natural History of Iceland', from the Danish of Horrebow, the whole of which was exactly thus — 'CHAP LXII Concerning snakes. "There are no snakes to be met with throughout the whole island' *Ib* p 279 13 Apr. 1778.

A country governed by a despot is an inverted cone
Boswell's *Life of Johnson*, vol iii, p 283
14 Apr 1778

I am willing to love all mankind, *except an American*
Ib p 290 15 Apr 1778

As the Spanish proverb says, 'He, who would bring home the wealth of the Indies, must carry the wealth of the Indies with him' So it is in travelling, a man must carry knowledge with him, if he would bring home knowledge

Ib p 302 17 Apr 1778

All censure of a man's self is oblique praise It is in order to shew how much he can spare

Ib p 323 25 Apr 1778

[On Boswell's expressing surprise at finding a Staffordshire Whig]

Sir, there are rascals in all countries

Ib p 326 28 Apr 1778

I have always said, the first Whig was the Devil Ib

It is thus that mutual cowardice keeps us in peace
Were one half of mankind brave and one half cowards, the brave would be always beating the cowards
Were all brave, they would lead a very uneasy life, all would be continually fighting, but being all cowards, we go on very well Ib

The King of Siam sent ambassadors to Louis XIV, but Louis XIV sent none to the King of Siam

Ib p 336 29 Apr 1776

Were it not for imagination, Sir, a man would be as happy in the arms of a chambermaid as of a Duchess
Ib p 341 9 May 1778

Dr Mead lived more in the broad sunshine of life than almost any man

Ib p 355 16 May 1778

Claret is the liquor for boys, port for men, but he who aspires to be a hero must drink brandy.

Ib p 381 7 Apr 1779

A man who exposes himself when he is intoxicated, has not the art of getting drunk

Ib p 389 24 Apr 1779

Remember that all tricks are either knavish or childish

Ib p 396. *Letter to Boswell*, 9 Sept 1779

Boswell Is not the Giant's-Causeway worth seeing?
Johnson Worth seeing? yes, but not worth going to see

Ib p 410 12 Oct 1779

If you are idle, be not solitary, if you are solitary, be not idle

Ib p 415 *Letter to Boswell*, 27 Oct 1779

Sir, among the anfractuosities of the human mind, I know not if it may not be one, that there is a superstitious reluctance to sit for a picture

Ib vol iv, p 4 1780

[On being asked why Pope had written

Let modest Foster, if he will, excel
Ten metropolitans in preaching well]

Sir, he hoped it would vex somebody

Ib p 9 1780

A Frenchman must be always talking, whether he knows anything of the matter or not, an Englishman is content to say nothing, when he has nothing to say

Ib p 15 1780

Greek, Sir, is like lace, every man gets as much of it as he can

Ib p 23 1780

Are we alive after all this satire! Ib. p 29 1780

[Of Goldsmith]

No man was more foolish when he had not a pen in his hand, or more wise when he had

Ib p 29 1780

Mrs Montagu has dropt me Now, Sir, there are people whom one should like very well to drop, but would not wish to be dropped by

Ib p 73 Mar 1781.

This merriment of parsons is mighty offensive

Ib p 76 Mar. 1781

[Of Lord North]

He fills a chair.

Ib p 81 1 Apr 1781.

[At the sale of Thrale's brewery]

We are not here to sell a parcel of boilers and vats, but the potentiality of growing rich, beyond the dreams of avarice

Ib p 87 6 Apr 1781

'The woman had a bottom of good sense'

The word 'bottom' thus introduced, was so ludicrous, that most of us could not forbear tittering

'Where's the merriment? I say the woman was fundamentally sensible'

Ib p 99 20 Apr 1781

Classical quotation is the *parole* of literary men all over the world

Ib p 102 8 May 1781

[To Miss Monckton, afterwards Lady Corke, who said that Sterne's writings affected her]

Why, that is, because, dearest, you're a dunce

Ib p 109 May 1781

Sir, I have two very cogent reasons for not printing any list of subscribers,—one, that I have lost all the names,—the other, that I have spent all the money

Ib p 111 May 1763

My friend [Johnson] was of opinion, that when a man of rank appeared in that character [as an author], he deserved to have his merit handsomely allowed

Ib p 114 May 1781

A wise Tory and a wise Whig, I believe, will agree
Their principles are the same, though their modes of thinking are different

Ib p 117. *Written statement given to Boswell*, May 1781.

Officious, innocent, sincere,
Of every friendless name the friend

Yet still he fills affection's eye,
Obscurely wise, and coarsely kind

Ib p 127 20 Jan. 1782. On the death of Mr Levet

In Misery's darkest caverns known,
His ready help was ever nigh

Ib

His virtues walk'd their narrow round,
Nor made a pause, nor left a void,
And sure th' Eternal Master found
His single talent well employ'd

Ib

Then, with no throbs of fiery pain,
No cold gradations of decay,
Death broke at once the vital chain,
And freed his soul the nearest way

Ib.

I never have sought the world, the world was not to seek me

Boswell's *Life of Johnson*, vol iv, p 172
23 Mar 1783

Thurlow is a fine fellow, he fairly puts his mind to yours *Ib* p 179 1783

[Of Ossian]

Sir, a man might write such stuff for ever, if he would abandon his mind to it *Ib* p 183 1783

[When Dr Adam Smith was expatiating on the beauty of Glasgow, Johnson had cut him short by saying 'Pray, Sir, have you ever seen Brentford?']

Boswell My dear Sir, surely that was *shocking*?

Johnson Why, then, Sir, you have never seen Brentford *Ib* p 186 1783

[To Maurice Morgann who asked him whether he reckoned Derrick or Smart the better poet]

Sir, there is no settling the point of predecey between a louse and a flea *Ib* p 192 1783

When I observed he was a fine cat, saying, 'why yes, Sir, but I have had cats whom I liked better than this', and then as if perceiving Hodge to be out of countenance, adding, 'but he is a very fine cat, a very fine cat indeed' *Ib* p 197 1783

[Johnson had said 'public affairs vex no man', and Boswell had suggested that the growing power of the Whigs vexed Johnson]

Sir, I have never slept an hour less, nor eat an ounce less meat I would have knocked the factious dogs on the head, to be sure, but I was not *vexed*

Ib p 220 15 May 1783

Clear your mind of cant *Ib* p 221 15 May 1783

Sir, he is a cursed Whig, a *bottomless* Whig, as they all are now *Ib* p 223 26 May 1783

As I know more of mankind I expect less of them, and am ready now to call a man a *good man*, upon easier terms than I was formerly

Ib p 239 Sept 1783

Boswell is a very clubable man

Ib p 254 n 1783

[Of George Psalmanazar, whom he revered for his piety]

I should as soon think of contradicting a Bishop

Ib p 274 15 May 1784

[To Bennet Langton who brought him texts on Christian charity when he was ill]

What is your drift, Sir?

Ib p 281 30 May 1784

[On the roast mutton he had for dinner at an inn]

It is as bad as bad can be it is ill-fed, ill-killed, ill-kept, and ill-drest *Ib* p 284 3 June 1784

[To Miss Hannah More, who had expressed a wonder that the poet who had written *Paradise Lost* should write such poor Sonnets]

Milton, Madam, was a genius that could cut a Colossus from a rock, but could not carve heads upon cherry-stones *Ib* p 305 13 June 1784

Don't cant in defence of savages

Ib p 308 15 June 1784.

[On hearing the line in Brooke's *Earl of Essex*

'Who rules o'er freemen should himself be free']

It might as well be 'Who drives fat oxen should himself be fat' *Ib* p 313 June 1784

Sir, I have found you an argument, but I am not obliged to find you an understanding *Ib*

[On Sir Joshua Reynolds's observing that the real character of a man was found out by his amusements]

Yes, Sir, no man is a hypocrite in his pleasures

Ib p 316 June 1784

Blown about by every wind of criticism

Ib p 319 June 1784

Talking of the Comedy of 'The Rehearsal', he [Johnson] said, 'It has not wit enough to keep it sweet' This was easy,—he therefore caught himself, and pronounced a more rounded sentence, 'It has not vitality enough to preserve it from putrefaction' *Ib* p 320 June 1784

Who can run the race with Death?

Ib p 360 Letter to Dr Burney, 2 Aug 1784

Sir, I look upon every day to be lost, in which I do not make a new acquaintance *Ib* p 374 Nov 1784

I will be conquered, I will not capitulate *Ib*

Are you sick or are you sullen?

Ib p 380 Letter to Boswell, 3 Nov 1784

This world where much is to be done and little to be known

Johnsonian Miscellanies ed G B Hill (1897), vol 1 *Prayers and Meditations Against inquisitive and perplexing Thoughts*, p 118

Trick'd in antique ruff and bonnet,
Ode, and elegy, and sonnet

Ib *Anecdotes of Johnson* by Mrs Piozzi, p 190

Hermit hoar, in solemn cell,

Wearing out life's evening gray,

Strike thy bosom, sage! and tell

What is bliss, and which the way?

Thus I spoke, and speaking sigh'd,

Scarce repress'd the starting tear,

When the hoary Sage reply'd,

'Come, my lad, and drink some beer' *Ib* p 193

If the man who turnips cries,

Cry not when his father dies,

'Tis a proof that he had rather

Have a turnip than his father

Burlesque of Lopez de Vega's lines, 'Se acquien los leones vence', etc *Ib*

He [Charles James Fox] talked to me at club one day concerning Catline's conspiracy—so I withdrew my attention, and thought about Tom Thumb.

Ib p 202

Dear Bathurst (said he to me one day) was a man to my very heart's content he hated a fool, and he hated a rogue, and he hated a whig, he was a very good hater *Ib* p 204

[Of a Jamaica gentleman, then lately dead]

He will not, whether he is now gone find much difference, I believe, either in the climate or the company *Ib* p 211

Goldsmith Here's such a stir about a fellow that has written one book [Beattie's *Essay on Truth*], and I have written many

Johnson Ah, Doctor, there go two-and-forty six-pences you know to one guinea *Ib* p 269

It is very strange, and very melancholy, that the paucity of human pleasures should persuade us ever to call hunting one of them *Ib* p 288

You could not stand five minutes with that man [Edmund Burke] beneath a shed while it rained, but you must be convinced you had been standing with the greatest man you had ever yet seen *Ib* p 290

Johnson observed that 'he did not care to speak ill of any man behind his back, but he believed the gentleman was an attorney' *Ib* p 327, note

Was there ever yet anything written by mere man that was wished longer by its readers, excepting *Don Quixote*, *Robinson Crusoe*, and the *Pilgrim's Progress*? *Ib* p 332

[On his Parliamentary reports]

I took care that the *Whig Dogs* should not have the best of it
Ib *An Essay on Johnson*, by Arthur Murphy, p 379

Books that you may carry to the fire, and hold readily in your hand, are the most useful after all
Ib vol II *Apothegms from Hawkins's edition of Johnson's works*, p 2

A man is in general better pleased when he has a good dinner upon his table, than when his wife talks Greek *Ib* p. 11

I would rather see the portrait of a dog that I know, than all the allegorical paintings they can shew me in the world *Ib* p 15

There is a time of life, Sir, when a man requires the repairs of a table
Ib *Anecdotes by Joseph Cradock*, p 64

I have heard him assert, that a tavern chair was the throne of human felicity
Ib *Extracts from Hawkins' Life of Johnson*, p 91

I dogmatise and am contradicted, and in this conflict of opinions and sentiments I find delight *Ib* p 92

Abstinence is as easy to me, as temperance would be difficult *Ib* *Anecdotes by Hannah More*, p 197

Of music Dr Johnson used to say that it was the only sensual pleasure without vice
Ib *Anecdotes by William Seward*, p 301

[Of the performance of a celebrated violinist]

Difficult do you call it, Sir? I wish it were impossible *Ib* p 308

As with my hat upon my head

I walk'd along the Strand,

I there did meet another man

With his hat in his hand

Ib *Anecdotes by George Steevens*, p 315

Where you see a Whig you see a rascal

Ib *Minor Anecdotes of Dr Johnson*, p 393

Madam, before you flatter a man so grossly to his face, you should consider whether or not your flattery is worth his having

Remark to Hannah More *Mme D'Arblay's Diary and Letters* (1891), vol 1, ch II, p 55

Let him go abroad to a distant country, let him go to some place where he is not known Don't let him go to the devil where he is known!

Boswell's *Tour of the Hebrides*, 18 Aug, p 193

I wonder, however, that so many people have written who might have let it alone

Ib 19 Aug, p. 197

[To Boswell who would excuse Sir Alexander Gordon's boring of them by saying it was all kindness] True, Sir, but sensation is sensation

Ib 23 Aug, p 219

I inherited a vile melancholy from my father, which has made me mad all my life, at least not sober

Ib 26 Sept, p 302

I am always sorry when any language is lost, because languages are the pedigree of nations

Ib 18 Sept, p 310

[Johnson, railing against Scotland, said that the wine the Scots had before the Union would not make them drunk Boswell assured Johnson there was much drunkenness]

No, Sir, there were people who died of dropsies, which they contracted in trying to get drunk

Ib 23 Sept, p 326

I do not like much to see a Whig in any dress, but I hate to see a Whig in a parson's gown

Ib 26 Sept, p 331

The known style of a dedication is flattery it professes to flatter.

Ib 4 Oct, p 352

[Calling for a gill of whisky]

Come, let me know what it is that makes a Scotchman happy!

Ib 23 Oct, p 393

Sir, are you so grossly ignorant of human nature, as not to know that a man may be very sincere in good principles, without having good practice?

Ib 25 Oct, p 403

In all pointed sentences, some degree of accuracy must be sacrificed to conciseness

On the Bravery of the English Common Soldier Works (1787), vol x, p 286

I am not yet so lost in lexicography, as to forget that words are the daughters of earth, and that things are the sons of heaven

Dictionary of the English Language Preface

Every quotation contributes something to the stability or enlargement of the language *Ib*

But these were the dreams of a poet doomed at last to wake a lexicographer *Ib*

If the changes that we fear be thus irresistible, what remains but to acquiesce with silence, as in the other insurmountable distresses of humanity? It remains that we retard what we cannot repel, that we palliate what we cannot cure *Ib*

The chief glory of every people arises from its authors *Ib*

To make dictionaries is dull work

Ib Dull 8

Excuse A hateful tax levied upon commodities *Ib*

Oats A grain, which in England is generally given to horses, but in Scotland supports the people *Ib*

Patron Commonly a wretch who supports with insolence, and is paid with flattery *Ib*.

Pension An allowance made to anyone without an equivalent In England it is generally understood to mean pay given to a state hireling for treason to his country. *Ib*

Whig The name of a faction *Ib*

Every man is, or hopes to be, an idler
The Idler, No 1

When two Englishmen meet, their first talk is of the weather *Ib* No 11

Promise, large promise, is the soul of an advertisement. *Ib* No 41

He is no wise man who will quit a certainty for an uncertainty. *Ib* No 57

Unmov'd tho' wittingly sneer and rivals rail,
Studious to please, yet not asham'd to fail
Irene, *Prologue*

Learn that the present hour alone is man's
Ib III 11 33

At seventy-seven it is time to be in earnest
Journey to the Western Islands, Col, p 110

Whatever withdraws us from the power of our senses, whatever makes the past, the distant, or the future, predominate over the present, advances us in the dignity of thinking beings
Ib *Inch Kenneth*, p 134

How small, of all that human hearts endure,
That part which laws or kings can cause or cure!
Still to ourselves in every place consigned,
Our own felicity we make or find
With secret course, which no loud storms annoy,
Glides the smooth current of domestic joy
Lines added to Goldsmith's Traveller

Language is the dress of thought
Lives of the English Poets, ed G B Hill (1905), vol 1, Cowley, § 181, p 58.

An acrimonious and surly republican
Ib *Milton*, § 168, p 156

The great source of pleasure is variety
Ib *Butler*, § 35, p 122

The father of English criticism [Dryden]
Ib *Dryden*, § 193, p 410

But what are the hopes of man! I am disappointed by that stroke of death, which has eclipsed the gaiety of nations and impoverished the public stock of harmless pleasure (*Garrick's death*)
Ib vol 11, *Edmund Smith*, § 76, p 21

About things on which the public thinks long it commonly attains to think right
Ib *Addison*, § 136, p 132

Whoever wishes to attain an English style, familiar but not coarse, and elegant but not ostentatious, must give his days and nights to the volumes of Addison *Ib* § 168, p 150

By the common sense of readers uncorrupted with literary prejudices must be finally decided all claim to poetical honours *Ib* *Gray*, § 51, p 441

And, bid him go to Hell, to Hell he goes
London, l 116

Of all the griefs that harrass the distressed,
Sure the most bitter is a scornful jest,
Fate never wounds more deep the generous heart,
Than when a blockhead's insult points the dart
Ib l 166

This mournful truth is ev'rywhere confess'd,
Slow rises worth by poverty depress'd *Ib* l 176

Ye who listen with credulity to the whispers of fancy, and pursue with eagerness the phantoms of hope, who expect that age will perform the promises of youth, and that the deficiencies of the present day will be supplied by the morrow, attend to the history of Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia
Rasselas, ch 1

The business of a poet, said Imlac, is to examine, not the individual, but the species, he does not number the streaks of the tulip, or describe the different shades in the verdure of the forest *Ib* ch 10

Human life is everywhere a state in which much is to be endured, and little to be enjoyed *Ib* ch 11

Marriage has many pains, but celibacy has no pleasures *Ib* ch 26

Example is always more efficacious than precept *Ib* ch 29

The endearing elegance of female friendship *Ib* ch 45

The power of punishment is to silence, not to confute
Sermons, No xxiii

Notes are often necessary, but they are necessary evils
Shakespeare, preface, sig E4

When learning's triumph o'er her barb'rous foes
First rear'd the Stage, immortal Shakespeare rose,
Each change of many-colour'd life he drew,
Exhausted worlds, and then imagin'd new
Existence saw him spurn her bounded reign,
And pointing Time toil'd after him in vain
Prologue at the Opening of the Theatre in Drury Lane, 1747

Cold approbation gave the ling'ring bays,
For those who durst not censure, scarce could praise *Ib*.

The wild vicissitudes of taste *Ib*

The stage but echoes back the public voice
The drama's laws, the drama's patrons give,
For we that live to please, must please to live. *Ib*.

Let observation with extensive view,
Survey mankind, from China to Peru,
Remark each anxious toil, each eager strife,
And watch the busy scenes of crowded life
Vanity of Human Wishes, l 1.

Our supple tribes repress their patriot throats,
And ask no questions but the price of votes *Ib* l 95

Deign on the passing world to turn thine eyes,
And pause awhile from letters to be wise,
There mark what ills the scholar's life assail,
Toil, envy, want, the patron, and the jail
See nations slowly wise, and meanly just,
To buried merit raise the tardy bust *Ib* l 157

A frame of adamant, a soul of fire,
No dangers fright him and no labours tire *Ib* l 193

His fall was destined to a barren strand,
A petty fortress, and a dubious hand,
He left the name, at which the world grew pale,
To point a moral, or adorn a tale. *Ib* l 219.

'Enlarge my life with multitude of days!
In health, in sickness, thus the suppliant prays
Hides from himself its state, and shuns to know,
That life protracted is protracted woe
Time hovers o'er, impatient to destroy,
And shuts up all the passages of joy

Ib 1 225

An age that melts with unperceiv'd decay,
And glides in modest innocence away

Ib 1 293

Superfluous lags the vet'ran on the stage

Ib 1 308

In life's last scene what prodigies surprise,
Fears of the brave, and follies of the wise!
From Marlborough's eyes the streams of dotage flow,
And Swift expires a driv'ler and a show

Ib 1 315

What ills from beauty spring

Ib 1 321

Still raise for good the supplicating voice,
But leave to Heaven the measure and the choice,

Ib 1 351

Secure, whate'er he gives, he gives the best

Ib 1 356

Faith, that, panting for a happier seat,
Counts death kind Nature's signal of retreat

Ib 1 363

With these celestial Wisdom calms the mind,
And makes the happiness she does not find

Ib 1 367

Grief is a species of idleness

*Letters of Johnson (ed G B Hill, 1892), vol 1,
p 212 No 302, to Mrs Thrale, 17 Mar 1773*

There is no wisdom in useless and hopeless sorrow

*Ib vol 11, p 215. No 722, to Mrs Thrale,
12 Apr 1781*

Fly fishing may be a very pleasant amusement, but
angling or float fishing I can only compare to a stick
and a string, with a worm at one end and a fool at
the other

*Attributed to Johnson by Hawker in Instruc-
tions to Young Sportsmen, 1859, p 197 Not
found in his works See Notes and Queries,
11 Dec 1915*

[William Gerard Hamilton of Johnson]

Johnson is dead—Let us go to the next best—there
is nobody, no man can be said to put you in mind
of Johnson

Boswell's Life of Johnson (1934), vol 1v, p 420

JOHN PAUL JONES

1747-1792

I have not yet begun to fight

*Remark on being hailed to know whether he had
struck his flag, as his ship was sinking, 23 Sept
1779 De Koven's Life and Letters of
J P Jones, vol 1*

SIR WILLIAM JONES

1746-1794

On parent knees, a naked new-born child,
Weeping thou sat'st, when all around thee smil'd,
So live, that, sinking in thy last long sleep,
Calm thou may'st smile, while all around thee weep

*Persan Asiatick Miscellany (1786), vol 11, p
374, A Moral Tetrastich*

My opinion is, that power should always be distrusted,
in whatever hands it is placed

*Ld Teignmouth's Life of Sir W Jones (1835),
vol 1 Letter to Ld Althorpe, 5 Oct. 1782*

Seven hours to law, to soothing slumber seven,
Ten to the world allot, and all to Heaven.

*Ib vol 11 Lines in Substitution for Sir E
Coke's lines Six hours in sleep, [etc]*

BENJAMIN JONSON

1572-1637

Fortune, that favours fools *The Alchemist*, prologue

I will eat exceedingly, and prophesy

Bartholomew Fair, I v1

Neither do thou lust after that tawney weed tobacco

Ib 11 v1

When I mock poorness, then heaven make me poor
The Case is Altered, 111 1

PEOPLE

The Voice of Cato is the voice of Rome

CATO

The voice of Rome is the consent of heaven!

Cathline his Conspiracy, 111 1

Where it concerns himself,

Who's angry at a slunder makes it true *Ib*

Slow, slow, fresh fount, keep time with my salt tears

Yet, slower, yet, O faintly, gentle springs

List to the heavy part the music bears,

Woe weeps out her division, when she sings

Cynthia's Revels, I 1

So they be ill men,

If they spake worse, 'twere better for of such

To be dispraised, is the most perfect praise *Ib* 111 11

True happiness

Consists not in the multitude of friends,

But in the worth and choice

Ib

Queen and huntress, chaste and fair,

Now the sun is laid to sleep,

Seated in thy silver chair,

State in wonted manner keep

Hesperus entreats thy light,

Goddess, excellently bright

Ib v 111

If he were

To be made honest by an act of parliament,

I should not alter in my faith of him.

The Devil is An Ass, IV 1

I remember the players have often mentioned it as
an honour to Shakespeare that in his writing
(whatsoever he penned) he never blotted out a
line My answer hath been 'Would he had
blotted a thousand' Which they thought a malevo-
lent speech I had not told posterity this, but for
their ignorance, who chose that circumstance to
commend their friend by wherein he most faulted,
and to justify mine own candour for I loved the
man, and do honour his memory, on this side
idolatry, as much as any He was (indeed) honest,
and of an open and free nature, had an excellent
phantasy, brave notions, and gentle expressions,
wherein he flowed with that facility, that some-
times it was necessary he should be stopped
sufflammandus erat, as Augustus said of Haterius
His wit was in his own power, would the rule of
it had been so too But he redeemed his vices
with his virtues There was ever more in him to
be praised than to be pardoned

*Discoveries De Shakespeare Nostrati.
Augustus in Haterium*

His hearers could not cough, or look aside from him,
without loss The fear of every man that heard
him was, lest he should make an end (Bacon)

Ib lxxviii *Dominus Verulamius*

In his adversity I ever prayed, that God would give
him strength, for greatness he could not want

Ib lxxx *De Augmentis Scientiarum,—Lord
St Alban*

Yet the best pilots have needs of mariners, besides
sails, anchor, and other tackle

Ib *Illiteratus Princeps*

Talking and eloquence are not the same to speak,
and to speak well, are two things

Ib *Praecept Element*

Alas, all the castles I have, are built with air, thou
know'st

Eastward Ho, ii n 226

Still to be neat, still to be drest
As you were going to a feast,
Still to be powder'd, still perfum'd,
Lady, it is to be presumed,
Though art's hid causes are not found,
All is not sweet, all is not sound

Give me a look, give me a face,
That makes simplicity a grace,
Robes loosely flowing, hair as free
Such sweet neglect more taketh me,
Than all the adulteries of art,
They strike mine eyes, but not my heart

Epi coene, i i

HAUGHTY

Is this the silent woman?

CENTAURF

Nay, she has found her tongue since she was married

Ib iii v i

But that which most doth take my Muse and me,
Is a pure cup of rich Canary wine,
Which is the Mermaid's now, but shall be mine
Of which, had Horace or Anacreon tasted,
Their lives, as do their lines, till now had lasted

Epigrams, ci *Inviting a Friend to Supper*

Weep with me, all you that read
This little story

And know for whom a tear you shed
Death's self is sorry

'Twas a child that so did thrive

In grace and feature,

As Heaven and Nature seem'd to strive

Which own'd the creature

Years he number'd scarce thirteen

When Fates turn'd cruel,

Yet three full'd Zodiacs had he been

The stage's jewel,

And did act, what now we moan,

Old men so duly,

As sooth the Parcae thought him one,

He play'd so truly

So, by error, to his fate

They all consented,

But viewing him since, alas, too late!

They have repented

And have sought (to give new birth)

In baths to steep him,

But being so much too good for earth,

Heaven vows to keep him

Ib cxx *An Epitaph on Salathiel Pavy, a
Child of Queen Elizabeth's Chapel*

Underneath this stone doth lie
As much beauty as could die,
Which in life did harbour give
To more virtue than doth live
If at all she had a fault,
Leave it buried in this vault
One name was Elizabeth,
The other let it sleep with death
Fitter, where it lived, to tell,
Than that it died at all! Farewell!

Ib ccxiv *Epitaph on Elizabeth, L H*

Helter skelter, hang sorrow, care'll kill a cat, up-tails
all, and a louse for the hangman

Every Man in His Humour, i iii

As sure as death

Ib ii i

I do honour the very flea of his dog

Ib iv ii

I have it here in black and white

Ib

It must be done like lightning

Ib iv v

There shall be no love lost

Every Man out of His Humour, ii i

Blind Fortune still

Bestows her gifts on such as cannot use them

Ib ii

How near to good is what is fair!

Love Freed from Ignorance and Folly

Thou art not to learn the humours and tricks of that
old bald cheater, Time

The Poetaster, i i

Ramp up my genius, be not retrograde,

But boldly nominate a spade a spade

Ib v i

Detraction is but baseness' varlet,

And apes are apes, though clothed in scarlet

Ib

This is Mab, the Mistress-Fairy

That doth nightly rob the dairy

The Satyr

She that pinches country wenches

If they rub not clean their benches

Ib

But if so they chance to feast her,

In a shoe she drops a tester

Ib

Tell proud Jove,

Between his power and thine there is no odds

'Twas only fear first in the world made gods

Sejanus, ii ii

This figure that thou here seest put,

It was for gentle Shakespeare cut,

Wherein the graver had a strife

With Nature, to out-do the life

O could he but have drawn his wit

As well in brass, as he has hit

His face, the print would then surpass

All that was ever writ in brass

But since he cannot, reader, look

Not on his picture, but his book

On the Portrait of Shakespeare, To the Reader

While I confess thy writings to be such,

As neither man, nor muse, can praise too much

To the Memory of My Beloved, the Author,

Mr William Shakespeare

Soul of the Age!

The applause! delight! the wonder of our stage!

My Shakespeare, rise, I will not lodge thee by

Chaucer, or Spenser, or bid Beaumont lie

A little further, to make thee a room

Thou art a monument, without a tomb,

And art alive still, while thy book doth live,

And we have wits to read, and praise to give

Ib.

- Marlowe's mighty line *Ib* I sent thee late a rosy wreath,
 And though thou hadst small Latin, and less Greek *Ib* Not so much honouring thee,
 As giving it a hope that there
 It could not wither'd be
 Call forth thundering Aeschylus *Ib* But thou thereon didst only breathe,
 And sent'st it back to me,
 Since when it grows and smells, I swear,
 Not of itself, but thee *Ib ix To Celia*
- To hear thy buskin tread,
 And shake a stage or, when thy socks were on,
 Leave thee alone, for the comparison
 Of all, that insolent Greece, or haughty Rome
 Sent forth, or since did from their ashes come. *Ib* I sing the birth was born to-night,
 The author both of life and light
Underwoods Poems of Devotion, III. Hymn on the Nativity
- He was not of an age, but for all time! *Ib*
 For a good poet's made, as well as born *Ib*
 Sweet Swan of Avon! what a sight it were
 To see thee in our waters yet appear,
 And make those flights upon the banks of Thames,
 That so did take Eliza, and our James! *Ib*
 Have you seen but a bright lily grow,
 Before rude hands have touch'd it?
 Have you mark'd but the fall o' the snow
 Before the soil hath smutch'd it?
- THOMAS
 They write here, one Cornelius-Son
 Hath made the Hollanders an invisible cel
 To swim the haven at Dunkirk, and sink all
 The shipping there
 CYMBAL
 It is an automa, runs under water,
 With a snug nose, and has a nimble tail
 Made like an auger, with which tail she wriggles
 Betwixt the costs of a ship, and sinks it straight
The Staple of News, III 1
 O so white! O so soft! O so sweet is she!
Ib Celebration of Charis, IV Her Triumph
- Well, they talk we shall have no more Parliaments,
 God bless us! *Ib*
 Hark you, John Clay, if you have
 Done any such thing, tell troth and shame the devil
Tale of a Tub, II 1
 She is Venus when she smiles,
 But she's Juno when she walks,
 And Minerva when she talks *Ib v*
- Mother, the still sow eats up all the draff *Ib III v*
 Calumnies are answered best with silence
Volpone, II 11
 Greek was free from rhyme's infection,
 Happy Greek, by this protection,
 Was not spoiled
 Whilst the Latin, queen of tongues,
 Is not yet free from rhyme's wrongs,
 But rests foiled
Ib XLViii A Fit of Rhyme against Rhyme
- Come, my Celia, let us prove,
 While we can, the sports of love *Ib III v*
 Resting never! *Ib*
 Tyrant rhyme hath so abused,
 That they long since have refused
 Other cesure
 He that first invented thee,
 May his joints tormented be,
 Cramp'd for ever,
 Still may syllables jar with time,
 Still may reason war with rhyme,
 Resting never! *Ib*
- Suns, that set, may rise again,
 But if once we lose this light,
 'Tis with us perpetual night *Ib*
 England's high Chancellor the destin'd heir,
 In his soft cradle, to his father's chair
Ib lxx On Lord Bacon's [Sixtieth] Birthday
- You have a gift, sir, (thank your education,)
 Will never let you want, while there are men,
 And malice, to breed causes [To a lawyer] *Ib v 1*
 It is not growing like a tree
 In bulk, doth make men better be,
 Or standing long an oak, three hundred year,
 To fall a log at last, dry, bald, and sere
 A lily of a day,
 Is fairer far in May,
 Although it fall and die that night,
 It was the plant and flower of light
 In small proportions we just beauties see,
 And in short measures, life may perfect be
Ib lxxxviii A Pindaric Ode on the Death of Sir H. Monson
- Follow a shadow, it still flies you,
 Seem to fly it, it will pursue
 So court a mistress, she denies you,
 Let her alone, she will court you
 Say, are not women truly, then,
 Styl'd but the shadows of us men?
The Forest, VII Song That Women are but Men's Shadows
- Drink to me only with thine eyes,
 And I will pledge with mine,
 Or leave a kiss but in the cup,
 And I'll not look for wine
 The thirst that from the soul doth rise
 Doth ask a drink divine,
 But might I of Jove's nectar sup,
 I would not change for thine
- What gentle ghost, besprent with April dew,
 Hails me so solemnly to yonder yew?
Ib ci Elegy on the Lady Jane Pawlet
 The voice so sweet, the words so fair,
 As some soft chime had stroked the air,
 And though the sound were parted thence,
 Still left an echo in the sense *Ib Eupheme, IV*

O rare Ben Jonson

Epitaph written on his tombstone in Westminster Abbey, by Jack Young See Aubrey's 'Brief Lives', Ben Jonson

DOROTHEA JORDAN

1762-1816

'Oh where, and Oh! where is your Highland laddie gone?'

'He's gone to fight the French, for King George upon the throne,

And it's Oh! in my heart, how I wish him safe at home!'

The Blue Bell of Scotland

THOMAS JORDAN

1612?-1685

Our God and soldier we alike adore,

Just at the brink of ruin, not before

The danger past, both are alike requited,

God is forgotten, and our soldier slighted

Epigram J Nichols's Select Collection of Poems, 1781, vol vii, p 64

JAMES JOYCE

1882-

Portrait of the artist as a young man *Title of Book*

JUNIUS

fl 1770

The liberty of the press is the *Palladium* of all the civil, political, and religious rights of an Englishman *Letters, dedication*

The right of election is the very essence of the constitution. *Ib Letter 11, 24 Apr 1769*

Is this the wisdom of a great minister? or is it the ominous vibration of a pendulum? *Ib Letter 12, 30 May 1769*

There is a holy mistaken zeal in politics as well as in religion By persuading others, we convince ourselves. *Ib Letter 35, 19 Dec 1769*

Whether it be the heart to conceive, the understanding to direct, or the hand to execute *Ib Letter 37, 19 Mar 1770*

The injustice done to an Individual is sometimes of service to the public *Ib Letter 41, 14 Nov 1770*

DENIS KEARNEY

1847-1907

Horny-handed sons of toil

Speech San Francisco, c 1878

JOHN KEATS

1795-1821

The imagination of a boy is healthy, and the mature imagination of a man is healthy, but there is a space of life between, in which the soul is in a ferment, the character undecided, the way of life uncertain, the ambition thick-sighted thence proceeds mawkishness *Endymion, preface*

A thing of beauty is a joy for ever
Its loveliness increases, it will never
Pass into nothingness, but still will keep
A bower quiet for us, and a sleep
Full of sweet dreams, and health, and quiet breathing.

Ib bk 1 1

The inhuman dearth
Of noble natures *Ib 1 8*

The grandeur of the dooms
We have imagined for the mighty dead *Ib 1 20*

They must be always with us, or we die *Ib 1 33*

The unimaginable lodge
For solitary thinkings, such as dodge
Conception to the very bourne of heaven,
Then leave the naked brain *Ib 1 293*

Wherein lies happiness? In that which becks
Our ready minds to fellowship divine,
A fellowship with essence. *Ib 1 777*

The crown of these
Is made of love and friendship, and sits high
Upon the forehead of humanity. *Ib 1 800*

Who, of men, can tell
That flowers would bloom, or that green fruit would
swell
To melting pulp, that fish would have bright mail,
The earth its dower of river, wood, and vale,
The meadows runnels, runnels pebble-stones,
The seed its harvest, or the lute its tones,
Tones ravishment, or ravishment its sweet
If human souls did never kiss and greet? *Ib 1 835.*

Never, I aver,
Since Ariadne was a vintage. *Ib bk 2, 1 442.*

O Sorrow,
Why dost borrow
Heart's lightness from the merriment of May?
Ib bk 4, 1 164.

To Sorrow,
I bade good-morrow,
And thought to leave her far away behind;
But cheerily, cheerily,
She loves me dearly,

She is so constant to me, and so kind *Ib. l. 173*

'Come hither, lady fair, and joined be
To our wild minstrelsy!' *Ib 1 236*

Great Brahma from his mystic heaven groans,
And all his priesthood moans *Ib 1 265*

Their smiles,
Wan as primroses gather'd at midnight
By chilly finger'd spring *Ib 1 969.*

Sweet are the pleasures that to verse belong,
And doubly sweet a brotherhood in song
Epistle to G. F. Mathew

Oh, never will the prize
High reason, and the love of good and ill,
Be my award! *Epistle to J. H. Reynolds, 1 74*

Lost in a sort of Purgatory blind *Ib 1 80*

It is a flaw
In happiness, to see beyond our bourn,—
It forces us in summer skies to mourn,
It spoils the singing of the nightingale *Ib 1 82*

Dry your eyes—O dry your eyes,
For I was taught in Paradise
To ease my breast of melodies

Fairy Song Shed No Tear

Fanatics have their dreams, wherewith they weave
A paradise for a sect *The Fall of Hyperion*, l 1

'None can usurp this height', return'd that shade,
'But those to whom the miseries of the world
Are misery, and will not let them rest' *Ib* l 147

'They are no dreamers weak,
They seek no wonder but the human face,
No music but a happy-noted voice' *Ib* l 162

The poet and the dreamer are distinct,
Diverse, sheer opposite, antipodes
The one pours out a balm upon the world,
The other vexes it *Ib* l 199

His flaming robes stream'd out beyond his heels,
And gave a roar, as if of earthly fire,
That scared away the meek ethereal hours,
And made their dove-wings tremble On he flared
Ib c ii, l 58

Ever let the fancy roam,
Pleasure never is at home *Fancy*, l 1

O sweet Fancy! let her loose,
Summer's joys are spoilt by use *Ib* l 9

Where's the cheek that doth not fade,
Too much gaz'd at? Where's the maid
Whose lip mature is ever new? *Ib* l 69

Where's the face
One would meet in every place? *Ib* l 73

Where—where slept thine ire,
When like a blank idiot I put on thy wreath,
Thy laurel, thy glory,

The light of thy story,
Or was I a worm—too low crawling, for death?
O Delphic Apollo! *Hymn to Apollo*

Far from the fiery noon, and eve's one star
Hyperion, bk 1, l 3

No stir of air was there,
Not so much life as on a summer's day
Robs not one light seed from the feather'd grass,
But where the dead leaf fell, there did it rest *Ib* l 7

How beautiful, if sorrow had not made
Sorrow more beautiful than Beauty's self *Ib* l 35

That large utterance of the early Gods *Ib* l 51

O aching time! O moments big as years! *Ib* l 64

As when, upon a trance'd summer-night,
Those green-rob'd senators of mighty woods,
Tall oaks, branch-charm'd by the earnest stars,
Dream, and so dream all night without a stir
Ib l 72

And all those acts which Deity supreme
Doth ease its heart of love in *Ib* l 111

He enter'd, but he enter'd full of wrath *Ib* l 213

Unseen before by Gods or wondering men
Ib l 183

Instead of sweets, his ample palate took
Savour of poisonous brass and metal sick *Ib* l 188

For as in theatres of crowded men
Hubbub increases more they call out, 'Hush!'
Ib l 253

And still they were the same bright, patient stars
Ib l 353

Who cost her mother Tellus keener pangs,
Though feminine, than any of her sons
Ib bk 2, l 54

Now comes the pain of truth, to whom 'tis pain,
O folly! for to bear all naked truths,

And to envisage circumstance, all calm,
That is the top of sovereignty *Ib* l 202

A solitary sorrow best befits
Thy lips, and antheming a lonely grief
Ib bk 3, l 5

Point me out the way
To any one particular beauteous star,
And I will flit into it with my lyre,

And make its silvery splendour pant with bliss
Ib l 99

Knowledge enormous makes a God of me *Ib* l 113

But, for the general award of love,
The little sweet doth kill much bitterness
Isabella, xiii

Why were they proud? again we ask aloud,
Why in the name of Glory were they proud? *Ib* xvi

So the two brothers and their murder'd man
Rode past fair Florence *Ib* xxvii

And she forgot the stars, the moon, the sun,
And she forgot the blue above the trees,
And she forgot the dells where waters run,

And she forgot the chilly autumn breeze,
She had no knowledge when the day was done,
And the new moon she saw not but in peace
Hung over her sweet Basil evermore *Ib* liii

'For cruel 'tis,' said she,
'To steal my Basil-pot away from me' *Ib* lxii

I stood tip-toe upon a little hill
Title

And then there crept
A little noiseless noise among the leaves,
Born of the very sigh that silence heaves
I Stood Tip-toe upon a Little Hill

Here are sweet peas, on tiptoe for a flight *Ib*

Oh what can ail thee, Knight at arms
Alone and palely loitering,
The sedge is wither'd from the lake,
And no birds sing *La Belle Dame Sans Merci*

I see a lily on thy brow,
With anguish moist and fever dew,
And on thy cheek a fading rose
Fast withereth too *Ib*

I met a lady in the meads
Full beautiful, a fairy's child,
Her hair was long, her foot was light,
And her eyes were wild

I set her on my pacing steed,
And nothing else saw all day long,
For sideways would she lean, and sing
A fairy's song *Ib*

She look'd at me as she did love,
And made sweet moan *Ib*

And sure in language strange she said,
'I love thee true!' *Ib*

And there I shut her wild, wild eyes
With kisses four *Ib* (Ld Houghton's version)

'La belle Dame sans Merci
Hath thee in thrall!' *Ib*

I saw their sterv'd lips in the gloam
With horrid warning gap'd wide,
And I awoke, and found me here
On the cold hill side *Ib*

She was a gordian shape of dazzling hue,
Vermilion-spotted, golden, green, and blue,
Striped like a zebra, freckled like a pard,
Eyed like a peacock, and all crimson barr'd

Lamia, pt 1, l 47

Real are the dreams of Gods, and smoothly pass
Their pleasures in a long immortal dream *Ib* l 127

Love in a hut, with water and a crust,
Is—Love, forgive us!—cinders, ashes, dust;
Love in a palace is perhaps at last
More grievous torment than a hermit's fast *Ib* pt 2, l 1

That purple-lined palace of sweet sin *Ib* l 31

In pale contented sort of discontent *Ib* l 135

Do not all charms fly
At the mere touch of cold philosophy?
There was an awful rainbow once in heaven
We know her woof, her texture, she is given
In the dull catalogue of common things
Philosophy will clip an Angel's wings *Ib* l 229

Souls of poets dead and gone,
What Elysium have ye known,
Happy field or mossy cavern,
Choicer than the Mermaid Tavern?
Have ye tupp'd drink more fine
Than mine host's Canary wine?

Lines on the Mermaid Tavern

Pledging with contented smack
The Mermaid in the Zodiac *Ib*

This living hand, now warm and capable
Of earnest grasping, would, if it were cold
And in the icy silence of the tomb,
So haunt thy days and chill thy dreaming nights
That thou wouldst wish thine own heart dry of blood
So in my veins red life might stream again,
And thus be conscience-calm'd—see here it is—
I hold it towards you

*Lines Supposed to have been Addressed to
Fanny Brawne*

Old Meg was brave as Margaret Queen
And tall as Amazon
An old red blanket cloak she wore,
A chip hat had she on *Meg Merrilies*

Bards of Passion and of Mirth,
Ye have left your souls on earth!
Have ye souls in heaven too?

[Written on the blank page before Beaumont
and Fletcher's *Fair Maid of the Inn*] *Bards
of Passion and of Mirth*

Where the nightingale doth sing
Not a senseless, tranced thing,
But divine melodious truth *Ib*

Let none profane my Holy See of love,
Or with a rude hand break
The sacramental cake *Ode to Fanny*

Thou still unravish'd bride of quietness,
Thou foster-child of silence and slow time

Ode on a Grecian Urn

What men or gods are these? What maidens loth?
What mad pursuit? What struggle to escape?
What pipes and timbrels? What wild ecstasy? *Ib*

Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard
Are sweeter, therefore, ye soft pipes, play on,
Not to the sensual ear, but, more endear'd,
Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone *Ib*

For ever wilt thou love, and she be fair! *Ib*

For ever piping songs for ever new *Ib*

All breathing human passion far above *Ib*

Who are these coming to the sacrifice?
To what green altar, O mysterious priest,
Lead'st thou that heifer lowing at the skies,
And all her silken flanks with garlands drest?
What little town by river or sea shore,
Or mountain-built with peaceful citadel,
Is emptied of this folk, this pious morn? *Ib*

O Attic shape! Fair attitude! *Ib*

Thou, silent form, dost tease us out of thought
As doth eternity Cold Pastoral! *Ib*

'Beauty is truth, truth beauty,'—that is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know *Ib*

For I would not be dieted with praise,
A pet-lamb in a sentimental farce! *Ode on Indolence*

By bards who died content on pleasant sward,
Leaving great verse unto a little clan *Ode to Maya*

Rich in the simple worship of a day *Ib*

No, no, go not to Lethe, neither twist
Wolf's-bane, tight-rooted, for its poisonous wine

Ode on Melancholy

Nor let the beetle, nor the death-moth be
Your mournful Psyche *Ib*

She dwells with Beauty—Beauty that must die,
And Joy, whose hand is ever at his lips

Bidding adieu, and aching Pleasure nigh,
Turning to Poison while the bee-mouth sips

Ay, in the very temple of delight
Veil'd Melancholy has her sovran shrine

'Though seen of none save him whose strenuous
tongue

C'n burst Joy's grape against his palate fine,
His soul shall taste the sadness of her might,

And be among her cloudy trophies hung *Ib*

My heart itches, and a drowsy numbness pains
My sense *Ode to a Nightingale*

'Tis not through envy of thy happy lot,
But being too happy in thine happiness,—

That thou, light-winged Dryad of the trees,
In some melodious plot

Of beechen green, and shadows numberless,
Singest of summer in full-throated ease *Ib*

O, for a draught of vintage! that hath been
Cool'd a long age in the deep-delv'd earth,

Tasting of Flora and the country green,
Dance, and Provençal song, and sunbunt mirth!

O for a beaker full of the warm South,
Full of the true, the blushful Hippocrene,

With beaded bubbles winking at the brim,
And purple-stained mouth,

That I might drink, and leave the world unseen,
And with thee fade away into the forest dim *Ib*

Fade far away, dissolve, and quite forget
 What thou among the leaves hast never known,
 The weariness, the fever, and the fret,
 Here, where men sit and hear each other groan *Ib*
 Where youth grows pale, and spectre-thin, and dies *Ib*

Where but to think is to be full of sorrow
 And leaden-eyed despairs *Ib*

Where Beauty cannot keep her lustrous eyes,
 Or new Love pine at them beyond tomorrow *Ib*

Away! away! for I will fly to thee,
 Not charioted by Bacchus and his pards,
 But on the viewless wings of Poesy,
 Though the dull brain perplexes and retards *Ib.*

But here there is no light,
 Save what from heaven is with the breezes blown
 Through verdurous glooms and winding mossy ways *Ib*

I cannot see what flowers are at my feet,
 Nor what soft incense hangs upon the boughs *Ib*

Fast fading violets cover'd up in leaves,
 And mid-May's eldest child,
 The coming musk-rose, full of dewy wine,
 The murmurous haunt of flies on summer eves *Ib*

Darkling I listen, and, for many a time
 I have been half in love with careless Death,
 Call'd him soft names in many a mused rhyme,
 To take into the air my quiet breath;
 Now more than ever seems it rich to die,
 To cease upon the midnight with no pain,
 While thou art pouring forth thy soul abroad
 In such an ecstasy!

Still wouldst thou sing, and I have ears in vain—
 To thy high requiem become a sod

Thou wast not born for death, immortal Bird!
 No hungry generations tread thee down,
 The voice I hear this passing night was heard
 In ancient days by emperor and clown
 Perhaps the self-same song that found a path
 Through the sad heart of Ruth, when sick for home,
 She stood in tears amid the alien corn,
 The same that oft-times hath
 Charm'd magic casements, opening on the foam
 Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn *Ib*

Forlorn! the very word is like a bell
 To toll me back from thee to my sole self!
 Adieu! the fancy cannot cheat so well
 As she is fam'd to do, deceiving elf
 Adieu! adieu! thy plaintive anthem fades
 Past the near meadows, over the still stream,
 Up the hill-side, and now 'tis buried deep
 In the next valley-glades

Was it a vision, or a waking dream?
 Fled is that music—Do I wake or sleep? *Ib*

'Mid hush'd, cool-rooted flowers, fragrant-eyed,
 Blue, silver-white, and budded Tyrian. *Ode to Psyche*

To make delicious moan
 Upon the midnight hours *Ib*

Thy voice, thy lute, thy pipe, thy incense sweet
 From swinged censer teeming,
 Thy shrine, thy grove, thy oracle, thy heat
 Of pale-mouth'd prophet dreaming *Ib*

Yes, I will be thy priest, and build a fane
 In some untrodden region of my mind,
 Where branched thoughts, new grown with pleasant
 pain, *Ib*

Instead of pines shall murmur in the wind
 With buds, and bells, and stars without a name,
 With all the gardener Fancy e'er could feign,
 Who breeding flowers, will never breed the same *Ib*

A bright torch, and a casement ope at night,
 To let the warm Love in! *Ib*

Stop and consider! life is but a day,
 A fragile dew-drop on its perilous way
 From a tree's summit, a poor Indian's sleep
 While his boat hastens to the monstrous steep
 Of Montmorency *Sleep and Poetry, 1 85*

O for ten years, that I may overwhelm
 Myself in poesy, so I may do the deed
 That my own soul has to itself decreed *Ib 1 96*

They sway'd about upon a rocking horse,
 And thought it Pegasus *Ib 1 186*

The blue
 Bared its eternal bosom, and the dew
 Of summer nights collected still to make
 The morning precious *Ib 1 189*

A drainless shower
 Of light is poesy, 'tis the supreme of power,
 'Tis might half slumb'ring on its own right aim
Ib 1 235

The great end
 Of poesy, that it should be a friend
 To soothe the cares, and lift the thoughts of man
Ib 1 245

They shall be accounted poet kings
 Who simply tell the most heart-easing things
Ib 1 267

Bright star, would I were steadfast as thou art—
 Not in lone splendour hung aloft the night
 And watching, with eternal lids apart,
 Like nature's patient, sleepless Eremité,
 The moving waters at their priestlike task
 Of pure ablution round earth's human shores
Sonnet 'Bright Star'

Still, still to hear her tender-taken breath,
 And to live ever—or else swoon to death *Ib*

Much have I travell'd in the realms of gold,
 And many goodly states and kingdoms seen,
 Round many western islands have I been
 Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold
 Oft of one wide expanse had I been told
 That deep-brow'd Homer ruled as his demesne,
 Yet did I never breathe its pure serene
 Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and bold
 Then I felt like some watcher of the skies
 When a new planet swims into his ken,
 Or like stout Cortez when with eagle eyes
 He star'd at the Pacific—and all his men
 Look'd at each other with a wild surmise—
 Silent, upon a peak in Darien
Ib On First Looking into Chapman's Homer

O Chatterton! how very sad thy fate!
Ib To Chatterton

I would sooner fail than not be among the greatest

Ib

As to the poetical character itself (I mean that sort of which, if I am anything, I am a member, that sort distinguished from the Wordsworthian or egotistical sublime, which is a thing *per se* and stands alone) it is not itself—it has no self

It has as much delight in conceiving an Iago as an Imogen

Ib 93 *To Richard Woodhouse, 27 Oct 1818*

I think I shall be among the English Poets after my death

Ib 94 *To George and Georgiana Keats, 14 Oct 1818*

The mighty abstract idea I have of beauty in all things stifles the more divided and minute domestic happiness The opinion I have of the generality of women—who appear to me as children to whom I would rather give a sugar plum than my time

Ib

I never can feel certain of any truth but from a clear perception of its beauty

Ib 98 *To George and Georgiana Keats, 16 Dec 1818–4 Jan 1819*

I have come to this resolution—never to write for the sake of writing or making a poem, but from running over with any little knowledge or experience which many years of reflection may perhaps give me, otherwise I shall be dumb

Ib 115 *To B R Haydon, 8 Mar 1819*

It is true that in the height of enthusiasm I have been cheated into some fine passages, but that is not the thing

Ib

I should like the window to open onto the Lake of Geneva—and there I'd sit and read all day like the picture of somebody reading

Ib 116 *To Fanny Keats, 13 Mar 1819*

A man's life of any worth is a continual allegory

Ib 123 *To George and Georgiana Keats, 14 Feb–3 May 1819*

Shakespeare led a life of allegory his works are the comments on it

Ib

Nothing ever becomes real till it is experienced—even a proverb is no proverb to you till your life has illustrated it

Ib

Call the world if you please 'The vale of Soul-making'

Ib

I have met with women whom I really think would like to be married to a poem, and to be given away by a novel

Ib 136 *To Fanny Brawne, 8 July 1819*

I have two luxuries to brood over in my walks, your loveliness and the hour of my death O that I could have possession of them both in the same minute

Ib 139 *To Fanny Brawne, 25 July 1809*

I am convinced more and more day by day that fine writing is next to fine doing

Ib 145 *To J H Reynolds, 24 Aug 1819*

Give me books, fruit, french wine and fine weather and a little music out of doors, played by somebody I do not know

Ib 146 *To Fanny Keats, 29 Aug 1819*

All clean and comfortable I sit down to write

Ib 156 *To George and Georgiana Keats, 17 Sept 1819*

I have but lately been on my guard against Milton Life to him would be death to me Miltonic verse cannot be written but it [*for in*] the vein of art—I wish to devote myself to another sensation

Ib

The only means of strengthening one's intellect is to make up one's mind about nothing—to let the mind be a thoroughfare for all thoughts Not a select party

Ib

You have ravished me away by a power I cannot resist, and yet I could resist till I saw you, and even since I have seen you I have endeavoured often 'to reason against the reason of my Love'

Ib 160 *To Fanny Brawne, 13 Oct 1819*

'If I should die', said I to myself, 'I have left no immortal work behind me—nothing to make my friends proud of my memory—but I have loved the principle of beauty in all things, and if I had had time I would have made myself remembered'

Ib 186 *To Fanny Brawne, Feb 1820*

I long to believe in immortality If I am destined to be happy with you here—how short is the longest life. I wish to believe in immortality—I wish to live with you for ever

Ib 223 *To Fanny Brawne, July 1820*

I wish you could invent some means to make me at all happy without you Every hour I am more and more concentrated in you, every thing else tastes like chaff in my mouth

Ib 224 *To Fanny Brawne, Aug 1820*

You, I am sure, will forgive me for sincerely remarking that you might curb your magnanimity, and be more of an artist, and load every rift of your subject with ore

Ib 227 *To Shelley, Aug 1829*

Ile already seemed to feel the flowers growing over him

Words reported by Severn W Sharp, Life and Letters of Severn, ch 4

Here lies one whose name was writ in water

Epitaph Lord Houghton, Life of Keats, ii 91

JOHN KEBLE

1792–1866

Hues of the rich unfolding morn,
That, ere the glorious sun be born,
By some soft touch invisible
Around his path are taught to swell

The Christian Year Morning.

Oh! timely happy, timely wise,
Hearts that with rising morn arise!

Ib

New every morning is the love
Our waking and uprising prove

Ib.

If on our daily course our mind
Be set to hallow all we find,
New treasures still, of countless price,
God will provide for sacrifice

Ib

We need not bid, for cloister'd cell,
Our neighbour and our work farewell

Ib.

Nor strive to wind ourselves too high
For sinful man beneath the sky.

Ib

The trivial round, the common task,
Would furnish all we ought to ask,
Room to deny ourselves, a road
To bring us, daily, nearer God

Ib

And help us, this and every day,
To live more nearly as we pray

Ib

Sun of my soul! Thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if Thou be near

Ib Evening

Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die

Ib

Like infants' slumbers, pure and light

Ib.

There is a book, who runs may read,
Which heavenly truth imparts,
And all the lore its scholars need,
Pure eyes and Christian hearts

Ib. Septuagesima

Thou, who hast given me eyes to see

And love this sight so fair,

Give me a heart to find out Thee,

And read Thee everywhere

Ib

The many-twinkling smile of ocean

Ib 2nd Sunday after Trinity

Red o'er the forest peers the setting sun,

The line of yellow light dies fast away

That crown'd the eastern copse, and chill and dun

Falls on the moor the brief November day

Ib 23rd Sunday after Trinity

Bless'd are the pure in heart,

For they shall see our God. Ib The Purification

Still to the lowly soul

He doth Himself impart,

And for His cradle and His throne

Chooseth the pure in heart

Ib.

The voice that breathed o'er Eden

Poems Holy Matrimony

The English Virgil [Spenser]

Lectures on Poetry, lect v, 1912, vol 1, p 82

As fire is kindled by fire, so is a poet's mind kindled
by contact with a brother poet

Ib. lect xvi, 1912, vol 1, p 317

THOMAS KELLY

1769-1854

The Head that once was crowned with thorns
Is crowned with glory now.

Hymns on Various Passages of Scripture (1820)
The Head that Once Was Crowned

JOHN KEMPTHORNE

1775-1838

Praise the Lord! ye heavens adore Him,

Praise Him, Angels in the height,

Sun and moon, rejoice before Him,

Praise Him, all ye stars and light

Hymns of Praise For Foundling Apprentices
(1796). Praise the Lord! Ye Heavens Adore
Him.

THOMAS KEN

1637-1711

Awake my soul, and with the sun

The daily stage of duty run,

Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise

To pay thy morning sacrifice

Morning Hymn (1709) Awake My Soul

Each present day thy last esteem

Ib

Teach me to live, that I may dread

The grave as little as my bed

Evening Hymn Glory to Thee My God This
Night

Ib

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,

Praise Him, all creatures here below,

Praise Him above, ye heavenly host,

Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost

Morning and Evening Hymn

LADY CAROLINE KEPPEL

1735-?

What's this dull town to me?

Robin's not near.

He whom I wished to see,

Wished for to hear,

Where's all the joy and mirth

Made life a heaven on earth?

O! they're all fled with thee,

Robin Adair.

Robin Adair

WILLIAM KETHE

fl 1560

All people that on earth do dwell,

Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice,

Him serve with fear, His praise forth tell,

Come ye before Him, and rejoice

The Lord, ye know, is God indeed,

Without our aid He did us make

Daye's Psalter (1560) All People That on
Earth

For it is seemly so to do,

Ib

For why? The Lord our God is good

Ib

RALPH KETTELL

1563-1693

Here is Hey for Garsington! and Hev for Cuddesdon!
and Hey Hockley! but here's nobody cries, Hey
for God Almighty!

Sermon at Garsington Revel Aubrey's Brief
Lives, vol 11

FRANCIS SCOTT KEY

1779-1843

'Tis the star-spangled banner, O long may it wave

O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave!

The Star-Spangled Banner.

JOYCE KILMER

1888-1918

I think that I shall never see
A poem lovely as a tree

Poems, Essays, and Letters, 1917, 1. Trees

Poems are made by fools like me,
But only God can make a tree

Ib

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN KING

1857-1894

Nothing to do but work,
Nothing to eat but food,
Nothing to wear but clothes
To keep one from going nude

The Pessimist.

Nothing to breathe but air,
Quick as a flash 'tis gone,
Nowhere to fall but off,
Nowhere to stand but on!

Ib

HARRY KING

Young men taken in and done for. *Title of Song*

HENRY KING

1592-1669

We that did nothing study but the way
To love each other, with which thoughts the day
Rose with delight to us, and with them set,
Must learn the hateful art, how to forget

A Renunciation.

Nature's true-born child, who sums his years
(Like me) with no arithmetic but tears

The Annverse. Elegy

Accept, thou shrine of my dead Saint,
Instead of dirges this complaint,
And for sweet flowers to crown thy hearse,
Receive a strew of weeping verse
From thy griev'd friend, whom thou might'st see
Quite melted into tears for thee. *The Exequy.*

Sleep on my Love in thy cold bed,
Never to be disquieted!
My last good night! Thou wilt not wake
Till I thy fate shall overtake
Till age, or grief, or sickness must
Marry my body to that dust
It so much loves, and fill the room
My heart keeps empty in thy tomb
Stay for me there, I will not fail
To meet thee in that hollow vale
And think not much of my delay;
I am already on the way,
And follow thee with all the speed
Desire can make, or sorrows breed
'Tis true, with shame and grief I yield,
Thou like the van first took'st the field,
And gotten hast the victory
In thus adventuring to die
Before me, whose more years might crave
A just precedence in the grave

Ib

But hark! My pulse like a soft drum
Beats my approach, tells thee I come,
And slow howe'er my marches be,
I shall at last sit down by thee

Ib

STODDARD KING

Contemp

There's a long, long trail a-winding
Into the land of my dreams,
Where the nightingales are singing
And a white moon beams
There's a long, long night of waiting
Until my dreams all come true,
Till the day when I'll be going down
That long long trail with you

The Long, Long Trail

WILLIAM KING

1663-1712

Beauty from order springs. *Art of Cookery, 1 55*

Cornwall squab-pie, and Devon white-pot brings,
And Leicester beans and bacon, food of kings!

Ib 1 165

ALEXANDER WILLIAM
KINGLAKE

1809-1891

Soon the men of the column began to see that though
the scarlet line was slender, it was very rigid and
exact. *Invasion of the Crimea, vol 11, p 455.*

CHARLES KINGSLEY

1819-1875

Airly Beacon, Airly Beacon,
Oh the pleasant sight to see
Shires and towns from Airly Beacon,
While my love climb'd up to me! *Airly Beacon.*

Airly Beacon, Airly Beacon,
Oh the weary haunt for me,
All alone on Airly Beacon,
With his baby on my knee!

Ib

And no one but the baby cried for poor Lorraine,
Lorraine. *Ballad 'Lorraine, Lorraine, Lorraine'*

My fairest child, I have no song to give you,
No lark could pipe to skies so dull and grey
A Farewell To C E G

Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever,
Do noble things, not dream them, all day long,
And so make Life, Death, and that vast For Ever,
One grand sweet song. *Ib*

It was Earl Haldan's daughter,
She looked across the sea

It Was Earl Haldan's Daughter

The locks of six princesses
Must be my marriage fee,

'So hey bonny boat, and ho bonny boat!
Who comes a-wooing me?'

Ib

Leave to Robert Browning
 Beggars, fleas, and vines,
 Leave to squeamish Ruskin
 Popish Apennines,
 Dirty stones of Venice
 And his gas-lamps seven,
 We've the stones of Snowdon
 And the lamps of heaven

Letter to Thomas Hughes

What we can we will be,
 Honest Englishmen
 Do the work that's nearest,
 Though it's dull at whiles,
 Helping, when we meet them,
 Lame dogs over stiles

Ib

Welcome, wild North-easter!
 Shame it is to see
 Odes to every zephyr,
 Ne'er a verse to thee

Ode to the North East Wind

Jovial wind of winter
 Turn us out to play!

Ib

Chime, ye dappled darlings,
 Down the roaring blast,
 You shall see a fox die
 Ere an hour be past

Ib

'Tis the hard grey weather
 Breeds hard English men

Ib

Come, and strong within us
 Stir the Vikings' blood,
 Bracing brain and sinew,
 Blow, thou wind of God!

Ib

I once had a sweet little doll, dears,
 The prettiest doll in the world,
 Her cheeks were so red and so white, dears,
 And her hair was so charmingly curled

Songs from The Water Babies My Little Doll.

Yet, for old sakes' sake she is still, dears,
 The prettiest doll in the world

Ib

Undeified for the undeified,
 Play by me, bathe in me, mother and child

Ib The Tide River

When all the world is young, lad,
 And all the trees are green,
 And every goose a swan, lad,
 And every lass a queen,
 Then hey for boot and horse, lad,
 And round the world away
 Young blood must have its course, lad,
 And every dog his day

When all the world is old, lad,
 And all the trees are brown,
 And all the sport is stale, lad,
 And all the wheels run down;
 Creep home, and take your place there,
 The spent and maimed among
 God grant you find one face there,
 You loved when all was young

Ib Young and Old

The merry brown hares came leaping
 Over the crest of the hill,
 Where the clover and corn lay sleeping
 Under the moonlight still

The Bad Squire

Oh! that we two were maying

The Saint's Tragedy, II 1x

With our limbs at rest on the quiet earth's breast,
 And our souls at home with God!

Ib

'O Mary, go and call the cattle home,
 And call the cattle home,
 And call the cattle home,
 Across the sands of Dee
 The western wind was wild and dark with foam,
 And all alone went she

The Sands of Dee

The cruel crawling foam

Ib

The western tide crept up along the sand,
 And o'er and o'er the sand,
 And round and round the sand,
 As far as eye could see

The rolling mist came down and hid the land.

Ib

And never home came she

Three fishers went sailing away to the west,
 Away to the west as the sun went down,
 Each thought on the woman who loved him the best,
 And the children stood watching them out of the town

The Three Fishers

And the night-rack came rolling up ragged and brown.

Ib

For men must work, and women must weep,
 And there's little to earn, and many to keep,
 Though the harbour bar be moaning

Ib

For men must work, and women must weep,
 And the sooner it's over, the sooner to sleep,
 And good-bye to the bar and its moaning

Ib

To be discontented with the divine discontent, and to
 be ashamed with the noble shame, is the very germ
 and first upgrowth of all virtue

Health and Education (1874), p 20.

Truth, for its own sake, had never been a virtue with
 the Roman clergy

*Review of Froude's History of England, in
 Macmillan's Magazine for Jan 1864*

He did not know that a keeper is only a poacher
 turned outside in, and a poacher a keeper turned
 inside out

The Water Babies, ch 1

As thorough an Englishman as ever coveted his
 neighbour's goods

Ib ch 4

And still the lobster held on

Ib ch 5

Mrs Bedonebyasyoudid is coming

Ib

The loveliest fairy in the world, and her name is
 Mrs Doasyouwouldbedoneby

Ib

All the butterflies and cockyolybirds would fly past
 me

Ib ch 8.

Till the coming of the Cocqicrucus

Ib.

Don Desperado

Walked on the Prado,

And there he met his enemy

Westward Ho, ch 12

More ways of killing a cat than choking her with
 cream

Ib ch 20

Eustace is a man no longer, he is become a thing, a
 tool, a Jesuit

Ib ch 23

What, then, does Dr Newman mean?

Title of a pamphlet, 1864

Some say that the age of chivalry is past, that the
 spirit of romance is dead The age of chivalry is
 never past, so long as there is a wrong left unre-
 dressed on earth

Life (1879), vol II, ch 28.

RUDYARD KIPLING

1865-1936

When you've shouted 'Rule Britannia', when you've sung 'God save the Queen',
When you've finished killing Kruger with your mouth
The Absent-Minded Beggar.

He's an absent-minded beggar, and his weaknesses are great—

But we and Paul must take him as we find him—
He's out on active service, wiping something off a slate—

And he's left a lot of little things behind him! *Ib*

Duke's son—cook's son—son of a hundred Kings—
(Fifty thousand horse and foot going to Table Bay!) *Ib*

Pass the hat for your credit's sake, and pay—pay—
pay! *Ib*

If you'd go to Mother Carey
(Walk her down to Mother Carey!),
Oh, we're bound to Mother Carey where she feeds
her chicks at sea! *Anchor Song*

England's on the anvil—hear the hammers ring—
Clanging from the Severn to the Tyne!
Never was a blacksmith like our Norman King—
England's being hammered, hammered, hammered
into line! *The Anvil*

Back to the Army again *Title*

A-layin' on to the Sergeant I don't know a gun from
a bat *Back to the Army Again*

I 'eard the feet on the gravel—the feet o' the men
what drill—

An' I sez to my flutterin' 'eart-strings, I sez to 'em,
'Peace, be still!' *Ib*

Rolling down the Ratcliffe Road drunk and raising
Cain *The Ballad of the 'Bolivar'*

Oh, East is East, and West is West, and never the
twain shall meet,
Till Earth and Sky stand presently at God's great
Judgment Seat,
But there is neither East nor West, Border, nor
Breed, nor Birth,
When two strong men stand face to face, though they
come from the ends of the earth!

The Ballad of East and West

With the mouth of a bell and the heart of Hell and the
head of the gallows-tree *Ib*

The little silver crucifix
That keeps a man from harm
The Ballad of Fisher's Boarding-House

And the talk slid north, and the talk slid south,
With the sliding puffs from the hookah-mouth
Four things greater than all things are,—
Women and Horses and Power and War
Ballad of the King's Jest

It was not part of their blood,
It came to them very late
With long arrears to make good,
When the English began to hate

The Beginnings

There's peace in a Laramie, there's calm in a Henry
Clay. *The Betrothed*

And a woman is only a woman, but a good cigar is a
Smoke *Ib.*

Gentlemen unafraid
*Beyond the Path of the Outmost Sun (Barrack-
Room Ballads Dedication)*

E'en as he trod that day to God so walked he from his
birth,

In simpleness and gentleness and honour and clean
mirth *Ib*

'Oh, where are you going to, all you Big Steamers,
With England's own coal, up and down the salt seas?'
'We are going to fetch you your bread and your butter,
Your beef, pork, and mutton, eggs, apples, and
cheese' *Big Steamers*

'Oh, the Channel's as bright as a ball-room already,
And pilots are thicker than pilchards at Looe' *Ib*

'For the bread that you eat and the biscuits you nibble,
The sweets that you suck and the joints that you
carve,

They are brought to you daily by all us Big Steam-
ers—

And if any one hinders our coming you'll starve!' *Ib*

We're foot—slog—slog—slog—sloggin' over Africa—
Foot—foot—foot—foot—sloggin' over Africa—
(Boots—boots—boots—boots—movin' up an' down
again!)

There's no discharge in the war! *Boots*
Try—try—try—try—to think o' something differ-
ent—

Oh—my—God—keep—me from goin' lunatic!
(Boots—boots—boots—boots—movin' up an' down
again!) *Ib*

I—ave—marched—six—weeks in 'Ell an' certify
It—is—not—fire—devils, dark, or anything,
But boots—boots—boots—movin' up an' down
again *Ib*

O ye who tread the Narrow Way
By Tophet-flare to Jerusalem Day
Buddha at Kamakura.

I've a head like a concertina, I've a tongue like a
button-stick,
I've a mouth like an old potato, and I'm more than a
little sick,

But I've had my fun o' the Corp'ral's Guard, I've
made the cinders fly,
And I'm here in the Clink for a thundering drink and
blacking the Corporal's eye *Cells*

'Drunk and resisting the Guard!'
Mad drunk and resisting the Guard—
'Strewth, but I socked it them bad!
So it's pack-drill for me and a fortnight's C B
For 'drunk and resisting the Guard'. *Ib*

Take of English earth as much
As either hand may rightly clutch
In the taking of it breathe
Prayer for all who lie beneath
Lay that earth upon thy heart,
And thy sickness shall depart! *A Charm*

Land of our birth, we pledge to thee
Our love and toil in the years to be,
When we are grown and take our place,
As men and women with our race
Father in Heaven who lovest all,
Oh, help Thy children when they call,
That they may build from age to age
An undefiled heritage

Teach us to bear the yoke in youth,
With steadfastness and careful truth,
That, in our time, Thy Grace may give
The truth whereby the nations live

The Children's Song

That we, with Thee, may walk uncowed
By fear or favour of the crowd.

Ib

That, under Thee, we may possess
Man's strength to comfort man's distress

Teach us delight in simple things,
And mirth that has no bitter springs;
Forgiveness free of evil done,
And love to all men 'neath the sun!

Land of our birth, our faith, our pride,
For whose dear sake our fathers died,
O Motherland, we pledge to thee
Head, heart, and hand through the years to be! *Ib*
High noon behind the tamarisks—the sun is hot
above us—

As at Home the Christmas Day is breaking wan
'They will drink our healths at dinner—those who
tell us how they love us,
And forget us till another year be gone!

Christmas in India

So Time, that is o'er-kind,
To all that be,
Ordains us e'en as blind,
As bold as she
That in our very death,
And burial sure,
Shadow to shadow, well persuaded, saith,
'See how our works endure!'

Cities and Thrones and Powers (Puck of Pook's Hill)

We must go back with Policeman Day—
Back from the City of Sleep! *The City of Sleep.*

The coastwise lights of England watch the ships of
England go! *The Coastwise Lights*

They know the worthy General as 'that most im-
moral man' *A Code of Morals*

Gold is for the mistress—silver for the maid—
Copper for the craftsman cunning at his trade
'Good' said the Baron, sitting in his hall,
'But Iron—Cold Iron—is master of them all'

Cold Iron

We have learned to whittle the Eden Tree to the shape
of a surplice-peg,
We have learned to bottle our parents twain in the
yolk of an addled egg,

We know that the tail must wag the dog, for the horse
is drawn by the cart,
But the Devil whoops, as he whooped of old 'It's
clever, but is it Art?'

The Conundrum of the Workshops

Our father Adam sat under the Tree and scratched
with a stick in the mould,
And the first rude sketch that the world had seen was
joy to his mighty heart,
Till the Devil whispered behind the leaves, 'It's
pretty, but is it Art?' *Ib*

By the favour of God we might know as much—
as our father Adam knew! *Ib*

And that is called paying the Dane-geld,
But we've proved it again and again,
That if once you have paid him the Dane-geld
You never get rid of the Dane *Dane-Geld.*

'What are the bugles blowin' for?' said Files-on-
Parade

'To turn you out, to turn you out,' the Colour-Ser-
geant said *Danny Deever*

'For they're hangin' Danny Deever, you can hear the
Dead March play,

The Regiment's in 'ollow square—they're hangin'
'im to-day,

They've taken of 'is buttons off an' cut 'is stripes
away,

An' they're hangin' Danny Deever in the mornin' ' *Ib*

The 'eathen in 'is blindness bows down to wood an'
'stone;

'E don't obey no orders unless they is 'is own;
'E keeps 'is side-arms awful 'e leaves 'em all about,
An' then comes up the Regiment an' pokes the 'eathen
out *The 'Eathen*

All along o' dirtiness, all along o' mess,
All along o' doin' things rather-more-or-less,
All along of abby-nay*, kul*, an' hazar-ho*,
Mind you keep your rifle an' yourself jus' sol *Ib*

* Not now * tomorrow * wait a bit

The 'eathen in 'is blindness must end where 'e began,
But the backbone of the Army is the Non-commis-
sioned man! *Ib*

The first dry rattle of new-drawn steel
Changes the world to-day! *Edgehill Fight*

Who are neither children nor Gods, but men in a
world of men! *England's Answer to the Cities*

Winds of the World, give answer! They are whim-
pering to and fro—

And what should they know of England who only
England know? *The English Flag*

I barred my gates with iron, I shuttered my doors
with flame,

Because to force my ramparts your nutshell navies
came *Ib*

Never was isle so little, never was sea so lone,
But over the scud and the palm-trees an English Flag
was flown *Ib*

I could not look on Death, which being known,
Men led me to him, blindfold and alone

Epitaphs of the War The Coward

All that pentecostal crew *Et Dona Ferentes*

But it never really mattered till the English grew
polite *Ib*

The breed that take their pleasures as Saint Lawrence
took his grid *Ib*

'Something lost behind the Ranges' *The Explorer*

Your 'Never-never country' *Ib*

Anybody might have found it, but—His Whisper
came to me! *Ib*

For the Red Gods call us out and we must go!
The Feet of the Young Men

When the Hymalayan peasant meets the he-bear in
his pride,
He shouts to scare the monster, who will often turn
aside

But the she-bear thus accosted rends the peasant
tooth and nail

For the female of the species is more deadly than the
male *The Female of the Species*

Man propounds negotiations, Man accepts the com-
promise

Very rarely will he squarely push the logic of a fact
To its ultimate conclusion in unmitigated act *Ib*

Buy my English posies!

Kent and Surrey may—

Violets of the Undercliff

Wet with Channel spray,

Cowslips from a Devoncombe—

Midland furze afire—

Buy my English posies

And I'll sell your heart's desire!

The Flowers

Weed ye trample underfoot

Floods his heart abrim—

Bird ye never heeded,

Oh, she calls his dead to him!

Ib

Take the flower and turn the hour, and kiss your love
again! *Ib*

So it's knock out your pipes an' follow me!

An' it's finish up your swipes an' follow me!

An' it's 'Thirteen rank' an' follow me!

Follow me—follow me 'ome! *Follow Me 'Ome*

For it's 'Three rounds blank' an' follow me,

Oh, passin' the love o' women,

Follow me—follow me 'ome!

Ib

For all we have and are,

For all our children's fate,

Stand up and take the war

The Hun is at the gate! *For All We Have and Are*

There is but one task for all—

One life for each to give

What stands if Freedom fall?

Who dies if England live?

Ib

Ford, ford, ford o' Kabul river,

Ford o' Kabul river in the dark!

There's the river up an' brimmin', an' there's 'arf a
squadron swimmin'

'Cross the ford o' Kabul river in the dark

Ford o' Kabul River

For to admire an' for to see,

For to be'old this world so wide

It never done no good to me,

But I can't drop it if I tried!

For to Admire

So 'ere's to you, Fuzzy-Wuzzy, at your 'ome in the
Soudan,

You're a pore brightened 'eathen but a first-class
fightin' man,

An' 'ere's to you, Fuzzy-Wuzzy, with your 'ayrick
'ead of 'air—

You big black boundin' beggar—for you broke a
British square! *Fuzzy-Wuzzy*

'E's all 'ot sand an' ginger when alive,

An' 'e's generally shammin' when 'e's dead

Ib

'E's the only thing that doesn't give a damn

For a Regiment o' British Infantee!

Ib

When 'e's 'oppin' in an' out among the bush

With 'is coffin-'eaded shield an' shovel-spear,

An' appy day with Fuzzy on the rush

Will last an' 'ealthy Tommy for a year

Ib

To the legion of the lost ones, to the cohort of the
damned *Gentlemen Rankers*

Gentlemen-rankers out on the spree,
Damned from here to Eternity *Ib*

We have done with Hope and Honour, we are lost to
Love and Truth,

We are dropping down the ladder rung by rung,
And the measure of our torment is the measure of our
youth

God help us, for we knew the worst too young! *Ib*

The wild hawk to the wind-swept sky,

The deer to the wholesome wold,

And the heart of a man to the heart of a maid,

As it was in the days of old *The Gipsy Trail*

Our England is a garden that is full of stately views,
Of borders, beds and shrubberies and lawns and
avenues,

With statues on the terraces and peacocks strutting
by,

But the Glory of the Garden lies in more than meets
the eye *The Glory of the Garden*

The Glory of the Garden it abideth not in words *Ib*

Our England is a garden, and such gardens are not
made

By singing —'Oh, how beautiful' and sitting in the
shade,

While better men than we go out and start their
working lives

At grubbing weeds from gravel paths with broken
dinner-knives

There's not a pair of legs so thin, there's not a head
so thick,

There's not a hand so weak and white, nor yet a
heart so sick,

But it can find some needful job that's crying to be
done,

For the Glory of the Garden glorifieth every one

Then seek your job with thankfulness and work till
further orders,

If it's only netting strawberries or killing slugs on
borders,

And when your back stops aching and your hands
begin to harden,

You will find yourself a partner in the Glory of the
Garden

Oh, Adam was a gardener, and God who made him
sees

That half a proper gardener's work is done upon his
knees,

So when your work is finished, you can wash your
hands and pray

For the Glory of the Garden, that it may not pass
away!

And the Glory of the Garden it shall never pass
away! *Ib*

You may talk o' gin an' 'bac

When you're quartered side out 'ere,

An' you're sent to penny-fights an' Aldershot it,

But when it comes to slaughter

You will do your work on water,

An' you'll lick the bloomin' boots of 'im that's got it

Gunga Din

'The uniform 'e wore

Was nothin' much before,

An' rather less than 'arf o' that be'ind.

Ib

An' for all 'is dirty 'ide

'E was white, clear white, inside

When 'e went to tend the wounded under fire! *Ib*

So I'll meet 'im later on
At the place where 'e is gone—
Where it's always double drills and no canteen. *Ib*
'E'll be squattin' on the coals
Givin' drink to poor damned souls,
An' I'll get a swig in Hell from Gunga Din *Ib*
Though I've belted you an' flayed you,
By the livin' Gawd that made you,
You're a better man than I am, Gunga Din! *Ib*
But O, 'tis won'erful good for the Prophet!
Hal o' the Draft (Puck of Pook's Hill)

Ere yet we loose the legions—
Ere yet we draw the blade,
Jehovah of the Thunders,
Lord God of Battles, ad! *Hymn Before Action*
'There are nine and sixty ways of constructing tribal
lays,
And—every—single—one—of—them—is—right!
In the Neolithic Age.

If you can keep your head when all about you
Are losing theirs and blaming it on you,
If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you,
But make allowance for their doubting too,
If you can wait and not be tired by waiting,
Or being lied about, don't deal in lies,
Or being hated, don't give way to hating,
And yet don't look too good, nor talk too wise
If you can dream—and not make dreams your master,
If you can think—and not make thoughts your aim,
If you can meet with Triumph and Disaster
And treat those two impostors just the same *If—*
If you can make one heap of all your winnings
And risk it on one turn of pitch-and-toss,
And lose, and start again at your beginnings
And never breathe a word about your loss *Ib*
If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue,
Or walk with Kings—nor lose the common touch,
If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you,
If all men count with you, but none too much,
If you can fill the unforgiving minute
With sixty seconds' worth of distance run,
Yours is the Earth and everything that's in it,
And—which is more—you'll be a Man, my son! *Ib*

I have eaten your bread and salt,
I have drunk your water and wine
*I Have Eaten Your Bread (Departmental
Duties Prelude)*

Dear hearts across the seas *Ib*
No doubt but ye are the People *The Islanders*
Then ye returned to your trinkets, then ye contented
your souls
With the flannelled fools at the wicket or the muddled
oafs at the goals *Ib*
Given to strong delusion, wholly believing a lie *Ib*
He wrote that monarchs were divine,
And left a son who—proved they weren't! *James I*
Jane went to Paradise
That was only fair,
Good Sir Walter met her first,
And led her up the stair
Henry and Tobias,
And Miguel of Spain,
Stood with Shakespeare at the top
To welcome Jane. *Jane's Marriage*

Jane lies in Winchester, blessed be her shade!
Praise the Lord for making her, and her for all she
made
And, while the stones of Winchester—or Milsom
Street—remain,
Glory, Love, and Honour unto England's Jane! *Ib*
Cold, commanded lust *Justice*
Let them relearn the Law *Ib*
I've never sailed the Amazon,
I've never reached Brazil
Just-So Stories Beginning of the Armadillos

Yes, weekly from Southampton,
Great steamers, white and gold,
Go rolling down to Rio
(Roll down—roll down to Rio!).
And I'd like to roll to Rio
Some day before I'm old! *Ib*
I've never seen a Jaguar,
Nor yet an Armadill-
o dilling in his armour,
And I s'pose I never will. *Ib*
The Camel's hump is an ugly hump
Which will you may see at the Zoo,
But uglier yet is the Hump we get
From having too little to do
Ib How the Camel Got His Hump

We get the Hump—
Camelous Hump—
The Hump that is black and blue! *Ib*
The cure for this ill is not to sit still,
Or frowst with a book by the fire,
But to take a large hoe and a shovel also,
And dig till you gently perspire *Ib*
Old Man Kangaroo first, Yellow-Dog Dingo behind
Ib Sing-Song of Old Man Kangaroo
'Confound Romance' And all unseen
Romance brought up the nine-fifteen *The King*
For Allah created the English mad—the maddest of
all mankind! *Kitchener's School*

I've taken my fun where I've found it,
An' now I must pay for my fun,
For the more you 'ave known o' the others
The less will you settle to one,
An' the end of it's sittin' an' thinkin',
An' dreamin' Hell-fires to see
So be warned by my lot (which I know you will not),
An' learn about women from me! *The Ladies*
An' I learned about women from 'er! *Ib*
But the things you will learn from the Yellow an'
Brown,
They'll 'elp you a lot with the White! *Ib*
For the Colonel's Lady an' Judy O'Grady
Are sisters under their skins! *Ib*
'Have it jest as you've a mind to, but, if I was you, I'd
dreen' *The Land*
'Hev it just as you've a mind to, but'—and here he
takes command
For whoever pays the taxes old Mus' Hobden owns
the land *Ib*
Thus said the Lord in the vault above the Cherubim,
Calling to the Angels and the Souls in their degree
The Last Chantey
Then said the soul of the Angel of the Off-shore
Wind *Ib*

'And Ye take mine honour from me if Ye take away the sea!' *Ib*

'Are we babes that we should clamour for a vengeance on the sea?' *Ib*

Then cried the soul of the stout Apostle Paul to God *Ib*

'When they learned Thy Grace and Glory under Malta by the sea!' *Ib*

Loud sang the souls of the jolly, jolly mariners,
Plucking at their harps, and they plucked unhandily
'Our thumbs are rough and tarred,
And the tune is something hard—
May we lift a Deepsea Chantey such as scamen use at sea?' *Ib*

'Heave or sink it, leave or drink it, we were masters of the sea!' *Ib*

Loud sang the souls of the jolly, jolly mariners,
Crying 'Under Heaven, here is neither lead nor lee!
Must we sing for evermore
On the windless, glassy floor?
Take back your golden fiddles and we'll beat to open sea!' *Ib*

Then stooped the Lord, and He called the good sea up to Him,

And 'established its borders unto all eternity,
That such as have no pleasure

For to praise the Lord by measure,
They may enter into galleons and serve Him on the Sea *Ib*

And the ships shall go abroad
To the Glory of the Lord

Who heard the silly sailor-folk and gave them back their sea! *Ib*

'I ha' harpit ye up to the Throne o' God,
I ha' harpit your midmost soul in three
I ha' harpit ye down to the Hinges o' Hell,
And—ye—would—make—a Knight o' me!"
The Last Rhyme of True Thomas

Now this is the Law of the Jungle—as old and as true as the sky *The Law of the Jungle*

This is the sorrowful story
Told as the twilight falls
And the monkeys walk together
Holding their neighbours' tails
The Legends of Evil

Thin Noah spoke him fairly, thin talked to him severely,

An' thin he cursed him squarely to the glory av the Lord —

'Divil take the ass that bred you, an' the greater ass that fed you!

Divil go wid you, ye spalpeen!" an' the Donkey wint aboard *Ib*

Till Noah said — "There's wan av us that hasn't paid his fare!" *Ib*

We have had an Imperial lesson, it may make us an Empire yet! *The Lesson*

And that's how it all began, my dears,
And that's how it all began!

The Light that Failed, chapter heading

The Liner she's a lady, an' she never looks nor 'eeds—

The Man-o'-War's 'er 'usband, an' 'e gives 'er all she needs,

But, oh, the little cargo-boats, that sail the wet sea roun',

They're just the same as you an' me a-plyin' up an down! *The Liner She's a Lady*

'There's a whisper down the field where the year has shot her yield,

And the ricks stand grey to the sun,
Singing — 'Over then, come over, for the bee has quit the clover,

And your English summer's done' *The Long Trail*

You have heard the beat of the off-shore wind,
And the thrush of the deep-sea rain,
You have heard the song—how long? how long?
Pull out on the trail again!

Ha' done with the Tents of Shem, dear lass,
We've seen the seasons through,
And it's time to turn on the old trail, our own trail,
the out trail,
Pull out, pull out, on the Long Trail—the trail that is always new! *Ib*

It's North you may run to the rime-ringed sun,

Or South to the blind Horn's hate,

Or East all the way into Mississippi Bay,

Or West to the Golden Gate *Ib*

The Queen was in her chamber, and she was muddling old,

Her petticoat was satin, and her stomacher was gold
Backwards and forwards and sideways did she pass,
Making up her mind to face the cruel looking-glass
The cruel looking-glass that will never show a lass
As comely or as kindly or as young as what she was!
The Looking Glass

The Queen was in her chamber, her sins were on her head

She looked the spirits up and down and stately she said —

'Backwards and forwards and sideways though I've been,

Yet I am Harry's daughter and I am England's Queen!' *Ib*

There's a Legion that never was 'listed

The Lost Legion

To go and find out and be damned (Dear boys!),

To go and get shot and be damned *Ib*

Lord, 'I hou hast made this world below the shadow of a dream,

An', taught by time, I tak' it so—exceptin' always Steam

From coupler-flange to spindle-guide I see Thy Hand, O God—

Predestination in the stride o' yon connectin'-rod
McAndrew's Hymn

Alone wi' God an' these

My engines *Ib*

Yon's strain, hard strain, o' head an' hand, for though Thy Power brings

All skill to naught, Ye'll understand a man must think o' things *Ib*

Ye thought? Ye are not paid to think *Ib*
 Mister McAndrew, don't you think steam spoils
 romance at sea? *Ib*
 Romance! Those first-class passengers they like it
 very well,
 Printed an' bound in little books, but why don't
 poets tell? *Ib*
 While, out o' touch o' vanity, the sweatin' thrust-
 block says
 'Not unto us the praise, or man—not unto us the
 praise!' *Ib*
 By the old Moulmein Pagoda, lookin' eastward to the
 sea,
 There's a Burma girl a-settin', and I know she thinks
 o' me,
 For the wind is in the palm-trees, an' the temple-
 bells they say
 'Come you back, you British soldier, come you back
 to Mandalay!
 Come you back to Mandalay,
 Where the old Flotilla lay
 Can't you 'ear them paddles chunkin' from Rangoon
 to Mandalay?
 On the road to Mandalay,
 Where the flyin'-fishes play,
 An' the dawn comes up like thunder outer China
 'crosst the Bay! *Mandalay*
 An' I seed her first a-smokin' of a whackin' white
 cheroot,
 An' a-wastin' Christian kisses on an 'eathen idol's
 foot. *Ib*
 When the must was on the rice-fields an' the sun was
 droppin' slow,
 She'd git 'er little banyo an' she'd sing 'Kulla-lo-lo!
Ib
 But that's all shove be'ind me—long ago an' fur away,
 An' there ain' no 'buses runnin' from the Bank to
 Mandalay,
 An' I'm learnin' 'ere in London wot the ten-year
 soldier tells
 'If you've 'eard the East a-callin', you won't never
 'ced naught else' *Ib*
 I am sick o' wastin' leather on these gritty pavin'-
 stones,
 An' the blasted English dizzle wakes the fever in my
 bones,
 Tho' I walks with fifty 'ousemaids outer Chelsea to
 the Strand,
 An' they talks a lot o' lovin', but wot do they under-
 stand?
 Beefy face an' grubby 'and—
 Law! Wot do they understand?
 I've a neater, sweeter maiden in a cleaner, greener
 land! *Ib*
 Ship me somewheres east of Suez, where the best is
 like the worst,
 Where there aren't no Ten Commandments, an' a man
 can raise a thirst
 For the temple-bells are callin', an' it's there that I
 would be—
 By the old Moulmein Pagoda, looking lazy at the sea
Ib
 Ten thousand men on the pay-roll, and forty
 freighters at sea! *The 'Mary Gloster'*

Harrer an' Trinity College! I ought to ha' sent you
 to sea *Ib*
 For you muddled with books and pictures, an' china
 an' etchin's an' fans,
 And your rooms at college was beasty—more like a
 whore's than a man's *Ib*
 I've seen your carriages blocking the half o' the
 Cromwell Road,
 But never the doctor's brougham to help the missus
 unload *Ib*
 For a man he must go with a woman, which women
 don't understand—
 Or the sort that say they can see it, they aren't the
 marrying brand *Ib*
 I'm sick of the hired women I'll kiss my girl on hei
 lips! *Ib*
 Nice while it lasted, an' now it is over—
 Tear out your 'eart in' good-bye to your love!
 What's the use o' grievin', when the mother that bore
 you
 (Mary, pity women!) knew it all before you?
Mary, Pity Women
 There runs a road by Merrow Down—
 A grissy track to-day it is—
 An hour out of Guildford town,
 Above the river Wey it is *Merrow Down*
 But as the faithful years return
 And hearts unwounded sing again,
 Comes 'I afly dancing through the fern
 To lead the Surrey spring again. *Ib*
 'Mines reported in the fairway,
 Warn all traffic and detain
 'Send up *Umy, Claribel, Assyrian, Stormcock, and*
Golden Gai' *Mine Sweepers*
 'Good rest to all
 That keep the Jungle Law'
Morning Song in the Jungle
 If I were hanged on the highest hill,
 Mother o' mine, O mother o' mine!
 I know whose love would follow me still,
 Mother o' mine, O mother o' mine!
Mother O' Mine
 If I were damned of body and soul,
 I know whose prayers would make me whole,
 Mother o' mine, O mother o' mine! *Ib*
 'Have you news of my boy Jack?
Not this tide
 'When d'you think that he'll come back?'
Not with this wind blowing, and this tide
My Boy Jack
 My new-cut ashlar takes the light
 Where crimson-blank the windows flare
My New-cut Ashlar
 The depth and dream of my desire,
 The bitter paths wherein I stray—
 Thou knowest Who hast made the Fire,
 Thou knowest Who hast made the Clay *Ib*
 One stone the more swings into place
 In that dread Temple of Thy worth
 It is enough that, through Thy Grace,
 I saw nought common on Thy Earth *Ib*

Now it is not good for the Christian health to hustle
 the Aryan biown,
 For the Christian riles, and the Aryan smiles, and it
 weareth the Christian down,
 And the end of the fight is a tombstone white with
 the name of the late deceased,
 And the epitaph drear 'A Fool lies here who tried to
 hustle the East' *Naulahka*, heading of ch 5

The Saxon is not like us Normans His manners are
 not so polite
 But he never means anything serious till he talks
 about justice and right,
 When he stands like an ox in the furrow with his
 sullen set eyes on your own,
 And grumbles, 'This isn't fair dealing,' my son, leave
 the Saxon alone *Norman and Saxon*

The 'orse 'e knows above a bit, the bullock's but a
 fool,
 The elephant's a gentleman, the battery-mule's a
 mule,
 But the commissariat cam-u-el, when all is said an'
 done,
 'E's a devil an' a ostrich an' a orphan-child in one
Onts

Excellent herbs had our fathers of old—
 Excellent herbs to ease their pain
'Our Fathers of Old'

Anything green that grew out of the mould
 Was an excellent herb to our fathers of old *Ib*

A Nation spoke to a Nation,
 A Throne sent word to a Throne
 'Daughter am I in my mother's house,
 But mistress in my own
 The gates are mine to open,
 As the gates are mine to close,
 And I abide by my Mother's House'
 Said our Lady of the Snows *Our Lady of the Snows*

In the Name of the Empress, the Overland Mail
The Overland Mail

The toad beneath the harrow knows
 Exactly where eich tooth-point goes,
 The butterfly upon the road
 Preaches contentment to that toad *Pagett M P*

Pagett, M P, was a liar, and a fluent liar therewith
Ib

After me cometh a Builder Tell him, I too have
 known *The Palace*

Can't! Don't! Sha'n't! Won't!
 Pass it along the line!
 Somebody's pack has slid from his back,
 'Wish it were only mine!
 Somebody's load has tipped off in the road—
 Cheer for a halt and a row!
 Urrh! Yarrh! Grr! Arrh!
 Somebody's catching it now!
Parade-Song of the Camp-Ammals Commis-
sariat Camels

But a man in khaki kit who could handle men a bit,
 With his bedding labelled Sergeant Whatsisname
Pharaoh and the Sergeant

He drank strong waters and his speech was coarse,
 He purchased raiment and forbore to pay,
 He stuck a trusting junior with a horse,
 And won gymkhanas in a doubtful way,
 'Then, 'twixt a vice and folly, turned aside
 To do good deeds—and straight to cloak them, lied.
Plain Tales from the Hills Chapter heading
 to 'A Bank Fraud'

The Three in One, the One in Three? Not so!
 'To my own Gods I go
 It may be they shall give me greater ease
 Than your cold Christ and tangled Trinities
Ib Chapter heading to 'Lispeth'

Bade farewell to Minnie Boffkin in one last, long
 lingering fit *The Post that Fitted*
 Year by year, in pious patience, vengeful Mrs Boff-
 kin sits
 Waiting for the Sleary babies to develop Sleary's fits
Ib

There is sorrow enough in the natural way
 From men and women to fill our day,
 But when we are certain of sorrow in store,
 Why do we always arrange for more?
 Brothers and Sisters, I bid you beware
 Of giving your heart to a dog to tear
The Power of the Dog.

Valour and Innocence
 Have latterly gone hence
 To certain death by certain shame attended
The Queen's Men.

God of our fathers, known of old,
 Lord of our far-flung battle-line,
 Beneath whose awful Hand we hold
 Dominion over palm and pine—
 Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
 Lest we forget—lest we forget!

The tumult and the shouting dies,
 The Captains and the Kings depart
 Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,
 An humble and a contrite heart
 Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
 Lest we forget—lest we forget! *Recessional*

Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
 Is one with Nineveh and Tyre! *Ib*

If, drunk with sight of power, we loose
 Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe,
 Such boastings as the Gentiles use,
 Or lesser breeds without the Law *Ib*

For heathen heart that puts her trust
 In reeking tube and iron shard,
 All valiant dust that builds on dust,
 And, guarding, calls not Thee to guard,
 For frantic boast and foolish word—
 Thy mercy on Thy People, Lord! *Ib.*

If England was what England seems,
 An' not the England of our dreams,
 But only putt, brass, an' paint,
 'Ow quick we'd drop 'er! But she ain't!
The Return

English they be and Japanee that hang on the Brown
 Bear's flank,
 And some be Scot, but the worst of the lot, and the
 boldest thieves, be Yank!
The Rhyme of the Three Sealers

And I've lost Britain, and I've lost Gaul,
And I've lost Rome and, worst of all,
I've lost Lalage!

'Ramun'

I walk my beat before London Town,
Five hours up and seven down,
Up I go till I end my run
At Tide-end-town, which is 'Teddington

The River's Tale

Brother, thy tail hangs down behind!

Road Song of the Bandar-Log

Who hath desired the Sea?—the sight of salt water
unbounded

The Sea and the Hills

So and no otherwise—so and no otherwise—hillmen
desire their Hills!

Ib

Cheer for the Sergeant's wedding—

Give 'em one cheer more!

Grey gun-orses in the lando,

An' a rogue is married to a whore

The Sergeant's Wedding

Shillin' a day,
Bloomin' good pay—

Lucky to touch it, a shillin' a day!

Shillin' a Day

Give 'im a letter—

Can't do no better,

Late Troop-Sergeant-Major an'—runs with a letter!

Think what 'e's been,

Think what 'e's seen

Think of 'is pension an'—

GAWD SAVE THE QUEEN!

Ib

So it was 'Rounds! What Rounds?' at two of a frosty
night

'E's 'oldin' on by the Sergeant's sash, but, sentry,
shut your eye

The Shut-Eye Sentry

But you ought to 'ave 'eard 'em markin' time

To 'ide the things 'e said!

Ib

There was two-an'-thirty Sergeants,

There was Corp'rals forty-one,

There was just nine 'undred rank an' file

To swear to a touch o' sun

Ib

We'll 'elp 'im for 'is mother, an' 'e'll 'elp us by-an'-
by!

Ib

Them that asks no questions isn't told a lie

Watch the wall, my darling, while the Gentlemen go
by!

Five and twenty ponies

Trotting through the dark—

Brandy for the Parson,

'Baccy for the Clerk,

Laces for a lady, letters for a spy,

Watch the wall, my darling, while the Gentlemen go
by!

A Smuggler's Song

Sez 'e, 'I'm a Jolly—'Er Majesty's Jolly—soldier an'
sailor too!

Soldier an' Sailor too!

'E's a kind of a giddy harumfrodite—soldier an'
sailor too!

Ib

I'm the Prophet of the Utterly Absurd,
Of the Patently Impossible and Vain

The Song of the Bango

I am all that ever went with evening dress!

Ib

Let the organ moan her sorrow to the roof—
I have told the naked stars the Grief of Man!
Let the trumpet snare the foeman to the proof—
I have known Defeat, and mocked it as we ran!

Ib

With my "Tinka-tinka-tinka-tink!"

Ib

There's never a wave of all her waves

But marks our English dead

The Song of the Dead, II

If blood be the price of admiralty,

Lord God, we ha' paid in full!

Ib

For the Lord our God Most High

He hath made the deep as dry,

He hath smote for us a pathway to the ends of all the
earth!

A Song of the English

Keep ye the Law—be swift in all obedience—

Clear the land of evil, drive the road and bridge the
ford

Make ye sure to each his own

That he reap where he hath sown,

By the peace among our peoples let men know we
serve the Lord!

Ib

Ere Mor the Peacock flutters, ere the Monkey People
cry,

Ere Chil the Kite swoops down a furlong sheer,

Through the Jungle very softly flits a shadow and a
sigh—

He is Fear, O Little Hunter, he is Fear!

The Song of the Little Hunter

But thy throat is shut and dried, and thy heart against
thy side

Hammers 'Fear, O Little Hunter—this is Fear!' *Ib*

Mithras, God of the Morning, our trumpets waken
the Wall!

'Rome is above the Nations, but Thou art over all!'

A Song to Mithras

The Sons of Mary seldom bother, for they have in-
herited that good part,

But the Sons of Martha favour their Mother of the
careful soul and the troubled heart

And because she lost her temper once, and because
she was rude to the Lord her Guest,

Her Sons must wait upon Mary's Sons, world without
end, reprieve, or rest

The Sons of Martha

They do not preach that their God will rouse them a
little before the nuts work loose

They do not teach that His Pity allows them to leave
their job when they damn-well choose

Ib

They sit at the Feet—they hear the Word—they see
how truly the Promise runs

They have cast their burden upon the Lord, and—
the Lord He lays it on Martha's Sons!

Ib

'Let us now praise famous men'—

Men of little showing—

For their work continueth,

And their work continueth,

Broad and deep continueth,

Greater than their knowing!

Stalky & Co A School Song

An' it all goes into the laundry,

But it never comes out in the wash,

'Ow we're sugared about by the old men

('Eavy-sterned amateur old men!)

That 'amper an' 'under an' scold men

For fear o' Stellenbosch!

Stellenbosch.

No tender-hearted garden crowns,
No bosomed woods adorn
Our blunt, bow-headed whale-backed Downs,
But gnarled and writhen thorn *Sussex*

Half-wild and wholly tame,
The wise turf cloaks the white cliff-edge
As when the Romans came *Ib*

The barrow and the camp abide,
The sunlight and the sword *Ib*

And here the sea-fogs lap and cling
And here, each warning each,
The sheep-bells and the ship-bells ring
Along the hidden beach *Ib*

Little, lost, Down churches praise
The Lord who made the hills *Ib*

Huge oaks and old, the which we hold
No more than Sussex weed *Ib*

God gives all men all earth to love,
But, since man's heart is small,
Ordains for each one spot shall prove
Belov'd over all

Each to his choice, and I rejoice
The lot has fallen to me
In a fair ground—in a fair ground—
Yea, Sussex by the sea! *Ib*

Till I 'card a beggar squealin' out for quarter as 'e
ran,

An' I thought I knew the voice an'—it was me!
That Day

'Once on a time there was a Man'
Things and the Man

And, Thomas, here's my best respects to you!
*To Thomas Atkins Prelude to Barrack-Room
Ballads*

One man in a thousand, Solomon says,
Will stick more close than a brother
The Thousandth Man

But the Thousandth Man will stand by your side
To the gallows-foot—and after! *Ib*

With maids of matchless beauty and parentage un-
guessed,
And a Church of England parson for the Islands of
the Blest *The Three-Decker*

Till he heard as the roar of a rain-fed ford the roar of
the Milky Way *Tomlinson*

'Stand up, stand up now, Tomlinson, and answer
loud and high
The good that ye did for the sake of men or ever ye
came to die' *Ib*

'But now ye wait at Heaven's Gate and not in Berke-
ley Square' *Ib*

'Though we called your friend from his bed this night,
he could not speak to you,
For the race is run by one and one and never by two
and two' *Ib*

'Oh, this I have read in a book,' he said, 'and that
was told to me,
And this I have thought that another man thought of
a Prince in Muscovy' *Ib*

'Ye have read, ye have heard, ye have thought,' he
said, 'and the tale is yet to run
By the worth of the body that once ye had, give
answer—what ha' ye done?' *Ib*

'Oh, this I have felt, and this I have guessed, and
this I have heard men say,
And this they wrote that another man wrote of a carl
in Norrway' *Ib*

'And—the faith that ye share with Berkeley Square
uphold you, Tomlinson' *Ib*

The Wind that blows between the Worlds, it nipped
him to the bone,
And he yearned to the flare of Hell-gate there as the
light of his own hearth-stone *Ib*

'For the sin ye do by two and two ye must pay for one
by one' *Ib*

'Once I ha' laughed at the power of Love and twice at
the grip of the Grave,
And thrice I ha' patted my God on the head that men
might call me brave' *Ib*

'I see no worth in the hobnailed mirth or the jolt-head
jest ye did
That I should waken my gentlemen that are sleeping
three on a grid' *Ib*

'Have ye sinned one sin for the pride o' the eye or the
sinful lust of the flesh?' *Ib*

'Then Tomlinson he gripped the bars and yammered,
'Let me in—

For I mind that I borrowed my neighbour's wife to
sin the deadly sin'

The Devil he grinned behind the bars, and banked
the fires high

'Did ye read of that sin in a book?' said he, and
'Tomlinson said 'Ay' *Ib*

The Devil he blew upon his nails, and the little devils
ran *Ib*

'Ye have scarce the soul of a louse,' he said, 'but the
roots of sin are there' *Ib*

'And—the God that you took from a printed book be
with you, Tomlinson!' *Ib*

Oh, it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an' 'Tommy,
go away',

But it's 'Thank you, Mister Atkins,' when the band
begins to play *Tommy*

It's Tommy this an' Tommy that, an' 'Chuck him
out, the brute!'

But it's 'Saviour of 'is country' when the guns begin
to shoot *Ib*

'Then it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an' 'Tommy,
'ow's yer soul?'

But it's 'Thin red line of 'eroes' when the drums
begin to roll *Ib*

We aren't no thin red 'eroes, nor we aren't no black-
guards too

But single men in barracks, most remarkable like you,
An' if sometimes our conduct isn't all your fancy
paints,

Why, single men in barracks don't grow into plaster
saints. *Ib*

Of all the trees that grow so fair,
Old England to adorn,
Greater are none beneath the Sun,
Than Oak, and Ash, and Thorn. *A Tree Song.*

England shall bide till Judgement Tide,
By Oak, and Ash, and Thorn! *Ib*

I tell this tale, which is strictly true,
Just by way of convincing you
How very little, since things were made,
Things have altered in the building trade *A Truthful Song*

The young man kindly answered them
'It might be Lot or Methusalem,
Or it might be Moses (a man I hate),
Whereas it is Pharaoh surnamed the Great

Your glazing is new and your plumbing's strange,
But otherwise I perceive no change,
And in less than a month, if you do as I bid,
I'd learn you to build me a Pyramid! *Ib*

The old man kindly answered them
'It might be Japheth, it might be Shem,
Or it might be Ham (though his skin was dark),
Whereas it is Noah, commanding the Ark

Your wheel is new and your pumps are strange,
But otherwise I perceive no change,
And in less than a week, if she did not ground,
I'd sail this hooker the wide world round! *Ib*

Much I owe to the Lands that grew—
More to the Lives that fed—
But most to Allah Who gave me two
Separate sides to my head *The Two-Sided Man*

The dark eleventh hour
Draws on and sees us sold *Ulster*

A fool there was and he made his prayer
(Even as you and I!)
To a rag and a bone and a hank of hair
(We called her the woman who did not care)
But the fool he called her his lady fair—
(Even as you and I!) *The Vampire*

But a fool must follow his natural bent
(Even as you and I!) *Ib*

Oh, was there ever sailor free to choose,
That didn't settle somewhere near the sea?
The Virginty

They that have wrought the end unthought
Be neither saint nor sage,
But only men who did the work
For which they drew the wage *The Wage-Slaves*

They shut the road through the woods
Seventy years ago *The Way Through the Woods*

Steadily cantering through
The misty solitudes,
As though they perfectly knew
The old lost road through the woods—
But there is no road through the woods! *Ib*

Father, Mother, and Me,
Sister and Auntie say
All the people like us are We,
And every one else is They. *We and They*

When Earth's last picture is painted and the tubes are
twisted and dried,
When the oldest colours have faded, and the youngest
critic has died,

We shall rest, and, faith, we shall need it—lie down
for an æon or two,
Till the Master of All Good Workmen shall put us to
work anew *When Earth's Last Picture*

And those that were good shall be happy they shall
sit in a golden chair,
They shall splash at a ten-league canvas with brushes
of comets' hair *Ib*

And only The Master shall praise us, and only The
Master shall blame,
And no one shall work for money, and no one shall
work for fame,
But each for the joy of the working, and each, in his
separate star,
Shall draw the Thing as he sees It for the God of
Things as They are! *Ib*

When 'Omer smote 'is bloomin' lyre,
'E'd 'eard men sing by land an' 'ea,
An' what 'e thought 'e might require,
'E went an' took—the same as me!
When 'Omer Smote (Barrack-Room Ballads Introduction)

They knew 'e stole, 'e knew they knowed,
'They didn't tell, nor make a fuss,
But winked at 'Omer down the road,
An' 'e winked back—the same as us! *Ib*

Take up the White Man's burden—
Send forth the best ye breed—
Go, bind your sons to exile
To serve your captives' need,
To wait in heavy harness
On fluttered folk and wild—
Your new-caught, sullen peoples,
Half-devil and half-child *The White Man's Burden*

By all ye cry or whisper,
By all ye leave or do,
The silent, sullen peoples
Shall weigh your Gods and you *Ib*

Take up the White Man's burden—
And reap his old reward
The blame of those ye better,
The hate of those ye guard *Ib*

'Ave you 'eard o' the Widow at Windsor
With a hairy gold crown on 'er 'ead?
She 'as ships on the foam—she 'as millions at 'ome,
An' she pays us poor beggars in red *The Widow at Windsor*

Take 'old o' the Wings o' the Mornin',
An' flop round the earth till you're dead,
But you won't get away from the tune that they play
'To the bloomin' old rag over 'ead *Ib*

Down to Gehenna or up to the Throne,
He travels the fastest who travels alone
The Winners

When the 'arf-made recruity goes out to the East
'E acts like a babe an' 'e drinks like a beast,
An' 'e wonders because 'e is frequent deceased
Ere 'e's fit for to serve as a soldier *The Young British Soldier*

When you're wounded and left on Afghanistan's plains,
An' the women come out to cut up what remains,
Jest roll to your rifle an' blow out your brains
An' go to your Gawd like a soldier. *Ib*

How can I crown thee further, O Queen of the
Sovereign South? *The Young Queen*

'Hal' Hal' said the duck, laughing
The Day's Work The Brushwood Boy

What shall I do when I see you in the light? *Ib*

Good hunting! *The Jungle Book Kaa's Hunting*

'We be of one blood, thou and I' *Ib*

'Nice,' said the small 'stute Fish 'Nice but nubbly'
Just-So Stories How the Whale Got His Throat

You must *not* forget the Suspenders, Best Beloved *Ib*

A man of infinite-resource-and-sagacity *Ib*

Most 'scruciating idle
Ib How the Camel Got His Hump

'Humph yourself'
And the Camel humphed himself. *Ib*

There lived a Parsce from whose hat the rays of the
sun were reflected in more-than-oriental-splendour
Ib How the Rhinoceros Got His Skin

An Elephant's Child—who was full of 'satiabie
curtiosity *Ib The Elephant's Child*

The great grey-green, greasy Limpopo River, all set
about with fever-trees *Ib*

Led go! You are hurtig be! *Ib*

This is too butch for bel *Ib*

He was a Tidy Pachyderm. *Ib*

The Cat He walked by himself, and all places were
alike to him *Ib The Cat That Walked By Himself*

He went back through the Wet Wild Woods, waving
his wild tail, and walking by his wild lone But he
never told anybody *Ib*

Tho' 'tay is not my divarsion
Life's Handicap The Courting of Dinah Shadd

Glory's no compensation for a belly-ache. *Ib*

What's the good of argifying? *Ib On Greenlow Hill*

I hold by the Ould Church, for she's the mother of
them all—ay, an' the fither, too I like her bekaze
she's most remarkable regimental in her fittings *Ib*

Asia is not going to be civilized after the methods of
the West There is too much Asia and she is too
old *Ib The Man Who Was*

Man that is born of woman is small potatoes and few
in the hill *Ib The Head of the District*

Some were married, which was bad, and some did
other things which were worse
Ib The Mark of the Beast

You haf too much Ego in your Cosmos
Ib Bertran and Bim

He did not rave, as do many bridegrooms, over the
strangeness and delight of seeing his own true love
sitting down to breakfast with him every morning
'as though it were the most natural thing in the
world' 'He had been there before', as the American
saying *Ib George Porgie*

The Light that Failed *Title of Novel*

Every one is more or less mad on one point
Plain Tales from the Hills On the Strength of a Likeness

Open and obvious devotion from any sort of man is
always pleasant to any sort of woman *Ib*

He gave way to the queer, savage feeling that some-
times takes by the throat a husband twenty years'
married, when he sees, across the table, the same
face of his wedded wife, and knows that, as he has
sat facing it, so must he continue to sit until the
day of its death or his own

Ib The Bronchurst Divorce Case

'Twas like a battle field wid all the glory missin'
Ib The Daughter of the Regiment

On all three counts, as Ortheris says, 'e didn't de-
serve no consideration' *Ib The Three Musketeers*

Take my word for it, the silliest woman can manage
a clever man, but it needs a very clever woman to
manage a fool *Ib Three and—an Extra*

But that is another story *Ib*

Lalun is a member of the most ancient profession in
the world *Soldiers Three On the City Wall*

Being kissed by a man who didn't wax his moustache
was—like eating an egg without salt
Ib The Gadsbys Poor Dear Mamma

Steady the Buffs *Ib*

Been trotting out the Gorgonzola! *Ib*

Almost inevitable Consequences *Ib Fatima*

I gloat! Hear me gloat! *Stalky and Co, ch 1*

Your Uncle Stalky *Ib*

We ain't goin' to have any beastly Erickin'
Ib The Moral Reformers.

'This man,' said M'Turk, with conviction, 'is the
Gadarene Swine' *Ib The Flag of Their Country*

It's boy, only boy *Ib An Unsavoury Interlude*

'Tisn't beauty, so to speak, nor good talk neces-
sarily It's just it Some women'll stay in a man's
memory if they once walked down a street
Traffics and Discoveries Mrs Bathurst.

The Waddy is an infectious disease herself
Wee Willie Winkie A Second-Rate Woman

Once upon a time there was a Man and his Wife and
a Tertium Quid *Ib At the Pit's Mouth*

Gawd knows, an' 'E won't split on a pal
Ib Drums of the Fore and Aft

HORATIO HERBERT KITCHENER

1850-1916

You are ordered abroad as a soldier of the King to help our French comrades against the invasion of a common enemy. You have to perform a task which will need your courage, your energy, your patience. Remember that the honour of the British Army depends on your individual conduct. It will be your duty not only to set an example of discipline and perfect steadiness under fire but also to maintain the most friendly relations with those whom you are helping in this struggle. In this new experience you may find temptations both in wine and women. You must entirely resist both temptations, and, while treating all women with perfect courtesy, you should avoid any intimacy. Do your duty bravely. Fear God. Honour the King.

A message to the soldiers of the British Expeditionary Force, 1914, to be kept by each soldier in his Active Service Pay-Book. Sir G. Arthur's Life of Kitchener, vol. III, p. 27

What outcries pluck me from my naked bed?

Ib II v 1

Oh eyes, no eyes, but fountains fraught with tears,
Oh life, no life, but lively form of death,
Oh world, no world, but mass of public wrongs

Ib III II 1

Thus must we toil in other men's extremes,
That know not how to remedy our own

Ib III VI 1

My son—and what's a son? A thing begot
Within a pair of minutes, thereabout,
A lump bred up in darkness

Ib III XI Additions, 1 5

Duly twice a morning
Would I be sprinkling it with fountain water
At last it grew, and grew, and bore, and bore,
Till at the length
It grew a gallows and did bear our son,
It bore thy fruit and mine. O wicked, wicked plant

Ib III. XII Additions, 1 66

HENRY LABOUCHERE

ERRATUM

For

HENRY LABOUCHERE, 1798-1869

read

HENRY LABOUCHERE, 1831-1912

DOSWELL'S JOHNSON (ed 1934), vol. III, p. 284
15 Apr 1778

JOHN KNOX

1505-1572

The First Blast of the Trumpet Against the Monstrous Regiment of Women

Title of Pamphlet, 1558

RONALD ARBUTHNOT KNOX

1888-

When suave politeness, tempering bigot zeal,
Corrected *I* believe to *One* does feel

Absolute and Absofshell

THOMAS KYD

1557?-1595?

In time the savage bull sustains the yoke,
In time all haggard hawks will stoop to lure,
In time small wedges cleave the hardest oak,
In time the flint is pierced with softest shower

The Spanish Tragedy, I. VI 3

'Presents', I often say, 'endear Absents'

Ib A Dissertation upon Roast Pig

It argues an insensibility

Ib

We are not of Alice, nor of thee, nor are we children
at all. The children of Alice called Bartoum father.
We are nothing, less than nothing, and dreams.
We are only what might have been, and must wait
upon the tedious shores of Lethe millions of ages
before we have existence, and a name

Ib Dream Children

Why have we none [i.e. no grace] for books, those
spiritual repasts—a grace before Milton—a grace
before Shakespeare—a devotional exercise proper
to be said before reading the Faerie Queene?

Ib Grace Before Meat

Coleridge holds that a man cannot have a pure mind
who refuses apple-dumplings. I am not certain but
he is right.

Ib

I am, in plainer words, a bundle of prejudices—made
up of likings and dislikings

Ib Imperfect Sympathies

I have been trying all my life to like Scotchmen, and
am obliged to desist from the experiment in despair.

Ib.

'A clear fire, a clean hearth, and the rigour of the game' This was the celebrated wish of old Sarah Battle (now with God), who, next to her devotions, loved a good game at whist

Ib Mrs Battle's Opinions on Whist

All people have their blind side—their superstitions, and I have heard her declare, under the rose, that Hearts was her favourite suit *Ib*

She unbent her mind afterwards—over a book *Ib*

Methinks it is better that I should have pined away seven of my goldenest years, when I was thrall to the fair hair, and fairer eyes, of Alice W - -n, than that so passionate a love-adventure should be lost

Ib New Year's Eve

A votary of the desk—a notched and cropt scrivener—one that sucks his substance, as certain sick people are said to do, through a quill

Ib Oxford in the Vacation

In everything that relates to science, I am a whole Encyclopaedia behind the rest of the world

Ib The Old and the New Schoolmaster

He is awkward, and out of place, in the society of his equals . . . He cannot meet you on the square

Ib

The human species, according to the best theory I can form of it, is composed of two distinct races, the men who borrow, and the men who lend

Ib The Two Races of Men

What a liberal confounding of those pedantic distinctions of *meum* and *tuum*!

Ib

I mean your *borrowers of books*—those mutilators of collections, spoilers of the symmetry of shelves, and creators of odd volumes

Ib

To lose a volume to C[oleridge] carries some sense and meaning in it You are sure that he will make one hearty meal on your viands, if he can give no account of the platter after it

Ib

That princely woman, the thrice noble Margaret Newcastle

Ib

I counsel thee, shut not thy heart, nor thy library, against S T C[oleridge]

Ib

I love to lose myself in other men's minds When I am not walking, I am reading, I cannot sit and think Books think for me

Last Essays of Elia Detached Thoughts on Books and Reading

I can read any thing which I call a book There are things in that shape which I cannot allow for such In this catalogue of books which are no books—biblia a-biblia—I reckon Court Calendars, Directories—the works of Hume, Gibbon, Robertson, Beattie, Soame Jenyns, and, generally, all those volumes which 'no gentleman's library should be without'

Ib

Things in books' clothing

Ib

Milton almost requires a solemn service of music to be played before you enter upon him

Ib

A poor relation—is the most irrelevant thing in nature.

Ib Poor Relations

An Oxford scholar, meeting a porter who was carrying a hare through the streets, accosts him with this extraordinary question 'Prithee, friend, is that thy own hare, or a wig?'

Ib Popular Fallacies That the Worst Puns are the Best

Cultivate simplicity Coleridge

Letter to Coleridge, 8 Nov 1796

I could forgive a man for not enjoying Milton, but I would not call that man my friend who should be offended with 'the divine chit-chat of Cowper'

Quoting Coleridge's own phrase in Letter to Coleridge, 5 Dec 1796

The scene for the most part laid in a Brothel O tempora, O mores! but as friend Coleridge said when he was talking bawdy to Miss — 'to the pure all things are pure'

Ib to Southey, July 1798

An old woman clothed in grey,

Whose daughter was charming and young,

And she was deluded away

By Roger's false flattering tongue

Quoted in letter to Southey, 29 Oct 1798

I came home hungry as a hunter

Letter to Coleridge, probably 16 or 17 Apr 1800

The man must have a rare recipe for melancholy, who can be dull in Fleet Street

The Londoner in letter to Thomas Manning, 15 Feb 1802

Nursed amid her noise, her crowds, her beloved smoke—what have I been doing all my life, if I have not lent out my heart with usury to such scenes?

Ib

It was Lamb who, when Dr Parr asked him how he managed to emit so much smoke, replied that he had toiled after it as other men after virtue And Macready relates that he remarked in his presence that he wished to draw his last breath through a pipe and exhale it in a pun

Ib to W and D Wordsworth, 28 Sept 1805, note

A little thin, flowery border round, neat, not gaudy

Ib to Wordsworth, June 1806

To do this it will be necessary to leave off Tobacco But I had some thoughts of doing that before, for I sometimes think it does not agree with me

Ib to W Wordsworth, 26 June 1806

I have made a little scale, supposing myself to receive the following various accessions of dignity from the king, who is the fountain of honour—As at first, 1, Mr C Lamb, 10th, Emperor Lamb, 11th, Pope Innocent, higher than which is nothing but the Lamb of God

Ib to Thomas Manning, 2 Jan 1810

I was at Hazlett's marriage, and had like to have been turned out several times during the ceremony Anything awful makes me laugh I misbehaved once at a funeral

Ib to Southey, 9 Aug 1815

This very night I am going to leave off tobacco! Surely there must be some other world in which this unconquerable purpose shall be realized The soul hath not her generous aspirations implanted in her in vain.

Ib to Thomas Manning, 26 Dec 1815.

His face when he repeats his verses hath its ancient
glory, an Archangel a little damaged [Coleridge]
Ib to W. Wordsworth, 26 April 1816

The rogue gives you Love Powders, and then a strong
horse drench to bring 'em off your stomach that
they mayn't hurt you [Coleridge]
Ib to Wordsworth, 23 Sept 1816

Fanny Kelly's divine plain face
Ib to Mrs Wordsworth, 18 Feb 1818

How I like to be liked, and what I do to be liked!
Ib to D Wordsworth, 8 Jan 1821.

Who first invented Work—and tied the free
And holy-day rejoicing spirit down
To the ever-haunting importunity
Of business, in the green fields, and the town—
To plough—loom—anvil—spade—and, oh, most sad,
To this dry drudgery of the desk's dead wood?
Ib to Barton, Sept 1822.

Those fellows hate us [Booksellers and authors]
Ib to Barton, 9 Jan 1823.

Old as I am waxing, in his eyes I was still the child
he [Randall Norris] first knew me To the last he
called me Charley I have none to call me Charley
now *Ib to Robinson, 20 Jan 1827*

We should be modest for a modest man—as he is for
himself *Ib to Mrs Montagu [Summer 1827]*

You are knee deep in clover.
Letter to C C Clarke, Dec [1828]

When my sonnet was rejected, I exclaimed, 'Damn
the age, I will write for Antiquity!'
Ib to B W Procter, 22 Jan 1829.

Books of the true sort, not those things in boards that
moderns mistake for books—what they club for
at book clubs *Ib to J Gillman, 30 Nov 1829.*

The golden works of the dear, fine, silly old angel
[Thomas Fuller] *Ib to J Gillman 1830*

Did George [Dyer] send his penny tract to me to
convert me to Unitarianism? Dear blundering
soul! why I am as old a one-Goddite as himself
Ib to Moxon, 24 Oct 1831.

Half as sober as a judge
Ib to Mr and Mrs Moxon, August, 1833

The greatest pleasure I know, is to do a good action
by stealth, and to have it found out by accident
Table Talk by the late Elia The Athenæum, 4 Jan 1834

'What a lass that were to go a-gipseying through the
world with'
The Jovial Crew The Examiner, July 1819

For thy sake, Tobacco, I
Would do any thing but die
A Farewell to Tobacco, l. 122.

Gone before
To that unknown and silent shore *Hester*

Riddle of destiny, who can show
What thy short visit meant, or know
What thy errand here below?
On an Infant Dying as soon as Born

Slow journeying on
To the green plains of pleasant Hertfordshire
Sonnet The Lord of Light Shakes Off.

I have had playmates, I have had companions,
In my days of childhood, in my joyful school-days,—
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces
The Old Familiar Faces

Free from self-seeking, envy, low design,
I have not found a whiter soul than thine.
To Martin Charles Burney

I like you, and your book, ingenuous I hone!
To the Editor of the Every-Day Book

Truths, which transcend the searching School-men's
ven,
And half had stagger'd that stout Stagurite
Written at Cambridge.

If ever I marry a wife,
I'll marry a landlord's daughter,
For then I may sit in the bar,
And drink cold brandy and water.
Written in a copy of Coelebs in Search of a Wife

Martin, if dirt were trumps, what hands you would
hold!
Leigh Hunt's Ld Byron and his Contemporaries (1828), p 299

I do not [know the lady], but damn her at a venture
E V. Lucas, *Charles Lamb* (1905), vol 1, p 320, n

MARY LAMB

1764-1847

He [Henry Robinson] says he never saw a man so
happy in *three wives* as Mr. Wordsworth is.
Letter to Sarah Hutchinson, Nov. 1816.

A child's a plaything for an hour.
Parental Recollections.

Thou straggler into loving arms,
Young climber up of knees,
When I forget thy thousand ways,
Then life and all shall cease. *Ib*

LETITIA ELIZABETH LANDON

1802-1838

Few, save the poor, feel for the poor *The Poor*

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR

1775-1864

Around the child bend all the three
Sweet Graces, Faith, Hope, Charity
Around the man bend other faces,
Pride, Envy, Malice, are his Graces
Around the Child.

Ah, what avails the sceptred race!
Ah, what the form divine!
What every virtue, every grace!
Rose Aylmer, all were thine

Rose Aylmer, whom these wakeful eyes
May weep, but never see,
A night of memories and of sighs
I consecrate to thee. *Rose Aylmer.*

There is delight in singing, tho' none hear
Beside the singer. *To Robert Browning.*

Shakespeare is not our poet, but the world's,
Therefore on him no speech! *Ib*

Browning! Since Chaucer was alive and hale,
No man hath walked along our roads with step
So active, so inquiring eye, or tongue
So varied in discourse But warmer climes
Give brighter plumage, stronger wing the breeze
Of Alpine heights thou playest with, borne on
Beyond Sorrento and Amalthe, where
The Siren waits thee, singing song for song *Ib*

Such stains there are—as when a Grace
Sprinkles another's laughing lace

With nectar, and runs on *On Catullus*

Child of a day, thou knowest not
The tears that overflow thy urn *Child of a Day*

The witty and the tender Hood
Confessions of Jealousy

Stand close around, ye Stygian set,
With Dirce in one boat convey'd!
Or Charon, seeing, may forget
That he is old and she a shade *Dirce*

Death stands above me, whispering low
I know not what into my ear,
Of his strange language all I know
Is, there is not a word of fear *Epigrams, c Death*

Wearers of rings and chains!
Pray do not take the pains
To set me right

In vain my faults ye quote,
I write as others wrote
On Sunium's height *Ib ci*

I strove with none, for none was worth my strife,
Nature I loved, and next to Nature, Art,
I warmed both hands before the fire of life,
It sinks, and I am ready to depart *Fims*

I have sinuous shells, of pearly hue
Gebir, bk 1, l 170

Apply

Its polished lips to your attentive ear *Ib l 174*

And it remembers its august abodes,
And murmurs as the ocean murmurs there *Ib l 174*

'Is this the mighty ocean? is this ill?'
Ib bk v, l 130

From you, Lanthe, little troubles pass
Like little ripples down a sunny river

Lanthe's Troubles

In his own image the Creator made,
His own pure sunbeam quickened thee, O man!
Thou breathing dial! since thy day began
The present hour was ever mark'd with shade!
In His own Image the Creator Made

I loved him not, and yet now he is gone
I feel I am alone

I check'd him while he spoke, yet, could he speak,
Alas! I would not check. *The Maid's Lament*

Mother, I cannot mind my wheel *Tiile*

No longer could I doubt him true—
All other men may use deceit,
He always said my eyes were blue,
And often swore my lips were sweet
Mother, I Cannot Mind My Wheel

Proud word you never spoke, but you will speak
Four not exempt from pride some future day
Resting on one white hand a warm wet cheek
Over my open volume you will say,
'This man loved me!' then rise and trip away
Proud Word You Never Spoke

We are what suns and winds and waters make us,
The mountains are our sponsors, and the rills
Fashion and win their nursing with their smiles
Regeneration

Well I remember how you smuled
To see me write your name upon
The soft sea-sand—'O! what a child!
You think you're writing upon stone!'

I have since written what no tide
Shall ever wash away, what men
Unborn shall read o'er ocean wide
And find Lanthe's name again
Well I Remember How You Smiled

I know not whether I am proud,
But this I know, I hate the crowd *With an Album*

Chatting on deck was Dryden too,
The Bacon of our rhyming crew
To Wordsworth Those Who Have Laid the Harp Aside

Tho' never tender nor sublime,
He struggles with and conquers Time [Dryden] *Ib*

Thee gentle Spenser fondly led,
But me he mostly sent to bed *Ib*

George the First was always reckoned
Vile, but viler George the Second,
And what mortal ever heard
Any good of George the Third?
When from earth the Fourth descended
God be praised, the Georges ended!

Epigram in *The Atlas*, 28 Apr 1855 See
Notes and Queries, 3 May 1902, pp 318, 354

Laodameia died, Helen died, Leda, the beloved of
Jupiter, went before

Imaginary Conversations, Æsop and Rhodope, 11

There are no fields of amaranth on this side of the
grave there are no voices, O Rhodopè! that are not
soon mute, however tuneful there is no name, with
whatever emphasis of passionate love repeated, of
which the echo is not faint at last *Ib*

Prose on certain occasions can bear a great deal of
poetry on the other hand, poetry sinks and swoons
under a moderate weight of prose

Ib Archdeacon Hare and Walter Landor

I shall dine late, but the dining-room will be well
lighted, the guests few and select *Ib*

When it was a matter of wonder how Keats, who was
ignorant of Greek, could have written his 'Hyperion',
Shelley, whom envy never touched, gave
as a reason, 'Because he was a Greek'

Ib Southey and Landor, 11

Goodness does not more certainly make men happy
than happiness makes them good

Ib Lord Brooke and Sir Philip Sidney

LEONORA

But tell him, tell Torquato go again, entreat,
persuade, command him, to forget me

PANIGAROLA

Alas! even the command, even the command from
you and from above, might not avail perhaps
You smile, Madonna!

LEONORA

I die happy *Ib Leonora di Este and Panigarola*

States, like men, have their growth, their manhood,
their decrepitude, their decay *Ib*

ANDREW LANG

1844-1912

St Andrews by the Northern Sea,
That is a haunted town to me! *Almae Matres*

The surge and thunder of the Odyssey
As One that for a Weary Space has Laid

There's a joy without canker or cark,
There's a pleasure eternally new,
'T is to gloat on the glaze and the mark
Of china that's ancient and blue.
Ballade of Blue China

Here's a pot with a cot in a park,
In a park where the peach-blossoms blew,
Where the lovers eloped in the dark,
Lived, died, and were changed into two
Bright birds that eternally flew
Through the boughs of the may, as they sang
'T is a tale was undoubtedly true
In the reign of the Emperor Hwang *Ib*

If the wild bowler thinks he bowls,
Of if the batsman thinks he's bowled,
They know not, poor misguided souls,
They too shall perish unconsolated
*I am the batsman and the bat,
I am the bowler and the ball,
The umpire, the pavilion cat,
The roller, pitch, and stumps, and all*
Brahma (in imitation of Emerson)

But he shaved with a shell when he chose,—
'Twas the manner of Primitive Man
Double Ballad of Primitive Man

FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE

1849-1923

Two men look out through the same bars
One sees the mud, and one the stars.
*A Cluster of Quiet Thoughts, 1896 (Religious
Tract Society Publication)*

JOHN LANGHORNE

1735-1779

Cold on Canadian hills, or Minden's plain,
Perhaps that parent mourn'd her soldier slain,

The child of misery, baptiz'd in tears!
The Country Justice, pt 1 Apology for Vagrants

WILLIAM LANGLAND

1330?-1400?

In a somer seson whan soft was the sonne
*The Vision of William concerning Piers the
Plowman (ed Skeat), B Text, Prologue, l 1.*

A glotoun of wordes. *Ib l 139*

Bakers and brewers, bouchers and cokes—
For thees men doth most harme to the mene puple
Ib C Text, Passus 4, l 80

Grammere, that grounde is of alle
Ib. Passus 18, l 107.

'After sharpest shoures,' quath Pees [Peace] 'most
sheenc is the sonne,
Ys no weder warmer than after watery cloudes'
Ib Passus 21, l 456

SIDNEY LANIER

1842-1881

Into the woods my Master went,
Clean forspent, forspent.
Into the woods my Master came,
Forspent with love and shame
Poems A Ballad of Trees and the Master

HUGH LATIMER

1485?-1555

Be of good comfort Master Ridley, and play the man
We shall this day light such a candle by God's
grace in England, as (I trust) shall never be put out
Acts and Monuments (1570), p 1937

SIR HARRY LAUDER

1870-

I love a lassie *Title of Song*
O! it's nice to get up in the mornin'
But it's nicer to lie in bed
It's Nice To Get Up In The Mornin'
Roamin' in the Gloamin' *Title of Song*

ANDREW BONAR LAW

1858-1923

If, therefore, war should ever come between these
two countries [Great Britain and Germany], which
Heaven forbid! it will not, I think, be due to
irresistible natural laws, it will be due to the want
of human wisdom

Speech, House of Commons, 27 Nov 1911

I said [in 1911] that if ever war arose between Great
Britain and Germany it would not be due to
inevitable causes, for I did not believe in inevitable
war I said it would be due to human folly
Speech, House of Commons, 6 Aug. 1914.

DAVID HERBERT LAWRENCE
DAVID HERBERT
LAWRENCE

1885-1930

The terror, the agony, the nostalgia of the heathen
past was a constant torture to her mediumistic
soul *The Lost Girl*, ch 15

She is dear to me in the middle of my being But the
gold and flowing serpent is coiling up again, to
sleep at the root of my tree

The Man Who Died, part II

Be a good animal, true to your animal instincts
The White Peacock, pt II, ch 2

Along the avenue of cypresses,
All in their scarlet cloaks and surplices
Of linen, go the chanting choristers,
The priests in gold and black, the villagers
Giorno dei Morti

The silence of the many villagers,
The candle-flame beside the surpices *Ib*

SIR AUSTEN HENRY
LAYARD

1817-1894

I have always believed that successes would be the
inevitable result if the two services, the army and
navy, had fair play, and if we sent the right man to
fill the right place

Speech in Parliament, 15 Jan 1855

STEPHEN BUTLER
LEACOCK

1869-

Lord Ronald flung himself upon his horse and
rode madly off in all directions
Nonsense Novels Gertrude the Governess

EDWARD LEAR

1812-1888

There was an Old Man with a beard,
Who said, 'It is just as I feared!—
Two Owls and a Hen,
Four Larks and a Wren,
Have all built their nests in my beard!'
Book of Nonsense

There was an Old Man in a tree,
Who was horribly bored by a bee,
When they said, 'Does it buzz?'
He replied, 'Yes, it does!
It's a regular brute of a bee!'

There was an Old Man in a boat,
Who said, 'I'm afloat, I'm afloat!'
When they said, 'No, you ain't!'
He was ready to faint,
That unhappy Old Man in a boat *Ib*

There was an Old Person of Basing,
Whose presence of mind was amazing,
He purchased a steed,
Which he rode at full speed,
And escaped from the people of Basing. *Ib*

MARY ELIZABETH LEASE

There was an old man who said, 'Hush!
I perceive a young bird in this bush!'
When they said, 'Is it small?'
He replied, 'Not at all!'
It is four times as big as the bush!'

Ib

'How pleasant to know Mr Lear!'
Who has written such volumes of stuff!
Some think him ill-tempered and queer,
But a few think him pleasant enough
Nonsense Songs, preface

Who, or why, or which, or what,
Is the Akond of Swat? *Ib The Akond of Swat*

In the middle of the woods
Lived the Yonghy-Bonghy-Bò
Two old chairs, and half a candle,—
One old jug without a handle,—
These were all his worldly goods
Ib The Courtship of the Yonghy-Bonghy-Bò

When awful darkness and silence reign
Over the great Gromboolian plain,
Through the long, long wintry nights
Ib The Dong with the Luminous Nose

Far and few, far and few,
Are the lands where the Jumbles live,
Their heads are green, and their hands are blue,
And they went to sea in a Sieve *Ib The Jumbles*

In spite of all their friends could say,
On a winter's morn, on a stormy day,
In a Sieve they went to sea! *Ib*

The Owl and the Pussy-Cat went to sea
In a beautiful pea-green boat
Ib The Owl and The Pussy-Cat.

They sailed away for a year and a day,
To the land where the Bong-tree grows *Ib*

They dined on mince, and slices of quince,
Which they ate with a runcible spoon,
And hand in hand, on the edge of the sand,
They danced by the light of the moon *Ib*

His Aunt Jobiska made him drink
Lavender water tinged with pink,
For she said, 'The world in general knows
There's nothing so good for a Pobble's toes!'
Laughable Lyrics The Pobble Who Has No Toes

For his Aunt Jobiska said, 'No harm
Can come to his toes if his nose is warm,
And it's perfectly known that a Pobble's toes
Are safe, provided he minds his nose' *Ib*

'It's a fact the whole world knows,
That Pobbles are happier without their toes' *Ib*

MARY ELIZABETH LEASE

1853-1933

Kansas had better stop raising corn and begin raising
hell *attr*

WILLIAM EDWARD HARTPOLE
LECKY

1838-1903

The stately ship is seen no more,
The fragile skiff attains the shore,
And while the great and wise decay,
And all their trophies pass away,
Some sudden thought, some careless rhyme,
Still floats above the wrecks of Time

On an Old Song

GERALD STANLEY LEE

Business to-day consists of persuading crowds
Crowds, bk 11, ch 5

HENRY LEE

1756-1818

First in war, first in peace, first in the hearts of his
fellow citizens

*Resolutions in the House of Representatives on
the death of Washington*

NATHANIEL LEE

1653?-1692

'Tis beauty calls and glory leads the way
Alexander the Great, II 11

When the sun sets, shadows, that showed at noon
But small, appear most long and terrible
Œdipus, IV 1

Man, false man, smiling, destructive man
Theodosius, III 11

He speaks the kindest words, and looks such things,
Vows with so much passion, swears with so much
grace

That 'tis a kind of Heaven to be deluded by him
The Rival Queens, Act 1

Love itself, that tyrant of the soul *Ib*

See the conquering hero comes,
Sound the trumpets, beat the drums *Ib* Act II

When Greeks joined Greeks, then was the tug of war!
Ib IV 11

Philip fought men, but Alexander women *Ib*

Terror haunts the guilty mind *Ib* I 1

RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

1866-

The cry of the Little Peoples goes up to God in vain
The Cry of the Little Peoples

Give back the little nation leave to live
Christmas in War-Time

Loud mockers in the roaring street
Say Christ is crucified again

Twice pierced His gospel-bearing feet,
Twice broken His great heart in vain,
The Second Crucifixion

The quest of the Golden Girl. *Title of Novel*

HENRY SAMBROOKE LEIGH

1837-1883

In form and feature, face and limb,
I grew so like my brother
That folks got taking me for him
And each for one another
Carols of Cockayne, The Twins

For one of us was born a twin
And not a soul knew which *Ib*

The rapturous, wild, and ineffable pleasure
Of drinking at somebody else's expense
Ib Stanzas to an Intoxicated Fly

I know where little girls are sent
For telling taradiddles *Ib Only Seven*

CHARLES GODFREY
LELAND

1824-1903

Hans Breitmann gife a barty—
Vherc ish dat barty now?
Hans Breitmann's Party

All goned afay mit de lager-beer—
Afay in de ewigkeit! *Ib*

Und efery dime she gife a shoomp
She make der vindrs sound *Ib*

They saw a Dream of Loveliness descending from
the train *Brand New Ballads The Masher*

WILLIAM LENTHALL

1591-1662

I have nether eye to see, nor tongue to speak here,
but as the House is pleased to direct me
Rushworth's Historical Collections, IV 238

ROGER L'ESTRANGE

1616-1704

It is with our passions as it is with fire and water, they
are good servants, but bad masters
Æsop's Fables, no 38, *Reflection*

Though this may be play to you, 'tis death to us
Ib no 398

GEORGE LEVESON-GOWER,
EARL GRANVILLE

1815-1891

Spheres of action
Letter to Count Munster, 29 April 1885 (Sir
Edward Hertslet, *Map of Africa by Treaty*,
1894, vol 11, p 596)

GEORGE HENRY LEWES

1817-1878

Many a genius has been slow of growth Oaks that
flourish for a thousand years do not spring up into
beauty like a reed *Spanish Drama*, ch 2.

Murder, like talent, seems occasionally to run in families *The Physiology of Common Life*, ch. 12
We must never assume that which is incapable of proof *Ib* ch 13

GEORGE LILLO

1693-1739

There's sure no passion in the human soul,
But finds its food in music *Fatal Curiosity*, 1 11

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

1809-1865

I intend no modification of my oft-expressed personal wish that all men everywhere could be free
Speeches and Letters (1907), *Letter to H Greeley*, 23 Aug 1862

I claim not to have controlled events, but confess plainly that events have controlled me
Ib Letter to A G Hodges, 4 Apr 1864

The ballot is stronger than the bullet
Ib Speech, 19 May 1856

'A house divided against itself cannot stand' I believe this government cannot endure permanently, half slave and half free *Ib Speech*, 17 June 1858

What is conservatism? Is it not adherence to the old and tried, against the new and untried?
Ib Speech, 27 Feb 1860

Let us have faith that right makes might, and in that faith let us to the end, dare to do our duty as we understand it *Ib*

I take the official oath to-day with no mental reservations, and with no purpose to construe the Constitution or laws by any hypercritical rules
Ib First Inaugural Address, 4 Mar 1861.

In giving freedom to the slave, we assure freedom to the free,—honourable alike in what we give and what we preserve
Ib Annual Message to Congress, 1 Dec 1862

Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting-place of those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But in a larger sense we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work they have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us, that from these honoured dead we take increased devotion to that cause for

which they here gave the last full measure of devotion, that we here highly resolve that the dead shall not have died in vain, that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth.
Ib Address at Dedication of National Cemetery at Gettysburg, 19 Nov 1863

With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right
Ib Second Inaugural Address, 4 Mar 1865

You can fool all the people some of the time, and some of the people all the time, but you can not fool all the people all of the time
Attr words in a speech at Clinton, 8 Sept 1858
N W Stephenson, *Autobiography of A Lincoln* (1927) *Attr also to Phineas Barnum*, 1810-91

It is not best to swap horses while crossing the river
Reply to National Union League, 9 June 1864
J E Nicolay and J Hay, *Abraham Lincoln* Bk 1x

As President, I have no eyes but constitutional eyes, I cannot see you
Attr reply to the South Carolina Commissioners

People who like this sort of thing will find this the sort of thing they like
Judgement on a book G W E Russell, Collections and Recollections, ch 30

GEORGE LINLEY

1798-1865

Ever of thee I'm fondly dreaming,
Thy gentle voice my spirit can cheer
Poems Ever of Thee

Among our ancient mountains,
And from our lovely vales,
Oh, let the prayer rec-cho
'God bless the Prince of Wales!'
Ib God Bless the Prince of Wales

Thou art gone from my gaze like a beautiful dream,
And I seek thee in vain by the meadow and stream
Ib Thou Art Gone

Tho' lost to sight, to mem'ry dear
Thou ever wilt remain
Song Attr. to Linley Notes and Queries, Ser 5, vol x, p 417

SIR THOMAS LITTLETON

1402-1481

[From] time whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary. *Tenures* (? 1481), § 170

DAVID LLOYD GEORGE

1863-

The stern hand of fate has scourged us to an elevation where we can see the great everlasting things

that matter for a nation, the great peaks of honour
we had forgotten—duty and patriotism clad in glit-
tering white, the great pinnacle of sacrifice pointing
like a rugged finger to Heaven

Speech, Queen's Hall, London, 19 Sept 1914

What is our task? To make Britain a fit country for
heroes to live in

Speech, Wolverhampton, 24 Nov 1918

ROBERT LLOYD

1733-1764

Slow and steady wins the race

Poems The Hare and the Tortoise

JOHN LOCKE

1632-1704

New opinions are always suspected, and usually op-
posed, without any other reason but because they
are not already common

Essay on the Human Understanding, dedicatory
epistle

Nature never makes excellent things for mean or no
uses *Ib* bk 11, ch 1, sec 15

No man's knowledge here can go beyond his experi-
ence *Ib* sec 19

It is one thing to show a man that he is in an error,
and another to put him in possession of truth

Ib bk 1v, ch 7, sec 11

All men are liable to error, and most men are, in
many points, by passion or interest, under tempta-
tion to it *Ib* ch 20, sec 17

FREDERICK LOCKER-LAMPSON

1821-1895

The world's as ugly, ay, as sin,
And almost as delightful

The Jester's Plea

And many are afraid of God—
And more of Mrs Grundy

Ib

Some men are good for righting wrongs,—
And some for writing verses

Ib

If you lift a guinea-pig up by the tail
His eyes drop out!

A Garden Lyric

FRANCIS LOCKIER

1667-1740

In all my travels I never met with any one Scotchman
but what was a man of sense I believe everybody
of that country that has any, leaves it as fast as
they can *Spence's Anecdotes* (1858), p 55

THOMAS LODGE

1558?-1625

Devils are not so black as they are painted

A Margarite of America

Love, in my bosom, like a bee,
Doth suck his sweet

Love, In My Bosom

Heigh ho, would she were mine!

Rosalind's Description

JOHN LOGAN

1748-1788

Behold congenial Autumn comes,
The sabbath of the year!

Ode on a Visit to the Country in Autumn.

For never on thy banks shall I

Behold my love, the flower of Yarrow

The Braes of Yarrow

Sweet bird! thy bow'r is ever green,

Thy sky is ever clear,

Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,

No winter in thy year!

To the Cuckoo Attr (See *Notes and Queries*,
April 1902, p 309, 14 June, 1902, p 469)

Attr also to Michael Bruce

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

1807-1882

I shot an arrow into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where

The Arrow and the Song

And the song, from beginning to end,
I found again in the heart of a friend

Ib.

I know a maiden fair to see,

Take care!

She can both false and friendly be,

Beware! Beware!

Trust her not,

She is fooling thee! *Beware!* (From the German)

I stood on the bridge at midnight,

As the clocks were striking the hour

The Bridge

In the elder days of Art

Builders wrought with greatest care

Each minute and unseen part,

For the Gods see everywhere

The Builders.

'Build me straight, O worthy Master!

Staunch and strong, a goodly vessel,

That shall laugh at all disaster,

And with wave and whirlwind wrestle!

The Building of the Ship.

Thou too, sail on, O Ship of Stet!

Sail on, O Union, strong and great!

Humanity with all its fears,

With all the hopes of future years,

Is hanging breathless on thy fate!

Ib

Ye are better than all the ballads

That ever were sung or said,

For ye are living poems,

And all the rest are dead

Children

Between the dark and the daylight,

When the night is beginning to lower,

Comes a pause in the day's occupations,

That is known as the Children's Hour

The Children's Hour

Singing the Hundredth Psalm, the grand old Puritan
anthem *The Courtship of Miles Standish*, 11

Archly the maiden smiled, and, with eyes overrunning
with laughter,

Said, in a tremulous voice, 'Why don't you speak for
yourself, John?' *Ib*

God had sifted three kingdoms to find the wheat for
this planting *Ib iv*

The day is done, and the darkness
Falls from the wings of Night,
As a feather is wafted downward
From an eagle in his flight. *The Day is Done*

A feeling of sadness and longing,
That is not akin to pain,
And resembles sorrow only
As the mist resembles the rain *Ib*
The bards sublime,
Whose distant footsteps echo
Through the corridors of Time *Ib*

The cares that infest the day
Shall fold their tents, like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away *Ib*

If you would hit the mark, you must aim a little above
it,
Every arrow that flies feels the attraction of earth
Elegiac Verse

This is the forest primeval
Evangeline, introduction, l 1

When she had passed, it seemed like the ceasing of
exquisite music *Ib pt 1 1, l 62*

Talk not of wasted affection, affection never was
wasted,
If it enrich not the heart of another, its waters, re-
turning

Back to their springs, like the rain, shall fill them full
of refreshment *Ib pt 11 1, l 55*

Sorrow and silence are strong, and patient endurance
is godlike *Ib l 60*

And, as she looked around, she saw how Death, the
consoler,
Laying his hand upon many a heart, had healed it for
ever *Ib v, l 88*

The shades of night were falling fast,
As through an Alpine village passed
A youth, who bore, 'mid snow and ice,
A banner with the strange device,
Excelsior! *Excelsior*

'Try not the Pass' the old man said,
'Dark lowers the tempest overhead' *Ib*

'O stay,' the maiden said, 'and rest
Thy weary head upon this breast' *Ib*

'Beware the pine-tree's withered branch!
Beware the awful avalanche!' *Ib*

A traveller, by the faithful hound,
Half-buried in the snow was found *Ib*

Spake full well, in language quaint and olden,
One who dwelleth by the castled Rhine,
When he called the flowers, so blue and golden,
Stars, that in earth's firmament do shine *Flowers.*

That is best which lieth nearest,
Shape from that thy work of art *Gaspar Becerra*

Giotto's tower,
The lily of Florence blossoming in stone
Giotto's Tower

I like that ancient Saxon phrase, which calls
The burial-ground God's-Acre! *God's-Acre*

Ah, the souls of those that die
Are but sunbeams lifted higher

The Golden Legend, pt iv The Clouters
I heard the trailing garments of the Night
Sweep through her marble halls! *Hymn to the Night*
Hold the fleet angel fast until he bless thee *Kavanagh*

Saint Augustinel well hast thou said,
That of our vices we can frame
A ladder, if we will but tread
Beneath our feet each deed of shame!
The Ladder of Saint Augustine

The heights by great men reached and kept
Were not attained by sudden flight,
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night *Ib.*

Live I, so live I,
To my Lord heartily,
To my Prince faithfully
To my Neighbour honestly,
Die I, so die I
*Law of Life From the Sinngedichte of Fried-
rich von Logau*

Know how sublime a thing it is
To suffer and be strong *The Light of Stars*

Standing, with reluctant feet,
Where the brook and river meet,
Womanhood and childhood fleet! *Maidenhood*
You would attain to the divine perfection,
And yet not turn your back upon the world
Michael Angelo, pt 1 v

Would seem angelic in the sight of God,
Yet not too saint-like in the eyes of men,
In short, would lead a holy Christian life
In such a way that even your nearest friend
Would not detect therein one circumstance
To show a change from what it was before *Ib*

The men that women marry,
And why they marry them, will always be
A marvel and a mystery to the world *Ib vi*

A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts
My Lost Youth

Angels in broad-brimmed hats and russet cloaks,
The colour of the Devil's nutting-bag!
New England Tragedies John Endicott, 1 11

A solid man of Boston
A comfortable man, with dividends,
And the first salmon, and the first green peas *Ib iv 1*
Emigrant is the inscription on the tombstone where
he lies,

Dead he is not, but departed,—for the artist never dies
Nuremberg, xii

Not in the clamour of the crowded street,
Not in the shouts and plaudits of the throng,
But in ourselves, are triumph and defeat *The Poets*

Tell me not, in mournful numbers,
Life is but an empty dream!
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem
Life is real! Life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal,
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
Was not spoken of the soul *A Psalm of Life.*

Art is long, and Time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums, are beating
Funeral marches to the grave

Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant!
Let the dead Past bury its dead!
Act,—act in the living Present!
Heart within, and God o'erhead!

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time

Footprints, that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate,
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labour and to wait

There is a Reaper whose name is Death,
And with his sickle keen,
He reaps the bearded grain at a breath,
And the flowers that grow between
The Reaper and the Flowers

O, not in cruelty, not in wrath,
'The Reaper came that day,
'Twas an angel visited the green earth,
And took the flowers away

There is no flock, however watched and tended,
But one dead lamb is there!
There is no fireside, howsoe'er defended,
But has one vacant chair!
Resignation

There is no Death! What seems so is transition,
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life elysian,
Whose portal we call Death

Though the mills of God grind slowly, yet they grind
exceeding small,
Though with patience he stands waiting, with exact-
ness grinds he all

*Retribution From the Sinngedichte of Fried-
rich von Logau*

A Lady with a Lamp shall stand
In the great history of the land,
A noble type of good,
Heroic womanhood
Santa Filomena

'Wouldst thou'—so the helmsman answered,—
'Learn the secret of the sea?'
Only those who brave its dangers
Comprehend its mystery!
The Secret of the Sea

Beside the ungather'd rice he lay,
His sickle in his hand
The Slave's Dream

He did not feel the driver's whip,
Nor the burning heat of day,
For Death had illumined the land of Sleep,
And his lifeless body lay
A worn-out fetter, that the soul
Had broken and thrown away!

Stay, stay at home, my heart, and rest,
Home-keeping hearts are happiest
Song Stay, Stay at Home

Should you ask me, whence these stories?
Whence these legends and traditions?
The Song of Hiawatha, introduction

I should answer, I should tell you,
'From the forests and the prairies,
From the great lakes of the Northland,
From the land of the Ojibways,
From the land of the Dakotahs,
From the mountains, moors, and fenlands,
Where the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,
Feeds among the reeds and rushes'

Gitche Manito, the mighty Ib 1 The Peaceful Pipe

By the shores of Gitche Gumee,
By the shining Big-Sea-Water,
Stood the wigwam of Nokomis,
Daughter of the Moon, Nokomis
Dark behind it rose the forest,
Rose the black and gloomy pine-trees,
Rose the firs with cones upon them,
Bright before it beat the water,
Beat the clear and sunny water,
Beat the shining Big-Sea-Water

Ib in Hiawatha's Childhood

'Ewa-yea! my little owlet!
Who is this, that lights the wigwam?
With his great eyes lights the wigwam?'

Called them 'Hiawatha's Chickens'.

And his heart was hot within him,
Like a living coal his heart was
Ib iv Hiawatha and Mudjekeewis

From the waterfall he named her,
Minnehaha, Laughing Water.

As unto the bow the cord is,
So unto the man is woman,
Though she bends him, she obeys him,
Though she draws him, yet she follows,
Useless each without the other!

Ib x Hiawatha's Wooing.

'Onaway! Awake, beloved!'

'He is dead, the sweet musician!
He the sweetest of all singers!
He has gone from us for ever,
He has moved a little nearer
To the Master of all music,
To the Master of all singing!
O my brother, Chibiabos!'

Ib xv Hiawatha's Lamentation

The secret anniversaries of the heart
Sonnets Holidays

Stars of the summer night!
Far in yon azure deeps,
Hide, hide your golden light!
She sleeps!
My lady sleeps!
Sleeps!

The Spanish Student, I 111

Dreams of the summer night!
Tell her, her lover keeps
Watch! while in slumbers light
She sleeps!

Thinking the deed, and not the creed,
Would help us in our utmost need

Tales of a Wayside Inn, pt 1, Prelude, l 221

At all feasts where ale was longest
Sat the merry monarch longest,

First to come and last to go

Ib The Musician's Tale The Saga of King Olaf, 11

He seemed the incarnate 'Well, I told you so!'

Ib The Poet's Tale The Birds of Killingworth

Our ingress into the world

Was naked and bare,

Our progress through the world

Is trouble and care,

Our egress from the world

Will be nobody knows where,

But if we do well here

We shall do well there,

And I could tell you no more,

Should I preach a whole year!

Ib pt II The Student's Tale The Cobbler of Hagenau

Ships that pass in the night, and speak each other in
passing,

Only a signal shown and a distinct voice in the dark-
ness,

So on the ocean of life we pass and speak one another,
Only a look and a voice, then darkness again and a
silence

Ib pt III The Theologian's Tale Elizabeth, 11

Under a spreading chestnut-tree

The village smithy stands

The smith, a mighty man is he,

With large and sinewy hands,

And the muscles of his brawny arms

Are strong as iron bands

The Village Blacksmith

He earns what'er he can,
And looks the whole world in the face,
For he owns not any man

Ib

Toiling,—rejoicing,—sorrowing,

Onward through life he goes,

Each morning sees some task begin,

Each evening sees it close,

Something attempted, something done,

Has earned a night's repose

Ib

It was the schooner Hesperus,

That sailed the wintry sea,

And the skipper had taken his little daughter,

To bear him company

The Wreck of the Hesperus

But the father answered never a word,

A frozen corpse was he

Ib

And fast through the midnight dark and drear,

Through the whistling sleet and snow,

Like a sheeted ghost, the vessel swept

Towards the reef of Norman's Woe

Ib

There was a little girl

Who had a little curl

Right in the middle of her forehead,

When she was good

She was very, very good,

But when she was bad she was horrid

B R T Machetta, *Home Life of Longfellow*

ANITA LOOS

contemp

Gentlemen Prefer Blondes

Title of Novel

RICHARD LOVELACE

1618-1658

Am not I shot

With the self-same artillery?

Amyntor from Beyond the Sea to Alexis

Lucasta that bright northern star

Ib

And when she ceas'd, we sighing saw

The floor lay pav'd with broken hearts

Gratiana Dancing and Singing

So did she move, so did she sing

Like the harmonious spheres that bring

Unto their rounds their music's aid,

Which she performed, such a way,

As all th' enamour'd world will say

The Graces danced, and Apollo play'd

Ib

Forbear thou great good husband, little art

The Art

Cease large example of wise thrift a while

Ib

When Love with unconfin'd wings

Hovers within my gates,

And my divine Althea brings

To whisper at the grates

When I lie tangled in her hair,

And fettered to her eye,

The Gods, that wanton in the air,

Know no such liberty *To Althea, From Prison*

When flowing cups run swiftly round

With no allaying Thames

Ib

When thirsty grief in wine we steep,

When healths and draughts go free,

Fishes, that wobble in the deep,

Know no such liberty

Ib

When (like committed linnets) I

With shriller throat shall sing

The sweetness, mercy, majesty,

And glories of my King,

When I shall voice aloud, how good

He is, how great should be,

Enlarg'd winds that curl the flood,

Know no such liberty

Stone walls do not a prison make

Nor iron bars a cage,

Minds innocent and quiet take

That for an hermitage,

If I have freedom in my love,

And in my soul am free,

Angels alone, that soar above,

Enjoy such liberty

Ib.

If to be absent were to be

Away from thee,

Or that when I am gone,

You or I were alone,

Then my Lucasta might I crave

Pity from blust'ring wind or swallowing wave

To Lucasta, Going Beyond the Seas

And greet as angels greet
 Tell me not (Sweet) I am unkind,
 That from the nunnery
 Of thy chaste breast, and quiet mind,
 To war and arms I fly
 True, a new mistress now I chase,
 The first foe in the field,
 And with a stronger faith embrace
 A sword, a horse, a shield
 Yet this inconstancy is such,
 As you too shall adore,
 I could not love thee (Dear) so much,
 Lov'd I not honour more
To Lucasta, Going to the Wars

SAMUEL LOVER

1797-1868

When once the itch of literature comes over a man,
 nothing can cure it but the scratching of a pen
Handy Andy, ch 36
 'Now women are mostly troublesome cattle to deal
 with mostly', said Goggins *Ib*

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

1819-1891

No man is born into the world, whose work
 Is not born with him, there is always work,
 And tools to work withal, for those who will
 And blessed are the horny hands of toil!
A Glance Behind the Curtain, l 201

An' you've gut to git up arly
 Ef you want to take in God
The Biglow Papers, First Series, No 1
 God'll send the bill to you *Ib*
 You've a darned long row to hoe *Ib*
 This goin' ware glory waits ye haint one agreeable
 feetur *Ib No 2*

But John P
 Robinson he

Sez theyn't know everythin' down in Judee *Ib No 3*
 A marcful Providence fashioned us holler,
 O' purpose that we might our principles swaller
Ib No 4

I du believe in Freedom's cause,
 Ez fur away ez Payris is,
 I love to see her stick her claws
 In them infarnal Phayriseses,
 It's wal enough agin a king
 To dror resolves an' triggers,—
 But libbaty's a kind o' thing
 Thet don't agree with niggers
Ib No 6 The Pious Editor's Creed

An' in convartin' public trusts
 To very privit uses, *Ib*
 I don't believe in principerle,
 But O, I du in interest *Ib*
 It an't by principerles nor men
 My preudunt course is steadied,—
 I scent wich pays the best, an' then
 Go into it baldheaded. *Ib*

God makes sech nights, all white an' still
 Fur'z you can look or listen,
 Moonshine an' snow on field an' hill,
 All silence an' all glisten
Ib Introduction to the Second Series The Courtin'
 'Twas kn' o' kingdom-come to look
 On sech a blessed cretur *Ib*
 He was six foot o' man, A r,
 Clear grit an' human natur' *Ib*
 She thought no v'ice hed sech a swing
 Ez hsin in the choir,
 My'l when he made Ole Hunderd ring,
 She knowed the Lord was nigher *Ib*
 His heart kep' goin' pity-pat,
 But hern went pity-zekle *Ib*
 I tell ye wut, my jedgement is you're pooty sure to
 fail,
 Ez long 'z the head keeps turnin' back for counsel to
 the tail *Ib Second Series, No 3, l 223*
 We've a war, an' a debt, an' a flag, an' ef this
 Ain't to be inderpendunt, why, wut on airth is?
Ib No 4
 Earth's biggest Country's gut her soul
 An' risen up Earth's Greatest Nation!
Ib No 7, last lines
 But somehow, when the dogs hed gut asleep,
 Their love o' mutton beat their love o' sheep
Ib No 11, l 291
 Before Man made us citizens, great Nature made us
 men *On the Capture of Fugitive Slaves*
 In life's small things be resolute and great
 To keep thy muscle trained know'st thou when Fate
 Thy measure tikes, or when she'll say to thee,
 'I find thee worthy, do this deed for me?' *Epigram*
 They believed—faith, I'm puzzled—I think I may
 call
 Their belief a believing in nothing at all,
 Or something of that sort, I know they all went
 For a general union of total dissent
A Fable for Critics, l 733
 They are slaves who fear to speak
 For the fallen and the weak *Stanzas on Freedom*
 They are slaves who dare not be
 In the night with two or three *Ib*
 The birch, most shy and ladylike of trees
An Indian-Summer Reverie
 These pearls of thought in Persian gulfs were bred,
 Each softly lucent as a rounded moon,
 The diver Omar plucked them from their bed,
 FitzGerald strung them on an English thread
In a Copy of Omar Khayyam
 Once to every man and nation comes the moment to
 decide,
 In the strife of Truth with Falsehood, for the good or
 evil side *The Present Crisis*
 Truth forever on the scaffold, Wrong forever on the
 throne *Ib*
 Behind the dim unknown,
 Standeth God within the shadow, keeping watch
 above his own *Ib*

Then to side with Truth is noble when we share her
wretched crust,
Ere her cause bring fame and profit, and 'tis prosperous to be just,
Then it is the brave man chooses, while the coward
stands aside,
Doubting in his abject spirit, till his Lord is crucified

Ib

New occasions teach new duties Time makes ancient
good uncouth,
They must upward still, and onward, who would
keep abreast of Truth

Ib

May is a pious fraud of the almanac

Under the Willows, l 21

And what is so rare as a day in June?

'Then, if ever, come perfect days,
Then Heaven tries earth if it be in tune,
And over it softly her warm ear lays

Vision of Sir Launfal Pt 1, prelude

Who gives himself with his alms feeds three,—
Himself, his hungering neighbour, and Me

Ib pt II viii

A wise scepticism is the first attribute of a good critic
Among My Books *Shakespeare Once More*

Let us be of good cheer, however, remembering that
the misfortunes hardest to bear are those which
never come

Democracy and Addresses *Democracy*

There is no good in arguing with the inevitable The
only argument available with an east wind is to put
on your overcoat

Ib

JOHN LYDGATE

1370²-1451²

Dowel, Dobet, et Dobest

Piers Ploteman *MS Laud 851*, passus viii,
heading

Woord is but wynd, leff woord and tak the dede
Secrees of old Philisoffres, 1224

Sithe off oure language he [Chaucer] was the lode-
sterre *The Fall of Princes*, prol 1 252

Sithe he off Inglishsh-making was the beste,
Preie onto God to yive his soule good reste

Ib l 356

Comparisouns doon offte gret greuance
Ib bk iii, l 2188

Love is mor than gold or gret richesse
The Siege of Thebes Pt III, l 2716

JOHN LYLY

1554²-1606

CAMPASPE

Were women never so fair, men would be false

APELLES

Were women never so false, men would be fond
Campaspe, III. iii

Cupid and my Campaspe play'd
At cards for kisses, Cupid paid,
He stakes his quiver, bow, and arrows,
His mother's doves, and team of sparrows,

Loses them too, then, down he throws
The coral of his lip, the rose
Growing on 's cheek (but none knows how),
With these, the crystal of his brow,
And then the dimple on his chin
All these did my Campaspe win
At last he set her both his eyes,
She won, and Cupid blind did rise

O Love! has she done this to thee?

What shall, alas! become of me?

Ib III v

What bird so sings, yet so does wail?

O 'tis the ravish'd nightingale

Jug, jug, jug, jug, tereu, she cries,

And still her woes at midnight rise

Ib v 1

How at heaven's gates she claps her wings,

The morn not waking till she sings

Ib

Be valiant, but not too venturous Let thy atture be
comely, but not costly

Euphues, Anatomy of Wit (Arber), p 39

Night hath a thousand eyes

Modes Metamorphose, III 1

If all the earth were paper white

And all the sea were ink

'Twere not enough for me to write

As my poor heart doth think

Poems, Early Autobiographical *Lyly's Works*,
ed Bond (1902), vol III, p 452

HENRY FRANCIS LYTE

1793-1847

Abide with me, fast falls the eventide,
The darkness deepens, Lord, with me abide,
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O, abide with me

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day,
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away,
Change and decay in all around I see,
O Thou, who changest not, abide with me

Remains *Abide with Me*

I fear no foe with Thee at hand to bless,
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness,
Where is death's sting? Where, Grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me

Hold Thou Thy Cross before my closing eyes,
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies,
Heaven's morning breaks and earth's vain shadows
flee,

In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me

Ib

GEORGE LYTTTELTON, BARON LYTTTELTON

1709-1773

What is your sex's earliest, latest care,
Your heart's supreme ambition?—To be fair
Advice to a Lady, l 17

Seek to be good, but aim not to be great,
A woman's noblest station is retreat

Ib l 51.

Where none admire, 'tis useless to excel,
Where none are beaux, 'tis vain to be a belle

Soliloquy of a Beauty in the Country

Tell me, my heart, if this be love?

Song *When Delia*

a **BARON LYTTON THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY** **b**
EDWARD GEORGE BULWER-
LYTTON, BARON LYTTON

1803-1873

Ah, never can fall from the days that have been
 A gleam on the years that shall be! *A Lament*

Take away the sword—
 States can be saved without it! *Richeieu, II 11*

In the lexicon of youth, which Fate reserves
 For a bright manhood, there is no such word
 As—*fail!* *Ib*

Here Stanley meets,—how Stanley scorns, the glance!
 The brilliant chief, irregularly great,
 Frank, haughty, rash,—the Rupert of Debate *Ib*
 The New Timon, pt 1 v1

Out-babying Wordsworth and out-glittering Keats *Ib*

When stars are in the quiet skies,
 Then most I pine for thee,
 Bend on me, then, thy tender eyes,
 As stars look on the sea! *Ernest Maltravers, bk III, ch 1*

Poverty has strange bedfellows
 The Caxtons, pt IV, ch 4

Revolutions are not made with rose-water
 The Parisians, bk V, ch 7

There is no man so friendless but what he can find
 a friend sincere enough to tell him disagreeable
 truths
What Will He Do With It?, bk III, ch 15
 (heading)

EDWARD ROBERT BULWER-
LYTTON, EARL OF LYTTON

see

OWEN MEREDITH

THOMAS BABINGTON
MACAULAY, BARON MACAULAY

1800-1859

Attend, all ye who list to hear our noble England's
 praise,

I tell of the thrice famous deeds she wrought in
 ancient days *The Armada*

Many a light fishing-bark put out to pry along the
 coast,

And with loose rein and bloody spur rode inland
 many a post,

With his white hair unbonneted, the stout old sheriff
 comes,

Behind him march the halberdiers, before him sound
 the drums *Ib*

Night sank upon the dusky beach, and on the purple
 sea,

Such night in England ne'er had been, nor e'er again
 shall be *Ib*

The rugged miners poured to war from Mendip's
 sunless caves *Ib*

The sentinel on Whitehall gate looked forth into the
 night *Ib*

At once on all her stately gates arose the answering
 fires,

At once the wild alarm clashed from all her reeling
 spires *Ib*

And broader still became the blaze, and louder still
 the din,

As fast from every village round the horse came spur-
 ring in,

And eastward straight from wild Blackheath the war-
 like errand went,

And roused in many an ancient hall the gallant squires
 of Kent *Ib*

Till Belvoir's lordly terraces the sign to Lincoln sent,
 And Lincoln sped the message on o'er the wide vale
 of Trent,

Till Skiddaw saw the fire that burned on Gaunt's em-
 battled pile,

And the red glare on Skiddaw roused the burghers of
 Carlisle *Ib*

Obadiah Bind-their-kings-in-chains-and-their-
 nobles-with-links-of-iron *The Battle of Naseby*

Oh, wherefore come ye forth in triumph from the
 north,

With your hands, and your feet, and your raiment
 all red?

And wherefore doth your rout send forth a joyous
 shout?

And whence be the grapes of the wine-press which
 ye tread? *Ib*

And the Man of Blood was there, with his long
 essenced hair,

And Astley, and Sir Marmaduke, and Rupert of the
 Rhine. *Ib*

For God! for the Cause! for the Church! for the
 laws!

For Charles King of England, and Rupert of the
 Rhine! *Ib*

The furious German comes, with his clarions and
 his drums *Ib*

He looked upon his people, and a tear was in his eye,
 He looked upon the traitors, and his glance was stern
 and high *Ib*

'Press where ye see my white plume shine, amidst the
 ranks of war,

And be your oriflammé today the helmet of Navarre' *Ib*

Their ranks are breaking like thin clouds before a
 Biscay gale *Ib*

To my true king I offer'd free from stain
 Courage and faith, vain faith, and courage vain *A Jacobite's Epitaph*

And pined by Arno for my lovelier Tees *Ib*

By those white cliffs I never more must see,
 By that dear language which I spake like thee,

Forget all feuds, and shed one English tear
 O'er English dust A broken heart lies here *Ib*

Lars Porsena of Clusium By the nine gods he swore That the great house of Tarquin Should suffer wrong no more By the Nine Gods he swore it, And named a trysting day, And bade his messengers ride forth, East and west and south and north, To summon his array		Thrice looked he at the city, Thrice looked he at the dead, And thrice came on in fury, And thrice turned back in dread	Ib lii.
<i>Lays of Ancient Rome</i>	<i>Horatus, i</i>	'Come back, come back, Horatius' Loud cried the Fathers all 'Back, Lartius! back, Herminius! Back, ere the ruin fall!'	Ib liii.
From lordly Volaterra, Where scowls the tar-famed hold Piled by the hands of giants For godlike kings of old	Ib iv	But when they turned their faces, And on the farther shore Saw brave Horatius stand alone, They would have crossed once more	Ib liv
The harvests of Arretium, This year, old men shall reap This year, young boys in Umbro Shall plunge the struggling sheep, And in the vats of Luna, This year, the must shall foam Round the white feet of laughing girls Whose sires have marched to Rome	Ib viii	Round turned he, as not deigning Those craven ranks to see, Nought spake he to Lars Porsena, To Sextus nought spoke he, But he saw on Palatinus The white porch of his home! And he spake to the noble river That rolls by the towers of Rome	Ib lviii
A proud man was Lars Porsena Upon the trysting day	Ib xi	'Oh, Tiber! father Tiber! To whom the Romans pray, A Roman's life, a Roman's arms, 'Take thou in charge this day!'	Ib lvi
And with a mighty following To join the muster came The Tusculan Mamilius, Prince of the Latian name	Ib xii	And even the ranks of Tuscan Could scarce forbear to cheer	Ib lx
And plainly and more plainly Now might the burghers know, By port and vest, by horse and crest, Each warlike Lucumo	Ib xxiii	Never, I ween, did swimmer, In such an evil case, Struggle through such a raging flood Safe to the landing place	Ib lxi
But the Consul's brow was sad, And the Consul's speech was low, And darkly looked he at the wall, And darkly at the foe	Ib xxvi	'Heaven help him!' quoth Lars Porsena, 'And bring him safe to shore, For such a gallant feat of arms Was never seen before'	Ib lxiii
Then out spake brave Horatius, The Captain of the Gate 'To every man upon this earth Death cometh soon or late And how can man die better 'Than facing fearful odds, For the ashes of his fathers, And the temples of his Gods?'	Ib xxvii	When the oldest cask is opened, And the largest lamp is lit.	Ib lxix
To save them from false Sextus That wrought the deed of shame	Ib xxviii	With weeping and with laughter Still is the story told, How well Horatius kept the bridge In the brave days of old	Ib lxx
'Now who will stand on either hand, And keep the bridge with me?'	Ib xxix	In lordly Lacedaemon, The city of two kings	
And straight against that great array Forth went the dauntless Thrice	Ib xxxi	<i>The Battle of Lake Regillus, ii</i> Those trees in whose dim shadow The ghostly priest doth reign, The priest who slew the slayer, And shall himself be slain	Ib x
Then none was for a party, Then all were for the state, Then the great man helped the poor, And the poor man loved the great Then lands were fairly portioned, Then spoils were fairly sold The Romans were like brothers In the brave days of old	Ib xxxii	Herminius glared on Sextus. Ah! woe is me for the good house That loves the people well!	Ib xv
Was none who would be foremost To lead such dire attack, But those behind cried 'Forward!' And those before cried 'Back!'	Ib i	For aye Valerius loathed the wrong, And aye upheld the right Away, away went Auster Like an arrow from the bow Black Auster was the fleetest steed From Aufidus to Po	Ib xvi
		One of us two, Herminius, Shall never more go home. I will lay on for Tusculum And lay thou on for Rome!	Ib xxvii

Herminius smote Mamilius
Through breast-plate and through breast,
And fast flowed out the purple blood
Over the purple vest
Mamilius smote Herminius
Through headpiece and through head,
And side by side those chiefs of pride
Together fell down dead *Ib* xxviii

The pass was steep and rugged,
The wolves they howled and whined,
But he ran like a whirlwind up the pass,
And he left the wolves behind *Ib* xxix

'The furies of my brother
With me and mine abide,
If one of you accursed house
Upon black Auster ride!' *Ib* xxx

So spake he, and was buckling
Tighter black Auster's band,
When he was aware of a princely pair
That rode at his right hand
So like they were, no mortal
Might one from other know
White as snow their armour was
Their steeds were white as snow *Ib* xxxii

And all who saw them trembled,
And pale grew every cheek *Ib* xxxiii

Let no man stop to plunder,
But slay, and slay, and slay,
The Gods who live for ever
Are on our side to-day *Ib* xxxv

And fliters and pursuers
Were mingled in a mass,
And far away the battle
Went roaring through the pass *Ib* xxxvi

These be the great Twin Brethren
To whom the Dorians pray *Ib* xl

Thou, through all change,
Fix thy firm gaze on virtue and on me
Lines Written in August

Ye diners-out from whom we guard our spoons
Political Georgics See his letter to Hannah
Macaulay, 29 June 1831

Knowledge advances by steps, and not by leaps
Essays and Biographies History

The business of everybody is the business of nobody
*Historical Essays Contributed to the 'Edinburgh
Review'* Hallam's *Constitutional History*
(Sept 1828)

The gallery in which the reporters sit has become a
fourth estate of the realm *Ib*

He knew that the essence of war is violence, and that
moderation in war is imbecility [John Hampden]
Ib Lord Nugent's Memorials of Hampden
(Dec 1831)

The reluctant obedience of distant provinces gener-
ally costs more than it [the territory] is worth
Ib Lord Mahon's War of the Succession (Jan
1833)

The history of England is emphatically the history of
progress
Ib Sir J. Mackintosh's History of the Revolution
(July 1835)

The rising hope of those stern and unbending Tories
Ib Gladstone on Church and State (April 1839)

Every schoolboy knows who imprisoned Montezuma,
and who strangled Atahualpa *Ib Lord Clive*

They [the Nabobs] raised the price of everything in
their neighbourhood, from fresh eggs to rotten
boroughs *Ib*

When some traveller from New Zealand shall, in the
midst of a vast solitude, take his stand on a broken
arch of London Bridge to sketch the ruins of St
Paul's *Ib Von Ranke* (Oct 1840)

The Chief Justice was rich, quiet, and infamous
Ib Warren Hastings (Oct 1841)

The great Proconsul *Ib*

In order that he might rob a neighbour whom he had
promised to defend, black men fought on the coast
of Coromandel, and red men scalped each other by
the Great Lakes of North America
Ib Frederic the Great (April 1842).

We hardly know any instance of the strength and
weakness of human nature so striking, and so
grotesque, as the character of this haughty, vigilant,
resolute, sagacious blue-stocking, half Mithridates
and half Trissotin, bearing up against a world in
arms, with an ounce of poison in one pocket and a
quire of bad verses in the other [Frederick] *Ib*

Lues Boswelliana, or disease of admiration
Ib Earl of Chatham (Jan 1834)

The dust and silence of the upper shelf
*Literary Essays Contributed to the 'Edinburgh
Review'* Milton (Aug 1825)

As civilization advances, poetry almost necessarily de-
clines *Ib*

Perhaps no person can be a poet, or can even enjoy
poetry, without a certain unsoundness of mind *Ib*

Nobles by the right of an earlier creation, and priests
by the imposition of a mightier hand *Ib*

That propensity which, for want of a better name, we
will venture to christen Boswellism *Ib*

Out of his surname they have coined an epithet for a
knave, and out of his Christian name a synonym
for the Devil *Ib Machiavelli* (March 1827)

Nothing is so useless as a general maxim *Ib*

We have heard it said that five per cent is the natural
interest of money
Ib Southey's Colloquies (Jan 1830)

His writing bears the same relation to poetry which
a Turkey carpet bears to a picture. There are
colours in the Turkey carpet out of which a picture
might be made. There are words in Mr Mont-
gomery's writing which, when disposed in certain
orders and combinations, have made, and will
make again, good poetry. But, as they now stand,
they seem to be put together on principle in such
a manner as to give no image of anything 'in the
heavens above, or in the earth beneath, or in the
waters under the earth'
Ib Mr Robert Montgomery's Poems (April
1830)

The use of a mirror, we submit, is not to be painted
upon *Ib*

But Mr Robert Montgomery's readers must take such grammar as they can get, and be thankful *Ib*

We take this to be, on the whole, the worst similitude in the world In the first place, no stream meanders, or can possibly meander, level with its fount In the next place, if streams did meander level with their founts, no two motions can be less like each other than that of meandering level and that of mounting upwards *Ib*

His theory is therefore this, that God made the thunder, but that the lightning made itself *Ib*

He had a head which statuary loved to copy, and a foot the deformity of which the beggars in the street mimicked

Ib Moore's Life of Lord Byron (June 1830).

We know no spectacle so ridiculous as the British public in one of its periodical fits of morality *Ib*

We prefer a gipsy by Reynolds to his Majesty's head on a sign-post *Ib*

The world, we believe, is pretty well agreed in thinking that the shorter a prize poem is, the better *Ib*

From the poetry of Lord Byron they drew a system of ethics, compounded of misanthropy and voluptuousness, a system in which the two great commandments were, to hate your neighbour, and to love your neighbour's wife *Ib*

Very few and very weary are those who are in at the death of the Blatant Beast

Ib Southey's Edition of Pilgrim's Progress

What schoolboy of fourteen is ignorant of this remarkable circumstance? *Ib Sir William Temple*

There is a vile phrase of which bad historians are exceedingly fond, 'the dignity of history' *Ib*

The conformation of his mind was such that whatever was little seemed to him great, and whatever was great seemed to him little

Ib On Horace Walpole (Oct 1883)

With the dead there is no rivalry In the dead there is no change Plato is never sullen Cervantes is never panting Demosthenes never comes unseasonably Dante never stays too long No difference of political opinion can alienate Cicero No heresy can excite the horror of Bossuet

Ib Lord Bacon

An acre in Middlesex is better than a principality in Utopia *Ib* (July 1837)

The checkered spectacle of so much glory and so much shame *Ib*

The Life of Johnson is assuredly a great, a very great work Homer is not more decidedly the first of heroic poets, Shakespeare is not more decidedly the first of dramatists, Demosthenes is not more decidedly the first of orators, than Boswell is the first of biographers

Ib Boswell's Life of Johnson

They knew luxury, they knew beggary, but they never knew comfort *Ib*

In the foreground is that strange figure which is as familiar to us as the figures of those among whom we have been brought up, the gigantic body, the huge massy face, seamed with the scars of disease, the brown coat, the black worsted stockings, the grey wig with the scorched foretop, the dirty hands, the nails bitten and pared to the quick *Ib*

Like Sir Condry Rackrent in the tale, she survived her own wake, and overheard the judgment of posterity *Ib Madame D'Arbly* (Jan 1843)

A sort of broken Johnsonese *Ib*

He was a rake among scholars, and a scholar among rakes [Richard Steele]

Ib Aikin's Life of Addison (July 1843)

The old philosopher is still among us in the brown coat with the metal buttons and the shirt which ought to be at wash, blinking, puffing, rolling his head, drumming with his fingers, tearing his meat like a tiger, and swallowing his tea in oceans

Life of Johnson (ad fin)

I shall cheerfully bear the reproach of having descended below the dignity of history

History of England, vol 1, ch 1

Thus our democracy was, from an early period, the most aristocratic, and our aristocracy the most democratic in the world *Ib*

Persecution produced its natural effect on them It found them a sect, it made them a faction *Ib*

It was a crime in a child to read by the bedside of a sick parent one of those beautiful collects which had soothed the griefs of forty generations of Christians *Ib* ch 2

The Puritan hated bear-baiting, not because it gave pain to the bear, but because it gave pleasure to the spectators *Ib*

There were gentlemen and there were seamen in the navy of Charles the Second But the seamen were not gentlemen, and the gentlemen were not seamen *Ib* ch 3

The English Bible, a book which, if everything else in our language should perish, would alone suffice to show the whole extent of its beauty and power *Edinburgh Review*, Jan 1828 *On John Dryden*

His imagination resembled the wings of an ostrich It enabled him to run, though not to soar. *Ib*

The object of oratory alone is not truth, but persuasion *Works* (1898), vol 21 *Essay on Athenian Orators*

Dark and terrible beyond any season within my remembrance of political affairs was the day of their flight Far darker and far more terrible will be the day of their return [The Tory Government, defeated in Nov 1830] *Speech*, 20 Sept 1831

Thank you, madam, the agony is abated [Reply, aged four]

Trevelyan's Life and Letters of Macaulay, ch 1

I shall not be satisfied unless I produce something which shall for a few days supersede the last fashionable novel on the tables of young ladies

Ib ch 13

JOSEPH McCARTHY

You made me love you,
I didn't want to do it

You Made Me Love You

JOHN McCRAE

d 1918

Take up our quarrel with the foe
To you from falling hands we throw
The torch, be yours to hold it high
If ye break faith with us who die
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow

In Flanders fields
In Flanders Fields (Punch, vol cxlix, 8 Dec 1915)

GEORGE MACDONALD

1824-1905

Where did you come from, baby dear?

Out of the everywhere into here

At the Back of the North Wind, xxviii, Song

Where did you get your eyes so blue?

Out of the sky as I came through

Ib

Here lie I, Martin Elginbrodde

Hae mercy o' my soul, Lord God,

As I wad do, were I Lord God,

And ye were Martin Elginbrodde

David Elginbrod, bk 1, ch 13

Alas, how easily things go wrong!

A sigh too much, or a kiss too long,

And there follows a mist and a weeping rain,

And life is never the same again

Phantastes Down the Lane

They all were looking for a king

To slay their foes, and lift them high,

Thou cam'st, a little baby thing,

That made a woman cry

That Holy Thing

CHARLES MACKAY

1814-1889

Cheer! Boys, cheer!

Title of Song

There's a good time coming, boys,

A good time coming *The Good Time Coming*

Old Tubal Cain was a man of might

In the days when earth was young

Tubal Cain

SIR JAMES MACKINTOSH

1765-1832

Men are never so good or so bad as their opinions

Ethical Philosophy, section 6 *Bentham*

The frivolous work of polished idleness

Ib *Remarks on Thomas Brown*

The Commons, faithful to their system, remained in
a wise and masterly inactivity

Vindiciæ Gallicæ, sec 1

MURDOCH McLENNAN

fl 1715

There's some say that we wan, some say that they wan

Some say that nane wan at a', man,

But one thing I'm sure, that at Sheriffmuir

A battle there was which I saw, man

And we ran, and they ran, and they ran, and we 1 in

And we ran, and they ran awa', man!

Sheriffmuir Roxburghe Ballads (1889), vol 11

In Hogg's *Jacobite Relics*, 1821, vol 11, the las

line is 'But Florence ran fastest of a', man

(Florence was the Marquis of Huntley's hoise

NORMAN MACLEOD

1812-1872

Courage, brother! do not stumble,

Though thy path is dark as night,

There's a star to guide the humble

'Trust in God, and do the Right'

Book of Praise *Courage, Brother*

LEONARD McNALLY

1752-1820

This lass so neat, with smiles so sweet,

Has won my right good-will,

I'd crowns resign to call thee mine,

Sweet lass of Richmond Hill

The Lass of Richmond Hill E Duncan

Minstrelsy of England (1905), 1 254 Attr also

to W Upton in *Oxford Song Book*, and to

W Hudson in Baring-Gould, *English Minstrel-*
sy (1895), 11 54

SAMUEL MADDEN

1687-1765

Words are men's daughters, but God's sons are things

Boulter's Monument, 1 377

ALFRED THAYER MAHAN

1840-1914

Those far distant, storm-beaten ships, upon which
the Grand Army never looked, stood between it
and the dominion of the world

The Influence of Sea Power upon the French
Revolution and Empire 1793-1812 (1892),
11 118

FRANCIS SYLVESTER

MAHONY

see FATHER PROUT

SIR HENRY JAMES SUMNER

MAINE

1822-1888

Except the blind forces of Nature, nothing moves in
this world which is not Greek in its origin

Rede Lecture, 1875 *Village Communities*

DAVID MALLET

1705?-1765

O grant me, Heaven, a middle state,
Neither too humble nor too great,
More than enough for nature's ends,
With something left to treat my friends
Imitation of Horace, bk II, sat. vi

SIR THOMAS MALORY

fl 1470

It is notoriously known through the universal world
that there be nine worthy and the best that ever
were That is to wit three paynims, three Jews,
and three Christian men As for the paynims
they were . the first Hector of Troy, . the second
Alexander the Great, and the third Julius Caesar
As for the three Jews . the first was Duke
Joshua . the second David, King of Jerusalem,
and the third Judas Maccabaeus And sith the
said Incarnation was first the noble Arthur
The second was Charlemagne or Charles the
Great . and the third and last was Godfrey of
Bouillon

*Le Morte D'Arthur, vol I Caxton's Original
Preface*

I, according to my copy, have done set it in imprint,
to the intent that noble men may see and learn
the noble acts of chivalry, the gentle and virtuous
deeds that some knights used in those days *Ib*

Wherein they shall find many joyous and pleasant
histories, and noble and renowned acts of
humanity, gentleness, and chivalries For herein
may be seen noble chivalry, courtesy, humanity,
friendliness, hardness, love, friendship, cowardice,
murder, hate, virtue, and sin Do after the good
and leave the evil, and it shall bring you to good
fame and renown *Ib*

Me repenteth, said Merlin, because of the death of
that lady thou shalt strike a stroke most dolorous
that ever man struck, except the stroke of our
Lord, for thou shalt hurt the truest knight and
the man of most worship that now liveth, and
through that stroke three kingdoms shall be in
great poverty, misery and wretchedness twelve
years, and the knight shall not be whole of that
wound for many years *Ib bk II, ch 8*

What, nephew, said the king, is the wind in that
door? *Ib bk VII, ch 34*

The questing beast *Ib bk IX, ch 12.*

God defend me, said Dinadan, for the joy of love
is too short, and the sorrow thereof, and what
cometh thereof, dureth over long

Ib bk X, ch 56

It is his day, said Dinadan *Ib ch 70*

Nay, by my knighthood, said Palomides, I never
espied that ever she loved me more than all the
world, nor never had I pleasure with her, but the
last day she gave me the greatest rebuke that ever
I had, the which shall never go from my heart

Ib ch. 82

Fair lord, salute me to my lord, Sir Launcelot, my
father, and as soon as ye see him, bid him remember
of this unstable world *Ib bk XVII, ch 22*

Thus endeth the story of the Sangreal, that was
briefly drawn out of French into English, the
which is a story chronicled for one of the truest
and the holiest that is in this world

Ib ch 23, end

And thus it passed on from Candlemass until after
Easter, that the month of May was come, when
every lusty heart beginneth to blossom, and to
bring forth fruit, for like as herbs and trees bring
forth fruit and flourish in May, in likewise every
lusty heart that is in any manner a lover, springeth
and flourisheth in lusty deeds

Ib bk XVIII, ch 25

Therefore all ye that be lovers call unto your remem-
brance the month of May, like as did Queen
Guenevere, for whom I make here a little mention,
that while she lived she was a true lover, and
therefore she had a good end *Ib*

Through this man and me hath all this war been
wrought, and the death of the most noblest
knights of the world, for through our love that
we have loved together is my most noble lord
slain *Ib bk XXI, ch 9*

Therefore, Sir Launcelot, I require thee and be-
seech thee heartily, for all the love that ever was
betwixt us, that thou never see me more in the
visage. *Ib*

Wherefore, madam, I pray you kiss me and never
no more Nay, said the queen, that shall I never
do, but abstain you from such works and they
departed But there was never so hard an hearted
man but he would have wept to see the colour
that they made *Ib ch 10*

And Sir Launcelot awoke, and went and took his
horse, and rode all that day and all night in a
forest, weeping *Ib*

Then Sir Launcelot saw her visage, but he wept
not greatly, but sighed *Ib ch. 11*

Said Sir Ector Sir Launcelot thou wert never
matched of earthly knights' hand, and thou wert
the courtest knight that ever bare shield, and
thou wert the truest friend to thy lover that ever
bestrad horse, and thou wert the truest lover of
a sinful man that ever loved woman, and thou
wert the kindest man that ever struck with sword,
and thou wert the goodliest person that ever came
among press of knights, and thou wert the meekest
man and the gentlest that ever ate in hall among
ladies, and thou wert the sternest knight to thy
mortal foe that ever put spear in the rest

Ib ch 13

W. R. MANDALE

19th cent

Up and down the City Road,
In and out the Eagle,
That's the way the money goes—
Pop goes the weasel!

Pop Goes the Weasel

JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN

1803-1849

There's wine from the royal Pope

Upon the ocean green,
And Spanish ale shall give you hope,
My Dark Rosaleen!

Dark Rosaleen

Your holy delicate white hands
Shall girdle me with steel.

Ib

The fair hills of Eiré, O

Title of Poem

Roll forth, my song, like the rushing river

The Nameless One

He, too, had tears for all souls in trouble

Here, and in hell

*Ib*MARY DE LA RIVIERE
MANLEY

1663-1724

No time like the present *The Lost Lover, IV 1*

HORACE MANN

1796-1859

The object of punishment is, prevention from evil, it
never can be made impulsive to good

*Lectures and Reports on Education, 1867, lec-
ture vii*

Lost, yesterday, somewhere between Sunrise and
Sunset, two golden hours, each set with sixty
diamond minutes No reward is offered, for they
are gone forever *Lost, Two Golden Hours*

LORD JOHN MANNERS,
DUKE OF RUTLAND

1818-1906

Let wealth and commerce, laws and learning die,
But leave us still our old nobility!

*England's Trust, pt III, l 227.*WILLIAM MURRAY,
EARL OF MANSFIELD

1705-1793

Consider what you think justice requires, and decide
accordingly But never give your reasons, for your
judgement will probably be right, but your reasons
will certainly be wrong

*Advice Campbell's Lives of the Chief Justices,
1874, vol IV, p 26*

RICHARD MANT

1776-1848

Bright the vision that delighted

Once the sight of Judah's seer

Ancient Hymns Bright the Vision

WILLIAM LEARNED MARCY

1786-1857

To the victor belong the spoils of the enemy

Parton's Life of Jackson (1860), vol III, p 378

EDWIN MARKHAM

1852-

Bowed by the weight of centuries he leans
Upon his hoe and gazes on the ground,
The emptiness of ages in his face,
And on his back the burden of the world

The Man with the Hoe.

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE

1564-1593

My men, like satyrs grazing on the lawns,
Shall with their goat feet dance an antic hay

Edward II, I 1 59

For when we hear one rack the name of God,
Abjure the Scriptures, and his Saviour Christ,
We fly, in hope to get his glorious soul

Faustus, I 282

MEPHISTOPHELES

O by aspiring pride and insolence,

For which God threw him from the face of heaven

FAUSTUS

And what are you that live with Lucifer?

MEPHISTOPHELES

Unhappy spirits that fell with Lucifer,

Conspired against our God with Lucifer,

And are for ever damned with Lucifer *Ib 1 303*

Why this is hell, nor am I out of it

Thinkst thou that I who saw the face of God,

And tasted the eternal joys of heaven,

Am not tormented with ten thousand hells

In being deprived of everlasting bliss? *Ib 1 312.*

When all the world dissolves,

And every creature shall be purified,

All places shall be hell that are not heaven *Ib 1 556.*

Was this the face that launch'd a thousand ships,

And burnt the topless towers of Ilium?

Sweet Helen, make me immortal with a kiss!

Her lips suck forth my soul see, where it flies!

Come Helen, come give me my soul again

Here will I dwell, for heaven be in these lips,

And all is dross that is not Helena *Ib 1 1328.*

O thou art fairer than the evening air,

Clad in the beauty of a thousand stars,

Brighter art thou than flaming Jupiter,

When he appeared to hapless Semele,

More lovely than the monarch of the sky

In wanton Arethusa's azured arms,

And none but thou shalt be my paramour *Ib 1 1341*

Now hast thou but one bare hour to live,

And then thou must be damned perpetually,

Stand still you ever-moving spheres of heaven,

That time may cease, and midnight never come

*Ib 1 1420**O lente, lente currite noctis equis*

The stars move still, time runs, the clock will strike,

The devil will come, and Faustus must be damn'd

O I'll leap up to my God who pulls me down?

See see where Christ's blood streams in the firma-

ment

One drop would save my soul, half a drop, ah my

Christ *Ib 1 1428*Ah Pythagoras metempsychosis *Ib 1 1461.*

Cut is the branch that might have grown full straight,
And burn'd is Apollo's laurel bough,
That sometime grew within this learned man

Ib 1 1478

It lies not in our power to love, or hate,
For will in us is over-ruled by fate
When two are stricken, long ere the course begins,
We wish that one should lose, the other win,
And one especially do we affect
Of two gold ingots, like in each respect
The reason no man knows, let it suffice,
What we behold is censured by our eyes
Where both deliberate, the love is slight,
Who ever loved that loved not at first sight?

Hero and Leander First Sestiad, l 167

I count religion but a childish toy,
And hold there is no sin but ignorance

The Jew of Malta, l 14

And as their wealth increases, so enclose
Infinite riches in a little room

Ib 1 71

As for myself, I walk abroad a nights
And kill sick people groaning under walls
Sometimes I go about and poison wells

Ib 1 939

Come live with me and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove
That hills and valleys, dales and fields,
Woods or steepy mountain yields
The Passionate Shepherd to his Love

By shallow rivers to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals

Ib

And I will make thee beds of roses
And a thousand fragrant posies

Ib

Jiggling veins of rhyming mother wits
Conquests of Tamburlaine, prologue

Zenocrate, lovelier than the Love of Jove,
Brighter than is the silver Rhodope,
Fairer than whitest snow on Scythian hills

Ib pt 1, l 283

Our swords shall play the orators for us

Ib 1 328

With Nature's pride, and richest furniture,
His looks do menace heaven and dare the Gods

Ib 1 351

His deep affections make him passionate

Ib 1 359

These are the men that all the world admires

Ib 1 418

Accurst be he that first invented war

Ib 1 664

Is it not passing brave to be a King,
And ride in triumph through Persepolis?

Ib 1 758

Nature that fram'd us of four elements,
Warring within our breasts for regiment,
Doth teach us all to have aspiring minds
Our souls, whose faculties can comprehend
The wondrous Architecture of the world
And measure every wand'ring planet's course,
Still climbing after knowledge infinite,
And always moving as the restless Spheres,
Will us to wear ourselves and never rest,
Until we reach the ripest fruit of all,
That perfect bliss and sole felicity,
The sweet fruition of an earthly crown

Ib 1 869

Virtue is the fount whence honour springs

Ib 1 1769.

Ah fair Zenocrate, divine Zenocrate,
Fau is too foul an epithet for thee

Ib 1. 1916

What is beauty saith my sufferings then?
If all the pens that ever poets held,
Had fed the feeling of their masters' thoughts,
And every sweetness that inspir'd their hearts,
Their minds, and muses on admired themes
If all the heavenly quintessence they still
From their immortal flowers of Poesy,
Wherein as in a mirror we perceive
The highest reaches of a human wit
If these had made one poem's period
And all combin'd in beauty's worthiness,
Yet should there hover in their restless heads,
One thought, one grace, one wonder at the least,
Which into words no virtue can digest.

Ib 1 1941

Now walk the angels on the walls of heaven,
As sentinels to warn th' immortal souls,
To entertain divine Zenocrate

Ib pt 11, l 2983

Yet let me kiss my Lord before I die,
And let me die with kissing of my Lord

Ib 1 3037

Helen, whose beauty summoned Greece to arms,
And drew a thousand ships to Tenedos

Ib 1 3055

More childish valourous than manly wise

Ib 1 3690

Holla, ye pampered Jades of Asia
What, can ye draw but twenty miles a day?

Ib 1. 3980.

I'm arm'd with more than complete steel—
The justice of my quarrel
Lust's Dominion, iv, iii Play probably not by
Marlowe

SHACKERLEY MARMION

1603-1639

Familiarity begets boldness. *The Antiquary, Act I*
Great joys, like griefs, are silent
Holland's Leaguer, v 1

DONALD ROBERT PERRY MARQUIS

1878-

The great open spaces
where cats are cats
*Archy and Mehitabel, xiv. Mehitabel Has an
Adventure, l 100*

FREDERICK MARRYAT

1792-1848

There's no getting blood out of a turnip
Japhet, ch 4
'If you please, ma'am, it was a very little one' [The
nurse excusing her illegitimate baby]
Midshipman Easy, ch 3
All zeal . . . All zeal, Mr Easy *Ib* ch 9
As savage as a bear with a sore head
The King's Own, ch 26
I never knows the children It's just six of one and
half-a-dozen of the other *The Pirate, ch 4*

I think it much better that . . . every man paddle his
own canoe
Settlers in Canada, ch 8

JOHN MARSTON

1575?-1634

Who winks and shuts his apprehension up
Antomo's Revenge, prologue

ANDREW MARVELL

1620-1678

Thrice happy he who, not mistook,
Hath read in Nature's mystic book
Upon Appleton House To My Lord Fairfax,
lxxiii

Where the remote Bermudas ride
In th' ocean's bosom unspied

Bermudas

Like golden lamps in a green night

lb

And makes the hollow seas, that roar,
Proclaim the ambergris on shore
He cast (of which we rather boast)
The Gospel's pearls upon our coast

lb

Echo beyond the Mexique Bay

lb

Had we but world enough, and time,
This coyness Lady were no crime
We would sit down, and think which way
To walk, and pass our long love's day
To His Coy Mistress

I would

Love you ten years before the Flood
And you should if you please refuse
Till the conversion of the Jews
My vegetable love should grow
Vaster than empires, and more slow

lb

But at my back I always hear
Time's winged chariot hurrying near
And yonder all before us lie
Deserts of vast eternity
Thy beauty shall no more be found,
Nor, in thy marble vault, shall sound
My echoing song then worms shall try
That long preserved virginity
And your quaint honour turn to dust,
And into ashes all my lust
The grave's a fine and private place,
But none I think do there embrace

lb

My love is of a birth as rare
As 'tis for object strange and high
It was begotten by despair
Upon impossibility

Magnanimous Despair alone
Could show me so divine a thing,
Where feeble Hope could ne'er have flown
But vainly flap its tinsel wing
Definition of Love

As lines so loves oblique may well
Themselves in every angle greet
But ours so truly parallel,
Though infinite can never meet.

Therefore the love which us doth bind,
But Fate so enviously debars,
Is the conjunction of the mind,
And opposition of the stars

lb

Earth cannot shew so brave a sight
As when a single soul does fence
The batteries of alluring sense,
And Heaven views it with delight
Dialogue between the Resolved Soul and Created Pleasure

All this fair, and soft, and sweet,
Which scatteringly doth shine,
Shall within one Beauty meet,
And she be only thine

lb

And want new worlds to buy

lb

Nor full sails hasting loaden home,
Nor the chaste lady's pregnant womb,
Nor Cynthia teeming shows so fair,
As two eyes swoln with weeping are

Eyes and Tears

Thus let your streams o'erflow your springs,
Till eyes and tears be the same things
And each the other's difference bears,
These weeping eyes, those seeing tears

lb

They neither build the Temple in their days,
Nor matter for succeeding founders raise
The First Anniversary of the Government under Oliver Cromwell, l 33

Choosing each stone, and poising every weight,
Trying the measures of the breadth and height,
Here pulling down, and there erecting new,
Founding a firm state by proportions true

lb l 245.

How vainly men themselves amaze
To win the palm, the oak, or bays,
And their incessant labours see
Crown'd from some single herb or tree,
Whose short and narrow verdged shade
Does prudently their toils upbraid,
While all flowers and all trees do close
To weave the garlands of repose

The Garden

Fair quiet, have I found thee here,
And Innocence thy Sister dear!

lb

Society is all but rude,
To this delicious solitude

lb

The Gods, that mortal beauty chase,
Still in a tree did end their race
Apollo hunted Daphne so,
Only that she might laurel grow
And Pan did after Syrinx speed,
Not as a nymph, but for a reed

lb.

What wond'rous life is this I lead!
Ripe apples drop about my head,
The luscious clusters of the vine
Upon my mouth do crush their wine,
The nectarine and curious peach,
Into my hands themselves do reach,
Stumbling on melons, as I pass,
Insar'd with flow'rs, I fall on grass

lb

Meanwhile the mind, from pleasure less,
Withdraws into its happiness

lb

Annihilating all that's made
To a green thought in a green shade

lb.

Here at the fountain's sliding foot,
Or at some fruit-tree's mossy root,
Casting the body's vest aside,
My soul into the boughs does glide:
There like a bird it sits, and sings,
Then whets, and combs its silver wings,
And, till prepar'd for longer flight,
Waves in its plumes the various light

Ib

Such was that happy garden-state,
While man there walk'd without a mate

Ib

But 'twas beyond a mortal's share
To wander solitary there
Two Paradises 'twere in one
To live in Paradise alone

Ib

Of a tall stature and of sable hue,
Much like the son of Kish that lofty Jew,
Twelve years complete he suffer'd in exile
And kept his father's asses all the while

An Historical Poem

He nothing common did or mean
Upon that memorable scene
But with his keener eye
The axe's edge did try

Horatian Ode upon Cromwell's Return from Ireland, l 57

But bowed his comely head,
Down as upon a bed

Ib

And now the Irish are ashamed
To see themselves in one year tamed
So much one man can do
That does both act and know

Ib l 75

Ye living lamps, by whose dear light
The nightingale does sit so late,
And studying all the summer night,
Her matchless songs does meditate

The Mower to the Glow-worms

The wanton troopers riding by
Have shot my fawn and it will die

Nymph Complaining for the Death of her Fawn

Thy love was far more better than
The love of false and cruel men

Ib

It is a wondrous thing, how fleet
'Twas on those little silver feet
With what a pretty skipping grace,
It oft would challenge me the race
And when 't had left me far away,
'Twould stay, and run again, and stay.
For it was number much than hands,
And trod, as on the four winds

Ib

I have a garden of my own,
But so with roses overgrown,
And lilies, that you would it guess
To be a little wilderness

Ib

Had it liv'd long, it would have been
Lilies without, roses within

Ib

The Picture of little T C in a Prospect of Flowers
Title of Poem

Who can foretell for what high cause
This darling of the Gods was born?

The Picture of Little T C

For though the whole world cannot shew such another,
Yet we'd better by far have him than his brother

Statue in Stocks-Market

He is Translation's thief that addeth more,
As much as he that taketh from the store
Of the first author
To Dr Witty

MARY TUDOR

1516-1558

When I am dead and opened, you shall find 'Calais'
lying in my heart
Holnshed, Chron iii 1160

THEOPHILE JULIUS HENRY MARZIALS

1850-

'Ahoy! and Oho, and it's who's for the ferry?'
(The briar's in bud and the sun going down)
'And I'll row ye so quick and I'll row ye so steady,
And 'tis but a penny to Twickenham Town'
Twickenham Ferry

JOHN MASEFIELD

1874-

Over the grasses of the ancient way
Rutted this morning by the passing guns.
August 1914.

Coming in solemn beauty like slow old tunes of Spain
Beauty.

But the loveliest things of beauty God ever has
showed to me,
Are her voice, and her hair, and eyes, and the dear red
curve of her lips
Ib

Quinquere of Nineveh from distant Ophir
Rowing home to haven in sunny Palestine,
With a cargo of ivory,
And apes and peacocks,
Sandalwood, cedarwood, and sweet white wine.
Cargoes

Dirty British coaster with a salt-caked smoke stack,
Butting through the Channel in the mad March days,
With a cargo of Tyne coal,
Road-rail, pig-lead,

Firewood, iron-ware, and cheap tin trays
Ib

Oh some are fond of Spanish wine, and some are fond
of French,
And some'll swallow tay and stuff fit only for a wench
Captain Stratton's Fancy

And fifteen arms went round her waist.
(And then men ask, Are Barmaids chaste?)
The Everlasting Mercy

To get the whole world out of bed
And washed, and dressed, and warmed, and fed,
To work, and back to bed again,
Believe me, Saul, costs worlds of pain
Ib

And he who gives a child a treat
Makes joy-bells ring in Heaven's street,
And he who gives a child a home
Builds palaces in Kingdom come,
And she who gives a baby birth
Brings Saviour Christ again to Earth
Ib

O Christ, the plough, O Christ, the laughter
Of holy white birds flying after
Ib

The corn that makes the holy bread
By which the soul of man is fed,
The holy bread, the food unprired,
Thy everlasting mercy, Christ *Ib*

Death opens unknown doors It is most grand to die
Pompey the Great 1 The Chief Centurions
'Man is a sacred city'

The house is falling,
The beaten men come into their own
The Rider at the Gate

One road leads to London,
One road runs to Wales,
My road leads me seawards
To the white dipping sails *Roadways*

My road calls me, lures me
West, east, south, and north,
Most roads lead men homewards,
My road leads me forth *Ib*

I must down to the seas again, to the lonely sea and the sky,
And all I ask is a tall ship and a star to steer her by,
And the wheel's kick and the wind's song and the white sail's shaking,
And a grey mist on the sea's face and a grey dawn breaking *Sea Fever*

I must down to the seas again, for the call of the running tide
Is a wild call and a clear call that may not be denied *Ib*

I must down to the seas again, to the vagrant gypsy life,
To the gull's way and the whale's way where the wind's like a whetted knife,
And all I ask is a merry yarn from a laughing fellow-rover,
And quiet sleep and a sweet dream when the long trick's over *Ib*

Friends and loves we have none, nor wealth nor blessed abode,
But the hope of the City of God at the other end of the road. *The Seekers*

It is good to be out on the road, and going one knows not where *Tewkesbury Road*

It's a warm wind, the west wind, full of birds' cries,
I never hear the west wind but tears are in my eyes

For it comes from the west lands, the old brown hills,

And April's in the west wind, and daffodils *The West Wind*

And now the time of singing
Is come for every bird,
And over all the country
The turtle dove is heard '
Suppl Hymns to Hymns A and M, 1889
O Voice of the Beloved

PHILIP MASSINGER

1583-1640

Ambition, in a private man a vice,
Is, in a prince, the virtue *The Bashful Lover, 1 II.*

He that would govern others, first should be
The master of himself *The Bondman, 1 III*

Be wise;
Soar not too high to fall, but stoop to rise
Duke of Milan, 1 II.

Greatness, with private men
Esteem'd a blessing, is to me a curse;
And we, whom, for our high births, they conclude
The only freemen, are the only slaves
Happy the golden mean! *Great Duke of Florence, 1 I*

I am driven
Into a desperate strait and cannot steer
A middle course *Ib III 1.*

A New Way to Pay Old Debts *Title of Play.*
The devil turned precisian!

A New Way to Pay Old Debts, 1 I.
I write *nil ultra* to my proudest hopes. *Ib IV 1.*

Patience, the beggar's virtue *Ib V 1.*

Some undone widow sits upon my arm,
And takes away the use of 't, and my sword,
Glued to my scabbard with wrong'd orphans' tears,
Will not be drawn *Ib*

View yourselves
In the deceiving mirror of self-love.
Parliament of Love, 1 V.

What pity 'tis, one that can speak so well,
Should in his actions be so ill! *Ib III III*

All words,
And no performance! *Ib IV II*
There are a thousand doors to let out life. *Ib*

Serves and fears
The fury of the many-headed monster,
The giddy multitude *The Unnatural Combat, III II.*

JACKSON MASON

1833-1889

'Rise up, My love, My fair one,
Arise and come away
For lo, 'tis past, the winter,
The winter of thy year,
The rain is past and over,
The flowers on earth appear

CHARLES ROBERT MATURIN

1782-1824

'Tis well to be merry and wise,
'Tis well to be honest and true,
'Tis well to be off with the old love,
Before you are on with the new
Bertram Motto.

a GEORGE LOUIS PALMELLA BUSSON DU MAURIER GEORGE MEREDITH b
 GEORGE LOUIS PALMELLA
 BUSSON DU MAURIER

1834-1896

Life ain't all beer and skittles, and more's the pity,
 but what's the odds, so long as you're happy?

Tribby, pt 1

The salad, for which, like everybody else I ever met,
 he had a special receipt of his own *Ib*

A little work, a little play
 To keep us going—and so, good-day!

A little warmth, a little light
 Of love's bestowing—and so, good-night!

A little fun, to match the sorrow
 Of each day's growing—and so, good-morrow!

A little trust that when we die
 We reap our sowing! and so—good-bye! *Ib* (end)

WILLIAM LAMB,
 VISCOUNT MELBOURNE

1779-1848

I wish I was as cocksure of anything as Tom Macaulay
 is of everything

*Earl Couper's Preface to Lord Melbourne's
 Papers*, 1889, p xii

Things have come to a pretty pass when religion is
 allowed to invade the sphere of private life

*Remark on hearing an Evangelical Sermon
 G W E Russell's Collections and Recollections*,
 ch 6

THOMAS MELLOR

1880-1926

I wouldn't leave my little wooden hut for you!
 I've got one lover and I don't want two
I Wouldn't Leave My Little Wooden Hut for You

GEORGE MEREDITH

1828-1909

With patient inattention hear him prate
Bellerophon, iv

Sword of Common Sense!
 Our surest gift *To the Comic Spirit*

He who has looked upon Earth
 Deeper than flower and fruit,
 Losing some hue of his mirth,
 As the tree striking rock at the root
The Day of the Daughter of Hades, 1

And we go,
 And we drop like the fruits of the tree,
 Even we,
 Even so *Durge in Woods*

Is it accepted of Song? *The Empty Purse*

Keep the young generations in hail,
 And bequeath them no tumbled house! *Ib*

The Man of England circled by the sands
Eptaph on Gordon of Khartoum

Shall man into the mystery of breath
 From his quick beating pulse a pathway spy?
 Or learn the secret of the shrouded death,
 By lifting up the lid of a white eye?
 Cleave thou thy way with fathering desire
 Of fire to reach to fire *Hymn to Colour*, v.

Not forgetting the beast with which they are crossed,
 To stature of the gods they will attain *Ib* xiv.

The song had ceased, my vision with the song
Ib xv.

Death met I too,
 And saw the dawn glow through *Ib*.

Bring the army of the faithful through.
To J[ohn] M[orley]

I've studied men from my topsy-turvy
 Close, and, I reckon, rather true
 Some are fine fellows some, right scurvy
 Most, a dash between the two *Juggling Jerry*, vii

I'm the bird dead-struck! *Ib* xiii.

Under yonder beech-tree single on the greensward,
 Couched with her arms behind her golden head,
 Knees and tresses folded to slip and ripple idly,
 Lies my young love sleeping in the shade
Love in the Valley, 1

She whom I love is hard to catch and conquer,
 Hard, but O the glory of the winning were she won!
Ib ii.

Lovely are the curves of the white owl sweeping
 Wavy in the dusk lit by one large star
 Lone on the fir-branch, his rattle-note unvaried,
 Brooding o'er the gloom, spins the brown eve-jar
 Darker grows the valley, more and more forgetting.
 So were it with me if forgetting could be willed
 Tell the grassy hollow that holds the bubbling well-
 spring,

Tell it to forget the source that keeps it filled *Ib* v

Fain would fling the net, and fain have her free *Ib* vi

Pure from the night, and splendid for the day *Ib* ix

In arrowy rain *Ib* xii

Quaintest, richest carol of all the singing throats!
 [Blackbird] *Ib* xvii

Straight rains and tiger sky. *Ib* xix

Gossips count her faults, they scour a narrow
 chamber

Where there is no window, read not heaven or her
Ib xxii

Our souls were in our names *Ib* xxiii

Around the ancient track marched, rank on rank,
 The army of unalterable law. *Lucifer in Starlight*

Each wishing for the sword that severs all
Modern Love, 1

Not till the fire is dying in the grate,
 Look we for any kinship with the stars *Ib* iv

With hindward feather, and with forward toe
 Her much-adored delightful Fairy Prince! *Ib* x.

- And if I drink oblivion of a day,
So shorten I the stature of my soul *Ib* xii.
- 'I play for Seasons, not Eternities'
Says Nature *Ib* xiii
- It is in truth a most contagious game
HIDING THE SKELETON, shall be its name. *Ib* xvii
- They have the secret of the bull and lamb.
'Tis true that when we trace its source, 'tis beer *Ib* xviii
- We'll sit contentedly
And eat our pot of honey on the grave. *Ib* xxix
- That rarest gift
To Beauty, Common Sense *Ib* xxxii
- O have a care of natures that are mute! *Ib* xxxv
- God, what a dancing spectre seems the moon *Ib* xxxix
- In tragic life, God wot,
No villain need be! Passions spin the plot
We are betrayed by what is false within *Ib* xliii
- We saw the swallows gathering in the sky *Ib* xlvii
- The pilgrims of the year waxed very loud
In multitudinous chatterings *Ib*
- Their sense is with their senses all mixed in,
Destroyed by subtleties these women are! *Ib* xlviii
- More brain, O Lord, more brain! *Ib*
- Thus piteously Love closed what he begat *Ib* i
- Ah, what a dusty answer gets the soul
When hot for certainties in this our life! *Ib*
- God! of whom music
And song and blood are pure,
The day is never darkened
That had thee here obscure *Phoebus with Admetus*
- You with shelly horns, rams! and, promontory goats,
You whose browsing beards dip in coldest dew!
Bulls, that walk the pastures in kingly-flashing coats!
Laurel, ivy, vine, wreathed for feasts not few! *Ib*
- Narrows the world to my neighbour's gate
Seed Time
- Through the sermon's dull defile
The Sage Enamoured, v
- Into the breast that gives the rose,
Shall I with shuddering fall?
The Spirit of Earth in Autumn
- Broad as ten thousand beeves
At pasture! *The Spirit of Shakespeare, i.*
- As the birds do, so do we,
Bill our mate, and choose our tree
The Three Singers to Young Blood, i
- Lowly, with a broken neck,
The crocus lays her cheek to mire
The Thrush in February
- Full lasting is the song, though he,
The singer, passes lasting too,
For souls not lent in usury,
The rapture of the forward view. *Ib*
- We spend our lives in learning pilotage,
And grow good steersmen when the vessel's crank!
The Wisdom of Eld
- Sweet as Eden is the air,
And Eden-sweet the ray *Woodland Peace.*
- Enter those enchanted woods,
You who dare *The Woods of Westernman*
- Thoughts of heroes were as good as warming-pans
Beauchamp's Career, ch 4
- 'Wilt thou?' said the winged minute *Ib* ch 22
- They that make of his creed a strait jacket for humanity *Ib* ch 29
- He had by nature a tarnishing eye that cast discolouration
Diana of the Crossways, ch 1
- Men may have rounded Seraglio Point they have not yet doubled Cape Turk *Ib*
- Sentimental people, in her phrase, fiddle harmonics on the strings of sensualism *Ib*
- Rose pink and dirty drab will alike have passed away *Ib*
- 'Tis Ireland gives England her soldiers, her generals too *Ib* ch 2
- She did not seduce, she ravished *Ib* ch 7
- 'Hog's my feed,' said Andrew Hedger 'Ah could eat hog a solid hower!' *Ib* ch 8
- She was a lady of incisive features bound in stale parchment *Ib* ch 14
- Prose can paint evening and moonlight, but poets are needed to sing the dawn *Ib* ch 16
- 'But how divine is utterance!' she said 'As we to the brutes, poets are to us' *Ib.*
- Brittle is foredoomed. *Ib* ch 28
- Between the ascetic rocks and the sensual whirlpools *Ib* ch 37
- He had his nest of wishes piping to him all the time *Ib* ch 42
- There is nothing the body suffers the soul may not profit by *Ib* ch 43
- He has a leg. *The Egoist, ch 2*
- A dainty rogue in porcelain *Ib* ch 5
- Cynicism is intellectual dandyism. *Ib* ch 7
- A Phoebus Apollo turned fasting friar *Ib* ch 10
- In the book of Egoism, it is written, Possession without obligation to the object possessed approaches felicity *Ib* ch. 14
- I have but a girl to give! *Ib* ch 20
- Are you quite well, Laetitia? *Ib* ch 40
- None of your dam punctilio
One of Our Conquerors, ch 1
- I expect that Woman will be the last thing civilized by Man. *The Ordeal of Richard Feverel, ch 1*
- In action Wisdom goes by majorities *Ib*
- Who rises from prayer a better man, his prayer is answered. *Ib.* ch 12

A youth educated by a system *Ib* ch 15
 Kissing don't last cookery do! *Ib* ch 28
 Speech is the small change of silence *Ib* ch 34
 Italia, Italia shall be free. *Vittoria*, ch 21
 Much benevolence of the passive order may be traced
 to a disinclination to inflict pain upon oneself
Ib ch 42

OWEN MEREDITH
 (EDWARD ROBERT BULWER, EARL
 OF LYTTON)

1831-1891

There's nothing certain in man's life but this
 That he must lose it *Clytemnestra*, pt xx
 He may live without books,—what is knowledge but
 grieving?
 He may live without hope,—what is hope but
 deceiving?
 He may live without love,—what is passion but
 pining?
 But where is the man that can live without dining?
Lucile, pt 1, c 11, xxiv
 Genius does what it must, and Talent does what it
 can
*Poems Last Words of a Sensitive Second-Rate
 Poet*

ALICE MEYNELL

1850-1922

Flocks of the memories of the day draw near
 The dove-cote doors of sleep *At Night*
 With this ambiguous earth
 His dealings have been told us These abide
 The signal to a maid, the human birth,
 The lesson, and the young Man crucified
Christ in the Universe
 I come from nothing, but from where
 Come the undying thoughts I bear?
The Modern Poet, or A Song of Derivations
 I must not think of thee, and, tired yet strong,
 I shun the thought that lurks in all delight—
 The thought of thee—and in the blue heaven's height,
 And in the sweetest passage of a song
Renouncement (ed 1923)
 With the first dream that comes with the first sleep
 I run, I run, I am gathered to thy heart *Ib*
 She walks—the lady of my delight—
 A shepherdess of sheep *The Shepherdess*
 She holds her little thoughts in sight,
 Though gay they run and leap
 She is so circumspect and right,
 She has her soul to keep *Ib*
 Sudden as sweet
 Come the expected feet
 All joy is young, and new all art,
 And He too, Whom we have by heart
Unto us a Son is Given

HUGO MEYNELL

1727-1808

The chief advantage of London is, that a man is
 always so near his burrow
Boswell's Johnson (ed. 1934), vol III, p 379,
 1 Apr. 1779
 For anything I see, foreigners are fools
Ib vol IV, p 15, 1780

WILLIAM JULIUS MICKLE

1734-1788

The dews of summer night did fall,
 The moon, sweet regent of the sky,
 Silver'd the walls of Cumnor Hall,
 And many an oak that grew thereby
Cumnor Hall

THOMAS MIDDLETON

1570?-1627

I never heard
 Of any true affection, but 'twas nipt
 With care *Blurt, Master-Constable*, III 1 39
 By many a happy accident
No Wit, No Help, Like a Woman's, IV 1 66
 Though I be poor, I'm honest *The Witch*, III 11
 There's no hate lost between us *Ib* IV III 10
 Black spirits and white, red spirits and gray,
 Mingle, mingle, mingle, you that mingle may!
Ib V 11 60

ALBERT MIDLANE

1825-1909

There's a Friend for little children
 Above the bright blue sky,
 A Friend Who never changes,
 Whose love will never die
*Good News for the Little Ones There's a
 Friend for Little Children*

JOHN STUART MILL

1806-1873

Ask yourself whether you are happy, and you cease
 to be so *Autobiography*, ch 5
 No great improvements in the lot of mankind are
 possible, until a great change takes place in the
 fundamental constitution of their modes of thought.
Ib ch 7
 As often as a study is cultivated by narrow minds,
 they will draw from it narrow conclusions
Auguste Comte and Positivism, 1865, p 82
 When society requires to be rebuilt, there is no use in
 attempting to rebuild it on the old plan
*Dissertations and Discussions, Essays on Cole-
 ridge*, 1859, vol I, p 423
 Uncarned increment *Ib* vol IV, p 299

The sole end for which mankind are warranted, individually or collectively, in interfering with the liberty of action of any of their number, is self-protection
Liberty, introduction

If all mankind minus one, were of one opinion, and only one person were of the contrary opinion, mankind would be no more justified in silencing that one person, than he, if he had the power, would be justified in silencing mankind
Ib ch 2

We can never be sure that the opinion we are endeavouring to stifle is a false opinion, and if we were sure, stifling it would be an evil still
Ib

A party of order or stability, and a party of progress or reform, are both necessary elements of a healthy state of political life
Ib

The liberty of the individual must be thus far limited, he must not make himself a nuisance to other people
Ib ch 3

All good things which exist are the fruits of originality
Ib

Liberty consists in doing what one desires
Ib ch 5

The worth of a State, in the long run, is the worth of the individuals composing it
Ib

A State which dwarfs its men, in order that they may be more docile instruments in its hands even for beneficial purposes—will find that with small men no great thing can really be accomplished
Ib

When the land is cultivated entirely by the spade and no horses are kept, a cow is kept for every three acres of land

Political Economy A Treatise on Flemish Husbandry

The great majority of those who speak of perfectibility as a dream, do so because they feel that it is one which would afford them no pleasure if it were realized
Speech on Perfectibility, 1828

EDNA ST VINCENT MILLAY

1892—

Euclid alone has looked on Beauty bare
The Harp-Weaver, pt iv, sonnet xxii

MRS. EMILY MILLER

1833-1913

I love to hear the story
Which angel voices tell
The Little Corporal I Love to Hear

WILLIAM MILLER

1810-1872

Wee Willie Winkie
Rins through the town,
Upstairs and downstairs
In his night-gown,
Tirling at the window,
Crying at the lock,
'Are the weans in their bed,
For it's now ten o'clock?'

Willie Winkie

A. J. MILLS

Just like the ivy I'll cling to you
Title of Song

HENRY HART MILMAN

1791-1868

When our heads are bowed with woe,
When our bitter tears o'erflow.
Hymns 'When Our Heads'

Ride on! ride on in majesty!
In lowly pomp ride on to die
Ib Ride On'

ALAN ALEXANDER MILNE

1882—

Time for a little something
Winnie-the-Pooh, ch 6

James James
Morrison Morrison
Weatherby George Dupree
Took great
Care of his Mother
Though he was only three
When We Were Very Young Disobedience

'You must never go down to the end of the town if
you don't go down with me'
Ib

The King asked
The Queen, and
The Queen asked
The Dairymaid
'Could we have some butter for
The Royal slice of bread?'
Ib The King's Breakfast

'I do like a little bit of butter to my bread!'
Ib

JOHN MILTON

1608-1674

Such sweet compulsion doth in music lie
Arcades, l 68

Before the starry threshold of Jove's Court
My mansion is
Comus, l 1

Above the smoke and stir of this dim spot,
Which men call Earth
Ib l 5.

Yet some there be that by due steps aspire
To lay their just hands on that golden key
That opens the palace of Eternity.
Ib l 12

Rich and various gems inlay
The unadorned bosom of the deep
Ib l 22

An old, and haughty nation proud in arms
Ib l 33.

What never yet was heard in tale or song.
From old or modern bard in hall or bower.
Ib. l. 44

And the gilded car of day,
His glowing axle doth alay
In the steep Atlantic stream
Ib l 95

What hath night to do with sleep?
Ib l 122

Ere the babbling eastern scout,
The nice Morn on the Indian steep
From her cabin'd loop-hole peep
Ib l 138.

Come, knit hands, and beat the ground,
In a light fantastic round *Comus*, l 143

When the grey-hooded Even
Like a sad votarist in palmer's weed,
Rose from the hindmost wheels of Phœbus' wain
Ib l 188

O thievish Night,
Why shouldst thou, but for some felonious end,
In thy dark lantern thus close up the stars,
That nature hung in heaven, and filled their lamps
With everlasting oil, to give due light
To the misled and lonely traveller? *Ib* l 195

Calling shapes and beckoning shadows dire,
And airy tongues that syllable men's names
On sands, and shores, and desert wildernesses
These thoughts may startle well, but not astound
The virtuous mind, that ever walks attended
By a strong siding champion, Conscience
Ib l 207

O welcome pure-ey'd Faith, white-handed Hope,
Thou hovering angel girt with golden wings
Ib l 213

Was I deceived, or did a sable cloud
Turn forth her silver lining on the night? *Ib* l 221

Sweet Echo, sweetest nymph, that liv'st unseen
Within thy airy shell
By slow Meander's margent green,
And in the violet-embroidered vale *Ib* l 230

Can any mortal mixture of earth's mould
Breathe such divine enchanting ravishment?
Ib l 244

How sweetly did they float upon the wings
Of silence, through the empty-vaulted night,
At every fall smoothing the raven down
Of darkness till it smiled! *Ib* l 249

Such sober certainty of waking bliss
I never heard till now *Ib* l 263

Shepherd, I take thy word,
And trust thy honest offer'd courtesy,
Which oft is sooner found in lowly sheds
With smoky rafters, than in tap'stry halls
And courts of princes *Ib* l 321

With thy long levell'd rule of streaming light
Ib l 340

What need a man forestall his date of grief,
And run to meet what he would most avoid?
Ib l 362

Virtue could see to do what virtue would
By her own radiant light, though sun and moon
Were in the flat sea sunk And Wisdom's self
Oft seeks to sweet retired solitude,
Where with her best nurse Contemplation
She plumes her feathers, and lets grow her wings
That in the various bustle of resort
Were all too ruffled, and sometimes impair'd
He that has light within his own clear breast
May sit i' th' centre and enjoy bright day,
But he that hides a dark soul and foul thoughts
Benighted walks under the mudday sun *Ib* l 373

The unsunned heaps
Of miser's treasure *Ib* l 398

'Tis Chastity, my brother, Chastity
She that has that, is clad in complete steel *Ib* l 420.

How charming is divine philosophy!
Not harsh, and crabbed as dull fools suppose,
But musical as is Apollo's lute,
And a perpetual feast of nectared sweets,
Where no crude surfeit reigns *Ib* l 476

What the sage poets taught by the heavenly Muse,
Storied of old in high immortal verse
Of dire chimeras and enchanted isles
And rifted rocks whose entrance leads to Hell,—
For such there be, but unbelief is blind
Ib l 515

And fill'd the air with barbarous dissonance
Ib l 550

A steam of rich distill'd perfumes *Ib* l 556

I was all ear,
And took in strains that might create a soul
Under the ribs of Death. *Ib* l 560.

That power
Which erring men call Chance *Ib* l 587

Virtue may be assailed, but never hurt,
Surprised by unjust force, but not enthralled
Ib l 589

If this fail,
The pillared firmament is rottenness,
And earth's base built on stubble *Ib* l 597

The dull swain
Treads on it daily with his clouted shoon
Ib l 634.

Hast thou betrayed my credulous innocence
With vizard'd falsehood, and base forgery?
Ib l 697

None
But such as are good men can give good things,
And that which is not good, is not delicious
To a well-govern'd and wise appetite. *Ib* l. 702.

Budge doctors of the Stoic fur *Ib* l 707

Praising the lean and sallow abstinence *Ib* l 709

Beauty is Nature's coin, must not be hoarded,
But must be current, and the good thereof
Consists in mutual and partaken bliss *Ib* l 739

Beauty is Nature's brag, and must be shown
In courts, at feasts, and high solemnities,
Where most may wonder at the workmanship,
It is for homely features to keep home,
They had their name thence, coarse complexions
And cheeks of sorry grain will serve to ply
The sampler, and to tease the huswife's wool.
What need a vermeil-tinctur'd lip for that,
Love-darting eyes, or tresses like the morn?
Ib l 745

Obtruding false rules pranked in reason's garb
Ib l 759

Through the porch and inlet of each sense
Dropt in ambrosial oils till she reviv'd
Ib l 839.

Sabrina fair,
 Listen where thou art sitting
 Under the glassy, cool, translucent wave,
 In twisted braids of lilies knitting
 The loose train of thy amber-dropping hair
Comus, l 859

Thus I set my printless feet
 O'er the cowslip's velvet head,
 That bends not as I tread *Ib* l 897
 Love virtue, she alone is free,
 She can teach ye how to climb
 Higher than the sperry chime,
 Or, if virtue feeble were,
 Heaven itself would stoop to her *Ib* l. 1019

O fairest flower, no sooner blown but blasted,
 Soft silken primrose fading timelessly
On the Death of a Fair Infant, Dying of a Cough,
 l 1

Hence, vain deluding joys,
 The brood of Folly without father bred
Il Penseroso, l 1

Hail divinest Melancholy *Ib* l 12

And looks commercing with the skies,
 Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes
 There held in holy passion still,
 Forget thyself to marble *Ib* l 39

And join with thee calm Peace, and Quiet,
 Spare Fast, that oft with gods doth diet
Ib l 45

And add to these retired Leisure,
 That in trum gardens takes his pleasure *Ib* l 49

Him that yon soars on golden wing,
 Guiding the fiery-wheeled throne,
 The Cherub Contemplation *Ib* l 52

Sweet bird, that shunn'st the noise of folly,
 Most musical, most melancholy! *Ib* l 61

I walk unseen
 On the dry smooth-shaven green,
 To behold the wandering moon,
 Riding near her highest noon,
 Like one that had been led astray
 Through the heav'n's wide pathless way;
 And oft, as if her head she bow'd,
 Stooping through a fleecy cloud *Ib* l 65

Oft, on a plat of rising ground,
 I hear the far-off curfew sound
 Over some wide-watered shore,
 Swinging slow with sullen roar *Ib* l 73

Where glowing embers through the room
 Teach light to counterfeit a gloom,
 Far from all resort of mirth,
 Save the cricket on the hearth *Ib* l 79

Where I may oft outwatch the Bear,
 With thrice great Hermes, or unsphere
 The spirit of Plato *Ib* l 87

Sometime let gorgeous Tragedy
 In sceptred pall come sweeping by,
 Presenting Thebes, or Pelops' line,
 Or the tale of Troy divine *Ib* l 97

Or bid the soul of Orpheus sing
 Such notes as, warbled to the string,
 Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek *Ib* l 105

Or call up him that left half told
 The story of Cambuscan bold *Ib* l 109

Where more is meant than meets the ear *Ib* l 120

While the bee with honied thigh,
 That at her flowery work doth sing,
 And the waters murmuring
 With such consort as they keep,
 Entice the dewy-feather'd sleep *Ib* l 142

But let my due feet never fail
 To walk the studious cloisters pale *Ib* l 155

With antique pillars massy proof,
 And storied windows richly dight,
 Casting a dim religious light
 There let the pealing organ blow,
 To the full-voiced quire below,
 In service high, and anthems clear
 As may, with sweetness, through mine ear,
 Dissolve me into ecstasies,
 And bring all Heaven before mine eyes *Ib* l 158

Till old experience do attain
 To something like prophetic strain *Ib* l 173

Hence, loathed Melancholy,
 Of Cerberus, and blackest Midnight born,
 In Stygian cave forlorn,
 'Mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks, and sights un-
 holy *L'Allegro*, l 1

So buxom, blithe, and debonair *Ib* l 24

Haste thee Nymph, and bring with thee
 Jest and youthful jollity,
 Quips and cranks, and wanton wiles,
 Nods, and becks, and wreathed smiles *Ib* l 25

Sport that wrinkled Care derides,
 And Laughter holding both his sides
 Come, and trip it as ye go
 On the light fantastic toe *Ib* l 31

The mountain nymph, sweet Liberty. *Ib* l 36

Mirth, admit me of thy crew,
 To live with her, and live with thee,
 In unreprieved pleasures free
 To hear the lark begin his flight,
 And singing startle the dull night,
 From his watch-tower in the skies,
 Till the dappled dawn doth rise,
 Then to come in spite of sorrow,
 And at my window bid good-morrow *Ib* l 38

While the cock with lively din
 Scatters the rear of darkness thin,
 And to the stack, or the barn door,
 Stoutly struts his dames before *Ib* l 40

Right against the eastern gate,
 Where the great Sun begins his state *Ib* l 50

The ploughman near at hand,
 Whistles o'er the furrowed land,
 And the milkmaid singeth blithe,
 And the mower whets his scythe,
 And every shepherd tells his tale
 Under the hawthorn in the dale *Ib* l 63.

Him the Almighty Power
Hurled headlong flaming from th' ethereal sky
With hideous ruin and combustion down
To bottomless perdition, there to dwell
In adamantyne chains and penal fire
Who durst defy th' Omnipotent to arms.

Paradise Lost, bk 1, l 44

As far as angels' ken *Ib* 1 59
A dungeon horrible, on all sides round
As one great furnace flam'd, yet from those flames
No light, but rather darkness visible
Serv'd only to discover sights of woe,
Regions of sorrow, doleful shades, where peace
And rest can never dwell, hope never comes
That comes to all *Ib* 1 60
As far removed from God and light of heav'n
As from the centre thrice to th' utmost pole *Ib* 1 73

But O how fall'n! how changed
From him who, in the happy realms of light,
Clothed with transcendent brightness didst outshine
Myriads though bright *Ib* 1 84
United thoughts and counsels, equal hope,
And hazard in the glorious enterprise *Ib* 1 88

Yet not for those
Nor what the potent victor in his rage
Can else inflict do I repent or change,
Though changed in outward lustre, that fix'd mind
And high disdain, from sense of injured merit *Ib* 1 94

What though the field be lost?
All is not lost, th' unconquerable will,
And study of revenge, immortal hate,
And courage never to submit or yield
And what is else not to be overcome? *Ib* 1 105
Vaunting aloud, but racked with deep despair *Ib* 1 126

Fall'n Cherub, to be weak is miserable
Doing or suffering but of this be sure,
To do ought good never will be our task,
But ever to do ill our sole delight *Ib* 1 157
And out of good still to find means of evil *Ib* 1 165
The seat of desolation, void of light *Ib* 1 181
What reinforcement we may gain from hope,
It not what resolution from despair *Ib* 1 190

The will
And high permission of all-ruling Heaven
Left him at large to his own dark designs,
That with reiterated crimes he might
Heap on himself damnation *Ib* 1 211
Is this the region, this the soil, the clime,
Said then the lost Archangel, this the seat
That we must change for Heav'n, this mournful
gloom *Ib* 1 242
For that celestial light?

Farthest from him is best
Whom reason hath equalled, force hath made
supreme

Above his equals Farewell happy fields
Where joy for ever dwells Hail horrors, hail
Infernal world, and thou profoundest Hell
Receive thy new possessor one who brings
A mind not to be changed by place or time
The mind is its own place, and in it self
Can make a Heav'n of Hell, a Hell of Heav'n *Ib* 1 247

Here we may reign secure, and in my choice
To reign is worth ambition though in hell
Better to reign in hell, than serve in heav'n *Ib* 1 261.

His spear, to equal which the tallest pine
Hewn on Norwegian hills, to be the mast
Of some great ammiral, were but a wand,
He walk'd with to support uneasy steps
Over the burning marle *Ib* 1 292

Thick as autumnal leaves that strow the brooks
In Vallombrosa, where th' Etrurian shades
High over-arch'd umbower *Ib* 1 302
Busiris and his Memphian chivalry *Ib* 1 307

'Awake, arise, or be for ever fall'n'
They heard, and were abashed, and up they sprung
Upon the wing, as when men went to watch
On duty, sleeping found by whom they dread,
Rouse and bestir themselves ere well awake *Ib* 1 330.

First Moloch, horrid king, besmear'd with blood
Of human sacrifice, and parents' tears *Ib* 1 392

For spirits when they please
Can either sex assume, or both, so soft
And uncompounded is their essence pure *Ib* 1 423.
Execute their aery purposes *Ib* 1 430
Astarte, Queen of Heav'n, with crescent horns *Ib* 1 439

Thammuz came next behind,
Whose annual wound in Lebanon allur'd
The Syrian damsels to lament his fate
In amorous ditties all a summer's day,
While smooth Adonis from his native rock
Ran purple to the sea *Ib* 1 446

A leper once he lost and gain'd a king *Ib* 1 471
Jehovah, who in one night when he passed
From Egypt marching *Ib* 1 487

And when night
Darkens the streets, then wander forth the sons
Of Belial, flown with insolence and wine *Ib* 1 500
Shone like a meteor streaming to the wind *Ib* 1 537
Sonorous metal blowing martial sounds
At which the universal host up sent
A shout that tore hell's concave, and beyond
Frighted the reign of Chaos and old Night *Ib* 1 540

Anon they move
In perfect phalanx to the Dorian mood
Of flutes and soft recorders *Ib* 1 549

That small infantry
Warred on by cranes *Ib* 1 575.

What resounds
In fable or romance of Uther's son
Begirt with British and Armoric knights,
And all who since, baptized or infidel
Jousted in Aspramont or Montalban,
Damasco, or Marocco, or Trebisond,
Or whom Biserta sent from Afric shore
When Charlemain with all his peerage fell
By Fontarabba *Ib* 1 579

He above the rest
In shape and gesture proudly eminent
Stood like a tower, his form had yet not lost
All her original brightness, nor appeared
Less than archangel ruined, and th' excess
Of glory obscur'd *Paradise Lost*, bk 1, l 589.

The sun
In dim eclipse disastrous twilight sheds
On half the nations, and with fear of change
Perplexes monarchs *Ib* 1 594

His face
Deep scars of thunder had intrenched, and care
Sat on his faded cheek, but under brows
Of dauntless courage, and considerate pride
Waiting revenge *Ib* 1 600

Who overcomes
By force, hath overcome but half his foe *Ib* 1 648

Mammon led them on,
Mammon, the least erected Spirit that fell
From heav'n, for ev'n in heav'n his looks and thoughts
Were always downward bent, admiring more
The riches of heaven's pavement, trodden gold,
Than aught divine or holy else enjoy'd
In vision beatific *Ib* 1 678

Let none admire
That riches grow in hell, that soil may best
Deserve the precious bane *Ib* 1 690
Anon out of the earth a fabric huge
Rose like an exhalation *Ib* 1 710

From morn
To noon he fell, from noon to dewy eve,
A summer's day, and with the setting sun
Dropt from the zenith like a falling star *Ib* 1 742

Fairy elves,
Whose midnight revels, by a forest side
Or fountain some belated peasant sees,
Or dreams he sees, while overhead the moon
Sits arbitress *Ib* 1 781

High on a throne of royal state, which far
Outshone the wealth of Ormus and of Ind,
Or where the gorgeous East with richest hand
Showers on her kings barbaric pearl and gold,
Satan exalted sat, by merit raised
To that bad eminence, and from despair
Thus high uplifted beyond hope *Ib* bk 11, l 1

The strongest and the fiercest Spirit
That fought in Heav'n, now fiercer by despair
His trust was with th' Eternal to be deemed
Equal in strength, and rather than be less
Cared not to be at all *Ib* 1 44

My sentence is for open war of wiles
More unexpert, I boast not *Ib* 1 51

When the scourge
Inexorably, and the torturing hour
Calls us to penance. *Ib* 1 90

Belial, in act more graceful and humane,
A fairer person lost not Heav'n, he seemed
For dignity compos'd and high exploit
But all was false and hollow, though his tongue
Dropt manna, and could make the worse appear
The better reason. *Ib* 1 109

For who would lose,
Though full of pain, this intellectual being,
Those thoughts that wander through eternity,
To perish rather, swallowed up and lost
In the wide womb of uncreated night,
Devoid of sense and motion? *Ib* 1 146.

His red right hand *Ib* 1. 174

Unrespired, unpitied, unreprieved,
Ages of hopeless end *Ib* 1. 185

Thus Belial with words clothed in reason's garb
Counselled ignoble ease, and peaceful sloth,
Not peace *Ib* 1 226.

Our torments also may in length of time
Become our elements *Ib* 1 274

With grave
Aspect he rose, and in his rising seem'd
A pillar of state, deep on his front engraven
Deliberation sat and public care,
And princely counsel in his face yet shone,
Majestic though in ruin *Ib* 1 300

To sit in darkness here
Hatching vain empires *Ib* 1 377.

Who shall tempt with wand'ring feet
The dark unbottom'd infinite abyss
And through the palpable obscure find out
His uncouth way *Ib* 1 404

Long is the way
And hard, that out of hell leads up to light *Ib* 1 432

O shame to men! devil with devil damn'd
Firm concord holds, men only disagree
Of creatures rational. *Ib* 1 496.

In discourse more sweet
(For eloquence the soul, song charms the sense,)
Others apart sat on a hill retir'd,
In thoughts more elevate, and reason'd high
Of providence, foreknowledge, will, and fate,
Fix'd fate, free will, foreknowledge absolute,
And found no end, in wand'ring mazes lost
Ib 1 555

Vain wisdom all, and false philosophy *Ib* 1 565

A gulf profound as that Serbonian bog
Betwixt Damietta and Mount Casius old,
Where armies whole have sunk the parching air
Burns froze, and cold performs th' effect of fire
Ib 1 592

The bitter change
Of fierce extremes, extremes by change more fierce
Ib 1 598

O'er many a frozen, many a fiery Alp,
Rocks, caves, lakes, fens, bogs, dens, and shades of
death *Ib* 1 620

Worse
Than fables yet have feigned, or fear conceived,
Gorgons and Hydras, and Chimeræ dire *Ib* 1 626.

The other shape,
If shape it might be call'd that shape had none
Distinguishable in member, joint, or limb,
Or substance might be call'd that shadow seem'd,
For each seem'd either, black it stood as night,
Fierce as ten furies, terrible as hell,
And shook a dreadful dart, what seem'd his head
The likeness of a kingly crown had on. *Ib* 1 666.

Whence and what art thou, execrable shape?

Paradise Lost, bk 11, l 681

Incens'd with indignation Satan stood
Unterrifi'd, and like a comet burn'd
That fires the length of Ophiucus huge
In th' arctic sky, and from his horrid hair
Shakes pestilence and war

Ib 1 707

Their fatal hands

No second stroke intend

Ib 1 712

I fled, and cry'd out, *Death*,

Hell trembled at the hideous name, and sigh'd

From all her caves, and back resounded, *Death*

Ib 1 787

On a sudden open fly

With impetuous recoil and jarring sound
Th' infernal doors, and on their hinges grate
Harsh thunder

Ib 1 879

A dark

Illimitable ocean without bound,
Without dimension, where length, breadth, and
highth,

And time and place are lost

Ib 1 891

Chaos umpire sits,

And by decision more embroils the fray
By which he reigns next him high arbiter
Chance governs all

Ib 1 907

This wild abyss,

The womb of nature and perhaps her grave

Ib 1 910

To compare

Great things with small

Ib 1 921

So eagerly the fiend

O'er bog or steep, through strait, rough, dense, or
rare,

With head, hands, wings, or feet pursues his way,
And swims or sinks, or wades, or creeps, or flies

Ib 1 947

Sable-vested Night, eldest of things

Ib 1 962

With ruin upon ruin, rout on rout,
Confusion worse confounded

Ib 1 995

So he with difficulty and labour hard
Moved on, with difficulty and labour he

Ib 1 1021

Hail, holy light, offspring of Heaven first-born,
Or of th' Eternal co-eternal beam,
May I express thee unblamed? Since God is light,
And never bid in unapproached light
Dwelt from eternity

Ib bk 11, l 1

So thick a drop serene hath pierced their orbs,
Or dim suffusion veiled Yet not the more
Cease I to wander where the Muses haunt
Clear spring, or shady grove, or sunny hill

Ib 1 25

Nor sometimes forget

Those other two equall'd with me in fate,
So were I equall'd with them in renown,
Blind Thamyras and blind Mæonides,
And Tiresias and Phineus, prophets old
Then feed on thoughts, that voluntary move
Harmonious numbers, as the wakeful bird
Sings dawning, and in shadiest covert hid,
Tunes her nocturnal note Thus with the year
Seasons return, but not to me returns
Day, or the sweet approach of ev'n or morn,
Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,

Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine,
But cloud instead, and ever-during dark
Surrounds me, from the cheerful ways of men
Cut off, and for the book of knowledge fair
Presented with a universal blank

Of Nature's works to me expung'd and raz'd,
And wisdom at one entrance quite shut out

So much the rather thou celestial light

Shine inward

Ib 1 32

Freely they stood who stood, and fell who fell

Ib 1 102

Dark with excessive bright

Ib 1 380

Sericana, where Chineses drive

With sails and wind their cany waggons light.

Embryos and idiots, eremites and friars,

White, black and grey, with all their trumpery

Ib 1 474

Dying put on the weeds of Dominic,

Or in Franciscan think to pass disguised

Ib 1 479

Then might ye see

Cowls, hoods, and habits, with their wearers, tost

And fluttered into rags, then reliques, beads,

Indulgences, dispenses, pardons, bulls,

The sport of winds

Ib 1 489

Into a Limbo large and broad, since called

The Paradise of Fools, to few unknown

Ib 1 495

For neither man nor angel can discern

Hypocrisy, the only evil that walks

Invisible, except to God alone

Ib 1 682

At whose sight all the stars

Hide their diminished heads

Ib bk 11, l 34

Warring in Heav'n against Heav'n's matchless King

Ib 1 41

And understood not that a grateful mind

By owing owes not, but still pays, at once

Indebted and discharged

Ib 1 55

Me miserable! which way shall I fly

Infinite wrath, and infinite despair?

Which way I fly is Hell, myself am Hell,

And in the lowest deep a lower deep

Still threatening to devour me opens wide,

To which the Hell I suffer seems a Heaven

Ib 1 73

So farewell hope, and with hope farewell fear,

Farewell remorse all good to me is lost,

Evil be thou my Good

Ib 1 108

Off at sea north-east winds blow

Sabæan odours from the spicy shore

Of Araby the blest

Ib 1 161

Many a league

Cheer'd with the grateful smell old Ocean smiles

Ib 1 164

So clomb this first grand thief into God's fold

So since into his church lewd hirelings clumb

Thence up he flew, and on the tree of life,

The middle tree and highest there that grew,

Sat like a cormorant

Ib 1 192

A heaven on earth

Ib 1 208

Groves whose rich trees wept odorous gums and
balm,

Others whose fruit burnished with golden rind
Hung amiable, Hesperian fables true,
If true, here only *Paradise Lost*, bk iv, l 248

Flowers of all hue, and without thorn the rose
Ib l 256

The mantling vine *Ib* l 258

Not that fair field
Of Enna, where Proseipin gathering flowers,
Herself a fairer flower by gloomy Dis
Was gathered *Ib* l 268

Nor where Abassin kings their issue guard,
Mount Amara, though this by some supposed
True Paradise *Ib* l 280

Two of far nobler shape erect and tall,
Godlike erect, with native honour clad
In naked majesty seemed lords of all *Ib* l 288

For contemplation he and valour formed;
For softness she and sweet attractive grace,
He for God only, she for God in him
His fair huge front and eye sublime declared
Absolute rule *Ib* l 297

Which implied
Subjection, but required with gentle sway
And by her yielded, by him best received,
Yielded with coy submission, modest pride,
And sweet reluctant amorous delay *Ib* l 307

Adam, the goodliest man of men since born
His sons, the fairest of her daughters Eve. *Ib* l 323

The savoury pulp they chew, and in the rind
Still as they thirsted scooped the brimming stream
Ib l 335

Sporting the lion ramped, and in his paw,
Dandled the kid, bears, tigers, ounces, pairs
Gamboll'd before them, th' unwildly elephant
To make them mirth us'd all his might, and wreathed
His lithe proboscis *Ib* l 343

So spake the Fiend, and with necessity,
The tyrant's plea, excus'd his devilish deeds
Ib l 393

With eyes
Of conjugal attraction unreprou'd *Ib* l 492
Imparadis'd in one another's arms *Ib* l 506

Now came still evening on, and twilight gray
Had in her sober livery all things clad,
Silence accompanied, for beast and bird,
They to their grassy couch, these to their nests,
Were slunk, all but the wakeful nightingale,
She all night long her amorous descant sung,
Silence was pleas'd now glow'd the firmament
With living sapphires Hesperus that led
The starry host, rode brightest, till the moon,
Rising in clouded majesty, at length
Apparent queen unveil'd her peerless light,
And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw *Ib* l 598.

God is thy law, thou mine to know no more
Is woman's happiest knowledge and her praise.
Ib l 637

With thee conversing I forget all time. *Ib* l 639.

Sweet is the breath of morn, her rising sweet,
With charm of earliest birds *Ib* l 641.

Sweet the coming on
Of grateful evening mild, then silent night
With this her solemn bird and this fair moon,
And these the gems of Heav'n, her starry train.
Ib l 646.

Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth
Unseen, both when we wake, and when we sleep
Ib l 677.

Into their inmost bower
Handed they went, and eas'd the putting off
These troublesome disguises which we wear,
Strait side by side were laid, nor turned I ween
Adam from his fair spouse, nor Eve the rites
Mysterious of connubial love refus'd
Whatever hypocrites austere talk
Of purity and place and innocence,
Defaming as impure what God declares
Pure, and commands to some, leaves free to all
Ib l 738

Hail wedded love, mysterious law, true source
Of human offspring, sole propriety,
In Paradise of all things common else *Ib* l 750

Sleep on,
Blest pair, and O yet happiest if ye seek
No happier state, and know to know no more
Ib l 773

Him there they found
Squat like a toad, close at the ear of Eve *Ib* l 799.

Him thus intent Ithuriel with his spear
Touched lightly, for no falsehood can endure
Touch of celestial temper, but returns
Of force to its own likeness, up he starts
Discover'd and surpris'd *Ib* l 810

Not to know me argues yourselves unknown
Ib l 830

Abash'd the Devil stood,
And felt how awful goodness is, and saw
Virtue in her shape how lovely *Ib* l 846

Of regal port,
But faded splendour wan *Ib* l 869

But wherefore thou alone? Wherefore with thee
Came not all hell broke loose? *Ib* l 917.

Then when I am thy captive talk of chains,
Proud liminary Cherub *Ib* l 970
Like Teneriff or Atlas unremov'd. *Ib* l 987.

Fled
Murmuring, and with him fled the shades of night
Ib l 1014

His sleep
Was aery light, from pure digestion bred.
Ib bk. v, l 3.

My fairest, my espoused, my latest found,
Heaven's last best gift, my ever new delight
Ib l 18.

Good, the more
Communicated, more abundant grows *Ib* l 71.
Best image of myself and dearer half *Ib* l 95.

These are thy glorious works, Parent of Good,
Almighty, thine this universal frame,
Thus wondrous fair, thyself how wondrous then!

Paradise Lost, bk v, l 153

Him first, him last, him midst, and without end
Ib l 165

A wilderness of sweets *Ib* l 294

Another morn
Ris'n on mid-noon *Ib* l 310

So saying, with despatchful looks in haste
She turns, on hospitable thoughts intent *Ib* l 331
From many a berry, and from sweet kernels press'd
She tempers dulcet creams *Ib* l 346

Nor jealousy
Was understood, the injured lover's hell *Ib* l 449

Son of Heav'n and Earth,
Attend that thou art happy, owe to God,
That thou continuest such, owe to thyself,
That is, to thy obedience, therein stand *Ib* l 519

Freely we serve,
Because we freely love, as in our will
To love or not, in this we stand or fall *Ib* l 538

What if earth
Be but the shadow of Heaven, and things therein
Each to other like, more than on earth is thought?
Ib l 574

Hear all ye Angels, progeny of light,
Thrones, Dominations, Princedoms, Virtues, Powers
Ib l 600

All seemed well pleased, all seemed but were not all
Ib l 617

And in their motions harmony divine
So smoothes her charming tones, that God's own ear
Listens delighted *Ib* l 625

Satan, so call him now, his former name
Is heard no more in heav'n *Ib* l 655

So spake the Seraph Abdiel, faithful found
Among the faithless, faithful only he,
Among innumerable false, unmoved,
Unshaken, unseduced, unterrified
His loyalty he kept, his love, his zeal *Ib* l 893

All night the dreadless angel unpursued
Through Heaven's wide champain held his way till
morn,

Waked by the circling hours, with rosy hand
Unbarred the gates of light *Ib* bk vi, l 1

Servant of God, well done, wilt hast thou fought
The better fight, who singly hast maintained
Against revolted multitudes the cause
Of truth, in word mightier than they in arms
Ib l 29

He onward came, far off his coming shone *Ib* l 768.

Headlong themselves they threw
Down from the verge of Heaven, eternal wrath
Burnt after them to the bottomless pit. *Ib* l 864

Standing on earth, not rapt above the Pole,
More safe I sing with mortal voice, unchang'd
To hoarse or mute, though fall'n on evil days,
On evil days though fall'n, and evil tongues
In darkness, and with dangers compass'd round,

And solitude, yet not alone, while thou
Visit'st my slumbers nightly, or when morn
Purples the east still govern thou my song,
Urania, and fit audience find, though few
But drive far off the barb'rous dissonance
Of Bacchus and his revellers *Ib* l 23

The affable Archangel *Ib* l 41

Necessity and chance
Approach not me, and what I will is fate *Ib* l 172

There Leviathan
Hugest of living creatures, on the deep
Stretch'd like a promontory sleeps or swims,
And seems a moving land, and at his gills
Draws in, and at his trunk spouts out a sea
Ib l 412

Now half appear'd
The tawny lion, pawing to get free
His hinder parts *Ib* l 463

The Planets in their stations list'ning stood,
While the bright Pomp ascended jubilant
Open, ye everlasting gates, they sung,
Open, ye heavens, your living doors, let in
The great Creator from his work return'd
Magnificent, his six days' work, a world *Ib* l 563

The Angel ended, and in Adam's ear
So charming left his voice that he a while
Thought him still speaking, still stood fixed to hear
Ib bk viii, l 1

He his fabric of the Heavens
Hath left to their disputes, perhaps to move
His laughter at their quaint opinions wide
Hereafter, when they come to model Heaven
And calculate the stars, how they will wield
The mighty frame, how build, unbuild, contrive
To save appearances, how grid the sphere
With centric and eccentric scribbled o'er,
Cycle and epicycle, orb in orb *Ib* l 76

Heaven is for thee too high
To know what passes there, be lowly wise
Think only what concerns thee and thy being
Ib l 172

Liquid lapse of murmuring streams *Ib* l 263

And feel that I am happier than I know *Ib* l 282

In solitude
What happiness? Who can enjoy alone,
Or all enjoying, what contentment find? *Ib* l 364

I waked
To find her, or for ever to deplore
Her loss, and other pleasures all abjure *Ib* l 478

Grace was in all her steps, heaven in her eye,
In every gesture dignity and love. *Ib* l 488

Her virtue, and the conscience of her worth,
That would be wooed, and not unsought be won
Ib l 502

The amorous bird of night
Sung spousal, and bid haste the evening star
On his hill top, to light the bridal lamp *Ib* l 518

The sum of earthly bliss. *Ib* l 522

So absolute she seems
And in herself complete, so well to know
Her own, that what she wills to do or say
Seems wisest, virtuousest, discreetest, best
Paradise Lost, bk viii, l 547

To whom the Angel with contracted brow
Accuse not Nature, she hath done her part,
Do thou but thine, and be not diffident
Of wisdom, she deserts thee not, if thou
Dismiss not her *Ib* l 560

Of times nothing profits more
Than self-esteem, grounded on just and right
Well manag'd *Ib* l 571

With a smile that glow'd
Celestial rosy red, love's proper hue *Ib* l 618

My celestial Patroness, who deigns
Her nightly visitation unimprov'd,
And dictates to me slumb'ring, or inspires
Easy my unpremeditated verse
Since first this subject for heroic song
Pleas'd me long choosing, and beginning late
Ib bk ix, l 21

Unless an age too late, or cold
Climate, or years damp my intended wing *Ib* l 44

The serpent subtlest beast of all the field *Ib* l 86

For nothing lovelier can be found
In woman, than to study household good,
And good works in her husband to promote
Ib l 232

For solitude sometimes is best society,
And short retirement urges sweet return *Ib* l 249

Wouldst thou approve thy constancy, approve
First thy obedience *Ib* l 367

As one who long in populous city pent,
Where houses thick and sewers annoy the air,
Forth issuing on a summer's morn to breathe
Among the pleasant villages and farms
Adjoin'd, from each thing met conceives delight
Ib l 445

She fair, divinely fair, fit love for Gods *Ib* l 489

Hope elevates, and joy
Brightens his crest *Ib* l 633

God so commanded, and left that command
Sole daughter of his voice, the rest, we live
Law to ourselves, our reason is our law *Ib* l 652

Her rash hand in evil hour
Forth reaching to the fruit, she pluck'd, she eat
Earth felt the wound, and Nature from her seat
Sighing through all her works gave signs of woe
That all was lost *Ib* l 780

Adam shall share with me in bliss or woe
So dear I love him, that with him all deaths
I could endure, without him live no life *Ib* l 831

O fairest of creation! last and best
Of all God's works! creature in whom excell'd
Whatever can to sight or thought be form'd,
Holy, divine, good, amiable, or sweet!
How art thou lost, how on a sudden lost,
Defac'd, deflower'd, and now to Death devote?
Ib l 896

For with thee
Certain my resolution is to die,
How can I live without thee, how forgo
Thy sweet converse and love so dearly joined,
To live again in these wild woods forlorn?
Should God create another Eve, and I
Another rib afford, yet loss of thee
Would never from my heart, no no, I feel
The link of nature draw me flesh of flesh,
Bone of my bone thou art, and from thy state
Mine never shall be parted, weal or woe *Ib* l 906

What thou art is mine,
Our state cannot be sever'd, we are one,
One flesh, to lose thee were to lose myself
Ib l 957

A pillared shade
High overarched, and echoing walks between
Ib l 1106

He hears
On all sides, from innumerable tongues,
A dismal universal hiss, the sound
Of public scorn *Ib* bk x, l 506

Complicated monsters, head and tail,
Scorpion and asp, and Amphisbaena dire,
Cerastes horned, Hydrus, and Ellops drear
Ib l 523

Chew'd bitter ashes, which th' offended taste
With spattering noise rejected *Ib* l 566

Oh! why did God,
Creator wise, that peopled highest Heaven
With Spirits masculine, create at last
This novelty on Earth, this fair defect
Of Nature? *Ib* l 888

Demoniac frenzy, moping melancholy,
And moon-struck madness *Ib* bk xi, l 485

So may'st thou live, till like ripe fruit thou drop
Into thy mother's lap, or be with ease
Gathered, not harshly plucked, for death mature
This is old age *Ib* l 535

Nor love thy life, nor hate, but what thou liv'st
Live well, how long or short permit to Heaven
Ib l 553

The evening star,
Love's harbinger *Ib* l 588

The brazen throat of war had ceased to roar
All now was turned to jollity and game,
To luxury and riot, feast and dance *Ib* l 713

For now I see
Peace to corrupt no less than war to waste *Ib* l 779

Then wilt thou not be loth
To leave this Paradise, but shalt possess
A Paradise within thee, happier far *Ib* bk xii, l 585.

In me is no delay, with thee to go,
Is to stay here, without thee here to stay,
Is to go hence unwilling, thou to me
Art all things under Heaven, all places thou,
Who for my wilful crime art banished hence
Ib l 615.

They looking back, all th' eastern side beheld
Of Paradise, so late their happy seat,
Wav'd over by that flaming brand, the Gate
With dreadful faces throng'd and fiery arms
Some natural tears they dropped, but wiped them
soon,
The world was all before them, where to choose
Their place of rest, and Providence their guide
They hand in hand with wandering steps and slow
Through Eden took their solitary way

Paradise Lost, bk xii, l 641

Satan, bowing low
His gray dissimulation, disappeared
Paradise Regained, bk i, l 497

Skull'd to retire, and in retiring draw
Hearts after them tangled in amorous nets
Ib bk ii, l 161

Beauty stands
In the admiration only of weak minds
Led captive
Ib l 220

And now the herald lark
Left his ground-nest, high tow'ring to descry
'The morn's approach, and greet her with his song
Ib l 279

Ladies of th' Hesperides, that seemed
Fairer than feign'd of old, or fabled since
Of faery damsels met in forest wide
By knights of Logres, or of Lyones,
Lancelot or Pellcas, or Pullenore
Ib l 357.

Of whom to be dispraised were no small praise
Ib bk iii, l 56

But on Occasion's forelock watchful wait
Ib l 173

As he who, seeking asses, found a kingdom
Ib l 242

Elephants endorsed with towers
Ib l 329

Dusk faces with white silken turbans wreath'd
Ib bk iv, l 76

The childhood shows the man,
As morning shows the day Be famous then
By wisdom, as thy empire must extend,
So let extend thy mind o'er all the world
Ib l 220

Athens, the eye of Greece, mother of arts
And eloquence, native to famous wits
Or hospitable, in her sweet recess,
City or suburban, studious walks and shades,
See there the olive grove of Academe,
Plato's retirement, where the Attic bird
Trills her thick-warbled notes the summer long
Ib l 240

The first and wisest of them all professed
To know this only, that he nothing knew
Ib l 203

Deep versed in books and shallow in himself
Ib l 327

In them is plainest taught, and easiest learnt,
What makes a nation happy, and keeps it so
Ib l 361

Till morning fair
Came forth with pilgrim steps in amice grey
Ib l 426

Without wing
Of hippogriff
Ib l 541

And, as that Theban monster that proposed
Her riddle, and him who solved it not devoured,
'That once found out and solved, for grief and spite
Cast herself headlong from th' Ismenian steep,
So strook with dread and anguish fell the Fiend,
And to his crew, that sat consulting, brought
Joyless triumphals of his hop't success,
Ruin, and desperation, and dismay,
Who durst so proudly tempt the Son of God

Ib l 572

He unobserved
Home to his mother's house private returned
Ib l 638

But headlong joy is ever on the wing
The Passion, l 5

A little onward lend thy guiding hand
To these dark steps, a little further on
Samson Agomistes, l 1

Eyeless in Gaza, at the mill with slaves
Ib l 41

O dark, dark, dark, amid the blaze of noon,
Irrecoverably dark, total eclipse
Without all hope of day!
Ib l 80

The sun to me is dark
And silent as the moon,
When she deserts the night
Hid in her vacant interlunar cave
Ib l 86

'To live a life half dead, a living death
Ib l 100

Ran on embattled armies clad in iron,
And, weaponless himself,
Made arms ridiculous
Ib l 129

Wise men
Have erred, and by bad women been deceived,
And shall again, pretend they ne'er so wise
Ib l 210

Just are the ways of God,
And justifiable to men,
Unless there be who think not God at all
Ib l 293

Of such doctrine never was there school,
But the heart of the fool,
And no man therein doctor but himself
Ib l 297

What boots it at one gate to make defence,
And at another to let in the foe?
Ib l 560

My race of glory run, and race of shame,
And I shall shortly be with them that rest
Ib l 597

But who is this, what thing of sea or land?
Female of sex it seems,
That so bedeck'd, ornate, and gay,
Comes this way sailing
Like a stately ship
Of Tarsus, bound for th' isles
Of Javan or Gadier,
With all her bravery on, and tackle trim,
Sails fill'd, and streamers waving,
Court'd by all the winds that hold them play,
An amber scent of odorous perfume
Her harbinger
Ib l 710

That grounded maxim
So ripe and celebrated in the mouths
Of wisest men, that to the public good
Private respects must yield
Ib l 865

Yet beauty, though injurious, hath strange power,
After offence returning, to regain
Love once possess'd *Samson Agonistes*, l. 1003.

Love-quarrels oft in pleasing concord end
Ib l. 1008

Therefore God's universal law
Gave to the man despotic power
Over his female in due awe *Ib* l. 1053

He's gone, and who knows how may he report
Thy words by adding fuel to the flame? *Ib* l. 1350

Lords are lordliest in their wine *Ib* l. 1418

For evil news rides post, while good news baits
Ib l. 1538

And as an ev'ning dragon came,
Assailant on the perched roosts
And nests in order rang'd
Of tame villatic fowl *Ib* l. 1692

Like that self-begotten bird
In the Arabian woods embost,
That no second knows nor third,
And lay erewhile a holocaust *Ib* l. 1699

And though her body die, her fame survives,
A secular bird, ages of lives *Ib* l. 1706

Samson hath quit himself
Like Samson, and heroically hath finish'd
A life heroic *Ib* l. 1709

Nothing is here for tears, nothing to wail
Or knock the breast, no weakness, no contempt,
Dispraise or blame, nothing but well and fair,
And what may quiet us in a death so noble
Ib l. 1721

All is best, though we oft doubt,
What th' unsearchable dispose
Of highest wisdom brings about,
And ever best found in the close.
Oft he seems to hide his face,
But unexpectedly returns
And to his faithful champion hath in place
Bore witness gloriously, whence Gaza mourns
And all that band them to resist
His uncontrollable intent,
His servants he with new acquit
Of true experience from this great event
With peace and consolation hath dismiss'd,
And calm of mind all passion spent *Ib* l. 1745

What needs my Shakespeare for his honour'd bones,
The labour of an age in piled stones,
Or that his hallow'd relics should be hid
Under a star-y-pointing pyramid?
Dear son of memory, great heir of fame,
What need'st thou such weak witness of thy name?
[*Epitaph*] on *Shakespeare*

Blest pair of Sirens, pledges of Heaven's joy,
Sphere-born harmonious sisters, Voice and Verse
At a Solemn Music, l. 1.

Where the bright Seraphim in burning row
Their loud up-lifted Angel trumpets blow. *Ib*

Till disproportion'd sin
Jarr'd against nature's chime. *Ib.*

O nightingale, that on yon bloomy spray
Warblest at eve, when all the woods are still
Sonnet 1. *To the Nightingale*

All is, if I have grace to use it so,
As ever in my great Task-Master's eye
Ib 11 *On his having arrived at the age of twenty-three.*

Captain or Colonel, or Knight in arms
Ib. viii *When the assault was intended to the city*

The great Emathan conqueror bid spare
The house of Pindarus, when temple and tower
Went to the ground *Ib*

As that dishonest victory
At Charonea, fatal to liberty,
Killed with report that old man eloquent
Ib x *To the Lady Margaret Ley*

Those rugged names to our like mouths grow sleek,
That would have made Quintilian stare and gasp.
Thy age, like ours, O soul of Sir John Cheek,
Hated not learning worse than toad or asp,
When thou taught'st Cambridge, and King Edward
Greek *Ib* xi *'A book was writ of late'*

Licence they mean when they cry Liberty,
For who loves that, must first be wise and good
Ib xii *On the Same [The detraction, &c.]*

Avenge, O Lord, thy slaughtered saints, whose bones
Lie scattered on the Alpine mountains cold,
Ev'n them who kept thy truth so pure of old,
When all our fathers worshipp'd stocks and stones,
Forget not *Ib* xv *On the late Massacre in Piedmont*

That one talent which is death to hide.
Ib xvi *On his Blindness*

They also serve who only stand and wait. *Ib*

In mirth, that after no repenting draws
Ib xviii *To Cyriac Skinner.*

To measure life learn thou betimes, and know
Toward solid good what leads the nearest way,
For other things mild Heaven a time ordains,
And disapproves that care, though wise in show,
That with superfluous burden loads the day,
And, when God sends a cheerful hour, refrains *Ib*

Methought I saw my late espoused Saint
Brought to me like Alcestis from the grave.
Ib xix *On His Deceased Wife*

Love, sweetness, goodness, in her person shined *Ib*

But O as to embrace me she inclined,
I waked, she fled, and day brought back my night *Ib*

New Presbyter is but old Priest writ large
Ib *On the New Forces of Conscience under the Long Parliament*

For what can war but end less war still breed?
Ib *On the Lord General Fairfax.*

Peace hath her victories
No less renowned than war
Ib *[To the Lord General Cromwell, May 1652]*

Help us to save free conscience from the paw
Of hireling wolves, whose gospel is their maw *Ib*

Fly, envious Time, till thou run out thy race
Call on the lazy leaden-stepping hours *On Time*, l. 1

Beldam Nature
At a Vacation Exercise in the College, l. 46

He who would not be frustrate of his hope to write
well hereafter in laudable things ought himself to
be a true poem

Apology for Smectymnuus, introd to sec 1

His words like so many nimble and airy servitors
trip about him at command *Ib* sec 12

Books are not absolutely dead things, but do contain a
potency of life in them to be as active as that soul
was whose progeny they are, nay they do preserve
as in a vial the purest efficacy and extraction of that
living intellect that bred them *Aereopagitica*

As good almost kill a man as kill a good book who
kills a man kills a reasonable creature, God's image,
but he who destroys a good book, kills reason itself,
kills the image of God, as it were in the eye *Ib*

A good book is the precious life-blood of a master
spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a
life beyond life *Ib*

I cannot praise a fugitive and cloistered virtue, un-
exercised and unbathed, that never sallies out and
sees her adversary, but slinks out of the race, where
that immortal garland is to be run for, not without
dust and heat *Ib*

Our sage and serious poet Spenser *Ib*

Where there is much desire to learn, there of neces-
sity will be much arguing, much writing, many
opinions, for opinion in good men is but knowledge
in the making *Ib*

Methinks I see in my mind a noble and puissant
nation rousing herself like a strong man after sleep,
and shaking her invincible locks Methinks I see
her as an eagle mewing her mighty youth, and
kindling her undazzled eyes at the full midday
beam *Ib*

Though all the winds of doctrine were let loose to
play upon the earth, so Truth be in the field, we do
injuriously by licensing and prohibiting to mis-
doubt her strength Lether and Falsehood grapple;
who ever knew Truth put to the worse, in a free
and open encounter *Ib*

But because about the manner and order of this
government, whether it ought to be Presbyterian, or
Prelatical, such endless question, or rather uproar
is arisen in this land, as may be justly termed, what
the fever is to the physicians, the eternal reproach
of the divines

Reason of Church Government, preface

This manner of writing [*i e* prose] wherein knowing
myself inferior to myself I have the use, as I
may account it, but of my left hand

Ib bk ii, introd to ch 1

A poet soaring in the high region of his fancies with
his garland and singing robes about him *Ib*

By labour and intent study (which I take to be my
portion in this life) joined with the strong propen-
sity of nature, I might perhaps leave something so
written to after-times, as they should not willingly
let it die *Ib*

Inquisitorious and tyrannical duncery *Ib*

Beholding the bright countenance of truth in the
quiet and still air of delightful studies *Ib*

Let not England forget her precedence of teaching
nations how to live

The Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce

I call therefore a complete and generous education
that which fits a man to perform justly, skilfully
and magnanimously all the offices both private and
public of peace and war. *Of Education*

I will point ye out the right path of a virtuous and
noble Education, laborious indeed at the first as-
cent, but else so smooth, so green, so full of goodly
prospect, and melodious sounds on every side, that
the harp of Orpheus was not more charming *Ib*

Brave men, and worthy patriots, dear to God, and
famous to all ages *Ib*

Ornate rhetoric taught out of the rule of Plato,
To which poetry would be made subsequent, or
indeed rather precedent, as being less subtle and
fine, but more simple, sensuous and passionate *Ib*

In those vernal seasons of the year, when the air is
calm and pleasant, it were an injury and sullenness
against Nature not to go out, and see her riches, and
partake in her rejoicing with Heaven and Earth *Ib*

For such kind of borrowing as this, if it be not
bettered by the borrower, among good authors is
accounted plagiary *Iconoclastes*, ch 23

None can love freedom heartily, but good men, the
rest love not freedom, but licence

Tenure of Kings and Magistrates

No man who knows aught, can be so stupid to deny
that all men naturally were born free *Ib*

JAMES, DUKE OF MONMOUTH

1649-1685

Do not hack me as you did my Lord Russell

*Words to his executioner Macaulay, Hist of
England*, vol 1, ch 5

JOHN SAMUEL BEWLEY MONSELL

1811-1875

Fight the good fight with all thy might,
Christ is thy strength, and Christ thy right,
Lay hold on life, and it shall be
Thy joy and crown eternally

Run the straight race through God's good grace,
Lift up thine eyes, and seek His Face,
Lafe with its way before us lies,
Christ is the path, and Christ the prize

Hymns of Love and Praise Fight of Faith

Faint not nor fear, His arms are near,
He changeth not, and thou art dear,
Only believe, and thou shalt see
That Christ is all in all to thee *Ib*

LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU EDWARD MOORE
LADY MARY WORTLEY
MONTAGU

1689-1762

This world consists of men, women, and Hervey's.
Letters, vol 1, p 67

But the fruit that can fall without shaking,
Indeed is too mellow for me.
Letters and Works. Answered, for Lord William Hamilton

He comes too near that comes to be denied
Ib The Lady's Resolve

And we meet, with champagne and a chicken, at last
Ib The Lover

General notions are generally wrong
Ib Letter to Mr. Wortley Montagu 28 March 1710

JAMES MONTGOMERY

1771-1854

'For ever with the Lord!
Amen, so let it be,
Life from the dead is in that word,
'Tis immortality. *At Home in Heaven*

Here in the body pent,
Absent from Him I roam,
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home *Ib*

He was—whatever thou hast been,
He is—what thou shalt be *The Common Lot*

Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,
Uttered or unexpressed,
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast *What is Prayer?*

A day in such serene enjoyment spent
Were worth an age of splendid discontent
Greenland, Canto II, l 224

ROBERT MONTGOMERY

1807-1855

The solitary monk who shook the world
Luther Man's Need and God's Supply, l. 68.

With fearful gaze, still be it mine to see
How all is fill'd and vivified by Thee,
Upon thy mirror, earth's majestic view,
To paint Thy Presence, and to feel it too
The Omnipresence of the Deity (ed 1830),
pt 1, l 105

And thou, vast ocean! on whose awful face
Time's iron feet can print no ruin-trace
Ib l 141

Ye quenchless stars! so eloquently bright,
Untroubled sentries of the shadowy night *Ib l 305*

The soul aspiring pants its source to mount,
As streams meander level with their fount *Ib l 339*

JAMES GRAHAM,
MARQUIS OF MONTROSE

1612-1650

My dear and only love, I pray
This noble world of thee,
Be govern'd by no other way
But purest Monarchy
For if confusion have a part,
Which virtuous souls abhor,
And hold a synod in thy heart,
I'll never love thee more *My Dear and Only Love*

He either fears his fate too much,
Or his deserts are small,
That puts it not unto the touch,
To win or lose it all *Ib*

But if thou wilt be constant then,
And faithful of thy word,
I'll make thee glorious by my pen,
And famous by my sword *Ib*

Let them bestow on every airth a lumb,
Then open all my veins, that I may swim
To thee, my Maker! in that crimson lake,
Then place my parboiled head upon a stake—
Scatter my ashes—strew them in the air,—
Lord! since thou know'st where all these atoms are,
I'm hopeful thou'lt recover once my dust,
And confident thou'lt raise me with the just

Lines Written on the Window of his Jail the Night before his Execution Scottish Poetry of the Seventeenth Century

PERCY MONTROSE

In a cavern, in a canyon,
Excavating for a mine,
Dwelt a miner, Forty-niner,
And his daughter, Clementine
Oh, my darling, oh my darling, oh my darling
Clementine!
Thou art lost and gone for ever, dreadful sorry,
Clementine.

Light she was and like a fairy,
And her shoes were number nine,
Herring boxes without topes,
Sandals were for Clementine *Ib*

But I kissed her little sister,
And forgot my Clementine *Ib*

CLEMENT C. MOORE

1779-1863

'T was the night before Christmas, when all through
the house
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse,
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,
In hopes that St Nicholas soon would be there
The Night before Christmas

EDWARD MOORE

1712-1757

This is adding insult to injuries *The Foundling, v 11*
I am rich beyond the dreams of avarice
The Gamester, 11 11

GEORGE MOORE

1852-1933

All reformers are bachelors

The Bending of the Bough, Act 1Art must be parochial in the beginning to become
cosmopolitan in the end*Hail and Farewell* 1925, vol. 1, p. 5Acting is therefore the lowest of the arts, if it is an art
at all*Mummer-Worship*

THOMAS MOORE

1770-1852

For you know, dear—I may, without vanity, hint—
Though an angel should write, still 'tis devils must
print*The Fudges in England*, letter III, l. 64Yet, who can help loving the land that has taught us
Six hundred and eighty-five ways to dress eggs?*The Fudge Family in Paris*, letter viii l. 64As that Countess of Desmond, of whom I've been
toldThat she liv'd to much more than a hundred and ten,
And was kill'd by a fall from a cherry-tree then!*Ib* letter x, l. 23Weep on, and, as thy sorrows flow,
I'll taste the luxury of woe*Juvenile Poems Anacreontic Press the Grape*Where I love I must not marry,
Where I marry, cannot love*Ib Love and Marriage*

'Twere more than woman to be wise,

'Twere more than man to wish thee so!

Ib The Ring (ed. 1882)To love you was pleasant enough,
And, oh! 'tis delicious to hate you!*Ib To — When I Lov'd You*Go where glory waits thee,
But, while fame elates thee,
Oh! still remember me*Irish Melodies Go Where Glory*Erin, the tear and the smile in thine eyes,
Blend like the rainbow that hangs in thy skies!*Ib Erin, the Tear*Oh! breathe not his name, let it sleep in the shade,
Where cold and unhonour'd his relics are laid*Ib Oh! Breathe not his Name*

The harp that once through Tara's halls

The soul of music shed,

Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls

As if that soul were fled —

So sleeps the pride of former days,

So glory's thrill is o'er,

And hearts, that once beat high for praise,

Now feel that pulse no more

*Ib The Harp that Once*Rich and rare were the gems she wore,
And a bright gold ring on her wand she bore*Ib Rich and Rare*There is not in the wide world a valley so sweet
As that vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet
*Ib The Meeting of the Waters*Believe me, if all those endearing young charms,
Which I gaze on so fondly to-day*Ib Believe Me, if All*And around the dear ruin each wish of my heart
Would entwine itself verdantly still*Ib*No, the heart that has truly lov'd never forgets,
But as truly loves on to the close,

As the sun-flower turns on her god, when he sets,

The same look which she turn'd when he rose

Oh! blame not the bard

*Ib Oh! Blame Not*And, when once the young heart of a maiden is stolen,
The maiden herself will steal after it soon*Ib Ill Omens*'Tis sweet to think, that, where'er we rove,
We are sure to find something blissful and dear,
And that, when we're far from the lips we love,
We've but to make love to the lips we are near*Ib 'Tis Sweet to Think*

No, there's nothing half so sweet in life

As love's young dream

Ib Love's Young Dream

Lesbia hath a beaming eye,

But no one knows for whom it beameth

Ib Lesbia Hath

Eyes of most unholy blue!

Ib By that Lake

She is far from the land where her young hero sleeps,

And lovers are round her, sighing

But coldly she turns from their gaze, and weeps,

For her heart in his grave is lying

Ib She is Far

'This life is all chequer'd with pleasures and woes

Ib This Life is All Chequered

'Tis the last rose of summer

Left blooming alone,

All her lovely companions

Are faded and gone

Ib 'Tis the Last Rose

Then awake! the heavens look bright, my dear,

'Tis never too late for delight, my dear,

And the best of all ways

'To lengthen our days

Is to steal a few hours from the night, my dear!

Ib The Young May Moon

The Minstrel Boy to war is gone,

In the ranks of death you'll find him,

His father's sword he has girded on,

And his wild harp slung behind him

*Ib The Minstrel Boy*You may break, you may shatter the vase, if you will,
But the scent of the roses will hang round it still*Ib Farewell! But Whenever*

Has sorrow thy young days shaded?

Ib Has Sorrow Thy Young

Come, child of misfortune, come thither,

I'll weep with thee, tear for tear

Ib

The light, that lies

In woman's eyes,

Has been my heart's undoing

Ib The Time I've Lost

My only books
Were woman's looks,
And folly's all they've taught me *Ib*

Come, rest in this bosom, my own stricken deer,
Though the herd have fled from thee, thy home is still
here *Ib Come, Rest In This Bosom*

I know not, I ask not, if guilt's in that heart,
But I know that I love thee, whatever thou art *Ib*

And doth not a meeting like this make amends,
For all the long years I've been wand'ring away?
Ib And Doth Not a Meeting

Sing—sing—Music was given,
To brighten the gay, and kindle the loving
Ib Sing—Sing—Music Was Given

Who, that surveys this span of earth we press—
This speck of life in time's great wilderness,
This narrow isthmus 'twixt two boundless seas,
The past, the future, two eternities—
Lalla Rookh The Veiled Prophet, II, I 136

There's a bower of roses by Bendemeer's stream,
And the nightingale sings round it all the day long
Ib I 247

And, when all hope seem'd desprate, wildly hurl'd
Himself into the scale, and sav'd a world
Ib III, I 211

But Faith, fanatic Faith, once wedded fast
To some dear falsehood, hugs it to the last *Ib I 356*

One Morn a Peri at the gate
Of Eden stood, disconsolate
Ib Paradise and the Peri, I 1

Some flow'rets of Eden ye still inherit,
But the truil of the Serpent is over them all!
Ib I 206

Oh! ever thus, from childhood's hour,
I've seen my fondest hopes decay,
I never lov'd a tree or flow'r,
But 't was the first to fade away
I never nurs'd a dear gazelle,
To glad me with its soft black eye,
But when it came to know me well,
And love me, it was sure to die!
Ib The Fire-Worshippers, I, I 279

Like Dead Sea fruits, that tempt the eye,
But turn to ashes on the lips! *Ib I 484*

'Come, come', said Tom's father, 'at your time of life,
'There's no longer excuse for thus playing the
rake—

'It is time you should think, boy, of taking a wife'—
'Why, so it is, father—whose wife shall I take?'
Miscellaneous Poems A Joke Versified

Disguise our bondage as we will,
'Tis woman, woman, rules us still
Ib Sovereign Woman

Those evening bells! those evening bells!
How many a tale their music tells,
Of youth, and home, and that sweet time
When last I heard their soothing chime
National Airs Those Evening Bells

Of, in the stilly night,
Ere Slumber's chain has bound me,
Fond Memory brings the light
Of other days around me,
The smiles, the tears,
Of boyhood's years,
The words of love then spoken,
The eyes that shone,
Now dimm'd and gone,
The cheerful hearts now broken!
Ib In the Stilly Night

I feel like one
Who treads alone
Some banquet-hall deserted,
Whose lights are fled,
Whose garlands dead,
And all but he departed! *Ib*

If I speak to thee in Friendship's name,
Thou think'st I speak too coldly,
If I mention Love's devoted flame,
Thou say'st I speak too boldly
Ib How Shall I Woo

Faintly as tolls the evening chime
Our voices keep tune and our oars keep time
Soon as the woods on shore look dim,
We'll sing at St Ann's our parting hymn
Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast,
The Rapids are near and the daylight's past
Poems Relating to America Canadian Boat Song

This world is all a fleeting show,
For man's illusion given,
The smiles of joy, the tears of woe,
Deceitful shine, deceitful flow—
There's nothing true, but Heaven!
Sacred Songs This World is All

Sound the loud tumbrel o'er Egypt's dark seal
Jehovah has triumph'd—his people are free
Ib Miriam's Song Sound the Loud Tumbrel

There was a little Man, and he had a little Soul,
And he said, 'Little Soul, let us try, try, try'
Satirical and Humorous Poems Little Man and Little Soul

And one wild Shakespeare, following Nature's lights,
Is worth whole planets, filled with Stagyrtes
The Sceptic

Now in his palace of the West,
Sinking to slumber, the bright Day,
Like a tir'd monarch fann'd to rest,
'Mid the cool airs of evening lay,
While round his couch's golden rim
The gaudy clouds, like courtiers, crept—
Struggling each other's light to dim,
And catch his last smile e'er he slept
The Summer Fête, I 232.

Your priests, whate'er their gentle shamming,
Have always had a taste for damning
Two-penny Post-Bag, letter IV

Good at a fight, but better at a play,
Godlike in giving, but—the devil to pay!
On a Cast of Sheridan's Hand Memoirs of the Life of R B Sheridan, 1825, p 712

THOMAS OSBERT MORDAUNT

1730-1809

Sound, sound the clarion, fill the fife,
Throughout the sensual world proclaim,
One crowded hour of glorious life
Is worth an age without a name
*The Bee, 12 Oct 1791. Verses Written During
the War, 1756-1763*

HANNAH MORE

1745-1833

For you'll ne'er mend your fortunes, nor help the just
cause,

By breaking of windows, or breaking of laws
Address to the Meeting in Spa Fields (1817)
H Thompson's Life, 1838, p 398

A crown! what is it?
It is to bear the miseries of a people!
To hear their murmurs, feel their discontents,
And sink beneath a load of splendid care!
Daniel, pt vi, l 72

Small habits, well pursued betimes,
May reach the dignity of crimes *Florio, l 77*

He lik'd those literary cooks
Who skim the cream of others' books,
And ruin half an author's graces
By plucking bon-mots from their places *Ib l 123*

Did not God
Sometimes withhold in mercy what we ask,
We should be ruined at our own request
Moses in the Bulrushes, Pt I, l 34

The sober comfort, all the peace which springs
From the large aggregate of little things,
On these small cares of daughter, wife, or friend,
The almost sacred joys of home depend
Sensibility, l 135

SIR THOMAS MORE

1478-1535

'In good faith, I rejoiced, son,' quoth he, 'that I had
given the devil a foul fall, and that with those Lords
I had gone so far, as without great shame I could
never go back again'

Roper, Life of Sir Thomas More (1935), p 69

'By god body, master More, *Indignatio principis mors
est*'

'Is that all, my Lord?' quoth he 'Then in good faith
is there no more difference between your grace and
me, but that I shall die today, and you tomorrow'
Ib p 71

Son Roper, I thank our Lord the field is won
Ib p 73

Is not this house [the Tower of London] as high
heaven as my own? *Ib p 83*

I pray you, master Lieutenant, see me safe up, and
my coming down let me shift for my self [On
mounting the scaffold] *Ib p 103*

Pluck up thy spirits, man, and be not afraid to do
thine office, my neck is very short, take heed there-
fore thou strike not awry, for saving of thine
honesty [To the Executioner] *Ib p 103*

This hath not offended the king [As he drew his
beard aside on placing his head on the block]
Bacon, Apophthegms, 22

Yea, marry, now it is somewhat, for now it is rhyme,
before, it was neither rhyme nor reason [Advising
an author to put his ill-written work into verse]
*A Cayley's Memoirs of Sir Thos More (1808),
vol 1, p 247*

They roll and rumble,
They turn and tumble,
As pigges do in a poke.
*Works, 1557, ¶ 116 How a Sergeant would
learn to Play the Frere*

This is a fair tale of a tub told us of his elects
Ib p 576 Confutation of Tyndale's Answers

Your sheep, that were wont to be so meek and tame,
and so small eaters, now, as I hear say, be become
so great devourers, and so wild, that they eat up
and swallow down the very men themselves
Utopia, bk 1

DR. THOMAS MORELL

1703-1784

See, the conquering hero comes!
Sound the trumpets, beat the drums! *Joshua, pt iii*

AUGUSTUS DE MORGAN

1806-1871

Great fleas have little fleas upon their backs to bite
'em,
And little fleas have lesser fleas, and so *ad infinitum*
A Budget of Paradoxes (1872), p 377

ALBERT EDMUND PARKER,
EARL OF MORLEY

1843-1905

I am always very glad when Lord Salisbury makes a
great speech, It is sure to contain at least one
blazing indiscretion which it is a delight to re-
member *Speech, Hull, 25 Nov 1887*

JOHN, VISCOUNT MORLEY
OF BLACKBURN

1838-1923

No man can climb out beyond the limitations of his
own character
*Critical Miscellany (1886), 1, Robespierre, p
93*

[Letter-writing,] that most delightful way of wasting
time *Ib iii Life of Geo Eliot, p 96*

CHARLES MORRIS

1745-1838

If one must have a villa in summer to dwell,
Oh, give me the sweet shady side of Pall Mall!
The Contrast

A house is much more to my taste than a tree,
And for groves, oh! a good grove of chimneys for me *Ib*

GEORGE POPE MORRIS

1802-1867

Woodman, spare that tree!

Touch not a single bough!

In youth it sheltered me,

And I'll protect it now

Woodman, Spare That Tree

WILLIAM MORRIS

1834-1896

'One of these cloths is heaven, and one is hell,
Now choose one cloth for ever, which they be,
I will not tell you, you must somehow tell
Of your own strength and mightiness'

Defence of Guenevere

And one of these strange choosing cloths was blue,
Wavy and long, and one cut short and red,
No man could tell the better of the two

After a shivering half-hour you said
'God help! heaven's colour, the blue,' and he said
'hell'

Perhaps you then would roll upon your bed,

And cry to all good men that loved you well,
'Ah Christ! if only I had known, known, known'

Ib

The idle singer of an empty day

The Earthly Paradise An Apology

Dreamer of dreams, born out of my due time,
Why should I strive to set the crooked straight?

Let it suffice me that my murmuring rhyme
Beats with light wing against the ivory gate,
Telling a tale not too importunate

To those who in the sleepy region stay,

Lulled by the singer of an empty day *Ib*

Forget six counties overhung with smoke,
Forget the snorting steam and piston stroke,
Forget the spreading of the hideous town,
Think rather of the pack-horse on the down,
And dream of London, small and white and clean,
The clear Thames bordered by its gardens green

Ib Prologue The Wanderers, 1 1

Death have we hated, knowing not what it meant,
Life we have loved, through green leaf and through
sere,

Though still the less we knew of its intent

Ib L'Envoi, xiii

Had she come all the way for this,

To part at last without a kiss?

Yea, had she borne the dirt and rain

That her own eyes might see him slain

Beside the haystack in the floods?

The Haystack in the Floods

I know a little garden close
Set thick with lily and red rose,
Where I would wander if I might
From dewy dawn to dewy night,
And have one with me wandering

The Life and Death of Jason, 1 577

Love is enough though the world be a-waning,
And the woods have no voice but the voice of
complaining

Love is Enough, 1

But lo, the old inn, and the lights, and the fire,
And the fiddler's old tune and the shuffling of feet,
Soon for us shall be quiet and rest and desire,
And tomorrow's uprising to deeds shall be sweet

The Message of the March Wind

'You must be very old, Sir Giles'

Old Love

They hammer'd out my basnet point

Into a round salade

Ib

My lady seems of ivory

Forehead, straight nose, and cheeks that be

Hollow'd a little mournfully

Beata mea Domina! Praise of my Lady

Across the empty garden-beds,

*When the Sword went out to sea**The Sailing of the Sword*

There were four of us about that bed,

The mass-priest knelt at the side

Shameful Death

He did not die in the night,

He did not die in the day

Ib

It is the longest night in all the year,

Near on the day when the Lord Christ was born,

Six hours ago I came and sat down here,

And ponder'd sadly, wearied and forlorn

Sir Galahad, A Christmas Mystery, 1 1

O servant of the high God, Galahad!

Ib 1 153

Speak but one word to me over the corn,

Over the tender, bow'd locks of the corn

Summer Dawn

And ever she sung from noon to noon,

'Two red roses across the moon'

*Two Red Roses Across the Moon*Wind, wind! thou art sad, art thou kind? *The Wind*

Forsooth, brothers, fellowship is heaven, and lack of

fellowship is hell fellowship is life, and lack of

fellowship is death and the deeds that ye do upon

the earth, it is for fellowship's sake that ye do them

The Dream of John Ball, ch 4

RICHARD MORTON

*Truggy voo, my boys, truggy voo?**Truggy Voo*

THOMAS MORTON

1764?-1838

Approbation from Sir Hubert Stanley is praise indeed

A Cure for the Heartache, v 11

I eat well, and I drink well, and I sleep well—but

that's all

A Roland for an Oliver, 1 11

Always ding, dingding Dame Grundy into my ears—

what will Mrs Grundy say? What will Mrs

Grundy think? *Speed the Plough, 1 1*

THOMAS MOSS

1740-1808

Pity the sorrows of a poor old man,

Whose trembling limbs have borne him to your
door,

Whose days are dwindled to the shortest span,

Oh! give relief, and Heaven will bless your store

The Beggar's Petition

JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY

1814-1877

As long as he lived, he was the guiding-star of a brave
nation, and when he died the little children cried in
the streets [William of Orange]

Rise of the Dutch Republic, pt vi, ch vii

Give us the luxuries of life, and we will dispense with
its necessities

Remark O W Holmes' *Autocrat of the
Breakfast-Table*, ch 6

PETER ANTHONY MOTTEUX

1660-1718

The devil was sick, the devil a monk wou'd be,
The devil was well, and the devil a monk he'd be

Translation of Rabelais *Gargantua and Pantagruel*, Bk iv, ch 24

HENRY PHIPPS, EARL OF
MULGRAVE

1755-1831

And toast before each Martial tune—
'Howe, and the Glorious First of June!'

Our Line Was Formed

DINAH MARIA MULOCK

see

DINAH MARIA CRAIK

ANTHONY MUNDAY

1553-1603

Beauty sat bathing by a spring

Where fairest shades did hide her,
The winds blew calm, the birds did sing,
The cool streams ran beside her
My wanton thoughts enticed mine eye

To see what was forbidden

But better memory said, fie!

So vain desire was chidden

Hey nonny, nonny

England's Helicon To Colin Clout

HECTOR HUGH MUNRO

see

SAKI

C. W. MURPHY

We all go the same way home

Title of Song

Has anybody here seen Kelly?

Kelly from the Isle of Man?

Has Anybody Here seen Kelly?

Kelly from the Em'rald Isle

Ib

FRED MURRAY

Carve a little bit off the top for me!

A Little Bit Off The Top

Our lodger's such a nice young man *Title of Song*

FREDERICK WILLIAM HENRY
MYERS

1843-1901

Moses on the mountain

Did of the kisses of the lips of God

S Paul

CAROLINA BARONESS
NAIRNE

1766-1845

Will ye no come back again?

Better lo'ed ye canna be,

Will ye no come back again?

Life and Songs (1869),

Bonnie Charhe's now awa'.

Wha'll buy my caller herrin'?

They're bonnie fish and halesome farin';

Wha'll buy my caller herrin',

New drawn frae the Forth? *Ib Caller Herrin'.*

Oh, ye may ca' them vulgar farin',

Wives and muthers maist despairin',

Ca' them lives o' men

Ib

Charlie is my darling, my darling, my darling,

Charlie is my darling, the young Chevalier

Ib Charlie is My Darling

Gude nicht, and joy be wi' you a' *Ib Gude Nicht*

Wi' a hundred pipers an' a', an' a',

Wi' a hundred pipers an' a', an' a',

We'll up an' gie them a blaw, a blaw,

Wi' a hundred pipers an' a', an' a'

Ib The Hundred Pipers

A penniless lass wi' a lang pedigree

Ib The Laird of Cockpen

I'm wearin' awa'

To the land o' the leal *Ib The Land o' the Leal*

There's nae sorrow there, John,

There's neither cauld nor care, John,

The day is aye fair

In the land o' the leal

Ib.

SIR WILLIAM NAPIER

1785-1860

Then was seen with what a strength and majesty the
British soldier fights

History of the War in the Peninsula, bk xii,
ch 6, *Albuera*

THOMAS NASHE

1567-1601

Brightness falls from the air,

Queens have died young and fair,

Dust hath closed Helen's eye

In Time of Pestilence.

Spring, the sweet spring, is the year's pleasant king,
Then blooms each thing, then maids dance in a ring,
Cold doth not sting, the pretty birds do sing
Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo!

Spring

JAMES BALL NAYLOR

1860-

King David and King Solomon
Led merry, merry lives,
With many, many lady friends
And many, many wives,
But when old age crept over them,
With many, many qualms,
King Solomon wrote the Proverbs
And King David wrote the Psalms

David and Solomon

JOHN MASON NEALE

1818-1866

All glory, laud, and honour
To Thee, Redeemer, King,
To whom the lips of children
Made sweet Hosannas ring
All Glory, Laud and Honour, tr from Latin,
Gloria, Laus et Honor tibi sit

Jerusalem the golden,
With milk and honey blest,
Beneath thy contemplation
Sink heart and voice oppress
I know not, oh, I know not,
What joys await us there,
What radiance of glory,
What bliss beyond compare
Jerusalem the Golden, tr from Latin, *Urbs
Syon Aurea*

And bright with many an angel
And all the martyr throng *Ib*

The pastures of the blessed
Are deck'd in glorious sheen *Ib*

The shout of them that triumph,
The song of them that feast *Ib*

O sweet and blessed country
That eager hearts expect! *Ib*

Around the throne of God a band
Of glorious Angels always stand
*Around the Throne of God Hymns for Children,
First Series (1842)*

Art thou weary, art thou languid,
Art thou sore distressed?
Art Thou Weary, tr from Greek

'Angels, Martyrs, Prophets, Virgins,
Answer, Yes!" *Ib*

Brief life is here our portion,
Brief sorrow, short-lived care
Brief Life is Here, tr from Latin, *Hic brevis
Vivitur*.

Christian, dost thou see them
On the holy ground,
How the troops of Midian
Prowl and prowl around?

Christian, up and smite them,
Counting gain but loss,
Smite them by the merit
Of the holy Cross
Christian, Dost Thou See Them, tr from Greek.

Laud and honour to the Father,
Laud and honour to the Son,
Laud and honour to the Spirit,
Ever Three and ever One,
Consubstantial, co-eternal,
While unending ages run
*Come ye Faithful, Raise the Anthem The
Christian Remembrancer*, July 1863

Loosed from Pharaoh's bitter yoke
Jacob's sons and daughters,
Led them with unmoisten'd foot
Through the Red Sea waters
Come ye Faithful, Raise the Strain, tr from
Greek.

Endless noon-day, glorious noon-day
Light's Abode, Celestial Salem, tr from Latin,
Hierusalem Luminosa

For thee, O dear, dear Country,
Mine eyes their vigils keep
For Thee, O Dear, Dear Country, tr. from
Latin, *O Bona Patria*

Good Christian men, rejoice
With heart, and soul, and voice
Good Christian Men, Helmore and Neale,
Carols for Christmastide

Good King Wenceslas look'd out,
On the Feast of Stephen,
When the snow lay round about,
Deep and crisp and even
Good King Wenceslas Helmore and Neale,
Carols for Christmastide

'Hither, page, and stand by me,
If thou know'st it, telling,
Yonder peasant, who is he?
Where and what his dwelling?' *Ib.*

'Bring me flesh and bring me wine,
Bring me pine-logs hither' *Ib*

Page and monarch, forth they went,
Forth they went together *Ib*

'Sire, the night is darker now,
And the wind blows stronger,
Fails my heart, I know not how,
I can go no longer'
'Mark my footsteps, good my page,
'Tread thou in them boldly,
Thou shalt find the winter's rage
Freeze thy blood less coldly' *Ib.*

In his master's steps he trod,
Where the snow lay dinted,
Heat was in the very sod
Which the Saint had printed

Wherefore, Christian men, be sure,
Wealth or rank possessing,
Ye who now do bless the poor
Shall yourselves find blessing *Ib*

O come, O come, Emmanuel,
And ransom captive Israel.
O Come, O Come, Emmanuel, tr from Latin,
Veni, Veni, Emmanuel

O happy band of pilgrims,
If onward ye will tread
 O Happy Band of Pilgrims Hymns of the Eastern Church

O happy band of pilgrims,
Look upward to the skies,
Where such a light affliction
Shall win you such a prize! *Ib*

Oh, what the joy and the glory must be,
Those endless Sabbaths the blessed ones see
 Oh, what the Joy, tr from Latin of Abelard, O quanta qualia sunt illa Sabbata

Raise the 'Trisagion' ever and aye
 Stars of the Morning. Hymns of the Eastern Church

Safe home, safe home in port!
Rent cordage, shatter'd deck,
Torn sails, provisions short,
And only not a wreck
 Safe Home, Safe Home Hymns of the Eastern Church

The prize, the prize secure!
The athlete nearly fell *Ib*

They whose course on earth is o'er
Think they of their brethern more?
 They Whose Course on Earth Hymns for the Young (1844)

HORATIO NELSON VISCOUNT NELSON

1758-1805

It is my turn now, and if I come back, it is yours
 Southey's Life of Nelson Nelson's Memoir of His Services

Westminster Abbey or victory!
 [Battle of Cape S Vincent] *Ib ch 4.*

Before this time to-morrow I shall have gained a
peerage, or Westminster Abbey
 [Battle of the Nile] *Ib ch 5*

Victory is not a name strong enough for such a scene
 [Battle of the Nile] *Ib*

It is warm work, and this day may be the last to
any of us at a moment But mark you! I would
not be elsewhere for thousands
 [Battle of Copenhagen] *Ib ch 7*

I have only one eye,—I have a right to be blind
sometimes I really do not see the signal!
 [Copenhagen] *Ib*

England expects every man will do his duty
 [Battle of Trafalgar] *Ib ch 9*

This is too warm work, Hardy, to last long
 [Trafalgar] *Ib*

Thank God, I have done my duty [Trafalgar] *Ib*
Kiss me, Hardy [Trafalgar] *Ib*

EDITH NESBIT

1858-1924

Little brown brother, oh! little brown brother,
Are you awake in the dark? *Baby Seed Song*

SIR HENRY JOHN NEWBOLT

1862-

Effingham, Grenville, Raleigh, Drake,
Here's to the bold and free!
Benbow, Collingwood, Byron, Blake,
Hail to the kings of the sea! *Admirals All, 1*

Admirals all, for England's sake,
Honour be yours, and fame!
And honour, as long as waves shall break,
To Nelson's peerless name! *Ib*

He clapped the glass to his sightless eye,
And 'I'm damned if I see it', he said *Ib*

To set the Cause above renown,
To love the game beyond the prize,
To honour, while you strike him down,
The foe that comes with fearless eyes
To count the life of battle good,
And dear the land that gave you birth,
And dearer yet the brotherhood
That binds the brave of all the earth
 The Island Race, Clifton Chapel

'Qui procul hinc', the legend's writ,—
The frontier-grave is far away—
'Qui ante diem perit
Sed miles, sed pro patria' *Ib*

'Take my drum to England, hang et by the shore,
Strike et when your powder's runnin' low,
If the Dons sight Devon, I'll quit the port o' Heaven,
An' drum them up the Channel as we drummed them
long ago' *Ib Drake's Drum*

Drake he's in his hammock till the great Armadas
come
(Capten, art tha sleepin' there below?)

Slung atween the round shot, listenin' for the drum,
An' dreamin' ari! the time o' Plymouth Hoe
Call him on the deep sea, call him up the Sound,
Call him when ye sail to meet the foe,
Where the old trade's plyin' an' the old flag flyin'
They shall find him ware an' wak'in', as they found
him long ago! *Ib*

There's a breathless hush in the Close to-night—
Ten to make and the match to win—
A bumping pitch and a blinding light,
An hour to play and the last man in
And it's not for the sake of a ribboned coat,
Or the selfish hope of a season's fame,
But his Captain's hand on his shoulder smote—
'Play up! play up! and play the game!'
 Ib Vitai Lampada.

The voice of the schoolboy rallies the ranks
'Play up! play up! and play the game!' *Ib.*

Now the sunset breezes shiver,
And she's fading down the river,
But in England's song for ever
She's the Fighting Téméraire
 The Fighting Téméraire.

'Ye have robb'd', said he, 'ye have slaughter'd and
made an end,
Take your ill-got plunder, and bury the dead'
 He Fell Among Thieves.

But cared greatly to serve God and the King,
And keep the Nelson touch. *Minora Sidera.*

MARGARET DUCHESS OF NEWCASTLE

1624 ?-1673

Her name was Margaret Lucas, youngest sister to the Lord Lucas of Colchester, a noble familie, for all the Brothers were Valiant, and all the Sisters virtuous
Eptaph, Westminster Abbey.

JOHN HENRY, CARDINAL NEWMAN

1801-1890

It is very difficult to get up resentment towards persons whom one has never seen

Apologia pro Vita Sua (1864). *Mr Kingsley's Method of Disputation*

There is such a thing as legitimate warfare war has its laws, there are things which may fairly be done, and things which may not be done . He has attempted (as I may call it) to *poison the wells* *Ib.*

I will vanquish, not my Accuser, but my judges
Ib True Mode of meeting Mr. Kingsley

I used to wish the Arabian Tales were true
Ib History of My Religious Opinions to the Year 1833

Two and two only supreme and luminously self-evident beings, myself and my Creator. *Ib*

Growth [is] the only evidence of life *Ib*

The motto [of *Lyra Apostolica*] shows the feeling of both [Hurrell] Froude and myself at the time we borrowed from M Bunsen a Homer, and Froude chose the words in which Achilles, on returning to the battle, says, 'You shall know the difference now that I am back again' *Ib*

It would be a gain to the country were it vastly more superstitious, more bigoted, more gloomy, more fierce in its religion than at present it shows itself to be

Ib History of My Religious Opinions from 1833-9

From the age of fifteen, dogma has been the fundamental principle of my religion I know no other religion, I cannot enter into the idea of any other sort of religion, religion, as a mere sentiment, is to me a dream and a mockery *Ib*

This is what the Church is said to want, not party men, but sensible, temperate, sober, well-judging persons, to guide it through the channel of no-meaning, between the Scylla and Charybdis of Aye and No.

Ib History of My Religious Opinions from 1839 to 1841

I recollect an acquaintance saying to me that 'the Oriel Common Room stank of Logic'

Ib History of My Religious Opinions from 1841 to 1845

Cowards! If I advanced one step, you would run away *Ib*

Trinity had never been unkind to me There used to be much snap-dragon growing on the walls opposite my freshman's rooms there, and I had for years taken it as the emblem of my own perpetual residence even unto death in my University

On the morning of the 23rd I left the Observatory I have never seen Oxford since, excepting its spires, as they are seen from the railway *Ib*

Ten thousand difficulties do not make one doubt.
Ib. Postion of My Mind since 1845

The all-corroding, all-dissolving scepticism of the intellect in religious enquiries *Ib*

Take a mere beggar-woman, lazy, ragged, filthy, and not over-scrupulous of truth,—but it she is chaste, and sober, and cheerful, and goes to her religious duties—she will, in the eyes of the Church, have a prospect of heaven, quite closed and refused to the State's pattern-man, the just, the upright, the generous, the honourable, the conscientious, if he be all this, not from a supernatural power,—but from mere natural virtue

Lectures on Anglican Difficulties Lecture VIII

She [the Catholic Church] holds that it were better for sun and moon to drop from heaven, for the earth to fail, and for all the many millions who are upon it to die of starvation in extremest agony, as far as temporal affliction goes, than that one soul, I will not say, should be lost, but should commit one single venial sin, should tell one wilful untruth, . . . or steal one poor farthing without excuse *Ib*

May He support us all the day long, till the shades lengthen, and the evening comes, and the busy world is hushed, and the fever of life is over, and our work is done! Then in His mercy may He give us a safe lodging, and a holy rest, and peace at the last
Sermon, 1834 Wisdom and Innocence

Firmly I believe and truly
God is Three, and God is One,

And I next acknowledge duly
Manhood taken by the Son *Firmly I Believe*

Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,
Lead thou me on,

The night is dark, and I am far from home,
Lead thou me on

Keep Thou my feet, I do not ask to see

The distant scene, one step enough for me
The Pillar of Cloud Lead Kindly Light

I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will remember not past years *Ib*

And with the morn those Angel faces smile,
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile *Ib*

Prune thou thy words, the thoughts control

That o'er thee swell and throng,
They will condense within thy soul,
And change to purpose strong
Flowers Without Fruit Prune Thou Thy Words

Praise to the Holiest in the height,
And in the depth be praise,
In all His words most wonderful,
Most sure in all His ways. *Praise to the Holiest*

A second Adam to the fight
And to the rescue came *Ib.*

O wisest love! that flesh and blood
Which did in Adam fail,
Should strive afresh against their foe,
Should strive and should prevail

ISAAC NEWTON

1642-1727

I do not know what I may appear to the world, but
to myself I seem to have been only a boy playing
on the sea-shore, and diverting myself in now and
then finding a smoother pebble or a prettier shell
than ordinary, whilst the great ocean of truth lay
all undiscovered before me

Brewster's Memoirs of Newton, vol 11, ch 27

O Diamond! Diamond! thou little knowest the mis-
chief done!

*Remark to a dog who knocked down a candle and
so set fire to some papers and destroyed the almost
finished labours of some years'* Thomas Maudsl,
Wensley-Dale a Poem, 1780, p 28, note

JOHN NEWTON

1725-1807

How sweet the name of Jesus sounds

In a believer's ear!

It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,

And drives away his fear

Olney Hymns (1779), *How Sweet the Name*

Glorious things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God

Ib *Glorious Things of Thee*

ADELA FLORENCE NICOLSON

See LAURENCE HOPE

'NIMROD'

[CHARLES JAMES APPERLEY]

1779-1843

'Who is that under his horse in the brook?'—

'Only Dick Christian', answers Lord Forester, 'and
it's nothing new to him'

'But he'll be drowned', exclaims Lord Kinnaird

'I shouldn't wonder', observes Mr William Coke

'But the pace is too good to inquire'

The Chase

'Quite the cream of the thing, I suppose', says
Lord Gardner *Ib*

RODEN BERKELEY WRIOTHESLEY NOEL

1834-1894

After battle sleep is best,

After noise, tranquillity

Loving, adorable,

Softly to rest,

Here in my crystalline,

Here in my breast!

The Water-Nymph and the Boy.

The Old

THOMAS NOEL

1799-1861

'Rattle his bones over the stones,

He's only a pauper, whom nobody owns'

Rhymes and Roundelays, The Pauper's Drive

REV. JOHN NORRIS

1657-1711

Were angels to write, I fancy we should have but few

Folios *Collection of Miscellanyes* (1678), *Preface*

How fading are the joys we doat upon!

Like apparitions seen and gone.

But those which soonest take their flight

Are the most exquisite and strong,—

Like angels' visits, short and bright,

Mortality's too weak to bear them long

Ib. The Parting

CHRISTOPHER NORTH

(JOHN WILSON)

1785-1854

Minds like ours, my dear James, must always be
above national prejudices, and in all companies it
gives me true pleasure to declare, that, as a people,
the English are very little indeed inferior to the
Scotch

Noctes Ambrosianae, no 9

His Majesty's dominions, on which the sun never sets

Ib No 20 (April 1829)

Laws were made to be broken.

Ib No 24 (May 1830)

Insult the sun, and quarrellin wi' the equavtor

(*Ettrick Shepherd*) *Ib* (May 1830)

Animosities are mortal, but the Humanities live for
ever

Ib No 35 (Aug 1834)

I cannot sit still, James, and hear you abuse the

shopocracy *Ib* No 39 (Feb 1835)

SIR STAFFORD HENRY NORTHCOTE, EARL OF IDDESLEIGH

1818-1887

Argue as you please, you are nowhere, that grand old
man, the Prime Minister, insists on the other thing

Speech at Liverpool, 12 Apr 1882

CAROLINE ELIZABETH SARAH NORTON

1808-1877

My beautiful, my beautiful! that stardest meekly by,
With thy proudly-arched and glossy neck, and dark
and fiery eye!

Fret not to roam the desert now, with all thy winged
speed

I may not mount on thee again!—thou'rt sold, my
Arab steed!

The Arab's Farewell to His Steed

The stranger hath thy bridle-rein, thy master hath his
gold,—

Fleet-limbed and beautiful, farewell, thou'rt sold, my
steed, thou'rt sold *Ib*

And sitting down by the green well, I'll pause and
sadly think—

"'Twas here he bowed his glossy neck when last I saw
him drink" *Ib*

They tempted me, my beautiful! for hunger's power
is strong—

They tempted me, my beautiful! but I have loved too
long *Ib*

'Tis false! 'tis false, my Arab steed! I fling them back
their gold! *Ib*

A soldier of the Legion lay dying in Algiers—
There was lack of woman's nursing, there was
dearth of woman's tears *Bingen on the Rhine*

I do not love thee!—no! I do not love thee!
And yet when thou art absent I am sad
I Do Not Love Thee

For death and life, in ceaseless strife,
Beat wild on this world's shore,
And all our calm is in that balm—
Not lost but gone before *Not Lost but Gone Before*

ALFRED NOYES

1880—

Go down to Kew in lilac-time, in lilac-time, in lilac-
time,

Go down to Kew in lilac-time (it isn't far from
London!)

And you shall wander hand in hand with love in
summer's wonderland,

Go down to Kew in lilac-time (it isn't far from
London!) *Barrel Organ*

The wind was a torrent of darkness among the gusty
trees,

The moon was a ghostly galleon tossed upon cloudy
seas,

The road was a ribbon of moonlight over the purple
moor,

And the highwayman came riding—
Riding—riding—

The highwayman came riding, up to the old inn-door
The Highwayman

The landlord's black-eyed daughter,

Bess, the landlord's daughter,

Plating a dark red love-knot into her long black hair.
Ib

Look for me by moonlight,

Watch for me by moonlight,

I'll come to thee by moonlight, though hell should
bar the way! *Ib*

There's a magic in the distance, where the sea-line
meets the sky *Forty Singing Seamen, ix*

Calling as he used to call, faint and far away,

In Sherwood, in Sherwood, about the break of day
Sherwood

Sherwood in the red dawn, is Robin Hood asleep? *Ib*

FREDERICK OAKELEY

1802-1880

O come, all ye faithful,

Joyful and triumphant,

O come ye, O come ye to Bethlehem

O Come, All Ye Faithful, tr from Latin,
Adeste Fideles

SEAN O'CASEY

1884—

The whole world is in a state of chaffis
Junco and the Paycock, i 1

JOHN O'KEEFE

1747-1833

Amo, amas, I love a lass,

As a cedar tall and slender,

Sweet cowslip's grace

Is her nom'native case,

And she's of the feminine gender

Rorum, corum, sunt Divorum!

Harum, scarum, Divol

Tag rag, merry derry, periwig and hatband!

Hic hoc horum Genitivo!

Agreeable Surprise, ii ii Song Amo, Amas

You should always except the present company
London Hermit, i ii

DENNIS O'KELLY

1720 ?-1787

Eclipse first, the rest nowhere.

Epsom, 3 May 1769 Annals of Sporting,
vol ii, p 271.

JOHN OLDHAM

1653-1683

And all your fortune lies beneath your hat

A Satire addressed to a Friend about to leave
the University, i 25

Racks, gubbets, halters, were their arguments

Satires Upon the Jesuits, Sat 1, Garnet's
Ghost, i 176.

WILLIAM OLDYS

1696-1761

Busy, curious, thirsty fly

Busy, Curious, Thirsty Fly, i. 1

JOHN OPIE

1761-1807

[When asked with what he mixed his colours]

I mix them with my brains, sir

Samuel Smiles, Self Help, ch 4.

BARONESS ORCZY

contemp

We seek him here, we seek him there,

Those Frenchies seek him everywhere

Is he in heaven?—Is he in hell?

That demmed, elusive Pimpernel?

The Scarlet Pimpernel, ch 12

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY

1844-1890

The organized charity, scrimped and iced,
In the name of a cautious, statistical Christ.
Life, Poems, and Speeches (1891), *In Bohemia*,
I 37.

ARTHUR WILLIAM EDGAR
O'SHAUGHNESSY

1844-1881

We are the music makers,
We are the dreamers of dreams,
Wandering by lonely sea-breakers,
And sitting by desolate streams,—
World-losers and world-forsakers,
On whom the pale moon gleams
We are the movers and shakers
Of the world for ever, it seems
Ode 'We are the Music Makers'

One man with a dream, at pleasure,
Shall go forth and conquer a crown,
And three with a new song's measure
Can trample a kingdom down *Ib*
For each age is a dream that is dying,
Or one that is coming to birth *Ib*.

SIR WILLIAM OSLER

1849-1919

The uselessness of men above sixty years of age,
and the incalculable benefit it would be in commercial, political, and in professional life if, as a matter of course, men stopped work at this age
Address, Johns Hopkins Univ Feb 1905
H Cushing's Life of Sir W. Osler (1925),
vol 1, p 667

JOHN O'SULLIVAN

1813-1895

Our manifest destiny to overspread the continent
allotted by Providence for the free development
of our yearly multiplying millions
U S Magazine and Democratic Review, vol
xvii, p 5

A torchlight procession marching down your throat
[Description of some whisky] G. W E
Russell's *Collections and Recollections*, ch 19

THOMAS OTWAY

1652-1685

These are rogues that pretend to be of a religion
now! Well, all I say is, honest atheism for my money.
The Atheist, Act III, I 31

Ere man's corruptions made him wretched, he
Was born most noble that was born most free—
Each of himself was lord, and unconfin'd
Obey'd the dictates of his godlike mind
Don Carlos, Act II, I 3

Destructive, damnable, deceitful woman!
The Orphan, Act III, I 586
And for an apple damn'd mankind *Ib* I 594
You wags that judge by rote, and damn by rule
Titus and Berenice, prologue, I 3

Oh woman! lovely woman! Nature made thee
To temper man we had been brutes without you,
Angels are painted fair, to look like you,
There's in you all that we believe of heav'n,
Amazing brightness, purity, and truth,
Eternal joy, and everlasting love
Venice Preserved, Act I, I 337
No praying, it spoils business *Ib* Act II, I 87

SIR THOMAS OVERBURY

1581-1613

In part to blame is she,
Which hath without consent been only tried,
He comes too near, that comes to be denied
Miscellaneous Works, A Wife, xxvi
He disdains all things above his reach, and preferreth
all countries before his own *Ib An Affectate Traveller*
You cannot name any example in any heathen author
but I will better it in Scripture
Ib Crumms Fal'n From King James's Table,
§ 10

JOHN OWEN

1560?-1622

God and the doctor we alike adore
But only when in danger, not before,
The danger o'er, both are alike requited,
God is forgotten, and the Doctor slighted
Epigrams.

EDWARD OXENFORD

1847-1929

I fear no foe in shining armour *Song*.

THOMAS PAINE

1737-1809

The sublime and the ridiculous are often so nearly
related, that it is difficult to class them separately
One step above the sublime, makes the ridiculous,
and one step above the ridiculous, makes the
sublime again *Age of Reason* (1795), pt II, p 20
These are the times that try men's souls
The American Crisis, No 1 Writings 1894,
vol 1, p 170
Government, even in its best state, is but a necessary
evil, in its worst state, an intolerable one
Common Sense, ch. 1.

The final event to himself [Mr Burke] has been,
that as he rose like a rocket, he fell like the stick
Letter to the Addressers on the late Proclama-
tion, 1792, p 4

[Burke] is not affected by the vality of distress touching his heart, but by the showy resemblance of it striking his imagination He pities the plumage, but forgets the dying bird

Rights of Man, 1791, p. 26

My country is the world, and my religion is to do good

Ib pt 11, ch. 5

WILLIAM PALEY

1743-1805

Who can refute a sneer?

Moral Philosophy, bk. v, ch. 9

HENRY JOHN TEMPLE, VISCOUNT PALMERSTON

1784-1865

Accidental and fortuitous concurrence of atoms

Speech, H of C, 5 March 1857

What is merit? The opinion one man entertains of another

(Quoted by Carlyle in *Critical and Miscellaneous Essays*, viii, 'Shooting Niagara')

'Die, my dear Doctor, that's the last thing I shall do!'

Attr. last words

JOHN PALSgrave

d. 1554

In the country of the blind the one-eyed man is king
(Caecorum in patria luscus rex imperat omnis)

Fullonius' *Comedy of Acolastus*

EDWARD HAZEN PARKER

Life's race well run,
Life's work well done,
Life's victory won,
Now cometh rest

See *Notes and Queries*, 9th Series, vol. iv, p. 167, and vol. vii, p. 406.

MARTIN PARKER

-1656?

Country men of England, who live at home with ease,

And little think what dangers are incident o' th' seas
Give ear unto the sailor who unto you will show
His case, his case *How e'er the wind doth blow*

Sailors for My Money (Roxburghe Ballads, vol. vi, p. 797)

You gentlemen of England
Who live at home at ease,
How little do you think
On the dangers of the seas

The Valiant Sailors (Early Naval Ballads, Percy Society, 1841, p. 34)

But all's to no end, for the times will not mend
Till the king enjoys his own again

Upon Defacing of Whitehall (The Loyal Garland, 1671) Later title *When the King Enjoys His Own Again* (Ritson's Ancient Songs, 1792, p. 231)

My skill goes beyond the depths of a pond,

Or rivers, in the greatest rain,

Whereby I can tell, all things will be well,

When the King enjoys his own again

Ib

THEODORE PARKER

1810-1860

A democracy, that is, a government of all the people, by all the people, for all the people, of course, a government after the principles of eternal justice, the unchanging law of God, for shortness' sake, I will call it the idea of freedom

The American Idea Speech at N E Anti-Slavery Convention, Boston, 29 May, 1850 Discourses of Slavery (1863), 1

CHARLES STEWART PARNELL

1846-1891

No man has a right to fix the boundary of the march of a nation, no man has a right to say to his country —thus far shalt thou go and no further

Speech at Cork, 21 Jan. 1885

THOMAS PARNELL

1679-1717

When thy beauty appears,
In its graces and airs,

All bright as an angel new dropt from the sky,
At distance I gaze, and am aw'd by my fears,
So strangely you dazzle my eye!

Poems (1894). Song, 'When thy Beauty Appears'

Still an angel appear to each lover beside,
But still be a woman to you

Ib

We call it only pretty Fanny's way

Ib An Elegy, to an Old Beauty, 1 34

WALTER HORATIO PATER

1839-1894

A white bird, she told him once, looking at him gravely, a bird he must carry in his bosom across a crowded public place—his own soul was like that!

Marius the Epicurean, pt. 1, ch. 2

The presence that thus rose so strangely beside the waters, is expressive of what in the ways of a thousand years men had come to desire Hers is the head upon which all 'the ends of the world are come', and the eyelids are a little weary . Set it for a moment beside one of those white Greek goddesses or beautiful women of antiquity, and how would they be troubled by this beauty, into which the soul with all its maladies has passed? [Mona Lisa]

The Renaissance. Leonardo da Vinci.

She is older than the rocks among which she sits,
like the vampire, she has been dead many times,
and learned the secrets of the grave, and has been
a diver in deep seas, and keeps their fallen day
about her, and trafficked for strange webs with
Eastern merchants and, as Leda, was the mother
of Helen of Troy, and, as Saint Anne, the mother
of Mary, and all this has been to her but as the
sound of lyres and flutes, and lives only in the
delicacy with which it has moulded the changing
lineaments, and tinged the eyelids and the hands
Ib

To burn always with this hard, gemlike flame, to
maintain this ecstasy, is success in life

Ib Conclusion

COVENTRY KERSEY DIGHTON PATMORE

1823-1896

For dear to maidens are their rivals dead

Amelia, l 135

Grant me the power of saying things

Too simple and too sweet for words!

The Angel in the House, ed 1904, bk 1, c 1,

Prelude 1, *The Impossibility*, l 7

Love, sole mortal thing

Of worth immortal

Ib Prelude 2, *Love's Reality*, l 9

The fair sum of six thousand years'

Traditions of civility

Ib The Cathedral Close, v 1 27

Ah, wasteful woman, she who may

On her sweet self set her own price,

Knowing man cannot choose but pay,

How has she cheapen'd paradise,

How given for nought her priceless gift,

How spoil'd the bread and spill'd the wine,

Which, spent with due, respective thrift,

Had made brutes men, and men divine

Ib c iii, Prelude 3, *Unthrift*

Leave us alone! After a while,

This pool of private charity

Shall make its continent an isle,

And roll, a world-embracing sea

Ib c vi, Prelude 2, *Love Justified*, l 9

Kind souls, you wonder why, love you,

When you, you wonder why, love none

We love, Fool, for the good we do,

Not that which unto us is done!

Ib Prelude 4, *A Riddle Solved*

Love wakes men, once a lifetime each,

They lift their heavy lids, and look,

And, lo, what one sweet page can teach,

They read with joy, then shut the book

And some give thanks, and some blaspheme,

And most forget, but, either way,

That and the Child's unheeded dream

Is all the light of all their day

Ib c vii, Prelude 2, *The Revelation*, l 5

I drew my bride, beneath the moon,

Across my threshold, happy hour!

But, ah, the walk that afternoon

We saw the water-flags in flower!

Ib Prelude 3, *The Spirit's Epochs*, l 9

God's grace is the only grace,

And all grace is the grace of God

Ib c. x, Prelude 1, *The Joyful Wisdom*.

'I'll hunt for dangers North and South,

To prove my love, which sloth maligns'

What seems to say her rosy mouth?

'I'm not convinced by proofs but signs'

Ib c iv, Prelude 3, *Valour Misdirected*

'I saw you take his kiss!' 'Tis true'

'O, modesty!' 'Twas strictly kept

He thought me asleep, at least, I knew

He thought I thought he thought I slept

Ib c viii, Prelude 3, *The Kiss*

Why, having won her, do I woo?

Because her spirit's vestal grace

Provokes me always to pursue,

But, spirit-like, eludes embrace

Ib c xii, Prelude 1, *The Married Lover*, l 1.

Because, though free of the outer court

I am, this Temple keeps its shrine

Sacred to Heaven, because, in short,

She's not and never can be mine. *Ib* l 29

Some dish more sharply spiced than this

Milk-soup men call domestic bliss

Olympus, l 15.

Maud burst in, while the Earl was there,

With 'Oh, Mama, do be a bear'

The Victories of Love, bk ii, 11 *F. om Lady*

Clitheroe to Mary Churchill, l 89

No magic of her voice or smile

Suddenly raised a fairy isle,

But fondness for her underwent

An unregarded increment,

Like that which lifts, through centuries,

The coral-reef within the seas,

Till, lo! the land where was the wave,

Alas! 'tis everywhere her grave

Ib v *From Mrs Graham*, l 57.

Faults had she, child of Adam's stem,

But only Heaven knew of them

Ib vii *From Felix to Honoria*, l 167.

Well dost thou, Love, thy solemn Feast to hold

In vestal February

The Unknown Eros, bk 1, 1 *St Valentine's Day*, l 1

Fair as the rash oath of virginity

Which is first-love's first cry

O, Baby Spring,

'That flutter'st sudden 'neath the breast of Earth

A month before the birth

Ib l 9

Thy heart with dead, wing'd innocencies fill'd,

Ev'n as a nest with birds

After the old ones by the hawk are kill'd *Ib* l 51

But, in a while,

The immeasurable smile

Is broke by fresher airs to flashes blent

With darkling discontent *Ib* l 15

I, singularly moved

To love the lovely that are not beloved,

Of all the Seasons, most

Love Winter

Ib iii *Winter*, l 1.

a

JAMES PAYN JOHN HOWARD PAYNE

b

It was the azalea's breath, and she was dead!
Ib vii The Azalea, l 17

So, till to-morrow eve, my Own, adieu!
 Parting's well-paid with soon again to meet,
 Soon in your arms to feel so small and sweet,
 Sweet to myself that am so sweet to you! *Ib l 22*

It was not like your great and gracious ways!
 Do you, that have nought other to lament,
 Never, my Love, repent
 Of how, that July afternoon,
 You went,
 With sudden, unintelligible phrase,
 And frighten'd eye,
 Upon your journey of so many days,
 Without a single kiss, or a good-bye?

Ib viii Departure, l 1

And the only loveless look the look with which you
 pass'd *Ib l 31*

My little Son, who look'd from thoughtful eyes
 And moved and spoke in quiet grown-up wise,
 Having my law the seventh time disobey'd,
 I struck him, and dismiss'd
 With hard words and unkind's'd,
 His Mother, who was patient, being dead
Ib x The Toys, l. 1

Then, fatherly, not less
 Than I whom 'Thou hast moulded from the clay,
 Thou'lt leave Thy wrath, and say,
 'I will be sorry for their childishness' *Ib*

For want of me the world's course will not fail
 When all its work is done, the lie shall rot,
 The truth is great, and shall prevail,
 When none cares whether it prevail or not
Ib xii Magna est Veritas, l 7

In the year of the great crime,
 When the false English Nobles and their Jew,
 By God demented, slew
 The 'Trust they stood twice pledged to keep from
 wrong,
 One said, Take up thy Song,
 That breathes the mild and almost mythic time
 Of England's prime! *Ib xiii, 1867, l 1*

If I were dead, you'd sometimes say, Poor Child!
Ib xiv. 'If I were dead,' l 1.

With all my will, but much against my heart,
 We two now part
 My Very Dear,
 Our solace is, the sad road lies so clear
 It needs no art,
 With faint, averted feet
 And many a tear,
 In our opposed paths to persevere
Ib xvi A Farewell, l 1

Haply yon wretch, so famous for his falls,
 Got them beneath the Devil-defended walls
 Of some high Virtue he had vow'd to win
Ib. xx 'Let Be,' l 17

That shaft of slander shot
 Miss'd only the right blot
 I see the shame
 They cannot see
 'Tis very just they blame
 The thing that's not.

Ib l 35

Through delicatest ether feathering soft their solitary
 beat. *Ib bk ii 1 To the Unknown Eros, l 8*

What in its ruddy orbit lifts the blood,
 Like a perturbed moon of Uranus,
 Reaching to some great world in ungauged darkness
 hid. *Ib l 33*

Who is this only happy She,
 Whom, by a frantic flight of courtesy,
 Born of despair
 Of better lodging for his Spirit fair,
 He adores as Margaret, Maude, or Cecily? *Ib l 30.*

The Jebusite,
 That, maugre all God's promises could do,
 The chosen People never conquer'd quite,
 Who therefore lived with them,
 And that by formal truce and as of right,
 In metropolitan Jerusalem
Ib vii To the Body, l 32

Enoch, Elijah, and the Lady, she
 Who left the lilies in her body's lieu *Ib l 45*

Who has thy birth-time's consecrating dew
 For death's sweet chrism retain'd,
 Quick, tender, virginal, and unprofaned! *Ib l 51.*

There of pure Virgins none
 Is fairer seen,
 Save One,
 Than Mary Magdalene *Ib 127.*

Shall I, the gnat which dances in thy ray,
 Dare to be reverent?
Ib xiv Psyche's Discontent, l 72.

This is to say, my dear Augusta,
 We've had another awful buster
 Ten thousand Frenchmen sent below!
 Thank God from whom all blessings flow
 Epigram on King William's dispatch to Queen
 Augusta reported in *The Times*, 8 Aug 1870
 B Champneys, *Coventry Patmore* (1900), 1
 286

JAMES PAYN

1830-1898

I had never had a piece of toast
 Particularly long and wide,
 But fell upon the sanded floor,
 And always on the buttered side
Chambers's Journal, 2 Feb, 1884.

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE

1791-1852

Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
 Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home,
 A charm from the sky seems to hallow us there,
 Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met with
 elsewhere
 Home, home, sweet, sweet home!
 There's no place like home! there's no place like
 home!

Clari, the Maid of Milan Home, Sweet Home.

THOMAS LOVE PEACOCK

1785-1866

Ancient sculpture is the true school of modesty. But where the Greeks had modesty, we have cant, where they had poetry, we have cant, where they had patriotism, we have cant, where they had anything that exalts, delights, or adorns humanity, we have nothing but cant, cant, cant

Crotchet Castle, ch 7

Modern literature having attained the honourable distinction of sharing with blacking and Macassar oil the space which used to be monopolized by razor-strops and the lottery

Ib ch 15

The march of mind—has marched in through my back-parlour shutters, and out again with my silver spoons, in the dead of the night. The policeman, who was sent down to examine, says my house has been broken open on the most scientific principles

Ib ch 17

Nothing can be more obvious than that all animals were created solely and exclusively for the use of man

Headlong Hall, ch 2

'Indeed, the loaves and fishes are typical of a mixed diet, and the practice of the Church in all ages shows—'

'That it never loses sight of the loaves and fishes'

Ib

'I distinguish the picturesque and the beautiful, and I add to them, in the laying out of grounds, a third and distinct character, which I call *unexpectedness*'

'Pray, sir', said Mr Milestone, 'by what name do you distinguish this character, when a person walks round the grounds for the second time?'

Ib ch 4

Sir, I have quarrelled with my wife, and a man who has quarrelled with his wife is absolved from all duty to his country

Nightmare Abbey, ch 11.

Long night succeeds thy little day

Oh blighted blossom! can it be,

That this gray stone and grassy clay

Have closed our anxious care of thee?

Epitaph on his Daughter Works of Peacock,
ed. Cole, 1875, Biographical Notice by
E Nicolls

In his last bunn Sir Peter lies,

Who knew not what it was to frown

Death took him mellow by surprise,

And in his cellar stopped him down

Headlong Hall, ch 5

Hail to the Headlong! the Headlong Ap-Headlong!

All hail to the Headlong, the Headlong Ap-Headlong!

The Headlong Ap-Headlong

Ap-Breakneck Ap-Headlong

Ap-Catract Ap-Pistyll Ap-Rhaiader Ap-Headlong!

Ib ch. 13. *Chorus*

The mountain sheep are sweeter,

But the valley sheep are fatter,

We therefore deemed it meet

To carry off the latter

The Misfortunes of Elphin, ch 11 *The War-Song of Dinas Vawr.*

The bowl goes trim The moon doth shine,
And our ballast is old wine

Nightmare Abbey, ch 11

In a bowl to sea went wise men thrice,

On a brilliant night in June

They carried a net, and their hearts were set

On fishing up the moon

The Wise Men of Gotham Paper Money Lyrics

GEORGE PEELE

1558?-1597

Fair and fair, and twice so fair,

As fair as any may be,

The fairest shepherd on our green,

A love for any lady

Works, ed Bullen, vol 1 *Arraignment of Paris*, 1 ii, 55 *Song of Oenone and Paris*

What thing is love for (well I wot) love is a thing

It is a prick, it is a sting,

It is a pretty, pretty thing,

It is a fire, it is a coal

Whose flame creeps in at every hole

Ib vol 11 *Miscellaneous Poems The Hunting of Cupid*, 1 1

His golden locks time hath to silver turn'd,

O time too swift, O swiftness never ceasing!

His youth 'gainst time and age hath ever spurn'd

But spurn'd in vain, youth waneth by increasing

Beauty, strength, youth, are flowers but fading seen,

Duty, faith, love, are roots, and ever green

Ib Polyhymnia, Sonnet ad juvem. A Farewell to Arms

His helmet now shall make a hive for bees,

And, lovers' sonnets turn'd to holy psalms,

A man-at-arms must now serve on his knees,

And feed on prayers, which are age his alms

But though from court to cottage he depart,

His saint is sure of his unspotted heart

Ib

Goddess, allow this aged man his right,

To be your beadsman now that was your knight

Ib

HENRY HERBERT,
EARL OF PEMBROKE

1734-1794

My noble friend Lord Pembroke said once to me at Wilton, with a happy pleasantry and some truth,

that, 'Dr Johnson's sayings would not appear so extraordinary, were it not for his *bow-wow* vav'

Boswell's *Life of Johnson*, 27 Mar 1775, note.

WILLIAM PENN

1644-1718

No Cross, No Crown

Title of Pamphlet, 1669

It is a reproach to religion and government to suffer so much poverty and excess

Reflections and Maxims, pt 1, No 52

Men are generally more careful of the breed of their horses and dogs than of their children.

Ib No 85

The country life is to be preferred, for there we see the works of God, but in cities little else but the works of men
Ib No 220

SAMUEL PEPYS

1633-1703

Strange the difference of men's talk!

Diary, 4 Jan 1659-60

And so to bed

Ib 20 April 1660

A silk suit, which cost me much money, and I pray God to make me able to pay for it

Ib 1 July 1660

I sent for Mr Butler, who was now all full of his high discourse in praise of Ireland, . . . but so many lies I never heard in praise of anything as he told of Ireland

Ib 28 July 1660

I went out to Charing Cross, to see Major-general Harrison hanged, drawn, and quartered, which was done there, he looking as cheerful as any man could do in that condition

Ib 13 Oct 1660

Very merry, and the best fritters that ever I eat in my life

Ib 26 Feb 1660-1 (Shrove Tues)

A good honest and painful sermon

Ib 17 March 1661

If ever I was foxed it was now

Ib 23 April 1661

But methought it lessened my esteem of a king, that he should not be able to command the rain

Ib 19 July 1662

I see it is impossible for the King to have things done as cheap as other men

Ib 21 July 1662

But Lord! to see the absurd nature of Englishmen, that cannot forbear laughing and jeering at everything that looks strange

Ib 27 Nov 1662

My wife, who, poor wretch, is troubled with her lonely life

Ib 19 Dec 1662

Went to hear Mrs Turner's daughter . . . play on the harpsichord, but, Lord! it was enough to make any man sick to hear her, yet was I forced to commend her highly

Ib 1 May 1663

Most of their discourse was about hunting, in a dialect I understand very little

Ib 22 Nov 1663

While we were talking came by several poor creatures carried by, by constables, for being at a conventicle I would to God they would either conform, or be more wise, and not be caught!

Ib 7 Aug 1664

Pretty witty Nell. [Nell Gwynne]

Ib 3 April 1665

But Lord! what a sad time it is to see no boats upon the River, and grass grows all up and down White Hall Court

Ib 20 Sept 1665

Strange to see how a good dinner and feasting reconciles everybody

Ib 9 Nov 1665

Strange to say what delight we married people have to see these poor fools decoyed into our condition

Ib 25 Dec 1665

And mighty proud I am (and ought to be thankful to God Almighty) that I am able to have a spare bed for my friends

Ib 8 Aug 1666.

I bless God I do find that I am worth more than ever I yet was, which is £6,200, for which the Holy Name of God be praised!

Ib 31 Oct 1666.

But it is pretty to see what money will do

Ib 21 March 1667.

JOHN JOSEPH PERSHING

1860-

LaFayette, we are here

Address at the grave of LaFayette, 4 July 1917

G Morgan's *True LaFayette*, 1919, preface

EDWARD JOHN PHELPS

1822-1900

The man who makes no mistakes does not usually make anything

Speech at Mansion House, 24 Jan 1899

AMBROSE PHILIPS

1675?-1749

The flowers, anew, returning seasons bring!

But beauty faded has no second spring

The First Pastoral, Lobbin, 1 55

Timely blossom, infant fair,

Fondling of a happy pair,

Every morn, and every night,

Their solicitous delight,

Sleeping, waking, still at ease,

Pleasing without skill to please

Little gossip, blithe and hale,

Tattling many a broken tale

To Mistress Charlotte Pulteney, 1 1

JOHN PHILIPS

1676-1709

Happy the man, who, void of cares and strife,

In silken or in leathern purse retains

A Splendid Shilling *The Splendid Shilling, 1 1.*

STEPHEN PHILLIPS

1864-1915

I am deaf with praises, and all dazed with flowers

Herod, 1 1

A man not old, but mellow, like good wine

Ulysses, III 11

WENDELL PHILLIPS

1811-1884

One, on God's side, is a majority

Speeches (1880), Lecture at Brooklyn, N Y.

1 Nov 1859.

Every man meets his Waterloo at last

Ib

Revolutions never go backward

Ib. Address at Boston 17 Feb 1861

We live under a government of men and morning
newspapers *Address The Press*

EDEN PHILLPOTTS

1862—

His father's sister had bats in the belfry and was put
away *Peacock House My First Murder*

SIR ARTHUR WING PINERO

1855—1934

What beautiful fruit! I love fruit when it's expensive
The Second Mrs Tanqueray, Act 1

WILLIAM PITT, EARL OF CHATHAM

1708—1778

The atrocious crime of being a young man . I
shall neither attempt to palliate nor deny
Speeches H of C, 27 Jan 1741

I rejoice that America has resisted Three millions
of people, so dead to all the feelings of liberty, as
voluntarily to submit to be slaves, would have
been fit instruments to make slaves of the rest
Ib 14 Jan 1766

I cannot give them my confidence, pardon me,
gentlemen, confidence is a plant of slow growth
in an aged bosom youth is the season of credulity
Ib

Unlimited power is apt to corrupt the minds of those
who possess it

Ib House of Lords, 9 Jan 1770

There is something behind the throne greater than
the King himself *Ib 2 March 1770*

We have a Calvinistic creed, a Popish liturgy, and
an Arminian clergy *Ib 19 May 1772*

If I were an American, as I am an Englishman, while
a foreign troop was landed in my country, I never
would lay down my arms,—never—never—never!
Ib 18 Nov 1777

I invoke the genius of the Constitution! *Ib*

The poorest man may in his cottage bid defiance to
all the forces of the Crown It may be frail—its
roof may shake—the wind may blow through it—
the storm may enter—the rain may enter—but the
King of England cannot enter—all his force dares
not cross the threshold of the ruined tenement!

*Ib Date unknown Brougham's Statesmen
in the Time of George III, First Series*

Our watchword is security *Attr*

It was a saying of Lord Chatham, that the parks were
the lungs of London

*Wilham Windham, in a Speech in House of
Commons, 30 June 1808*

WILLIAM PITT

1759—1806

Necessity is the plea for every infringement of human
freedom It is the argument of tyrants, it is the
creed of slaves.

Speeches, H of C, 18 Nov 1783

Roll up that map, it will not be wanted these ten
years [On a map of Europe, after hearing the
news of the Battle of Austerlitz]

*Stanhope's Life of the Rt Hon William Pitt,
1862, vol 1v, p 369*

England has saved herself by her exertions and
Europe by her example

Ib At the Guildhall, 1805

Oh, my country! how I love my country [*Attr last
words*] *Ib p 382*

Oh, my country! how I leave my country! [*Attr last
words*] *Ib 1879, vol 111, p 391*

My country! oh, my country! [*Attr last words*]
G Rose, Diary, 23 Jan 1806

I think I could eat one of Bellamy's veal pies
Alternative attributed last words

JAMES ROBINSON PLANCHÉ

1796—1880

Ching-a-ring-a-ring-chung! Feast of lanterns!
What a crop of chop-sticks, honges and gongs!
Hundred thousand Chinese crinkum-crankums,
Hung among the bells and ding-dongs!

The Drama at Home, or An Evening With Puff

It would have made a cat laugh
*Extravaganzas (1879), The Queen of the Frogs,
1 iv*

JOSEPH MARY PLUNKETT

1887—1916

I see His blood upon the rose
And in the stars the glory of His eyes
Poems (1916), 'I See His Blood'

EDGAR ALLAN POE

1809—1849

This maiden she lived with no other thought
Than to love and be loved by me. *Annabel Lee*

I was a child and she was a child,
In this kingdom by the sea,
But we loved with a love which was more than love—
I and my Annabel Lee,
With a love that the winged seraphs of heaven
Coveted her and me *Ib*

The beautiful Annabel Lee *Ib.*
In the sepulchre there by the sea,
In her tomb by the sounding sea *Ib*

The fever call'd 'Living'
Is conquer'd at last *For Anne.*

Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the tintinabulation that so musically wells
From the bells, bells, bells, bells *The Bells*, l 9.

They are neither man nor woman—
They are neither brute nor human,
They are Ghouls *Ib*, l 86

Vastness! and Age! and Memories of Eld!
Silence! and Desolation! and dim Night!
The Coliseum, l 10.

While the angels, all pallid and wan,
Uprising, unveiling, affirm
That the play is the tragedy, 'Man',
And its hero the Conqueror Worm
The Conqueror Worm, l 39.

All that we see or seem
Is but a dream within a dream
A Dream within a Dream, l 10

Helen, thy beauty is to me
Like those Nicean barks of yore,
That gently, o'er a perfumed sea,
The weary, wayworn wanderer bore
To his own native shore.

On desperate seas long wont to roam,
Thy hyacinth hair, thy classic face,
Thy Naiad airs have brought me home
To the glory that was Greece
And the grandeur that was Rome *To Helen*, l 1

If I could dwell where Israfil
Hath dwelt, and he where I,—
He might not sing so wildly well
A mortal melody,
While a bolder note than his might swell
From my lyre within the sky *Israfil*

And, Guy de Vere, hast *thou* no tear?—weep now or
nevermore! *Lenore*, l 3

Peccavi, but rave not thus! and let a Sabbath song
Go up to God so solemnly the dead may feel no
wrong *Ib* l 13

And all my days are trances,
And all my nightly dreams
Are where thy grey eye glances,
And where thy footstep gleams—
In what ethereal dances,
By what eternal streams *To One in Paradise*, l 21

Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered,
weak and weary,
Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten
lore,
While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came
a tapping,
As of some one gently rapping *The Raven*, l

Sorrow for the lost Lenore—
For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels
name Lenore—
Nameless here for evermore *Ib* 11

Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood there
wondering, fearing,
Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortal ever dared to
dream before *Ib* v

Ghastly grim and ancient raven wandering from the
Nightly shore—
Tell me what thy lordly name is on the Night's
Plutonian shore! *Ib* viii

'Prophet!' said I, 'thing of evil—prophet still, if bird
or devil!

By that heaven that bends above us—by that God
we both adore' *Ib* xvi

Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form
from off my door!
Quoth the Raven, 'Nevermore' *Ib* xvii

The skies they were ashen and sober;
The leaves they were crisped and sere—
The leaves they were withering and sere,
It was night in the lonesome October
Of my most immemorial year *Ulalume*, l 1

Here once, through an alley Titanic,
Of cypress, I roamed with my Soul—
Of cypress, with Psyche, my Soul *Ib* l 10.

JOHN POMFRET

1667-1703

We live and learn, but not the wiser grow
Reason, l 112.

JOHN POOLE

1786?-1872

I hope I don't intrude? *Paul Pry*, l 11.

ALEXANDER POPE

1786?-1872

To wake the soul by tender strokes of art,
To raise the genius, and to mend the heart,
To make mankind in conscious virtue bold,
Live o'er each scene, and be what they behold.
For this the Tragic Muse first trod the stage
Prologue to Addison's Cato, l 1.

A brave man struggling in the storms of fate,
And greatly falling, with a falling State.
While Cato gives his little senate laws,
What bosom beats not in his country's cause?
Ib l 21

Ye gods! annihilate but space and time,
And make two lovers happy
The Art of Sinking in Poetry, ch 11.

And thou Dalhousy, the great God of War,
Lieutenant-Colonel to the Earl of Mar *Ib*

Poetic Justice, with her lifted scale,
Where, in nice balance, truth with gold she weighs,
And solid pudding against empty praise
The Dunciad, bk 1, l 52

Now night descending, the proud scene was o'er,
But liv'd in Settle's numbers one day more *Ib* l 89

Or where the pictures for the page atone,
And Quarles is sav'd by beauties not his own
Ib l 139

And gentle dullness ever loves a joke *Ib* bk 11, l 34.

Earless on high, stood unabash'd De Foe *Ib* l 147.

Another, yet the same. *Ib* bk iii, l 40.

Lo, where Maeotis sleeps, and hardly flows
The freezing Tanais thro' a waste of snows. *Ib* l 87

Peel'd, patch'd, and piebald, linsey-wolsey brothers,
Grave mummings! sleeveless some, and shirtless
others *Ib* l 115

All crowd, who foremost shall be damn'd to fame
Ib l 158

Some free from rhyme or reason, rule or check,
Break Priscian's head, and Pegasus's neck
Ib l 161

So sweetly mawkish, and so smoothly dull
Ib l 171

May you, my Cam and Isis, preach it long!
The Right Divine of Kings to govern wrong
Ib bk iv, l 187

Stretch'd on the rack of a too easy chair *Ib* l 341

She comes! she comes! the sable Throne behold
Of Night primæval, and of Chaos old!
Before her, Fancy's gilded clouds decay,
And all its varying rain-bows die away *Ib* l 629

See skulking Truth to her old cavern fled,
Mountains of Casuistry heap'd o'er her head!
Philosophy, that lean'd on Heav'n before,
Shrinks to her second cause, and is no more
Physic of Metaphysic begs defence,
And Metaphysic calls for aid on Sense!
See Mystery to Mathematics fly!
In vain! they gaze, turn giddy, rave, and die
Religion blushing veils her sacred fires,
And unawares Morality expires
Nor public flame, nor private, dares to shine,
Nor human spark is left, nor glimpse divine!
Lo! thy dread empire, Chaos! is restor'd,
Light dies before thy uncreating word,
Thy hand, great Anarch! lets the curtain fall,
And universal darkness buries all *Ib* l 641.

Vital spark of heav'nly flame!
Quit, oh quit this mortal frame
Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, flying,
Oh the pain, the bliss of dying!
The Dying Christian to his Soul

Tell me, my soul, can this be death? *Ib*

What beck'ning ghost, along the moon-light shade
Invites my steps, and points to yonder glade?
Elegy to the Memory of an Unfortunate Lady,
l 1

Is it, in heav'n, a crime to love too well? *Ib* l 6

Is there no bright reversion in the sky,
For those who greatly think, or bravely die?
Ib l 9

Ambition first sprung from your bless'd abodes,
The glorious fault of angels and of gods *Ib* l 13

By foreign hands thy dying eyes were closed,
By foreign hands thy decent limbs composed,
By foreign hands thy humble grave adorned,
By strangers honoured, and by strangers mourn'd!
Ib l 51

Yet shall thy grave with rising flow'rs be dressed,
And the green turf lie lightly on thy breast
Ib l 63.

So peaceful rests, without a stone, a name,
What once had beauty, titles, wealth, and fame
How loved, how honoured once, avails thee not,
To whom related, or by whom beloved,
A heap of dust alone remains of thee,
'Tis all thou art, and all the proud shall be!
Ib l 69

Line after line my gushing eyes o'erflow,
Led through a sad variety of woe
Now warm in love, now with'ring in my bloom,
Lost in a convent's solitary gloom!
Eloisa to Abelard, l 35

No, make me mistress to the man I love
If there be yet another name more free
More fond than mistress, make me that to thee!
Ib l 8

How happy is the blameless vestal's lot!
The world forgetting, by the world forgot
Ib l 207

One thought of thee puts all the pomp to flight,
Priests, tapers, temples, swim before my sight
Ib l 273.

See my lips tremble, and my eye-balls roll,
Suck my last breath, and catch my flying soul!
Ib l 323.

Teach me at once, and learn of me to die
Ib l 328.

You beat your pate, and fancy wit will come.
Knock as you please, there's nobody at home
Epigrams An Empty House.

Has she no faults then (Envy says), Sir?
Yes, she has one, I must aver,
When all the world conspires to praise her,
The woman's deaf, and does not hear
Ib On a Certain Lady at Court.

I am his Highness' dog at Kew,
Pray tell me, sir, whose dog are you?
*Ib On the Collar of a Dog which I gave to
his Royal Highness*

Here rests a woman, good without pretence.
Epitaphs On Mrs Corbet

Heav'n, as its purest gold, by tortures tried;
The saint sustain'd it, but the woman died *Ib.*

Whether thou choose Cervantes' serious air,
Or laugh and shake in Rab'lais' easy chair,
Or in the graver gown instruct mankind,
Or, silent, let thy morals tell thy mind
Ib To Swift 22 Oct 1727.

In wit a man, simplicity a child *Ib On Gay*

Form'd to delight at once and lash the age. *Ib. l. 4*
Nature and Nature's laws lay hid in night
God said, *Let Newton be!* and all was light
Ib. Intended for Sir Isaac Newton.

Prais'd, wept,
And honour'd by the Muse he lov'd
*Epitaph on James Craggs in
Westminster Abbey.*

Ten censure wrong for one who writes amiss,
A fool might once himself alone expose,
Now one in verse makes many more in prose
'Tis with our judgments as our watches, none
Go just alike, yet each believes his own

Essay on Criticism, l 6

Let such teach others who themselves excel,
And censure freely who have written well

Ib l 15

Some are bewildered in the maze of schools,
And some made coxcombs nature meant but fools

Ib l 26

A little learning is a dang'rous thing,
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring
There shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,
And drinking largely sobers us again

Ib l 215

Hills peep o'er hills, and Alps on Alps arise!

Ib l 232

'Tis not a lip, or eye, we beauty call,
But the joint force and full result of all

Ib l 245

Poets, like painters, thus unskilled to trace
The naked nature, and the living grace,
With gold and jewels cover ev'ry part,
And hide with ornaments their want of art

Ib l 293

True wit is nature to advantage dressed,
What oft was thought, but ne'er so well expressed

Ib l 297

Such laboured nothings, in so strange a style,
Amaze th' unlearn'd, and make the learned smile

Ib l 326

Be not the first by whom the new are tried,
Nor yet the last to lay the old aside

Ib l 335

As some to church repair,
Not for the doctrine, but the music there
These equal syllables alone require,
Tho' oft the ear the open vowels tire,
While expletives their feeble aid do join,
And ten low words oft creep in one dull line

Ib l 342

Where'er you find 'the cooling western breeze',
In the next line, it 'whispers through the trees',
If crystal streams 'with pleasing murmurs creep',
The reader's threatened, not in vain, with 'sleep',
Then, at the last and only couplet fraught
With some unmeaning thing they call a thought,
A needless Alexandrine ends the song,
That, like a wounded snake, drags its slow length
along

Ib l 350

True ease in writing comes from art, not chance,
As those move easiest who have learned to dance
'Tis not enough no harshness gives offence,
The sound must seem an echo to the sense
Soft is the strain when zephyr gently blows,
And the smooth stream in smoother numbers flows,
But when loud surges lash the sounding shore,
The hoarse, rough verse should like the torrent roar
When Ajax strives some rock's vast weight to throw,
The line too labours, and the words move slow
Not so, when swift Camilla scours the plain,
Flies o'er th' unbending corn, and skims along the
main

Ib l 362

Yet let not each gay turn thy rapture move;
For fools admire, but men of sense approve.

Ib l. 390.

What woeful stuff this madrigal would be,
In some starved hackney sonneteer, or me!
But let a lord once own the happy lines,
How the wit brightens, how the style refines

Ib l 418

Some praise at morning what they blame at night,
But always think the last opinion right. *Ib* l 430
To err is human, to forgive, divine *Ib* l 525
The bookful blockhead, ignorantly read,
With loads of learned lumber in his head *Ib* l 612
For fools rush in where angels fear to tread *Ib* l 625

Still pleased to teach, and yet not proud to know

Ib l 632

Awake, my St John! leave all meaner things
To low ambition, and the pride of kings
Let us, since life can little more supply
Than just to look about us and to die,
Expatiate free o'er all this scene of man,
A mighty maze! but not without a plan

An Essay on Man Epistle 1, l 1

Eye Nature's walks, shoot folly as it flies,
And catch the manners living as they rise
Laugh where we must, be candid where we can,
But vindicate the ways of God to man
Say first, of God above or man below,
What can we reason but from what we know?

Ib l 13

Observe how system into system runs,
What other planets circle other suns *Ib* l 25
Who sees with equal eye, as God of all,
A hero perish, or a sparrow fall,
Atoms or systems into ruin hurled,
And now a bubble burst, and now a world

Ib l 87

Hope springs eternal in the human breast,
Man never is, but always to be blessed
The soul, uneasy, and confined from home,
Rests and expatiates in a life to come
Lo, the poor Indian! whose untutored mind
Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind,
His soul proud science never taught to stray
Far as the solar walk or milky way,
Yet simple nature to his hope has giv'n,
Behind the cloud-topped hill, an humbler heav'n

Ib l 95

But thinks, admitted to that equal sky,
His faithful dog shall bear him company *Ib* l 111
In pride, in reason's pride, our error lies,
All quit their sphere and rush into the skies!
Pride still is aiming at the bless'd abodes,
Men would be angels, angels would be gods
Aspiring to be gods if angels fell,
Aspiring to be angels men rebel

Ib l 123

The first Almighty Cause
Acts not by partial, but by gen'ral laws *Ib* l 145
Why has not man a microscopic eye?
For this plain reason, man is not a fly *Ib* l 193
Die of a rose in aromatic pain? *Ib* l 200.

The spider's touch how exquisitely fine!
Feels at each thread, and lives along the line *Ib* l 217.

Is there a parson, much bemused in beer,
A maudlin poetess, a rhyming peer,
A clerk, foredoomed his father's soul to cross,
Who pens a stanza, when he should engross?

Ib 1 15

Fired that the house reject him, "Sdeath I'll print it,
And shame the fools"

Ib 1 61

Destroy his fib or sophistry—in vain!

The creature's at his dirty work again

Ib 1 91

As yet a child, nor yet a fool to fame,

I lisp'd in numbers, for the numbers came

Ib 1 127

This long disease, my life

Ib 1 132

Pretty! in amber to observe the forms

Of hairs, or straws, or dirt, or grubs, or worms!

The things we know are neither rich nor rare,

But wonder how the devil they got there.

Ib 1. 169

And he, whose fustian's so sublimely bad,

It is not poetry, but prose run mad

Ib 1 187

Were there one whose fires

True genius kindles, and fair fame inspires,

Blest with each talent, and each art to please,

And born to write, converse, and live with ease

Should such a man, too fond to rule alone,

Bear, like the Turk, no brother near the throne,

View him with scornful, yet with jealous eyes,

And hate for arts that caused himself to rise,

Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer,

And, without sneering, teach the rest to sneer,

Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,

Just hunt a fault, and hesitate dislike

Alike reserv'd to blame, or to commend,

A timorous foe, and a suspicious friend,

Dreading e'en fools, by flatterers besieged,

And so obliging, that he ne'er oblig'd,

Like Cato, give his little senate laws,

And sit attentive to his own applause,

While wits and Templars every sentence raise,

And wonder with a foolish face of praise—

Who but must laugh, if such a man there be?

Who would not weep, if Atticus were he!

[Addison]

Ib 1 193

Let Sporus tremble—A What? that thing of silk,

Sporus, that mere white curd of ass's milk?

Satire or sense, alas! can Sporus feel?

Who breaks a butterfly upon a wheel?

Ib 1 305

This painted child of dirt, that stinks and stings

Ib 1 310

So well-bred spaniels civilly delight

In mumbling of the game they dare not bite

Eternal smiles his emptiness betray,

As shallow streams run dimpling all the way

Ib 1 313

Wit that can creep, and pride that licks the dust

Ib 1. 333

That not in fancy's maze he wandered long,

But stooped to truth, and moralised his song.

Ib 1 340

Unlearned, he knew no schoolman's subtle art,

No language, but the language of the heart

By nature honest, by experience wise,

Healthy by temperance, and by exercise.

Ib 1 398

There St John mingles with my friendly bowl

The feast of reason and the flow of soul

Ib 1 *Hor* II, *Sat* 1. *To Mr Fortescue*, 1 127

For I, who hold sage Homer's rule the best,

Welcome the coming, speed the going guest

Ib II *Hor* II, *Sat* 2. *To Mr Bethel*, 1 159.

In life's cool evening satiate of applause

Ib III *Hor* I, *Ep* 1 *To Lord Bolingbroke*, 1 9

Not to go back, is somewhat to advance,

And men must walk at least before they dance.

Ib 1 53

Get place and wealth—if possible with grace;

If not, by any means, get wealth and place

Ib 1 103.

The worst of madmen is a saint run mad

Ib IV *Hor* I, *Ep* 6 *To Mr Murray*, 1 27.

Shakespeare (whom you and every play-house bill

Style the divine, the matchless, what you will)

For gain, not glory, winged his roving flight,

And grew immortal in his own despite

Ib V *Hor*. II, *Ep* 1. *To Augustus*, 1 69

Who now reads Cowley? if he pleases yet,

His moral pleasures, not his pointed wit,

Forgot his epic, nay Pindaric art,

But still I love the language of his heart

Ib 1 75

The people's voice is odd,

It is, and it is not, the voice of God.

Ib 1 89.

In quibbles, angel and archangel join,

And God the Father turns a school-divine

[*On Paradise Lost*] *Ib* 1 101

The mob of gentlemen who wrote with ease

Ib 1 108

Waller was smooth, but Dryden taught to join

The varying verse, the full-resounding line,

The long majestic march and energy divine

Ib 1 267

Ev'n copious Dryden wanted, or forgot,

The last and greatest art, the art to blot

Ib 1 280

There still remains to mortify a wit,

The many-headed monster of the pit

Ib 1 304

Let humble Allen, with an awkward shame,

Do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame

Ib *Epilogue*, *Dial* 1, 1 136

Argyll, the state's whole thunder born to wield,

And shake alike the senate and the field

Ib *Dial* II, 1 86.

Ask you what provocation I have had?

The strong antipathy of good to bad

Ib 1 197

Yes, I am proud, I must be proud to see

Men not afraid of God, afraid of me

Ib 1 208

Vain was the chief's, the sage's pride!

They had no poet, and they died

Imitations of Horace, Odes, IV ix iv

Bathos, the art of sinking in Poetry

Miscellaneous. Title

Happy the man whose wish and care

A few paternal acres bound,

Content to breathe his native air,

In his own ground

Ode on Solitude

And the touched needle trembles to the pole
Temple of Fame, 1 431

Father of all! in ev'ry age,
 In ev'ry clime adored,
 By saint, by savage, and by sage,
 Jehovah, Jove, or Lord!

Thou Great First Cause, least understood!
 Who all my sense confined
 To know but this, that thou art good,
 And that myself am blind
The Universal Prayer

What conscience dictates to be done,
 Or warns me not to do,
 Thus teach me more than hell to shun,
 That, more than heav'n pursue *Ib*

Teach me to feel another's woe,
 To hide the fault I see,
 That mercy I to others show,
 That mercy show to me *Ib*

Oft, as in airy rings they skim the heath,
 The clam'rous lapwings feel the leaden death
 Oft, as the mounting larks their notes prepare,
 They fall, and leave their little lives in air
Windsor Forest, 1 131

This is the Jew
 That Shakspeare drew
Of Macklin's performance of Shylock, 14 Feb
 1741 Baker, Reed, & Jones, *Biographia*
Dramatica (1812), vol 1, pt 11, p 469

Party-spirit, which at best is but the madness of
 many for the gain of a few
Letters To E Blount, 27 Aug 1714

'Blessed is the man who expects nothing, for he shall
 never be disappointed', was the ninth beattitude
 which a man of wit (who, like a man of wit, was a
 long time in gaol) added to the eighth
Ib To Fortescue, 23 Sept 1725

How often are we to die before we go quite off this
 stage? In every friend we lose a part of ourselves,
 and the best part *Ib To Swift*, 5 Dec 1732

To endeavour to work upon the vulgar with fine
 sense, is like attempting to hew blocks with a
 razor. *Thoughts on Various Subjects*

When men grow virtuous in their old age, they only
 make a sacrifice to God of the devil's leavings *Ib*

Not to admire, is all the art I know
 To make men happy, and to keep them so
Trans of Horace, Epistles, 1 vi

WALTER POPE

1630-1714

If I live to be old, for I find I go down,
 Let this be my fate in a country town,
 May I have a warm house with a stone at the gate,
 And a cleanly young girl to rub my bald pate
 May I govern my passion with an absolute sway,
 And grow wiser and better as my strength wears
 away,
 Without gout or stone, by a gentle decay
The Old Man's Wish H Playford, *Theater*
of Musick, 1685, bk 1, p 50

RICHARD PORSON

1759-1808

When Dido found Æneas would not come,
 She mourn'd in silence, and was Di-do-dum
Epigram On Latin Gerunds J S Watson,
Life of Porson (1861), p 418

'Madoc will be read,—when Homer and Virgil are
 forgotten.' [To Southey]
Rogers, Table Talk, p. 330

He sometimes draws out the thread of his verbosity
 finer than the staple of his argument
 [Of Gibbon's *Decline and Fall*] *Letters to*
Travis, 1790, preface, p xxiv

I went to Frankfort, and got drunk
 With that most learn'd professor, Brunck,
 I went to Worts, and got more drunken
 With that more learn'd professor, Ruhnken
Facetiae Cantabrigienses, 1825

BEILBY PORTEUS

1731-1808

In sober state,
 Through the sequester'd vale of rural life,
 The venerable Patriarch guileless held
 The tenor of his way *Death*, 1 108

One murder made a villain,
 Millions a hero. *Ib* 1 155

War its thousands slays, Peace its ten thousands
Ib 1 179

Teach him how to live,
 And, oh! still harder lesson! how to die *Ib* 1 319

WILLIAM SYDNEY PORTER

see O HENRY

FRANCIS POTT

1832-1909

The strife is o'er, the battle done,
 Now is the Victor's triumph won,
 O let the song of praise be sung Alleluia!
The Strife is O'er Hymns fitted to the Order
of Common Prayer (1861), tr. of Latin, *Finita*
Iam Sunt Proelia

HENRY CODMAN POTTER

1835-1908

We have exchanged the Washingtonian dignity for
 the Jeffersonian simplicity, which in due time
 came to be only another name for the Jacksonian
 vulgarity
Address, Washington Centennial, 30 Apr 1889

SIR JOHN POWELL

1645-1713

Let us consider the reason of the case For nothing
 is law that is not reason
Coggs v Bernard, 2 Lord Raymond, 911

a WINTHROP MACKWORTH PRAED MATTHEW PRIOR b
WINTHROP MACKWORTH
PRAED
1790?-1869
SIR JAMES PRIOR

1802-1839
I think that nought is worth a thought,
And I'm a fool for thinking
The Chart of the Brazen Head

My own Araminta, say 'No!
A Letter of Advice

A happy boy, at Drury's
School and Schoolfellows.

Just Eton boys grown heavy *Ib*
Of science and logic he chatters,
As fine and as fast as he can,
Though I am no judge of such matters,
I'm sure he's a talented man
The Talented Man

Whate'er the stranger's caste or creed,
Pundit or Papist, saint or sinner,
He found a stable for his steed,
And welcome for himself, and dinner
The Vicar

If he departed as he came,
With no new light on love or liquor,—
Good sooth, the traveller was to blame,
And not the Vicarage, nor the Vicar *Ib*

His talk was like a stream, which runs
With rapid change from rocks to roses
It slipped from politics to puns,
It passed from Mahomet to Moses;
Beginning with the laws which keep
The planets in their radiant courses,
And ending with some precept deep
For dressing eels, or shoeing horses *Ib*

The Baptist found him far too deep,
The Deist sighed with saving sorrow,
And the lean Levite went to sleep,
And dreamed of tasting pork to-morrow *Ib*

For all who understood admired,
And some who did not understand them *Ib*

CHARLES PRATT,
EARL CAMDEN

1714-1794

The British Parliament has no right to tax the Americans
Taxation and representation are inseparably united
God hath joined them, no British Parliament can put them asunder
To endeavour to do so is to stab our very vitals
Speech, House of Lords, 1765

ARCHIBALD PHILIP
PRIMROSE,
EARL OF ROSEBERY

1847-1929
See ROSEBERY

Mr. Cruger at the conclusion of one of Mr. Burke's eloquent harangues, finding nothing to add, or perhaps as he thought to add with effect, exclaimed earnestly, in the language of the counting-house, 'I say ditto to Mr Burke—I say ditto to Mr Burke'
Life of Burke, ch 5

MATTHEW PRIOR

1664-1721

He's half absolv'd who has confess'd.
Alma, c 11, l 22

Dear Cloe, how blubber'd is that pretty face!
A Better Answer [to Cloe Jealous]

Odds life! must one swear to the truth of a song? *Ib*
I court others in verse but I love thee in prose:
And they have my whimsies, but thou hast my heart *Ib*

Serene yet strong, majestic yet sedate,
Swift without violence, without terror great.
Carmen Seculare, l. 282

The song too daring, and the theme too great!
Ib l. 308

She may receive and own my flame,
For tho' the strictest prudes should know it,
She'll pass for a most virtuous Dame,
And I for an unhappy poet
To a Child of Quality Five Years Old.

That I shall be past making love,
When she begins to comprehend it. *Ib.*

Be to her virtues very kind,
Be to her faults a little blind,
Let all her ways be unconfin'd,
And clap your padlock—on her mind.
An English Padlock, l 79.

To John I ow'd great obligation;
But John, unhappily, thought fit
To publish it to all the nation.
Sure John and I are more than quit. *Epigram*

Nobles and heralds, by your leave,
Here lies what once was Matthew Prior;
The son of Adam and of Eve,
Can Bourbon or Nassau go higher? *Epitaph.*

Without love, hatred, joy, or fear,
They led—a kind of—as it were
Nor wish'd, nor car'd, nor laugh'd, nor cried
And so they liv'd, and so they died
An Epitaph, l 59

All jargon of the schools
On Exod. iii. 14 I am that I am. An Ode, l 65

And oft the pangs of absence to remove
By letters, soft interpreters of love
Henry and Emma, l 147

No longer shall the bodice, aptly lac'd
From thy full bosom to thy slender waist,
That air and harmony of shape express,
Fine by degrees, and beautifully less *Ib l 427.*

From ignorance our comfort flows,
The only wretched are the wise

To the Hon C Montague, 1 35

For the idiom of words very little she heeded,
Provided the matter she drove at succeeded,
She took and gave languages just as she needed
Imy the Just

Her religion so well with her learning did suit
That in practice sincere, and in controverse mute,
She shewed she knew better to live than dispute. *Ib*

Venus, take my votive glass,
Since I am not what I was,
What from this day I shall be,
Venus, let me never see

The Lady who Offers her Looking-Glass to Venus

My noble, lovely, little Peggy
A Letter to the Honourable Lady Miss Margaret Cavendish-Holles-Harley

The merchant, to secure his treasure,
Conveys it in a borrowed name
Euphelia serves to grace my measure,
But Chloe is my real flame
An Ode, 'The Merchant to Secure his Treasure'

They never taste who always drink,
They always talk, who never think
Upon this Passage in the Scaligeriana

He rang'd his tropes, and preach'd up patience,
Back'd his opinion with quotations
Paulo Purganti and his Wife, 1 138

Entire and sure the monarch's rule must prove,
Who founds her greatness on her subjects' love
Prologue Spoken on Her Majesty's Birthday, 1704, 1 17

Cur'd yesterday of my disease,
I died last night of my physician
The Remedy Worse than the Disease

Abra was ready ere I call'd her name,
And, though I call'd another, Abra came
Solomon, bk 11, 1 362

What is a King?—a man condemn'd to bear
The public burden of the nation's care
Ib bk 111, 1 275

Now fitted the halter, now travers'd the cart,
And often took leave but was loth to depart
The Thief and the Cordelier, v

I never strove to rule the roast,
She ne'er refus'd to pledge my toast
Turtle and Sparrow, 1 334

A Rechabite poor Will must live,
And drink of Adam's ale
The Wandering Pilgrim, 111

ADELAIDE ANN PROCTER

1825-1864

I do not ask, Oh Lord, that life may be
A pleasant road
A Chaplet of Verses Per Pacem ad Lucem

Joy is like restless day, but peace divine

Like quiet night

Lead me, Oh Lord—till perfect Day shall shine,
Through Peace to Light *Ib*

Seated one day at the organ,
I was weary and ill at ease,
And my fingers wander'd idly
Over the noisy keys
Legends and Lyrics A Lost Chord

But I struck one chord of music,
Like the sound of a great Amen *Ib*

It may be that only in Heaven
I shall hear that grand Amen *Ib*

Rise! for the day is passing,
And you lie dreaming on,
The others have buckled their armour,
And forth to the fight are gone
A place in the ranks awaits you,
Each man has some part to play,
The Past and the Future are nothing,
In the face of the stern To-day *Ib Now*

BRYAN WALLER PROCTER

See BARRY CORNWALL

FATHER PROUT (FRANCIS SYLVESTER MAHONY)

1804-1866

With deep affection,
And recollection,
I often think of
Those Shandon bells *The Bells of Shandon*

'Tis the bells of Shandon,
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters
Of the River Lee *Ib*

WILLIAM JEFFREY PROWSE

1836-1870

Though the latitude's rather uncertain,
And the longitude also is vague,
The persons I pity who know not the city,
The beautiful city of Prague *The City of Prague.*

WILLIAM PULTENEY, EARL OF BATH

1684-1764

Since twelve honest men have decided the cause,
And were judges of fact, tho' not judges of laws
The Honest Jury, 111 In The Craftsman, 1731, vol 5, 337 Refers to Sir Philip Yorke's unsuccessful prosecution of The Craftsman (1729)

ISRAEL PUTNAM

1718-1790

Men, you are all marksmen—don't one of you fire
until you see the whites of their eyes

*Bunker Hill, 1775 Frothingham, History of
the Siege of Boston (1873), ch 5, note*

FRANCIS QUARLES

1592-1644

The heart is a small thing, but desirèth great matters
It is not sufficient for a kite's dinner, yet the whole
world is not sufficient for it

Emblems, bk. 1, No 12 Hugo de Amma

We spend our midday sweat, our midnight oil,
We tire the night in thought, the day in toil

Ib bk 11, No 2, l 33

Be wisely worldly, be not worldly wise. *Ib l 46.*

Man is Heaven's masterpiece *Ib No 6, Epig. 6.*

The road to resolution lies by doubt

The next way home's the farthest way about

Ib bk 1v, No 2, Epig. 2.

My soul, sit thou a patient looker-on,
Judge not the play before the play is done
Her plot hath many changes, every day
Speaks a new scene, the last act crowns the play

Epigram Respice Finem.

No man is born unto himself alone,
Who lives unto himself, he lives to none

Ether, Sect 1, Medit 1

He that had no cross deserves no crown

Ib Sect 9, Medit 9

He teaches to deny that faintly prays

A Feast for Worms, Sect 7, Medit 7, l 2

Man is man's A B C There is none that can
Read God aright, unless he first spell Man

Hieroglyphics, 1, l 1

He that begins to live, begins to die

Ib 1, Epig 1

Physicians of all men are most happy, what good
success soever they have, the world proclaimeth,
and what faults they commit, the earth covereth

Ib 1v Nicocles

Come then, my brethren, and be glad,
And eke rejoice with me.

Lawn sleeves and rochets shall go down,

And heyl then up go we!

*The Shepherd's Oracles Eglogue xi, Song of
Anarchus, 1*

We'll cry both arts and learning down,

And heyl then up go we!

Ib 1v.

ARTHUR QUILLER-COUCH

1863-

Know you her secret none can utter?
Hers of the Book, the tripled Crown?

Poems Alma Mater

Once, my dear—but the world was young then. *Ib*

Yet if at last, not less her lover,
You in your hansom leave the High,
Down from her towers a ray shall hover—

Touch you, a passer-by!

Ib.

O pastoral heart of England! like a psalm
Of green days telling with a quiet beat

Ib Ode Upon Eckington Bridge

Turns in her sleep, and murmurs of the Spring. *Ib.*

JOSIAH QUINCY

1772-1864

As it will be the right of all, so it will be the duty of
some, definitely to prepare for a separation,
amicably if they can, violently if they must.

*Abridgment of Debates of Congress, 14 Jan
1811, vol 1v, p 327*

THOMAS RAINBOROWE

-1648

The poorest he that is in England hath a life to live
as the greatest he Peacock, *Life of Rainborowe.*

SIR WALTER RALEIGH

1552?-1618

Go, Soul, the body's guest,
Upon a thankless arrant

Fear not to touch the best;

The truth shall be thy warrant:

Go, since I needs must die,

And give the world the lie

The Lie, 1.

If all the world and love were young,
And truth in every shepherd's tongue,
These pretty pleasures might me move
To live with thee, and be thy love

*The Nymph's Reply to the [Passionate]
Shepherd*

Give me my scallop-shell of quiet,

My staff of faith to walk upon,

My scrip of joy, immortal diet,

My bottle of salvation,

My gown of glory, hope's true gage,

And thus I'll take my pilgrimage

The Passionate Man's Pilgrimage

As you came from the holy land

Of Walsingham,

Met you not with my true love

By the way as you came?

How shall I know your true love,

That have met many a one

As I went to the holy land,

That have come, that have gone? *Walsingham*

Fain would I climb, yet fear I to fall.

Line Written on a Window-Pane. Queen

Elizabeth wrote under it 'If thy heart fails
these, climb not at all' Fuller, *Worthies*
(1840), 1, 419

Even such is time, which takes in trust

Our youth, our joys, and all we have,

And pays us but with age and dust,

Who in the dark and silent grave,

a

SIR WALTER RALEIGH : SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS

b

When we have wandered all our ways,
Shuts up the story of our days
And from which earth, and grave, and dust,
The Lord shall raise me up, I trust
*Written the night before his death Found in his
Bible in the Gate-house at Westminster*

O eloquent, just, and mighty Death! whom none
could advise, thou hast persuaded, what none
hath dared, thou hast done, and whom all the
world hath flattered, thou only hast cast out of
the world and despised thou hast drawn together
all the far-stretched greatness, all the pride,
cruelty, and ambition of man, and covered it all
over with these two narrow words, *Hic jacet*
A History of the World, bk v, ch vi, § 12

[Feeling the edge of the axe before his execution]
'Tis a sharp remedy, but a sure one for all ills
Hume, *History of Great Britain* (1754), vol 1,
ch iv, p. 72

[When asked which way he preferred to lay his head
on the block]
So the heart be right, it is no matter which way the
head lies

W Stebbing, *Sir Walter Raleigh*, ch xxx

SIR WALTER A RALEIGH

1861-1922

I wish I loved the Human Race,
I wish I loved its silly face,
I wish I liked the way it walks,
I wish I liked the way it talks,
And when I'm introduced to one
I wish I thought *What jolly Fun!*
Lounger from a Cloud (1923), p 228 *Wishes
of an Elderly Man*

JULIAN RALPH

1853-1903

News value
*Lecture to Brander Matthews' English Class,
Columbia, 1892 'Thomas Beer's Mauve Decade*

ALLAN RAMSAY

1686-1758

Farewell to Lochaber, and farewell my Jean
Works (1851), II, *Lochaber No More*

JAMES RYDER RANDALL

1839-1908

'The despot's heel is on thy shore,
Maryland!
His torch is at thy temple door,
Maryland!
Avenge the patriotic gore
That flecked the streets of Baltimore,
And be the battle-queen of yore,
Maryland, my Maryland!
Maryland! My Maryland, 1

THOMAS RAVENSCROFT

1592?-1635?

We be three poor mariners
Newly come from the seas
Deuteromelia, 1609
Oxford Song Book, vol II

WALTER RAYMOND

1852-

Right as rain *Love and Quiet Life*, ch 10

THOMAS BUCHANAN READ

1822-1872

The terrible grumble, and rumble, and roar,
Telling the battle was on once more,
And Sheridan twenty miles away
Sheridan's Ride, 1

EBEN REXFORD

Darling, I am growing old,
Silver threads among the gold
Shine upon my brow to-day,
Life is fading fast away
Silver Threads among the Gold

FREDERIC REYNOLDS

1765-1841

How goes the enemy? [Said by Mr Ennui, 'the
time-killer'] *The Dramatist*, 1 1

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS

1723-1792

If you have great talents, industry will improve
them if you have but moderate abilities, industry
will supply their deficiency
Discourse to Students of the Royal Academy,
11 Dec 1769

A mere copier of nature can never produce anything
great *Ib 14 Dec 1770*

He who resolves never to ransack any mind but his
own, will be soon reduced, from mere barrenness,
to the poorest of all imitations, he will be obliged
to imitate himself, and to repeat what he has
before often repeated *Ib 10 Dec 1774*

I should desire that the last words which I should
pronounce in this Academy, and from this place,
might be the name of—Michael Angelo
Ib 10 Dec 1790

He [Dr Johnson] has no formal preparation, no
flourishing with his sword, he is through your
body in an instant
Boswell's Johnson (ed 1934), vol II, p 365,
18 Apr. 1775

WALTER REYNOLDS

(DE REYNEL or REGINALD)

d 1327

Vox Populi, vox Dei

The voice of the people, the voice of God
Text of Sermon when Edward III ascended the throne, 1 Feb 1327 Walsingham, Historia Anglicana (ed 1863), 1, 186

CECIL JOHN RHODES

1853-1902

So little done, so much to do

Last words L Mitchell, Life, vol 11, ch 39

WILLIAM BARNES RHODES

1772-1826

'Who dares this pair of boots displace,
 Must meet Bombastes face to face'

Thus do I challenge all the human race

Bombastes Furioso, sc 1v

BOMBASTES

So have I heard on Afric's burning shore,

A hungry lion give a grievous roar,

The grievous roar echo'd along the shore

KING

So have I heard on Afric's burning shore

Another lion give a grievous roar,

And the first lion thought the last a bore

Ib

GRANTLAND RICE

1880-

For when the One Great Scorer comes

To write against your name,

He marks—not that you won or lost—

But how you played the game

Alumnus Football

SIR STEPHEN RICE

1637-1715

Sir Stephen Rice having been often heard to
 say, before he was a judge, that he will drive a

coach and six horses through the Act of Settlement

W King, State of the Protestants of Ireland,

1672, ch 3, § 3, par 6

GEORGE RIDDING,
BISHOP OF SOUTHWELL

1828-1904

I feel a feeling which I feel you all feel

*Sermon in the London Mission of 1885**G W E Russell's Collections and Recollections*, ch 29

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

1852-1916

An' the gobble-uns 'll git you

Ef you don't watch out!

Poems Little Orphant Anne

SIR BOYLE ROCHE

1743-1807

Mr Speaker, I smell a rat, I see him forming in the
 air and darkening the sky, but I'll nip him in the
 bud

*Attr*JOHN WILMOT,
EARL OF ROCHESTER

1647-1680

Since 'tis Nature's law to change,

Constancy alone is strange

Works (1926), *A Dialogue between Strephon and Daphne*, l 31

The best good man, with the worst-natur'd muse

To Lord Buckhurst

An age in her embraces past,

Ib The Mistress

Nothing! thou elder brother ev'n to shade

Ib Upon Nothing

A merry monarch, scandalous and poor

Ib A Satire on King Charles II for which he was Banished from the Court, l 19

Reason, an ignis fatuus of the mind

Ib A Satire Against Mankind, l 11

Then Old Age, and Experience, hand in hand,

Lead him to Death, and make him understand,

After a search so painful, and so long,

That all his life he has been in the wrong

Huddled in dirt the reasoning engine lies,

Who was so proud, so witty and so wise

Ib l 25.

For all men would be cowards if they durst

Ib l 158.

Here lies a great and mighty king

Whose promise none relies on,

He never said a foolish thing,

Nor ever did a wise one

The King's Epitaph An alternative version of
 the first line is *Here lies our sovereign lord the*
King For Charles II's answer, see p 87.

E W ROGERS

Ev'ry member of the force

Has a watch and chain, of course,

If you want to know the time,

Ask a P'liceman!

Ask A P'liceman

Hi-tiddley-hi-ti

Title of song

ROBERT CAMERON ROGERS

1862-1912

The hours I spent with thee, dear heart,

Are as a string of pearls to me,

I count them over, every one apart,

My rosary

The Rosary.

SAMUEL ROGERS

1763-1855

'Think nothing done while aught remains to do

Human Life, l 49.

But there are moments which he calls his own,
Then, never less alone than when alone,
Those whom he loved so long and sees no more,
Loved and still loves—not dead—but gone before,
He gathers round him *Ib.* 1 755

By many a temple half as old as Time
Italy. A Farewell, II 5

Go—you may call it madness, folly,
You shall not chase my gloom away
There's such a charm in melancholy,
I would not, if I could, be gay *To —, 1814*

Mine be a cot beside the hill,
A bee-hive's hum shall soothe my ear,
A willow brook, that turns a mill,
With many a fall shall linger near. *A Wish*

Sheridan was listened to with such attention that
you might have heard a pin drop *Table Talk*

Ward has no heart, they say, but I deny it,—
He has a heart, and gets his speeches by it
Ib. Epigram upon Lord Dudley

JAMES ROLMAZ

'Where did you get that hat?
Where did you get that tile?
Isn't it a nobby one, and just the proper style?
I should like to have one just the same as that'
Where'er I go they shout, 'Hello!
Where did you get that hat?'
Where Did You Get That Hat?

FRANKLIN DELANO ROOSEVELT

1882—

I pledge you—I pledge myself—to a new deal for
the American people
Speech at Convention, Chicago, 2 July 1932
(New York Times, 3 July, sect. 1, p. 8, col. 7)
E. K. Lindley, *The Roosevelt Revolution*,
ch. 1

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

1858–1919

I wish to preach, not the doctrine of ignoble ease,
but the doctrine of the strenuous life
Speech, Hamilton Club, Chicago, 10 Apr. 1899

Speak softly and carry a big stick
Ib. Minnesota State Fair, 2 Sept. 1901

The first requisite of a good citizen in this Republic
of ours is that he shall be able and willing to pull
his weight. *Ib. New York, 11 Nov. 1902*

A man who is good enough to shed his blood for
the country is good enough to be given a square
deal afterwards. More than that no man is entitled
to, and less than that no man shall have
Ib. At the Lincoln Monument, Springfield
(Illinois), 4 June 1903

The men with the muck-rakes are often indispensable
to the well-being of society, but only if they know
when to stop raking the muck

Ib. At the laying of the Corner-stone of the
Office Building of House of Representatives,
14 Apr. 1906.

There can be no fifty-fifty Americanism in this
country. There is room here for only 100 per cent
Americanism, only for those who are Americans
and nothing else

Ib. Republican Convention, Saratoga

No man is justified in doing evil on the ground of
expediency

The Strenuous Life, Essays Latitude and
Longitude among Reformers

We demand that big business give the people a
square deal, in return we must insist that when
any one engaged in big business honestly en-
deavors to do right he shall himself be given a
square deal *Autobiography, 1913, p. 615*

Hyphenated Americans.
Metropolitan Magazine, Oct. 1915, p. 7

ARCHIBALD PHILIP PRIMROSE, EARL OF ROSEBERY

1847–1929

It is beginning to be hinted that we are a nation of
amateurs.

Rectorial Address, Glasgow, 16 Nov. 1900

I must plough my furrow alone
Speech, City of London Liberal Club, 19 July
1901.

What is the advice I have to offer you? The first is
this—that you have to clean your slate [To the
Liberal Party] *Ib. Chesterfield, 16 Dec. 1901.*

ALEXANDER ROSS

1699–1784

Marri'd an' woo'd an' a',
Marri'd an' woo'd an' a',
The dandilly toss! of the parish,
Is marri'd and woo'd an' a'.
I=toast

The Fortunate Shepherdess (1768), p. 139

CHRISTINA GEORGINA ROSSETTI

1830–1894

My heart is like a singing bird
Whose nest is in a watered shoot,
My heart is like an apple-tree
Whose boughs are bent with thickest fruit,
My heart is like a rainbow shell
That paddles in a halycon sea,
My heart is gladder than all these
Because my love is come to me *A Birthday*
Because the birthday of my life
Is come, my love is come to me *Ib.*

Whose speech Truth knows not from her thought
Nor Love her body from her soul. *Ib*

This is that blessed Mary, pre-elect
God's Virgin *Mary's Girlhood*

Thou fill'st from the winged chalice of the soul
Thy lamp, O Memory, fire-winged to its goal

Mnemosyne
Amid the bitterness of things occult
For Our Lady of the Rocks

And your own footsteps meeting you,
And all things going as they came *The Portrait, III*

Yearned loud the iron-bosomed sea *Ib x*

Like tombs of pilgrims that have died
About the Holy Sepulchre. *Ib xii*

(O Mother, Mary Mother,
Three days to-day, between Hell and Heaven!)
Sister Helen

Unto the man of yearning thought
And aspiration, to do nothing
Is in itself almost an act *Soothsay, x*

I have been here before,
But when or how I cannot tell.
I know the grass beyond the door,
The sweet keen smell,
The sighing sound, the lights around the shore
Sudden Light, 1

Heavenborn Helen, Sparta's queen,
(O Troy Town!)

Had two breasts of heavenly sheen,
The sun and moon of the heart's desire
Troy Town, 1

The sea hath no king but God alone
The White Ship, 1 6.

From perfect grief there need not be
Wisdom or even memory
One thing then learnt remains to me,—
The woodspurge has a cup of three
The Woodspurge

'I saw the Sibyl at Cumæ'
(One said) 'with mine own eye
She hung in a cage, and read her rune
'To all the passers-by
Said the boys, 'What wouldst thou, Sibyl?'
She answered, "I would die"
Fragments The Sibyl

Was it a friend or foe that spread these lies?
Nay, who but infants question in such wise?
'Twas one of my most intimate enemies. *Fragment*

MARTIN JOSEPH ROUTH

1755-1854

You will find it a very good practice always to verify
your references, sir!

Burgon, *Memoir of Dr Routh Quarterly Review*, July 1878, vol. cxlvi.

NICHOLAS ROWE

1674-1718

That false Lothario! *The Fair Penitent, II 1*

To be good is to be happy *Ib. III 1*

The evening of my age. *Ib IV 1*

I feel the pangs of disappointed love *Ib*

Is this that haughty, gallant, gay Lothario? *Ib V 1*

Like Helen, in the night when Troy was sack'd,
Spectatress of the mischief which she made *Ib*

Death is the privilege of human nature,
And life without it were not worth our taking *Ib*

Had I but early known
Thy wond'rous worth, thou excellent young man,
We had been happier both *Ib*

With rough, majestic force he mov'd the heart,
With strength and nature made amends for art
[Shakespeare] *Jane Shore, prologue*

If I boast of aught,
Be it, to have been Heaven's happy instrument,
The means of good to all my fellow-creatures,
This is a King's best praise.

Tamerlane, II 11

Death is parting,
'Tis the last sad adieu 'twixt soul and body *Ib*

Think on the sacred dictates of thy faith,
And let that arm thy virtue, to perform
What Cato's daughter durst not,—live Aspasia,
And dare to be unhappy *Ib IV 1*

MATTHEW ROYDON

fl 1580-1622

A sweet attractive kind of grace,
A full assurance given by looks,
Continual comfort in a face,
The lineaments of Gospel books;
I trow that countenance cannot lie,
Whose thoughts are legible in the eye
An Elegy, or Friend's Passion, for his Astrophill
(i.e. Sir Philip Sidney), xviii.

Was never eye, did see that face,
Was never ear, did hear that tongue,
Was never mind, did mind his grace,
That ever thought the travel long—
But eyes, and ears, and ev'ry thought,
Were with his sweet perfections caught *Ib xix*

JOHN RUSKIN

1819-1900

You know there are a great many odd styles of
architecture about, you don't want to do anything
ridiculous, you hear of me, among others, as a
respectable architectural man-milliner, and you
send for me, that I may tell you the leading fashion
The Crown of Wild Olive, § 53, lecture II
Traffic

Thackeray settled like a meat-fly on whatever one
had got for dinner, and made one sick of it.
Fors Clavigera, letter xxxi

[On Whistler's 'Nocturne in Black and Gold']
I have seen, and heard, much of Cockney impudence
before now, but never expected to hear a coxcomb
ask two hundred guineas for flinging a pot of paint
in the public's face
Ib letter lxxix, 18 June 1877

No person who is not a great sculptor or painter can be an architect If he is not a sculptor or painter, he can only be a builder

Lectures on Architecture and Painting, § 61, Addenda

There is nothing in sea-description, detailed, like Dickens' storm at the death of Ham, in 'David Copperfield'

Modern Painters (1888), vol 1, pt. II, p 425, note.

What is poetry? The suggestion, by the imagination, of noble grounds for the noble emotions

Ib vol III

Mountains are the beginning and the end of all natural scenery

Ib vol IV, pt V, ch 20, § 1

That mysterious forest below London Bridge

Ib vol V, pt IX, ch 9, § 7

Its symmetry be as of thunder answering from two horizons [A sentence of Johnson]

Praetoria, I. XII *Rosslyn Chapel*, § 251

There was a rocky valley between Buxton and Bakewell, . . . divine as the vale of Tempe, you might have seen the gods there morning and evening,—Apollo and the sweet Muses of the Light You enterprised a railroad, . . . you blasted its rocks away And now, every fool in Buxton can be at Bakewell in half-an-hour, and every fool in Bakewell at Buxton

Ib, III IV *Joanna's Cave*, § 84 note

All books are divisible into two classes the books of the hour, and the books of all time

Sesame and Lilies, Lect 1 *Of Kings' Treasures*, § 8

But whether thus submissively or not, at least be sure that you go to the author to get at his meaning, not to find yours

Ib § 13

Which of us . . . is to do the hard and dirty work for the rest—and for what pay? Who is to do the pleasant and clean work, and for what pay?

Ib § 30, note

What do we, as a nation, care about books? How much do you think we spend altogether on our libraries, public or private, as compared with what we spend on our horses?

Ib § 32

How long most people would look at the best book before they would give the price of a large turbot for it!

Ib

We call ourselves a rich nation, and we are filthy and foolish enough to thumb each other's books out of circulating libraries!

Ib

Will you not covet such power as this, and seek such throne as this, and be no more housewives, but queens?

Ib Lect II *Of Queens' Gardens*, § 87

There is no putting by that crown, queens you must always be, queens to your lovers, queens to your husbands and your sons, queens of higher mystery to the world beyond But, alas! you are too often idle and careless queens, grasping at majesty in the least things, while you abdicate it in the greatest

Ib § 90

I believe the right question to ask, respecting all ornament, is simply this Was it done with enjoyment—was the carver happy while he was about it?

Ib ch 5 *The Lamp of Life*

Better the rudest work that tells a story or records a fact, than the richest without meaning There should not be a single ornament put upon great civic buildings, without some intellectual intention

The Seven Lamps of Architecture, ch 6 *The Lamp of Memory*, § 7

When we build, let us think that we build for ever.

Ib § 10

Remember that the most beautiful things in the world are the most useless, peacocks and lilies for instance

The Stones of Venice, vol 1, ch 2, § 17

The purest and most thoughtful minds are those which love colour the most

Ib vol II, ch 5, § 30

All things are literally better, lovelier, and more beloved for the imperfections which have been divinely appointed, that the law of human life may be Effort, and the law of human judgment, Mercy

Ib ch VI, § 25

Fine art is that in which the hand, the head, and the heart of man go together

The Two Paths, lecture II

Not only is there but one way of doing things rightly, but there is only one way of seeing them, and that is, seeing the whole of them

Ib

Nobody cares much at heart about Titian, only there is a strange undercurrent of everlasting murmur about his name, which means the deep consent of all great men that he is greater than they

Ib

No human being, however great, or powerful, was ever so free as a fish

Ib lect V

Labour without joy is base Labour without sorrow is base Sorrow without labour is base Joy without labour is base

Time and Tide, letter V

Your honesty is *not* to be based either on religion or policy Both your religion and policy must be based on it Your honesty must be based, as the sun is, in vacant heaven, poised, as the lights in the firmament, which have rule over the day and over the night

Ib letter VIII

To make your children *capable of honesty* is the beginning of education

Ib

I hold it for indisputable, that the first duty of a State is to see that every child born therein shall be well housed, clothed, fed, and educated, till it attain years of discretion But in order to the effecting this the Government must have an authority over the people of which we now do not so much as dream

Ib letter XIII.

It ought to be quite as natural and straightforward a matter for a labourer to take his pension from his parish, because he has deserved well of his parish, as for a man in higher rank to take his pension from his country, because he has deserved well of his country

Unto this Last, preface, § 6 (4)

Soldiers of the ploughshare as well as soldiers of the sword

Unto this Last, Essay III, § 54

a

LORD JOHN RUSSELL : EPES SARGENT

b

Government and co-operation are in all things the laws of life, anarchy and competition the laws of death *Ib*

Whereas it has long been known and declared that the poor have no right to the property of the rich, I wish it also to be known and declared that the rich have no right to the property of the poor *Ib*

There is no wealth but life *Ib* Essay iv, § 77

Trust thou thy Love if she be proud, is she not sweet?

Trust thou thy Love if she be mute, is she not pure?

Lay thou thy soul full in her hands, low at her feet,—
Fail, Sun and Breath!—yet, for thy peace, she shall endure *Trust Thou Thy Love*

LORD JOHN RUSSELL

1792-1878

If peace cannot be maintained with honour, it is no longer peace

Speech Greenock, 19 Sept 1853 The Times, 21 Sept 1853

Among the defects of the Bill, which were numerous, one provision was conspicuous by its presence and another by its absence

Speech to the electors of the City of London, April 1859

WILLIAM HOWARD RUSSELL

1820-1907

[The Russians] dash on towards that thin red line tipped with steel

The British Expedition to the Crimea, 1877, p 156

CHARLES SACKVILLE

See EARL OF DORSET

JOHN L. ST. JOHN

Archibald—certainly not!

Title of song‘SAKI’
(HECTOR HUGH MUNRO)

1870-1916

The cook was a good cook, as cooks go, and as cooks go she went

Reginald Reginald on Besetting Sins

The Western custom of one wife and hardly any mistresses

Reginald in Russia A Young Turkish Catastrophe

But, good gracious, you've got to educate him first
You can't expect a boy to be deprived until he's been to a good school *Ib The Baker's Dozen*

He's simply got the instinct for being unhappy highly developed

Chronicles of Clovis The Match-Maker

Oysters are more beautiful than any religion. . . .

There's nothing in Christianity or Buddhism that quite matches the sympathetic unselfishness of an oyster *Ib*

‘The man is a common murderer’

‘A common murderer, possibly, but a very uncommon cook’

Beasts and Super-Beasts The Blind Spot

When she inveighed eloquently against the evils of capitalism at drawing-room meetings and Fabian conferences she was conscious of a comfortable feeling that the system, with all its inequalities and iniquities, would probably last her time. It is one of the consolations of middle-aged reformers that the good they inculcate must live after them if it is to live at all

Ib The Byzantine Omelette

Waldo is one of those people who would be enormously improved by death

Ib The Feast of Nemesis

Children with Hyacinth's temperament don't know better as they grow older, they merely know more

The Toys of Peace Hyacinth

LORD SALISBURY

See ROBERT ARTHUR CECIL, MARQUIS OF SALISBURY

IRA DAVID SANKEY

1840-1908

God be with you till we meet again!

Sacred Songs, No 298 God Be With You

Light in the darkness, sailor, day is at hand!
See o'er the foaming billows fair Heaven's land
Drear was the voyage, sailor, now almost o'er,
Safe within the lifeboat, sailor, pull for the shore
Pull for the shore, sailor, pull for the shore!
Heed not the rolling waves, but bend to the oar

Ib The Life Boat

Is there room for Mary there?

Yes, there's room, yes, there's room,

Room in the beautiful heavenly land

Ib Room Among the Angels

Shall we gather at the river?

Yes, we'll gather at the river,

The beautiful, the beautiful river,

Gather with the saints at the river,

That flows by the throne of God

Ib No 1000 Shall We Gather

In the sweet by-and-by,

We shall meet on that beautiful shore

Ib Sweet By-and-By

That will be glory for me

Ib That Will Be Heaven For Me

EPES SARGENT

1813-1880

A life on the ocean wave,

A home on the rolling deep

A Life on the Ocean Wave,

No person who is not a great sculptor or painter can be an architect. If he is not a sculptor or painter, he can only be a *builder*.

Lectures on Architecture and Painting, § 61, Addenda

There is nothing in sea-description, detailed, like Dickens' storm at the death of Ham, in 'David Copperfield'.

Modern Painters (1888), vol. 1, pt. II, p. 425, note

What is poetry? The suggestion, by the imagination, of noble grounds for the noble emotions.

Ib vol. III

Mountains are the beginning and the end of all natural scenery.

Ib vol. IV, pt. V, ch. 20, § 1

That mysterious forest below London Bridge

Ib vol. V, pt. IX, ch. 9, § 7

Its symmetry be as of thunder answering from two horizons. [A sentence of Johnson]

Praeterita, I. XII *Rosslyn Chapel*, § 251

There was a rocky valley between Buxton and Bakewell, . . . divine as the vale of Tempe, you might have seen the gods there morning and evening,—Apollo and the sweet Muses of the Light. You enterprised a railroad, . . . you blasted its rocks away. And now, every fool in Buxton can be at Bakewell in half-an-hour, and every fool in Bakewell at Buxton.

Ib, III. IV *Joanna's Cave*, § 84 note

All books are divisible into two classes: the books of the hour, and the books of all time.

Sesame and Lilies, Lect. 1 *Of Kings' Treasures*, § 8

But whether thus submissively or not, at least be sure that you go to the author to get at *his* meaning, not to find yours.

Ib § 13

Which of us . . . is to do the hard and dirty work for the rest—and for what pay? Who is to do the pleasant and clean work, and for what pay?

Ib § 30, note

What do we, as a nation, care about books? How much do you think we spend altogether on our libraries, public or private, as compared with what we spend on our horses?

Ib § 32

How long most people would look at the best book before they would give the price of a large turbot for it!

Ib

We call ourselves a rich nation, and we are filthy and foolish enough to thumb each other's books out of circulating libraries!

Ib

Will you not covet such power as this, and seek such throne as this, and be no more housewives, but queens?

Ib Lect. II *Of Queens' Gardens*, § 87

There is no putting by that crown, queens you must always be, queens to your lovers, queens to your husbands and your sons, queens of higher mystery to the world beyond. But, alas! you are too often idle and careless queens, grasping at majesty in the least things, while you abdicate it in the greatest.

Ib § 90

I believe the right question to ask, respecting all ornament, is simply this: Was it done with enjoyment—was the carver happy while he was about it?

Ib ch. 5 *The Lamp of Life*

Better the rudest work that tells a story or records a fact, than the richest without meaning. There should not be a single ornament put upon great civic buildings, without some intellectual intention.

The Seven Lamps of Architecture, ch. 6 *The Lamp of Memory*, § 7

When we build, let us think that we build for ever.

Ib § 10.

Remember that the most beautiful things in the world are the most useless, peacocks and lilies for instance.

The Stones of Venice, vol. 1, ch. 2, § 17.

The purest and most thoughtful minds are those which love colour the most.

Ib vol. II, ch. 5, § 30

All things are literally better, lovelier, and more beloved for the imperfections which have been divinely appointed, that the law of human life may be Effort, and the law of human judgment, Mercy.

Ib ch. VI, § 25

Fine art is that in which the hand, the head, and the heart of man go together.

The Two Paths, lecture II

Not only is there but one way of *doing* things rightly, but there is only one way of *seeing* them, and that is, seeing the whole of them.

Ib

Nobody cares much at heart about Titian, only there is a strange undercurrent of everlasting murmur about his name, which means the deep consent of all great men that he is greater than they.

Ib

No human being, however great, or powerful, was ever so free as a fish.

Ib lect. V

Labour without joy is base. Labour without sorrow is base. Sorrow without labour is base. Joy without labour is base.

Time and Tide, letter V

Your honesty is *not* to be based either on religion or policy. Both your religion and policy must be based on *it*. Your honesty must be based, as the sun is, in vacant heaven, poised, as the lights in the firmament, which have rule over the day and over the night.

Ib letter VIII

To make your children *capable of honesty* is the beginning of education.

Ib

I hold it for indisputable, that the first duty of a State is to see that every child born therein shall be well housed, clothed, fed, and educated, till it attain years of discretion. But in order to the effecting this the Government must have an authority over the people of which we now do not so much as dream.

Ib letter XIII.

It ought to be quite as natural and straightforward a matter for a labourer to take his pension from his parish, because he has deserved well of his parish, as for a man in higher rank to take his pension from his country, because he has deserved well of his country.

Unto this Last, preface, § 6 (4)

Soldiers of the ploughshare as well as soldiers of the sword.

Unto this Last, Essay III, § 54

Government and co-operation are in all things the laws of life, anarchy and competition the laws of death *Ib*

Whereas it has long been known and declared that the poor have no right to the property of the rich, I wish it also to be known and declared that the rich have no right to the property of the poor *Ib*

There is no wealth but life *Ib* Essay iv, § 77

Trust thou thy Love if she be proud, is she not sweet?

Trust thou thy Love if she be mute, is she not pure?

Lay thou thy soul full in her hands, low at her feet,—
Fail, Sun and Breath!—yet, for thy peace, she shall endure *Trust Thou Thy Love*

LORD JOHN RUSSELL

1792-1878

If peace cannot be maintained with honour, it is no longer peace

Speech Greenock, 19 Sept 1853 The Times, 21 Sept 1853

Among the defects of the Bill, which were numerous, one provision was conspicuous by its presence and another by its absence

Speech to the electors of the City of London, April 1859

WILLIAM HOWARD RUSSELL

1820-1907

[The Russians] dash on towards that thin red line tipped with steel

The British Expedition to the Crimea, 1877, p 156

CHARLES SACKVILLE

See EARL OF DORSET

JOHN L. ST. JOHN

Archibald—certainly not!

Title of song

‘SAKI’

(HECTOR HUGH MUNRO)

1870-1916

The cook was a good cook, as cooks go, and as cooks go she went

Reginald Reginald on Besetting Sins

The Western custom of one wife and hardly any mistresses

Reginald in Russia A Young Turkish Catastrophe

But, good gracious, you’ve got to educate him first
You can’t expect a boy to be depraved until he’s been to a good school *Ib The Baker’s Dozen*

He’s simply got the instinct for being unhappy highly developed

Chronicles of Clovis The Match-Maker

Oysters are more beautiful than any religion . .

There’s nothing in Christianity or Buddhism that quite matches the sympathetic unselfishness of an oyster *Ib*

‘The man is a common murderer’

‘A common murderer, possibly, but a very uncommon cook’

Beasts and Super-Beasts The Blind Spot

When she inveighed eloquently against the evils of capitalism at drawing-room meetings and Fabian conferences she was conscious of a comfortable feeling that the system, with all its inequalities and iniquities, would probably last her time It is one of the consolations of middle-aged reformers that the good they inculcate must live after them if it is to live at all

Ib The Byzantine Omelette

Waldo is one of those people who would be enormously improved by death

Ib The Feast of Nemesis

Children with Hyacinth’s temperament don’t know better as they grow older, they merely know more

The Toys of Peace Hyacinth

LORD SALISBURY

See ROBERT ARTHUR CECIL, MARQUIS OF SALISBURY

IRA DAVID SANKEY

1840-1908

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See o’er the foaming billows fair Heaven’s land

Drear w is the voyage, sailor, now almost o’er,

Safe within the lifeboat, sailor, pull for the shore

Pull for the shore, sailor, pull for the shore!

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Is there room for Mary there?

Yes, there’s room, yes, there’s room,

Room in the beautiful heavenly land

Ib Room Among the Angels

Shall we gather at the river?

Yes, we’ll gather at the river,

The beautiful, the beautiful river,

Gather with the saints at the river,

That flows by the throne of God

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In the sweet by-and-by,

We shall meet on that beautiful shore

Ib Sweet By-and-By

That will be glory for me

Ib That Will Be Heaven For Me

EPES SARGENT

1813-1880

A life on the ocean wave,

A home on the rolling deep

A Life on the Ocean Wave.

- a SIEGFRIED SASOON SIR WALTER SCOTT b
- SIEGFRIED SASOON
- contemp*
- Everyone suddenly burst out singing *Everyone Sang*
- The song was wordless,
The singing will never be done *Ib*
- RICHARD SAVAGE
- d. 1743*
- No tenth transmitter of a foolish face.
The Bastard, l. 8
- Perhaps been poorly rich, and meanly great,
The slave of pomp, a cipher in the state *Ib l 39*
- May see thee now, though late, redeem thy name,
And glorify what else is damn'd to fame
Character of the Rev James Foster, l 45
- HENRY J. SAYERS
- Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay. *Title of song*
- GEORGE SAVILE,
MARQUIS OF HALIFAX
- See HALIFAX*
- SIR WALTER SCOTT
- 1771-1832
- To the Lords of Convention 'twas Claver'se who spoke,
'Ere the King's crown shall fall there are crowns to be broke,
So let each cavalier who loves honour and me,
Come follow the bonnet of Bonnie Dundee
Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can,
Come saddle your horses, and call up your men,
Come open the West Port, and let me gang free,
And it's room for the bonnets of Bonny Dundee!"
Bonnie Dundee (The Doom of Devorgoil, Act II, sc ii)
- But answer came there none
Bridal of Triermain, c iii x
- The stag at eve had drunk his fill,
Where danced the moon on Monan's rill,
And deep his midnight lair had made
In lone Glenartney's hazel shade
The Lady of the Lake, c i i
- A moment gazed adown the dale,
A moment snuff'd the tainted gale *Ib ii*
- Two dogs of black Saint Hubert's breed,
Unmatchd for courage, breath, and speed *Ib vii*
- Woe worth the chase, woe worth the day,
That costs thy life, my gallant grey! *Ib ix*
- In listening mood, she seem'd to stand,
The guardian Naiad of the strand *Ib xvii*
- And ne'er did Grecian chisel trace
A Nymph, a Naiad, or a Grace
Of finer form, or lovelier face!
What though the sun, with ardent frown,
Had slightly tinged her cheek with brown *Ib xviii*
- The will to do, the soul to dare. *Ib xxi.*
- His ready speech flow'd fair and free,
In phrase of gentlest courtesy,
Yet seem'd that tone, and gesture bland,
Less used to sue than to command *Ib.*
- Soldier, rest! thy warfare o'er,
Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking,
Dream of battled fields no more,
Days of danger, nights of waking *Ib xxxi*
- Huntsman, rest! thy chase is done *Ib xxxii*
- Hail to the Chief who in triumph advances!
Ib xix
- Speed, Malise, speed! the dun deer's hide
On fleeter foot was never tied *Ib c iii xiii*
- Like the dew on the mountain,
Like the foam on the river,
Like the bubble on the fountain,
Thou art gone, and for ever! *Ib xvi*
- Which spills the foremost foeman's life,
That party conquers in the strife! *Ib c iv vi*
- 'These are Clan Alpine's warriors true,
And, Saxon,—I am Roderick Dhu!' *Ib c v ix*
- 'Come one, come all! this rock shall fly
From its firm base as soon as I.' *Ib x*
- Respect was mingled with surprise,
And the stern joy which warriors feel
In foemen worthy of their steel. *Ib*
- Where, where was Roderick then?
One blast upon his bugle-horn
Were worth a thousand men! *Ib c. vi. xviii.*
- The way was long, the wind was cold,
The Minstrel was infirm and old,
His wither'd cheek and tresses grey,
Seem'd to have known a better day.
The harp, his sole remaining joy,
Was carried by an orphan boy
The last of all the Bards was he,
Who sung of Border chivalry,
For, welladay! their date was fled,
His tuneful brethren all were dead,
And he, neglected and oppress'd,
Wish'd to be with them, and at rest
The Lay of the Last Minstrel, introd l i
- The unpremeditated lay *Ib l 18*
- Old times were changed, old manners gone,
A stranger fill'd the Stuarts' throne,
The bigots of the iron time
Had call'd his harmless art a crime *Ib l 19.*
- Nine-and-twenty knights of fame
Hung their shields in Branksome hall,
Nine-and-twenty squires of name
Brought them their steeds to bower from stall,
Nine-and-twenty yeomen tall
Waited, devout, on them all
They were all knights of mettle true,
Kinsmen to the bold Buccleuch *Ib c i iii*
- They carv'd at the meal
With gloves of steel,
And they drank the red wine through the helmet barr'd *Ib iv.*
- Such is the custom of Branksome Hall *Ib vii.*

Vengeance, deep-brooding o'er the slain,
Had lock'd the source of softer woe,
And burning pride and high disdain
Forbade the rising tear to flow

The Lay of the Last Minstrel, c 1 ix

To her bidding she could bow

The viewless forms of air *Ib xii*

What shall be the maiden's fate?

Who shall be the maiden's mate? *Ib xvi*

Steady of heart, and stout of hand *Ib xxi*

Sir William of Deloraine, good at need *Ib xxii*

Yet, through good heart, and Oure Ladye's grace,

At length he gain'd the landing-place *Ib xxix*

If thou would'st view fair Melrose aright,

Go visit it by the pale moonlight,

For the gay beams of lightsome day

Gild, but to flout, the ruins grey *Ib c 11 i*

Strange sounds along the chancel pass'd,

The banners wav'd without a blast *Ib xvi*

Yet somewhat was he chill'd with dread,

And his hair did bristle upon his head *Ib*

I cannot tell how the truth may be,

I say the tale as 'twas said to me *Ib xxii*

In peace, Love tunes the shepherd's reed,

In war, he mounts the warrior's steed,

In halls, in gay attire is seen,

In hamlets, dances on the green

Love rules the court, the camp, the grove,

And men below, and saints above,

For love is heaven, and heaven is love *Ib c 111 ii*

And laugh'd, and shouted, 'Lost! lost! lost!'

Ib xiii

Why, when the volleying musket play'd

Against the bloody Highland blade,

Why was not I beside him laid!

Enough, he died the death of fame,

Enough, he died with conquering Graeme

Ib c 14 ii

For ne'er

Was flattery lost on poet's ear

A simple race! they waste their toil

For the vain tribute of a smile *Ib conclusion*

Call it not vain, they do not err,

Who say, that when the Poet dies,

Mute Nature mourns her worshipper,

And celebrates his obsequies *Ib c v i*

The secret sympathy,

The silver link, the silken tie,

Which heart to heart, and mind to mind,

In body and in soul can bind *Ib c v xiii*

Breathes there the man, with soul so dead,

Who never to himself hath said,

This is my own, my native land!

Whose heart hath ne'er within him burn'd,

As home his footsteps he hath turn'd

From wandering on a foreign strand!

If such there breathe, go, mark him well,

For him no Minstrel raptures swell,

High though his titles, proud his name,

Boundless his wealth as wish can claim,

Despite those titles, power, and pelf,

The wretch, concentred all in self,

Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust, from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonour'd, and unsung

O Caledonia! stern and wild,

Meet nurse for a poetic child!

Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,

Land of the mountain and the flood,

Land of my sires! what mortal hand

Can e'er untie the filial band

That knits me to thy rugged strand! *Ib c vi 1-11*

For Love will still be lord of all *Ib xi*

The elvish page fell to the ground,

And, shuddering, mutter'd, 'Found! found! found!'

Ib xxiv

That day of wrath, that dreadful day,

When heaven and earth shall pass away *Ib xxxi*

The dew that on the violet lies

Mocks the dark lustre of thine eyes.

The Lord of the Isles, c 1 iii

To show the form it seem'd to hide. *Ib v*

Thus, then, my noble foe I greet;

Health and high fortune till we meet,

And then—what pleases Heaven *Ib c 111 vi*

Scenes sung by him who sings no more!

His bright and brief career is o'er,

And mute his tuneless strains. *Ib c 14 xi*

O! many a shaft, at random sent,

Finds mark the archer little meant!

And many a word, at random spoken,

May soothe or wound a heart that's broken!

Ib c v, xviii.

To that dark inn, the grave! *Ib c vi, xxvi*

O hush thee, my baby, thy sire was a knight,

Thy mother a lady, both lovely and bright

Lullaby of an Infant Chief

Then hush thee, my darling, take rest while you may,

For strife comes with manhood, and waking with day *Ib*

O lovers' eyes are sharp to see,

And lovers' ears in hearing *The Maid of Neidpath.*

Till through her wasted hand, at night,

You saw the taper burning. *Ib*

November's sky is chill and drear,

November's leaf is red and sear.

Marmon, c 1, introd 1

To him, as to the burning levin,

Short, bright, resistless course was given *Ib vi*

Had'st thou but liv'd, though stripp'd of power,

A watchman on the lonely tower [On Pitt] *Ib viii*

Now is the stately column broke,

The beacon-light is quench'd in smoke,

The trumpet's silver sound is still,

The warder silent on the hill! [On Pitt] *Ib*

Drop upon Fox's grave the tear,

'Twill trickle to his rival's bier,

O'er Pitt's the mournful requiem sound,

And Fox's shall the notes rebound *Ib xi*

But search the land of living men,
Where wilt thou find their like agen?
Marmion, c 1, introd xi

Profan'd the God-given strength, and marr'd the
lofty line *Ib* xvi

His square-turn'd joints, and strength of limb,
Show'd him no carpet knight so trim,
But in close fight a champion grim,
In camps a leader sage *Ib* c i v

Stout heart, and open hand! *Ib* x

And come he slow, or come he fast,
It is but Death who comes at last *Ib* c ii xxx

When Prussia hurried to the field,
And snatch'd the spear, but left the shield!
Ib c iii, introd l 63

Where shall the lover rest,
Whom the fates sever
From his true maiden's breast,
Parted for ever?

Where, through groves deep and high,
Sounds the far billow,
Where early violets die,
Under the willow *Ib* c iii x

In the lost battle,
Borne down by the flying,
Where mingles war's rattle
With groans of the dying *Ib* xi

Still is thy name in high account,
And still thy verse has charms,
Sir David Lindesay of the Mount,
Lord Lion King-at-arms! *Ib* c iv vii

O, young Lochinvar is come out of the west,
Through all the wide Border his steed was the best
Ib c v, xii

So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,
There never was knight like the young Lochinvar *Ib*

For a leggard in love, and a dastard in war,
Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar *Ib*

'O come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,
Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar?'
Ib

'To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine'
Ib

With a smile on her lips, and a tear in her eye *Ib*

'Now tread we a measure!' said young Lochinvar.
Ib

'She is won! we are gone, over bank, bush, and
scour,
They'll have fleet steeds that follow' quoth young
Lochinvar *Ib*

Heap on more wood!—the wind is chill,
But let it whistle as it will,
We'll keep our Christmas merry still
Ib c vi, introd 1

England was merry England, when
Old Christmas brought his sports again,
'Twas Christmas broach'd the mightiest ale,
'Twas Christmas told the merriest tale,
A Christmas gambol oft could cheer
The poor man's heart through half the year. *Ib* iii

What skilful limner e'er would choose
To paint the rainbow's varying hues,
Unless to mortal it were given
To dip his brush in dyes of heaven? *Ib* c vi v.

My castles are my King's alone,
From turret to foundation-stone—
The hand of Douglas is his own *Ib* xiii

'And dar'st thou then
To beard the lion in his den,
The Douglas in his hall?
And hop'st thou thence unscathed to go?
No, by Saint Bride of Bothwell, no!
Up drawbridge, grooms—what, warder, ho!
Let the portcullis fall' *Ib* xiv

O what a tangled web we weave,
When first we practise to deceive! *Ib* xvii

Scarce could they hear, or see their foes,
Until at weapon-point they close
They close, in clouds of smoke and dust,
With sword-sway, and with lance's thrust,
And such a yell was there,
Of sudden and portentous birth,
As if men fought upon the earth,
And fiends in upper air *Ib* xxv

Good-night to Marmion *Ib* xxviii

O Woman! in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
And variable as the shade
By the light quivering aspen made,
When pain and anguish wring the brow,
A ministering angel thou! *Ib* xxx

'Charge, Chester, charge! On, Stanley, on!
Were the last words of Marmion. *Ib* xxxii

Where's now their victor vaward wing,
Where Huntley, and where Home?—
O, for a blast of that dread horn,
On Fontarabian echoes borne! *Ib* xxxiii

The stubborn spear-men still made good
Their dark impenetrable wood,
Each stepping where his comrade stood,
The instant that he fell, *Ib* xxxiv.

Still from the sire the son shall hear
Of the stern strife, and carnage drear,
Of Flodden's fatal field,
Where shiver'd was fair Scotland's spear,
And broken was her shield! *Ib*

To all, to each, a fair good-night,
And pleasing dreams, and slumbers light!
Ib *L'envoy*

But Nora's heart is lost and won,
—She's wedded to the Earle's son! *Nora's Vow*

Pibroch of Donuil Dhu,
Pibroch of Donuil,
Wake thy wild voice anew,
Summon Clan-Conuil.
Come away, come away,
Hark to the summons!
Come in your war array,
Gentles and commons. *Pibroch of Donuil Dhu.*

Leave untended the herd,
The flock without shelter,
Leave the corpse uninter'd,
The bride at the altar. *Ib.*

Come as the winds come, when
Forests are rended,
Come as the waves come, when
Navies are stranded *Ib*
Still are the thoughts to memory dear *Rokeby, xxxiii*
A mother's pride, a father's joy! *Ib c iii xv*
O, Brignal banks are wild and fair,
And Greta woods are green,
And you may gather garlands there
Would grace a summer queen *Ib xvi*
A weary lot is thine, fair maid,
A weary lot is thine!
To pull the thorn thy brow to braid,
And press the rue for wine! *Ib xxviii*
He turn'd his charger as he spake,
Upon the river shore,
He gave his bridle-reins a shake,
Said 'Adieu for evermore,
And adieu for evermore' *Ib*
Tramp! tramp! along the land they rode,
Splash! splash! along the sea *William and Helen*
You . . . whirl'd them to the back o' beyond
The Antiquary, ch 2
Praetorian here, Praetorian there, I mind the bigging
o't *Ib ch 4*
It's no fish ye're buying—it's men's lives *Ib ch 11*
Widow'd wifc, and married maid,
Betrothed, betrayer, and betray'd!
The Betrothed, ch 15
Woman's faith, and woman's trust—
Write the characters in dust *Ib ch 20*
Look not thou on beauty's charming,—
Sit thou still when kings are armung,—
Taste not when the wine-cup glistens,—
Speak not when the people listens,—
Stop thine ear against the singer,—
From the red gold keep thy finger,—
Vacant heart and hand, and eye,—
Easy live and quiet die
The Bride of Lammermoor, ch 3
When the last Laird of Ravenswood to Ravenswood
shall ride,
And woo a dead maiden to be his bride,
He shall stable his steed in the Kelpie's flow,
And his name shall be lost for evermo! *Ib ch 18*
I live by twa trades, sir, fiddle, sir, and spade,
filling the world, and emptying of it *Ib ch 24*
Her winding-sheet is up as high as her throat
already *Ib ch 34*
An ower true tale *Ib*
Touch not the cat butt a glove
The Fair Maid of Perth, ch 34
But no one shall find me rowing against the stream
I care not who knows it—I write for the general
amusement
The Fortunes of Nigel, introductory epistle.
It's ill taking the breeks aff a wild Highlandman.
Ib ch 5

z = without

For a con-si-de-ra-tion *Ib ch 22.*
To be plain, if your lordship does not ken when you
have a good servant, I ken when I have a kind
master *Ib ch 31*
(He) was ever after designated as a 'stuckit minister'
Guy Mannering, ch 2.
Twist ye, twine² ye! even so
Mingle shades of joy and woe,
Hope and fear, and peace and strife,
In the thread of human life *Ib ch 4*
Ride your ways, Ellangowan *Ib ch 8*
MRS BERTRAM
'That sounds like nonsense, my dear'
MR BERTRAM
'May be so, my dear, but it may be very good law
for all that' *Ib ch 9*
Sophia, as you well know, followed me to India. She
was as innocent as gay, but, unfortunately for us
both, as gay as innocent *Ib ch 12*
'Pro-di-gi-ous!' exclaimed Dominie Sampson
Ib ch 14
Gin by pailfuls, wine in rivers,
Dash the window-glass to shivers!
For three wild lads were we, brave boys,
And three wild lads were we,
Thou on the land, and I on the sand,
And Jack on the gallows-tree! *Ib ch 34*
The ancient and now forgotten pastime of high jinks
Ib ch 36
And Bertram's right and Bertram's might
Shall meet on Ellangowan's height *Ib ch 46*
The hour is come, but not the man.
The Heart of Midlothian, ch 4, heading
The passive resistance of the Tolbooth-gate
Ib ch 6
Jock, when ye hae naething else to do, ye may be ay
sticking in a tree, it will be growing, Jock, when
ye're sleeping *Ib ch 8*
Proud Maisie is in the wood,
Walking so early,
Sweet Robin sits in the bush,
Singing so rarely *Ib ch 40*
Come, trowl the brown bowl to me,
Bully boy, bully boy,
Come, trowl the brown bowl to me.
Ho! jolly Jenkin, I spy a knave in drinking,
Come, trowl the brown bowl to me *Ivanhoe, ch 20*
'Pax vobiscum' will answer all queries *Ib ch 26*
When Israel, of the Lord belov'd,
Out of the land of bondage came,
Her fathers' God before her mov'd,
An awful guide in smoke and flame *Ib ch 39*
His morning walk was beneath the elms in the
churchyard, 'for death', he said, 'had been his
next-door neighbour for so many years, that he
had no apology for dropping the acquaintance'
The Legend of Montrose, introduction
But, my lord, there is a Southern proverb,—fine
words butter no parsnips *Ib ch 3*

z = divide

March, march, Ettrick and Teviotdale,
Why the deil dinna ye march forward in order?
March, march, Eskdale and Liddesdale,
All the Blue Bonnets are bound for the Border

The Monastery, ch 25

Though his suit was rejected,
He sadly reflected,
That a lover forsaken
A new love may get,
But a neck that's once broken
Can never be set *Peeverl of the Peak*, ch 39

Ah! County Guy, the hour is nigh,
The sun has left the lea,
The orange flower perfumes the bower,
The breeze is on the sea
Quentin Durward, ch 4

And it's ill speaking between a fou man and a
fasting
Redgauntlet, Letter 11, *Wandering Willie's Tale*

Better a finger off, as ay wagging *Ib* ch 2
The ae half of the world thinks the tither daft
Ib ch 7.

Over the water, and over the sea,
And over the water to Charlie,
Come weal, come woe, we'll gather and go,
And live or die with Charlie *Ib* ch 11
But with the morning cool repentance came
Rob Roy, ch 12

Come fill up my cup, come fill up my cann,
Come saddle my horses, and call up my man,
Come open your gates, and let me gae free,
I daurna stay langer in bonny Dundee *Ib* ch 23
If your honour disna ken when ye hae a gude servant,
I ken when I hae a gude master, and the deil be in
my feet gin I leave ye *Ib* ch 24
It's a far cry to Lochow *Ib* ch 29, note.

There's a gude time coming *Ib* ch 32
'Speak out, sir, and do not Maister or Campbell me—
my foot is on my native heath, and my name is
MacGregor!' *Ib* ch 34

Fair, fat, and forty *St Ronan's Well*, ch 7
The play-bill, which is said to have announced the
tragedy of Hamlet, the character of the Prince of
Denmark being left out
The Talisman, introduction For an earlier
report of this anecdote, see *T L S* 3 June 1939

Rouse the lion from his lair *Ib*, ch. 6
My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here,
My heart's in the Highlands a-chasing the deer;
A-chasing the wild deer, and following the roe,
My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go
Waverley, ch 28

Bring the bowl which you boast,
Fill it up to the brim,
Here's to him we love most,
And to all who love him
Brave gallants, stand up,
And avaunt ye, base carles!
Were there death in the cup,
Here's a health to King Charles!
Woodstock, ch. 20.

A man may drink and not be drunk,
A man may fight and not be slain,
A man may kiss a bonnie lass,
And yet be welcome back again *Ib* ch 27

The Big Bow-Wow strain I can do myself like any
now going, but the exquisite touch, which renders
ordinary commonplace things and characters
interesting, from the truth of the description and
the sentiment, is denied to me [On Jane Austen]
Journal, 14 Mar 1826.

I would like to be there, were it but to see how the
cat jumps *Ib*, 7 Oct 1826

From the lone shieling of the misty island
Mountains divide us, and the waste of seas—
Yet still the blood is strong, the heart is Highland,
And we in dreams behold the Hebrides!
Fair these broad meads, these hoary woods are grand,
But we are exiles from our fathers' land

Canadian Boat Song
Of disputed authorship See *Times Literary Supplement*, 23 Dec 1904, G M Fraser's article

WILLIAM SCOTT, LORD STOWELL

1745-1836

The elegant simplicity of the three per cents
Campbell's Chancellors (1857), vol x, ch 212,
p 218

SIR OWEN SEAMAN

1861-1935

New Art would better Nature's best,
But Nature knows a thing or two
Battle of the Buys Ars Postera, v.

EDMUND HAMILTON SEARS

1810-1876

Calm on the listening ear of night
Came Heaven's melodious strains,
Where wild Judea stretches far
Her silver-mantled plains
Boston Observer, 1834 *Christmas Hymn*
Calm on the Listening Ear.

It came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old
The Christian Register, 1850 *That Glorious Song of Old*

SIR CHARLES SEDLEY

1639?-1701

Ah, Chloris! that I now could sit
As unconcerned as when
Your infant beauty could beget
No pleasure, nor no pain! *Child and Maiden*

Love still has something of the sea
From whence his mother rose
Love still has Something.

Phyllis is my only joy,
Faithless as the winds or seas,
Sometimes coming, sometimes coy,
Yet she never fails to please

Song Phyllis is my Only Joy

She deceiving,

I believing,

What need lovers wish for more?

Ib

Phyllis, without frown or smile,
Sat and knotted all the while

Song [Phyllis Knotting] Hears not my Phyllis

Not, Celia, that I juster am

Or better than the rest,

For I would change each hour like them,

Were not my heart at rest

Song [To Celia] Not, Celia, that I juster am.

Why then should I seek farther store,

And still make love anew,

When change itself can give no more,

'Tis easy to be true

Ib

ALAN SEEGER

1888-1916

I have a rendezvous with Death

At some disputed barricade

I Have a Rendezvous with Death

JOHN SELDEN

1584-1654

Scrutamin scripturas These two words have undone
the world

Table Talk (1892), p. 10 *Bible, Scripture*

Old friends are best King James used to call for
his old shoes, they were easiest for his feet

Ib p. 71, *Friends*

'Tis not the drinking that is to be blamed, but the
excess

Ib p. 78 *Humility*

Ignorance of the law excuses no man, not that all
men know the law, but because 'tis an excuse
every man will plead, and no man can tell how
to confute him

Ib p. 99 *Law*

Take a straw and throw it up into the air, you shall
see by that which way the wind is

Ib p. 105 *Libels*

Marriage is nothing but a civil contract

Ib p. 109 *Marriage*

There is not anything in the world so much abused
as this sentence, *Salus populi suprema lex esto*

Ib p. 131. *People*

Philosophy is nothing but discretion

Ib p. 132 *Philosophy*

Pleasure is nothing else but the intermission of pain

Ib. *Pleasure*

Preachers say, Do as I say, not as I do

Ib p. 147. *Preaching*

WALTER CARRUTHERS SELLAR

contemp

and

ROBERT JULIAN YEATMAN

contemp

1066 and all that

Title of Book

Julius Caesar (the memorable Roman Emperor)

1066 *And All That*, ch. 1

The Roman Conquest was, however, a *Good Thing*

Ib

THOMAS SEWARD

1708-1790

Seven wealthy towns contend for Homer dead,

Through which the living Homer begg'd his bread

Attr. *On Homer, or A Cure for Poetry* H P

Dodd, *The Epigrammatists* (1875), p. 397

WILLIAM HENRY SEWARD

1801-1872

The Constitution devotes the domain to union, to
justice, to defence, to welfare, and to liberty But
there is a higher law than the Constitution

Speech in U S Senate, 11 March 1850

I know, and all the world knows, that revolutions
never go backward

Ib *At Rochester on the Irrepressible Conflict*,
Oct 1858

EDWARD SEXBY

d. 1658

Killing no Murder Briefly Discourt in Three Ques-
tions

Title of Pamphlet, 1657

RICHARD SHACKLOCK

c. 1565

Proud as peacocks

Hatchet of Hereses (1565), p. 26b.

THOMAS SHADWELL

1642?-1692

Words may be false and full of art,

Sighs are the natural language of the heart

Psyche, Act III

'Tis the way of all flesh *The Sullen Lovers*, v. 11

And wit's the noblest frailty of the mind

A True Widow, II. 1

The haste of a fool is the slowest thing in the world

Ib III. 1

I am, out of the ladies' company, like a fish out of
the water

Ib

a EARL OF SHAFTESBURY

Every man loves what he is good at *Ib* v 1

Instantly, in the twinkling of a bed-staff
Virtuoso, 1 1

ANTHONY ASHLEY,
EARL OF SHAFTESBURY

1621-1683

'People differ in their discourse and profession about these matters, but men of sense are really but of one religion' 'Pray, my lord, what religion is that which men of sense agree in?' 'Madam,' says the earl immediately, 'men of sense never tell it' Burnet, *History of My Own Time*, vol 1, bk 11, ch 1, note by Onslow

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

1564-1616

[In the references the line number is given without brackets where the scene is all verse up to the quotation and the line number is certain. It is given in square brackets where prose makes it variable, and the references are to the Oxford Standard Authors Shakespeare in one volume.]

It were all one

That I should love a bright particular star

And think to wed it, he is so above me

All's Well That Ends Well, 1 1 [97].

My friends were poor but honest *Ib* iii [203]

They say miracles are past *Ib* iii iii [1]

A young man married is a man that's married *Ib* [315]

I know a man that had this trick of melancholy sold a goodly manor for a song *Ib* iii ii [8]

The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together our virtues would be proud if our faults whipped them not, and our crimes would despair if they were not cherished by our own virtues *Ib* iv iii [83]

There's place and means for every man alive *Ib* [379]

The flowery way that leads to the broad gate and the great fire *Ib* v [58]

Praising what is lost

Makes the remembrance dear *Ib* v iii 19

The triple pillar of the world transform'd Into a strumpet's fool *Antony and Cleopatra*, 1 1 12

CLEOPATRA

If it be love indeed, tell me how much

ANTONY

There's beggary in the love that can be reckoned

CLEOPATRA

I'll set a bourn how far to be beloved

ANTONY

Then must thou needs find out new heaven, new earth *Ib*. 14.

The scarce-bearded Cæsar *Ib*. 21

Let Rome in Tiber melt, and the wide arch Of the rang'd empire fall! Here is my space Kingdoms are clay, our dungy earth alike Feeds beast as man, the nobleness of life Is to do thus, when such a mutual pair And such a twain can do't, in which I bind *Ib* 33

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

b

Whom everything becomes, to chide, to laugh, To weep, whose every passion fully strives To make itself, in thee, fair and admir'd *Ib* 49

In Nature's infinite book of secrecy A little I can read *Ib* ii [11]

You shall be yet far fairer than you are *Ib* [18]

You shall be more loving than beloved *Ib* [24]

O excellent! I love long life better than fogs *Ib* [34]

Mine, and most of our fortunes, tonight, shall be,— drunk to bed *Ib* [47]

But a worky-day fortune *Ib* [57]

On the sudden

A Roman thought hath struck him *Ib* [90]

The nature of bad news infects the teller *Ib* [103]

These strong Egyptian fetters I must break, Or lose myself in dotage *Ib* [125]

I have seen her die twenty times upon far poorer moment I do think there is mettle in death which commits some loving act upon her, she hath such a celerity in dying *Ib* [150]

We cannot call her winds and waters sighs and tears, they are greater storms and tempests than almanacs can report *Ib* [157]

O sir! you then had left unseen a wonderful piece of work which not to have been blessed withal would have discredited your travel *Ib* [164]

Indeed the tears live in an onion that should water this sorrow *Ib* [181]

If you find him sad,

Say I am dancing, if in mirth, report That I am sudden sick *Ib* iii 3

CHARMIAN

In each thing give him way, cross him in nothing

CLEOPATRA

Thou teachest like a fool, the way to lose him *Ib* 9

In time we hate that which we often fear *Ib* 12

It cannot thus be long, the sides of nature Will not sustain it *Ib* 16

Eternity was in our lips and eyes, Bliss in our brows bent *Ib* 35.

Quietness, grown sick of rest, would purge By any desperate change *Ib* 53

Though age from folly could not give me freedom, It does from childishness *Ib* 57

At the last, best *Ib* 61

O! my oblivion is a very Antony, And I am all forgotten *Ib* 90

'Tis sweating labour

To bear such idleness so near the heart As Cleopatra this *Ib* 93

This common body,

Like to a vagabond flag upon the stream, Goes to and back, lacking the varying tide, To rot itself with motion *Ib* iv 44

On the Alps

It is reported thou didst eat strange flesh, Which some did die to look on. *Ib* 66.

Give me to drink mandragora
 That I might sleep out this great gap of time
 My Antony is away *Antony and Cleopatra*, I v 4
 The demi-Atlas of this earth, the arm
 And burgonet of men *Ib* 23
 Where's my serpent of old Nile? *Ib* 25

Think on me,
 That am with Phæbus' amorous pinches black,
 And wrinkled deep in time? Broad-fronted Cæsar,
 When thou wast here above the ground I was
 A morsel for a monarch, and great Pompey
 Would stand and make his eyes grow in my brow,
 There would he anchor his aspect and die
 With looking on his life *Ib* 27

My salad days,
 When I was green in judgment *Ib* 73

We, ignorant of ourselves,
 Beg often our own harms, which the wise powers
 Deny us for our good, so find we profit
 By losing of our prayers *Ib* II 1 5

I do not much dislike the matter, but
 The manner of his speech *Ib* II 117

No worse a husband than the best of men *Ib* 135

The barge she sat in, like a burnish'd throne,
 Burn'd on the water, the poop was beaten gold,
 Purple the sails, and so perfumed, that
 The winds were love-sick with them, the oars were
 silver,

Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and made
 The water which they beat to follow faster,
 As amorous of their strokes For her own person,
 It beggar'd all description, she did lie
 In her pavilion,—cloth-of-gold of tissue,—
 O'er-picturing that Venus where we see
 The fancy outwork nature, on each side her
 Stood pretty-dimpled boys, like smiling Cupids,
 With divers-colour'd fans, whose wind did seem
 To glow the delicate cheeks which they did cool,
 And what they undid did *Ib* [199]

Her gentlewomen, like the Nereides,
 So many mermaids, tended her i' the eyes,
 And made their bends adornings, at the helm
 A seeming mermaid steers, the silken tackle
 Swell with the touches of those flower-soft hands,
 That yarely frame the office From the barge
 A strange unclose perfume hits the sense
 Of the adjacent wharfs The city cast
 Her people out upon her, and Antony,
 Enthron'd i' the market-place, did sit alone,
 Whistling to the air, which, but for vacancy,
 Had gone to gaze on Cleopatra too
 And made a gap in nature *Ib* [214]

I saw her once
 Hop forty paces through the public street,
 And having lost her breath, she spoke, and panted
 That she did make defect perfection,
 And, breathless, power breathe forth *Ib* [236]

Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
 Her infinite variety, other women cloy
 The appetites they feed, but she makes hungry
 Where most she satisfies, for vilest things
 Become themselves in her, that the holy priests
 Bless her when she is riggish *Ib* [243]

Read not my blemishes in the world's report,
 I have not kept the square, but thit to come
 Shall all be done by the rule *Ib* III 5

Music, moody food
 Of us that trade in love *Ib* v 1

I laugh'd him out of patience, and that night
 I laugh'd him into patience and next morn,
 Ere the ninth hour, I drunk him to his bed *Ib* 19

There is gold, and here
 My bluest veins to kiss, a hand that kings
 Have lipp'd, and trembled kissing *Ib* 28

Pour out the pack of matter to mine ear,
 The good and bad together *Ib* 54

Though it be honest, it is never good
 To bring bad news, give to a gracious message
 A host of tongues, but let ill tidings tell
 Themselves when they be felt *Ib* 85

I will praise any man that will praise me
Ib VI [88]

LLPIDUS
 What manner o' thing is your crocodile?

ANTONY
 It is shaped, sir, like itself, and it is as broad as it
 hath breadth, it is just so high as it is, and moves
 with its own organs, it lives by that which nourish-
 eth it, and the elements once out of it, it trans-
 migrates

LLPIDUS
 What colour is it of?

ANTONY
 Of its own colour too

LEPIDUS
 'Tis a strange serpent

ANTONY
 'Tis so, and the tears of it are wet. *Ib* VII [47]

Ah! this thou shouldst have done,
 And not have spoken on't In me 'tis villainy,
 In thee 't had been good service *Ib* [80]

Come, thou monarch of the vine,
 Plumpy Bacchus with pink eye!
 In thy fats our cares be drown'd,
 With thy grapes our hairs be crown'd:
 Cup us, till the world go round,
 Cup us, till the world go round! *Ib* [119]

Ambition,
 The soldier's virtue. *Ib* III 1 22

The swan's down-feather,
 That stands upon the swell at full of tide,
 And neither wavy inclines *Ib* II 48

The ostentation of our love, which, left unshown,
 Is often left unlov'd *Ib* VI 52

But let determin'd things to destiny
 Hold unbewail'd their way *Ib* 84

We have kiss'd away
 Kingdoms and provinces *Ib* VIII 17

Fortune knows
 We scorn her most when most she offers blows
Ib IX 73

Which had superfluous kings for messengers
 Not many moons gone by *Ib* v 5

He wears the rose
 Of youth upon him *Ib* VI 20

Men's judgments are
A parcel of their fortunes, and things outward
Do draw the inward quality after them,
To suffer all alike *Antony and Cleopatra*, III xi 31
Against the blown rose may they stop their nose,
That kneel'd unto the buds *Ib* 39

Yet he that can endure
To follow with allegiance a fall'n lord,
Does conquer him that did his master conquer,
And earns a place i' the story *Ib* 43

Your Cæsar's father oft,
When he hath mus'd of taking kingdoms in,
Bestow'd his lips on that unworthy place,
As it rain'd kisses *Ib* 82

But when we in our viciousness grow hard,—
O misery on't!—the wise gods seal our eyes,
In our own filth drop our clear judgments, make us
Adore our errors, laugh at's while we strut
To our confusion *Ib* 111

I found you as a morsel cold upon
Dead Cæsar's trencher *Ib* 116

My playfellow, your hand, this kingly seal
And plighter of high hearts *Ib* 125

Henceforth,
The white hand of a lady fever thee,
Shake thou to look on't *Ib* 137
Let's have one other gaudy night *Ib* 182

Since my lord
Is Antony again, I will be Cleopatra *Ib* 185
Know that tomorrow the last of many battles
We mean to fight *Ib* IV i 11

To business that we love we rise betime,
And go to't with delight *Ib* IV 20

O! my fortunes have
Corrupted honest men *Ib* v 16
I am alone the villain of the earth,
And feel I am so most. *Ib* vi 30

Ride on the pants triumphing *Ib* viii 16
O infinite virtue! com'st thou smiling from
The world's great snare uncaught? *Ib* 17

My nightingale,
We have beat them to their beds *Ib* 18
O sovereign mistress of true melancholy *Ib* ix 12

Swallows have built
In Cleopatra's sails their nests, the augurers
Say they know not, they cannot tell *Ib* x 16

The hearts
That spaniel'd me at heels, to whom I gave
Their wishes, do discandy, melt their sweets
On blossoming Cæsar *Ib* 33

The soul and body rive not more in parting
Than greatness going off *Ib* xi 5

Sometimes we see a cloud that's dragonish,
A vapour sometime like a bear or lion,
A tower'd citadel, a pendant rock,
A forked mountain, or blue promontory
With trees upon't, that nod unto the world
And mock our eyes with air thou hast seen these
signs,
They are black vesper's pageants *Ib* xii 2

That which is now a horse, even with a thought
The rack dislimns, and makes it indistinct,
As water is in water *Ib* 9

Unarm, Eros; the long day's task is done,
And we must sleep *Ib* 35.

I will o'ertake thee, Cleopatra, and
Weep for my pardon So it must be, for now
All length is torture, since the torch is out,
Lie down, and stray no further Now all labour
Mars what it does, yea, very force entangles
Itself with strength, seal then, and all is done
Eros!—I come, my queen—Eros!—Stay for me
Where souls do couch on flowers, we'll hand in hand,
And with our sprightly port make the ghosts gaze,
Dido and her Æneas shall want troops,
And all the haunt be ours *Ib* 44

Since Cleopatra died,
I have liv'd in such dishonour, that the gods
Detest my baseness *Ib* 55

But I will be
A bridegroom in my death, and run into 't
As to a lover's bed *Ib* 99

All strange and terrible events are welcome,
But comforts we despise *Ib* xiii 3

ANTONY:
Not Cæsar's valour hath o'er thrown Antony
But Antony's hath triumphed on itself
CLEOPATRA
So it should be, that none but Antony
Should conquer Antony *Ib* 14.

I am dying, Egypt, dying, only
I here importune death awhile, until
Of many thousand kisses the poor last
I lay upon thy lips *Ib* 18

The miserable change now at my end
Lament nor sorrow at, but please your thoughts
In feeding them with those my former fortunes
Wherein I liv'd, the greatest prince o' the world,
The noblest, and do now not basely die,
Not cowardly put off my helmet to
My countryman, a Roman by a Roman
Valiantly vanquished *Ib* 51.

Hast thou no care of me? shall I abide
In this dull world, which in thy absence is
No better than a sty? O! see my women,
The crown o' the earth doth melt My lord!
O! wither'd is the garland of the war,
The soldier's pole is fall'n, young boys and girls
Are level now with men, the odds is gone,
And there is nothing left remarkable
Beneath the visiting moon *Ib* 60

No more, but e'en a woman and commanded
By such poor passion as the maid that milks
And does the meanest chares *Ib* 73

What's brave, what's noble,
Let's do it after the high Roman fashion,
And make death proud to take us. *Ib* 86.

A rarer spirit never
Did steer humanity, but you, gods, will give us
Some faults to make us men *Ib* v 1. 31.

My désolâtion does begin to make
 A better life 'Tis paltry to be Cæsar,
 Not being Fortune, he's but Fortune's knave,
 A minister of her will, and it is great
 To do that thing that ends all other deeds,
 Which shackles accidents, and bolts up change,
 Which sleeps, and never palates more the dug,
 The beggar's nurse and Cæsar's

Antony and Cleopatra, v 11 1

Nor once be chastis'd with the sober eye
 Of dull Octavia Shall they hoist me up
 And show me to the shouting varletry
 Of censuring Rome? Rather a ditch in Egypt
 Be gentle grave unto me! rather on Nilus' mud
 Lay me stark naked, and let the water-flies
 Blow me into abhorring! *Ib* 54

His legs bestrid the ocean, his rear'd arm
 Crested the world, his voice was property
 As all the tuned spheres, and that to friends,
 But when he meant to quail and shake the orb,
 He was as rattling thunder For his bounty,
 There was no winter in't, an autumn was
 That grew the more by reaping, his delights
 Were dolphin-like, they show'd his back above
 The element they liv'd in, in his livery
 Walk'd crowns and crownets, realms and islands were
 As plates dropp'd from his pocket *Ib* 82

He words me, girls, he words me, that I should not
 Be noble to myself *Ib* 190

Finish, good lady, the bright day is done,
 And we are for the dark *Ib* 192

Antony

Shall be brought drunken forth, and I shall see
 Some squeaking Cleopatra boy my greatness
 I' the posture of a whore *Ib* 217

I am again for Cydnus,
 To meet Mark Antony *Ib* 227

His biting is immortal; those that do die of it do
 seldom or never recover *Ib* [246]

A very honest woman, but something given to lie
Ib [251]

I know that a woman is a dish for the gods if the
 devil dress her not *Ib* [274]

I have
 Immortal longings in me *Ib* [282]

Husband, I come
 Now to that name my courage prove my title!
 I am fire and air, my other elements
 I give to baser life *Ib* [289]

If thou and nature can so gently part,
 The stroke of death is as a lover's pinch,
 Which hurts, and is desir'd *Ib* [296]

If thus thou vanishest, thou tell'st the world
 It is not worth leave-taking *Ib* [299]

CLEOPATRA

If she first meet the curled Antony,
 He'll make demand of her, and spend that kiss
 Which is my heaven to have Come, thou mortal
 wretch,

With thy sharp teeth this knot intrinsicate
 Of life at once untie, poor venomous fool,
 Be angry, and dispatch O! couldst thou speak,
 That I might hear thee call great Cæsar ass
 Unpoliced

CHARMIAN

O eastern star!

CLEOPATRA Peace! peace!
 Dost thou not see my baby at my breast,
 That sucks the nurse asleep? *Ib* [303]

Now boast thee, death, in thy possession lies
 A lass unparallel'd *Ib* [317]

It is well done, and fitting for a princess
 Descended of so many royal kings *Ib* [328]

As she would catch another Antony
 In her strong toil of grace *Ib* [348]

She hath pursu'd conclusions infinite
 Of easy ways to die *Ib* [356]

Let us sit and mock the good housewife Fortune
 from her wheel, that her gifts may henceforth be
 bestowed equally *As You Like It*, i 1 [35]

How now, wit! whither wander you? *Ib* [60]

Your heart's desires be with you! *Ib* [214]

One out of suits with fortune *Ib* [263]

My pride fell with my fortunes *Ib* [269]

Sir, you have wrastled well, and overthrown
 More than your enemies *Ib* [271]

Hereafter, in a better world than this,
 I shall desire more love and knowledge of you
Ib [301]

Thus must I from the smoke into the smother,
 From tyrant duke unto a tyrant brother *Ib* [304]

O, how full of briars is this working-day world!
Ib iii [12]

We'll have a swashing and a martial outside,
 As many other mannish cowards have
 That do outface it with their semblances *Ib* [123].

Hath not old custom made this life more sweet
 Than that of painted pomp? Are not these woods
 More free from peril than the envious court?
 Here feel we but the penalty of Adam,
 The seasons' difference, as, the icy fang
 And churlish chiding of the winter's wind,
 Which, when it bits and blows upon my body,
 Even till I shrink with cold, I smile and say,
 'This is no flattery' *Ib* ii 1 2

Sweet are the uses of adversity,
 Which like the toad, ugly and venomous,
 Wears yet a precious jewel in his head,
 And thus our life, exempt from public haunt,
 Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
 Sermons in stones, and good in everything *Ib* 12.

The big round tears

Cours'd one another down his innocent nose,
 In piteous chase *Ib* 38.

'Poor deer,' quoth he, 'thou mak'st a testament
 As worldlings do, giving thy sum of more
 To that which had too much' *Ib* 47

Sweep on, you fat and greasy citizens!
Ib 55.

I love to cope him in these sullen fits,
 For then he's full of matter *Ib* 67.

Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty,
 For in my youth I never did apply
 Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood. *Ib* iii 47.

Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
Frosty, but kindly *As You Like It*, II iii 52

O good old man! how well in thee appears
The constant service of the antique world,
When service sweat for duty, not for meed!
Thou art not for the fashion of these times,
Where none will sweat but for promotion,
And having that, do choke their service up
Even with the having *Ib* 56

Ay, now am I in Arden, the more fool I When I
was at home I was in a better place: but travellers
must be content *Ib* iv [16]

As true a lover
As ever sigh'd upon a midnight pillow *Ib* [26]

If thou remember'st not the slightest folly
That ever love did make thee run into,
Thou hast not lov'd *Ib* [34]

We that are true lovers run into strange capers
Ib [53]

Thou speakest wiser than thou art ware of
Ib [57]

I shall ne'er be ware of mine own wit till I break my
shins against it *Ib* [59]

My master is of churlish disposition
And little reckes to find the way to heaven
By doing deeds of hospitality *Ib* [81]

Under the greenwood tree
Who loves to lie with me,
And turn his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither
Here shall he see
No enemy

But winter and rough weather *Ib* v 1

I can suck melancholy out of a song as a weasel sucks
eggs *Ib* [12]

Who doth ambition shun
And loves to live i' the sun,
Seeking the food he eats,
And pleas'd with what he gets *Ib* [38]

I'll rail against all the first-born in Egypt *Ib* [60]

A fool, a fool! I met a fool i' the forest,
A motley fool *Ib* vii 12

And rail'd on Lady Fortune in good terms,
In good set terms *Ib* 16

'Call me not fool till heaven hath sent me fortune'
And then he drew a dial from his poke,
And, looking on it with lack-lustre eye,
Says very wisely, 'It is ten o'clock,
Thus may we see,' quoth he, 'how the world wags'
Ib 19

And so, from hour to hour, we ripe and ripe,
And then from hour to hour, we rot and rot
And thereby hangs a tale *Ib* 26

My lungs began to crow like chanticleer,
That fools should be so deep-contemplative,
And I did laugh sans intermission
An hour by his dial O noble fool!
A worthy fool! Motley's the only wear *Ib* 30

And says, if ladies be but young and fair,
They have the gift to know it and in his brain,—

Which is as dry as the remainder biscuit
After a voyage,—he hath strange places cramm'd
With observation, the which he vents
In mangled forms. *Ib* 37.

I must have liberty
Withal, as large a charter as the wind,
To blow on whom I please *Ib* 47.
The 'why' is plain as way to parish church. *Ib* 52.

But whate'er you are
That in this desert inaccessible,
Under the shade of melancholy boughs,
Lose and neglect the creeping hours of time,
If ever you have look'd on better days,
If ever been where bells have knoll'd to church,
If ever sat at any good man's feast,
If ever from your eyelids wip'd a tear,
And know what 'tis to pity, and be pitied,
Let gentleness my strong enforcement be *Ib* 109.
There is an old poor man,

Oppress'd with two weak evils, age and hunger
Ib 129

All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players:
They have their exits and their entrances,
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages At first the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms
And then the whining schoolboy, with his satchel,
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school And then the lover,
Sighing like furnace, with a woful ballad
Made to his mistress' eyebrow Then a soldier,
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth And then the justice,
In fair round belly with good capon lin'd,
With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances,
And so he plays his part The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon,
With spectacles on nose and pouch on side,
His youthful hose well sav'd a world too wide
For his shrunk shank, and his big manly voice,
Turning again towards childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness, and mere oblivion,
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything
Ib 139.

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind

As man's ingratitude

Thy tooth is not so keen,

Because thou art not seen,

Although thy breath be rude

Heigh-ho! sing, heigh-ho! unto the green holly
Most friendship is feigning, most loving were folly.

Then heigh-ho! the holly!

This life is most jolly

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,

That dost not bite so nigh

As benefits forgot

Though thou the waters warp,

Thy sting is not so sharp

As friend remember'd not.

Ib 174.

Run, run, Orlando carve on every tree
The fair, the chaste, and unexpressive she

As You Like It, III ii 9

Hast any philosophy in thee, shepherd? *Ib* [22]

He that wants money, means, and content is without
three good friends *Ib* [25]

Thou art in a parlous state *Ib* [46]

I earn that I eat, get that I wear, owe no man hate,
envy no man's happiness, glad of other men's
good, content with my harm *Ib* [78]

From the east to western Ind,
No jewel is like Rosalind *Ib* [94]

This is the very false gallop of verses. *Ib* [120]

Let us make an honourable retreat, though not with
bag and baggage, yet with scrip and scrippage
Ib [170]

O wonderful, wonderful, and most wonderful wonder-
ful! and yet again wonderful, and after that, out of
all whooping! *Ib* [202]

It is as easy to count atomies as to resolve the propo-
sitions of a lover *Ib* [246]

Do you not know I am a woman? what I think, I
must speak *Ib* [265]

I do desire we may be better strangers *Ib* [276]

You have a nimble wit, I think 'twas made of
Atalanta's heels *Ib* [294]

I will chide no breather in the world but myself,
against whom I know most faults *Ib* [298]

Time travels in divers paces with divers persons
I'll tell you who Time ambles withal, who Time
trots withal, who Time gallops withal, and who
he stands still withal *Ib* [328]

Every one fault seeming monstrous till his fellow
fault came to match it *Ib* [377]

Truly, I would the gods had made thee poetical
Ib iii [16]

I am not a slut, though I thank the gods I am foul
Ib [40]

ROSALIND

His hair is of a good colour

CELIA

An excellent colour, your chestnut was ever the only
colour *Ib* iv [10]

Down on your knees,

And thank heaven, fasting, for a good man's love
Ib v 57

Dead shepherd, now I find thy saw of might
'Who ever lov'd that lov'd not at first sight?' *Ib* 81

It is a melancholy of mine own, compounded of many
simples, extracted from many objects, and indeed
the sundry contemplation of my travels, which,
by often rumination, wraps me in a most humorous
sadness *Ib* iv i [16]

Farewell, Monsieur Traveller look you lisp and
wear strange suits, disable all the benefits of your
own country, be out of love with your nativity,
and almost chide God for making you that coun-
tenance you are, or I will scarce think you have
swam in a gondola *Ib* [35]

Break an hour's promise in love! He that will divide
a minute into a thousand parts, and break but a
part of the thousandth part of a minute in the
affairs of love, it may be said of him that Cupid
hath clapped him o' the shoulder, but I'll warrant
him heart-whole *Ib* [46]

For now I am in a holiday humour *Ib* [70]

When you were gravelled for lack of matter
Ib [76]

Men have died from time to time, and worms have
eaten them, but not for love *Ib* [110]

Men are April when they woo, December when they
wed maids are May when they are maids, but the
sky changes when they are wives *Ib* [153]

The horn, the horn, the lusty horn
Is not a thing to laugh to scorn *Ib* ii [17]

Chewing the food of sweet and bitter fancy
Ib iii [103]

Cæsar's thrasonical brag of 'I came, saw, and over-
came' *Ib* v ii. [35]

No sooner met, but they looked, no sooner looked
but they loved, no sooner loved but they sighed,
no sooner sighed but they asked one another the
reason, no sooner knew the reason but they sought
the remedy *Ib* [37]

Oh! how bitter a thing it is to look into happiness
through another man's eyes *Ib* [48]

PHFBEE

Good shepherd, tell this youth what 'tis to love

SILVIUS

It is to be all made of sighs and tears,—

It is to be all made of faith and service,—

It is to be all made of fantasy,
All made of passion, and all made of wishes,
All adoration, duty, and observance,
All humbleness, all patience, and impatience,
All purity, all trial, all obeisance *Ib* [90]

'Tis like the howling of Irish wolves against the
moon *Ib* [120]

It was a lover and his lass,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
That o'er the green cornfield did pass,
In the spring time, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding,
Sweet lovers love the spring *Ib* iii [18].

Between the acres of the rye,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
'These pretty country folks would lie,
In the spring time, &c *Ib* [24]

This carol they began that hour,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
How that life was but a flower,
In the spring time, &c *Ib* [28].

And therefore take the present time,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
For love is crowned with the prime
In the spring time, &c *Ib* [32]

Here comes a pair of very strange beasts, which in
all tongues are called fools *Ib* iv [36]

An ill-favoured thing, sir, but mine own.

As You Like It, v. iv [60]

Rich honesty dwells like a miser, sir, in a poor house,
as your pearl in your foul oyster *Ib* [62]

The retort courteous the quip modest the
reply churlish the reproof valiant the
countercheck quarrelsome the lie circum-
stantial the lie direct *Ib* [96]

Your 'if' is the only peace-maker, much virtue in
'if'. *Ib* [108]

He uses his folly like a stalking-horse, and under the
presentation of that he shoots his wit *Ib* [112]

If it be true that, 'good wine needs no bush', 'tis
true that a good play needs no epilogue

Epilogue [3]

They brought one Pinch, a hungry, lean-fac'd
villain,

A mere anatomy, a mountebank,

A threadbare juggler, and a fortune-teller,

A needy, hollow-ey'd, sharp-looking wretch,

A living-dead man *The Comedy of Errors*, v. i. 238

He's a very dog to the commonalty.

Coriolanus, I 1 [29]

The kingly crowned head, the vigilant eye,

The counsellor heart, the arm our soldier,

Our steed the leg, the tongue our trumpeter *Ib* [121]

What's the matter, you dissentious rogues,

That, rubbing the poor itch of your opinion,

Make yourselves scabs? *Ib* [170]

They threw their caps

As they would hang them on the horns o' the moon,

Shouting their emulation *Ib* [218]

Oh! I warrant, how he mammoocked it! *Ib* iii [71]

My gracious silence, hail! *Ib* ii 1 [194]

Such eyes the widows in Corioli wear,

And mothers that lack sons *Ib* [197]

Custom calls me to 't

What custom wills, in all things should we do't,

The dust on antique time would lie unswept,

And mountainous error be too highly heap'd

For truth to o'erpeer *Ib* ii iii [124]

I thank you for your voices, thank you,

Your most sweet voices *Ib* [179]

The mutable, rank-scented many *Ib* iii 1 65

Hear you this Triton of the minnows? mark you

His absolute 'shall'? *Ib* 88

His nature is too noble for the world

He would not flatter Neptune for his trident,

Or Jove for's power to thunder His heart's his

mouth

What his breast forges, that his tongue must vent

Ib 254

You common cry of curs! whose breath I hate

As reek o' the rotten fens, whose loves I prize

As the dead carcasses of unburied men

That do corrupt my air,—I banish you. *Ib* iii 118

The beast

With many heads butts me away *Ib* iv 1 1

Under the canopy I' the city of kites and crows

Ib v. [41]

I'll never

Be such a gosling to obey instinct, but stand

As if a man were author of himself

And knew no other kin *Ib* v iii 34

Like a dull actor now,

I have forgot my part, and I am out,

Even to a full disgrace *Ib* 40.

O! a kiss

Long as my exile, sweet as my revenge!

Now, by the jealous queen of heaven, that kiss

I carried from thee, dear, and my true lip

Hath virgin'd it e'er since *Ib* 44

Chaste as the icicle

That's curdied by the frost from purest snow,

And hangs on Dian's temple *Ib* 65

Thou hast never in thy life

Show'd thy dear mother any courtesy,

When she—poor hen! fond of no second brood—

Has cluck'd thee to the wars, and safely home,

Loaden with honour *Ib* 160

If you have writ your annals true, 'tis there,

That, like an eagle in a dove-cote, I

Flutter'd your Volscians in Corioli.

Alone I did it. *Ib* v 114

On her left breast

A mole cinque-spotted, like the crimson drops

I' the bottom of a cowslip *Cymbeline*, ii 11 37

Hark! hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,

And Phœbus' gins arise,

His steeds to water at those springs

On chaliced flowers that lies,

And winking Mary-buds begin

To open their golden eyes

With everything that pretty is,

My lady sweet, arise! *Ib* iii [22]

Is there no way for men to be, but women

Must be half-workers? *Ib* v 1

As chaste as unsunn'd snow. *Ib* 13

There be many Cæsars

Ere such another Julius Britain is

A world by itself, and we will nothing pay

For wearing our own noses *Ib* iii 1 11

The natural bravery of your isle, which stands

As Neptune's park, ribbed and paled in

With rocks unscalable, and roaring waters. *Ib* 18

O, for a horse with wings! *Ib* ii [49]

What should we speak of

When we are as old as you? when we shall hear

The rain and wind beat dark December, how,

In this our pinching cave, shall we discourse

The freezing hours away? *Ib* iii 35

Some jay of Italy,

Whose mother was her painting, hath betray'd him

Poor I am stale, a garment out of fashion *Ib* iv [51]

I have not slept one wink. *Ib* [103]

Hath Britain all the sun that shines? *Ib* [139]

To lapse in fulness

Is sorer than to lie for need, and falsehood

Is worse in kings than beggars *Ib* vi 12

Weariness

Can snore upon the flint when resty sloth
Finds the down pillow hard *Cymbeline*, III vi 33

Thou shalt not lack

The flower that's like thy face, pale primrose, nor
The azur'd harebell, like thy veins *Ib* IV ii 220

Great griefs, I see, medicine the less *Ib* 243

Though mean and mighty rotting

Together, have one dust, yet reverence—
That angel of the world—doth make distinction
Of place 'tween high and low *Ib* 246

Thersites' body is as good as Ajax'
When neither are alive *Ib* 252

Fear no more the heat o' the sun,

Nor the furious winter's rages,

Thou thy worldly task hast done,

Home art gone and t'en thy wages

Golden lads and girls all must,

As chimney-sweepers, come to dust

Fear no more the frown o' the great,

Thou art past the tyrant's stroke.

Care no more to clothe and eat,

To thee the reed is as the oak

The sceptre, learning, physic, must

All follow this, and come to dust

Fear no more the lightning flash,

Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone,

Fear not slander, censure rash,

Thou hast finish'd joy and moan

All lovers young, all lovers must

Consign to thee, and come to dust

No exorciser harm thee!

Nor no witchcraft charm thee!

Ghost unlaid forbear thee!

Nothing ill come near thee!

Quiet consummation have,
And renowned be thy grave! *Ib* 258

Every good servant does not all commands
Ib v 1 6

He that sleeps feels not the toothache *Ib* iv [176]

He spake of her as Didon had hot dreams,
And she alone were cold *Ib* v 181

IMOGEN

Why did you throw your wedded lady from you?

Think that you are upon a rock, and now

Throw me again

POSTHUMUS

Hang there like fruit, my soul,

Till the tree die! *Ib* 262

Pardon's the word to all *Ib* 423

You come most carefully upon your hour
Hamlet, I 1 6

For this relief much thanks, 'tis bitter cold,
And I am sick at heart *Ib* 8

O! farewell, honest soldier *Ib* 16

BERNARDO

What! is Horatio there?

HORATIO

A piece of him. *Ib* 19

What! has this thing appear'd again tonight?
Ib 21

Look, where it comes again! *Ib* 40

But in the gross and scope of my opinion,
This bodes some strange eruption to our state
Ib 68

This sweaty haste

Doth make the night joint-labourer with the day
Ib 77

Of unimproved metal hot and full *Ib* 96

This post-haste and romage in the land *Ib* 107

In the most high and palmy state of Rome,
A little ere the mightiest Julius fell,
The graves stood tenantless and the sheeted dead
Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets
Ib 113

The moist star

Upon whose influence Neptune's empire stands
Was sick almost to doomsday with eclipse *Ib* 118

I'll cross it, though it blast me *Ib* 127

We do it wrong, being so majestic,
To offer it the show of violence,
For it is, as the air, invulnerable,
And our vain blows malicious mockery *Ib* 143

And then it started like a guilty thing
Upon a fearful summons *Ib* 148

Whether in sea or fire, in earth or air,
The extravagant and erring spirit hies
To his confine *Ib* 153

It faded on the crowing of the cock
Some say that ever 'gainst that season comes
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
The bird of dawning singeth all night long,
And then, they say, no spirit can walk abroad,
The nights are wholesome, then no planets strike,
No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm,
So hallow'd and so gracious is the time *Ib* 157

But, look, the morn, in russet mantle clad,
Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastward hill
Ib 166

The memory be green *Ib* II 2

Therefore our sometime sister, now our queen
Ib 8

With one suspicious and one dropping eye,
With mirth in funeral and with dirge in marriage,
In equal scale weighing delight and dole *Ib* 11

The head is not more native to the heart *Ib* 47

A little more than kin, and less than kind *Ib* 65

Not so, my lord, I am too much 't the sun *Ib* 67.

Good Hamlet, cast thy nighted colour off,
And let thine eye look like a friend on Denmark
Ib 68

QUEEN

Thou know'st 'tis common, all that live must die,
Passing through nature to eternity

HAMLET

Ay, madam, it is common *Ib* 72.

Seems, madam! Nay, it is, I know not 'seems'.

'Tis not alone my inky cloak, good mother,
Nor customary suits of solemn black,
Nor windy suspiration of forc'd breath,
No, nor the fruitful river in the eye,
Nor the dejected 'haviour of the visage,
Together with all forms, modes, shows of grief,
That can denote me truly, these indeed seem,
For they are actions that a man might play
But I have that within which passeth show,
These but the trappings and the suits of woe

Hamlet, 1 ii 76.

But to persevere

In obstinate condescendence is a course
Of impious stubbornness, 'tis unmanly grief,
It shows a will most incorrect to heaven,
A heart unfortified, a mind impatient *Ib 92*

HAMLET

I shall in all my best obey you, madam

QUEEN

Why, 'tis a loving and a fair reply *Ib 120*

O! that this too too solid flesh would melt,
Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew,
Or that the Everlasting had not fix'd
His canon 'gainst self-slaughter! O God! O God!
How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable
Seem to me all the uses of this world
Fie on't! O fie! 'tis an unweeded garden,
That grows to seed, things rank and gross in nature
Possess it merely 'That it should come to this!
But two months dead 'nay, not so much, not two
So excellent a king, that was, to this,
Hyperion to a satyr 'so loving to my mother,
That he might not betwixt the winds of heaven
Visit her face too roughly. Heaven and earth!
Must I remember? Why, she would hang on him,
As if increase of appetite had grown
By what it fed on, and yet, within a month,
Let me not think on't 'Frailty, thy name is woman!
A little month, or ere those shoes were old
With which she follow'd my poor father's body,
Like Niobe, all tears, why she, even she,—
O God! a beast, that wants discourse of reason,
Would have mourn'd longer,—married with mine
uncle,

My father's brother, but no more like my father
Than I to Hercules *Ib 129*

It is not, nor it cannot come to good,
But break, my heart, for I must hold my tongue! *Ib 158*

A truant disposition, good my lord *Ib 169*
We'll teach you to drink deep ere you depart. *Ib 175*

Thrift, thrift, Horatio! the funeral bak'd meats
Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables.
Would I had met my dearest foe in heaven
Ere I had ever seen that day, Horatio! *Ib 180*

In my mind's eye, Horatio *Ib 185.*

He was a man, take him for all in all,
I shall not look upon his like again. *Ib 187*

Season your admiration for a while. *Ib 192*

In the dead vast and middle of the night. *Ib 198.*

Armed at points exactly, cap-a-pe. *Ib 200*

Distill'd

Almost to jelly with the act of fear, *Ib 204*

These hands are not more like. *Ib 212*

But answer made it none *Ib 215*

A countenance more in sorrow than in anger. *Ib 231.*

While one with moderate haste might tell a hundred *Ib 237*

HAMLET

His beard was grizzled, no?

HORATIO

It was, as I have seen it in his life,
A sable silver'd *Ib 239*

Give it an understanding, but no tongue. *Ib 249*

Upon the platform, 'twixt eleven and twelve *Ib 251*

All is not well;
I doubt some foul play. *Ib 254*

Foul deeds will rise,
Though all the earth o'erwhelm them, to men's eyes *Ib 256.*

A violet in the youth of primy nature,
Forward, not permanent, sweet, not lasting
The perfume and suppliance of a minute *Ib iii 7*

His greatness weigh'd, his will is not his own,
For he himself is subject to his birth;
He may not, as unvalu'd persons do,
Carve for himself, for on his choice depends
The safety and the health of the whole state *Ib 17*

And keep you in the rear of your affection. *Ib 34*

Do not, as some ungracious pastors do,
Show me the steep and thorny way to heaven,
Whiles, like a puff'd and reckless libertine,
Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads,
And recks not his own rede. *Ib 47*

A double blessing is a double grace,
Occasion smiles upon a second leave *Ib 53*

And these few precepts in thy memory
See thou character 'Give thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any unproportion'd thought his act
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar,
The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel,
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
Of each new-hatch'd, unfledg'd comrade. Beware
Of entrance to a quarrel, but, being in,
Bear't that th' opposed may beware of thee.
Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice;
Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment.
Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not express'd in fancy, rich, not gaudy,
For the apparel oft proclaims the man,
And they in France of the best rank and station
Are most select and generous, chief in that
Neither a borrower, nor a lender be,
For loan oft loses both itself and friend,
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry
This above all to thine own self be true,
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man
Farewell, my blessing season this in thee! *Ib 58.*

You speak like a green girl,
Unsifted in such perilous circumstance
Hamlet, 1 iii 101

Ay, springes to catch woodcocks I do know,
When the blood burns, how prodigal the soul
Lends the tongue vows. *Ib* 115

Be somewhat scater of your maiden presence
Ib 121

I would not, in plain terms, from this time forth,
Have you so slander any moment's leisure *Ib* 132

HAMLET

The air bites shrewdly, it is very cold

HORATIO

It is a nipping and an eager air *Ib* iv 1

But to my mind,—though I am native here,
And to the manner born,—it is a custom
More honour'd in the breach than the observance
Ib 14

Angels and ministers of grace defend us!
Be thou a spirit of health or goblin damn'd,
Bring with thee airs from heaven or blasts from hell,
Be thy intents wicked or charitable,
Thou com'st in such a questionable shape
That I will speak to thee I'll call thee Hamlet,
King, father, royal Dane, O! answer me
Let me not burst in ignorance, but tell
Why thy canoniz'd bones, hearsed in death,
Have burst their cerements, why the sepulchre,
Wherein we saw thee quietly inurn'd,
Hath op'd his ponderous and marble jaws,
To cast thee up again What may this mean,
That thou, dead corse, again in complete steel
Revisit'st thus the glummocks of the moon,
Making night hideous, and we fools of nature
So horribly to shake our disposition
With thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls?
Ib 39

Look, with what courteous action
It waves you to a more removed ground *Ib* 60
I do not set my life at a pin's fee;
And for my soul, what can it do to that,
Being a thing immortal as itself? *Ib* 65

My fate cries out,
And makes each petty artery in this body
As hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve *Ib* 81

Unhand me, gentlemen,
By heaven! I'll make a ghost of him that lets me
Ib 84

Something is rotten in the state of Denmark *Ib* 90
Whither wilt thou lead me? speak, I'll go no further
Ib v 1

Alas! poor ghost *Ib* 4

I am thy father's spirit,
Doom'd for a certain term to walk the night *Ib* 9

But that I am forbid
To tell the secrets of my prison-house,
I could a tale unfold whose lightest word
Would harrow up thy soul, freeze thy young blood,
Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres,
Thy knotted and combined locks to part,
And each particular hair to stand an end,
Like quills upon the fretful porpentine
But this eternal blazon must not be
To ears of flesh and blood. List, list, O, list! *Ib* 13

Revenge his foul and most unnatural murder *Ib* 25.

Murder most foul, as in the best it is,
But this most foul, strange, and unnatural *Ib* 27.

And duller shouldst thou be than the fat weed
That rots itself in ease on Lethe wharf *Ib* 32

O my prophetic soul!

My uncle! *Ib* 40

That it went hand in hand even with the vow
I made to her in marriage *Ib* 49.

But, soft! methinks I scent the morning air. *Ib*. 58.

In the porches of mine ears *Ib* 63

Cut off even in the blossoms of my sin,
Unhousel'd, disappointed, unanel'd,
No reckoning made, but sent to my account
With all my imperfections on my head
O, horrible! O, horrible! most horrible!
If thou hast nature in thee, bear it not *Ib* 76

Leave her to heaven,
And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge,
To prick and sting her *Ib* 86

The glow-worm shows the matin to be near,
And 'gins to pale his uneffectual fire *Ib* 89

While memory holds a seat
In this distracted globe Remember thee!
Yea, from the table of my memory
I'll wipe away all trivial fond records,
All saws of books, all forms, all pressures past,
That youth and observation copied there *Ib* 96.

O most pernicious woman!
O villain, villain, smiling, damned villain!
My tables,—meet it is I set it down,
That one may smile, and smile, and be a villain,
At least I'm sure it may be so in Denmark *Ib* 105

HAMLET

'There's ne'er a villain dwelling in all Denmark,
But he's an arrant knave

HORATIO

There needs no ghost, my lord, come from the grave,
To tell us this *Ib* 123

And, for mine own poor part,
Look you, I'll go pray *Ib* 131

It is an honest ghost, that let me tell you *Ib* 138

Art thou there, true-penny?
Come on,—you hear this fellow in the cellarage
Ib 150

Hic et ubique? then we'll shift our ground *Ib* 156

Well said, old mole! canst work i' the earth so fast?
Ib 162

O day and night, but this is wondrous strange!
Ib 164.

There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy *Ib* 166

To put an antic disposition on *Ib* 172

Rest, rest, perturbed spirit! *Ib* 182

'The time is out of joint, O cursed spite,
That ever I was born to set it right! *Ib* 188.

Your bait of falsehood takes this carp of truth
Ib 11. 1 63.

By indirections find directions out *Hamlet*, II 1 66
 Lord Hamlet, with his doublet all unbrac'd *Ib* 78
 Ungarter'd, and down-gyved to his ankle *Ib* 80
 Such thanks
 As fits a king's remembrance *Ib* II 25
 Thou still hast been the father of good news *Ib* 42
 Brevity is the soul of wit *Ib* 90
 More matter with less art *Ib* 95
 That he is mad, 'tis true, 'tis true 'tis pity,
 And pity 'tis 'tis true a foolish figure,
 But farewell it, for I will use no art *Ib* 97
 That's an ill phrase, a vile phrase, 'beautified' is a
 vile phrase *Ib* [110]
 Doubt thou the stars are fire,
 Doubt that the sun doth move,
 Doubt truth to be a liar,
 But never doubt I love *Ib* [115]
 Lord Hamlet is a prince, out of thy star *Ib* [141]
 If circumstances lead me, I will find
 Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeed
 Within the centre *Ib* [157]
 Let me be no assistant for a state,
 But keep a farm, and carters *Ib* [166]
 POLONIUS
 Do you know me, my lord?
 HAMLET
 Excellent well, you are a fishmonger *Ib* [173]
 Ay, sir, to be honest, as this world goes, is to be one
 man picked out of ten thousand *Ib* [179]
 Still harping on my daughter *Ib* [190]
 POLONIUS
 What do you read, my lord?
 HAMLET
 Words, words, words *Ib* [195]
 All which, sir, though I most powerfully and potently
 believe, yet I hold it not honesty to have it thus set
 down *Ib* [206]
 Though this be madness, yet there is method in it
Ib [211]
 Except my life, except my life, except my life
Ib [225]
 These tedious old fools! *Ib* [227]
 As the indifferent children of the earth. *Ib*. [235]
 HAMLET
 Then you live about her waist, or in the middle of
 her favours?
 GUILDENSTERN
 Faith, her privates we
 HAMLET
 In the secret parts of Fortune? O! most true, she is
 a strumpet What news?
 ROSENCRANTZ
 None, my lord, but that the world's grown honest
 HAMLET
 Then is doomsday near *Ib* [240]
 There is nothing either good or bad, but thinking
 makes it so *Ib* [259]

O God! I could be bounded in a nut-shell, and
 count myself a king of infinite space, were it not
 that I have had dreams *Ib* [263].

GUILDENSTERN

The very substance of the ambitious is merely the
 shadow of a dream

HAMLET

A dream itself is but a shadow

ROSENCRANTZ

Truly, and I hold ambition of so airy and light a
 quality that it is but a shadow's shadow *Ib* [268]

Beggar that I am, I am poor even in thanks

Ib [286]

It goes so heavily with my disposition that this goodly
 frame, the earth, seems to me a sterile promontory,
 this most excellent canopy, the air, look you, this
 brave o'erhanging firmament, this majestical roof
 fretted with golden fire, why, it appears no other
 thing to me but a foul and pestilent congregation
 of vapours What a piece of work is a man! How
 noble in reason! how infinite in faculty! in form,
 in moving, how express and admirable! in action
 how like in angel! in apprehension how like a god!
 the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals!
 And yet, to me, what is this quintessence of dust?
 man delights not me, no, nor woman neither, though,
 by your smiling, you seem to say so *Ib* [316]

There was no such stuff in my thoughts *Ib* [332]

What luten entertainment the players shall receive
 from you *Ib* [337]

Make those laugh whose lungs are tickle o' the sere
Ib [346]

There is something in this more than natural, if
 philosophy could find it out *Ib* [392]

I am but mad north-north-west, when the wind is
 southerly, I know a hawk from a handsaw¹
Ib [405]

That great baby you see there is not yet out of his
 swaddling-clouts *Ib* [410]

Seneca cannot be too heavy, nor Plautus too light
Ib [428]

One fair daughter and no more,
 The which he loved passing well *Ib* [435]

Come, give us a taste of your quality *Ib* [460]

The play, I remember, pleased not the million, 'twas
 caviare to the general *Ib* [465]

The rugged Pyrrhus, like the Hyrcanian beast
Ib [481]

Head to foot

Now is he total gulcs *Ib* [487]

The mobled queen *Ib* [533]

Good my lord, will you see the players well be-
 stowed? Do you hear, let them be well used,
 for they are the abstracts and brief chronicles of
 the time after your death you were better have a
 bad epitaph than their ill report while you live
Ib [553]

Use every man after his desert, and who should
 'scape whipping? *Ib* [561]

O, what a rogue and peasant slave am I! *Ib* [584]

¹ = heron-shaw, or heron.

What's Hecuba to him or he to Hecuba
That he should weep for her? *Hamlet*, II ii [593]

He would drown the stage with tears,
And cleave the general ear with horrid speech,
Make mad the guilty, and appal the free,
Confound the ignorant, and amaze, indeed,
The very faculties of eyes and ears *Ib* [596]

A dull and muddy-mettled rascal *Ib* [602]

But I am pigeon-livered, and lack gall
To make oppression bitter *Ib* [613]

I should have fatted all the region kites
With this slave's offal *Ib* [615]

I have heard,
That guilty creatures sitting at a play
Have by the very cunning of the scene
Been struck so to the soul that presently
They have proclaim'd their malefactions,
For murder, though it have no tongue, will speak
With most miraculous organ *Ib* [625]

Abuses me to damn me *Ib* [640]

The play's the thing
Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the king *Ib* [641]

Nor do we find him forward to be sounded,
But, with a crafty madness, keeps aloof,
When we would bring him on to some confession
Of his true state *Ib* III i 7

'Tis too much prov'd—that with devotion's visage
And pious action, we do sugar o'er
The devil himself *Ib* 47

To be, or not to be that is the question
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And by opposing end them? To die to sleep,
No more, and, by a sleep to say we end
The heart-ache and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to, 'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd To die, to sleep,
To sleep perchance to dream ay, there's the rub,
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause There's the respect
That makes calamity of so long life,
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The pangs of despiz'd love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin? Who would fardels bear,
To grunt and sweat under a weary life,
But that the dread of something after death,
The undiscover'd country from whose bourn
No traveller returns, puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of?
Thus conscience doth make cowards of us all,
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,
And enterprises of great pith and moment
With this regard their currents turn awry,
And lose the name of action. *Ib* 56

Nymph, in thy orisons
Be all my sins remember'd *Ib* 89.

For, to the noble mind,
Rich gifts wax poor when givers prove unkind *Ib* 100

Get thee to a nunnery *Ib* [124]

I am myself indifferent honest *Ib* [125]

I am very proud, revengeful, ambitious, with more
offences at my beck, than I have thoughts to put
them in, imagination to give them shape, or time
to act them in What should such fellows as I do
crawling between heaven and earth? *Ib* [128].

Let the doors be shut upon him, that he may play
the fool nowhere but in his own house *Ib* [137].

Be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt
not escape calumny *Ib* [142]

I have heard of your paintings too, well enough God
bath given you one face, and you make yourself
another *Ib* [150]

I say, we will have no more marriages *Ib* [156]

O! what a noble mind is here o'erthrown
The courtier's, soldier's, scholar's, eye, tongue, sword,
The expectancy and rose of the fair state,
The glass of fashion, and the mould of form,
The observed of all observers, quite, quite, down!
And I, of ladies most deject and wretched,
That suck'd the honey of his music vows,
Now see that noble and most sovereign reason,
Like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh,
That unmatch'd form and figure of blown youth,
Blasted with ecstasy O! woe is me,
To see what I have seen, see what I see! *Ib* [159]

Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to
you, trippingly on the tongue, but if you mouth
it, as many of your players do, I had as lief the
town-crier spoke my lines Nor do not saw the
air too much with your hand, thus, but use all
gently for in the very torrent, tempest, and—as
I may say—whirlwind of passion, you must
acquire and beget a temperance, that may give it
smoothness O! it offends me to the soul to hear
a robustious periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to
tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of the ground-
lings, who for the most part are capable of nothing
but ineffectual dumb-shows and noise I would
have such a fellow whipped for o'erdoing Termi-
gant, it out-herods Herod pray you, avoid it. *Ib* II i

Be not too tame neither, but let your own discretion
be your tutor suit the action to the word, the word
to the action, with this special observance, that
you o'erstep not the modesty of nature *Ib* [19]

The purpose of playing, whose end, both at the first
and now, was and is, to hold, as 'twere, the mirror
up to nature *Ib* [24]

To show the very age and body of the time his
form and pressure *Ib* [26]

Neither having the accent of Christians nor the gait
of Christian, pagan, nor man. *Ib* [35]

I have thought some of nature's journeymen had
made men, and not made them well, they imitated
humanity so abominably *Ib* [38]

FIRST PLAYER

I hope we have reformed that indifferently with
us, sir

HAMLET

O, reform it altogether *Hamlet*, III II [41]

That's villainous, and shows a most pitiful ambition
in the fool that uses it *Ib* [49]

Horatio, thou art e'en as just a man
As e'er my conversation cop'd withal *Ib* [59]

Nay, do not think I flatter
For what advancement may I hope from thee,
That no revenue hast, but thy good spirits? *Ib* [61]

Since my dear soul was mistress of her choice
And could of men distinguish, her election
Hath seal'd thee for herself *Ib* [68]

A man that fortune's buffets and rewards
Hast ta'en with equal thanks, and bless'd are those
Whose blood and judgment are so well co-mingled
That they are not a pipe for Fortune's finger
To sound what stop she please. Give me that man
That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him
In my heart's core, ay, in my heart of heart,
As I do thee. Something too much of this *Ib* [72]

And my imaginations are as foul
As Vulcan's stithy *Ib* [88]

The chameleon's dish I eat the air, promise-
cramed. *Ib* [98]

Here's metal more attractive *Ib* [117]

That's a fair thought to lie between maids' legs
Ib [126]

Die two months ago, and not forgotten yet? Then
there's hope a great man's memory may outlive
his life half a year, but, by'r lady, he must build
churches then *Ib* [140]

For, O! for, O! the hobby-horse is forgot *Ib* [145]

Marry, this is mitching mallecho *Ib* [148]

OPHELIA

'Tis brief, my lord

HAMLET

As woman's love. *Ib* [165]

Where love is great, the littlest doubts are fear,
When little fears grow great, great love grows there *Ib* [183]

What to ourselves in passion we propose,
The passion ending, doth the purpose lose *Ib* [206]

This world is not for aye, nor 'tis not strange
That even our love should with our fortunes change *Ib* [212]

The great man down, you mark his favourite flies,
The poor advanc'd makes friends of enemies *Ib* [216]

Our wills and fates do so contrary run
That our devices still are overthrow'n *Ib*, [223]

Sleep rock thy brain,
And never come mischance between us twain! *Ib* [239]

The lady doth protest too much, methinks *Ib* [242]

We that have free souls, it touches us not let the
galled jade wince, our withers are unwrung *Ib* [255]

The story is extant, and writ in very choice Italian *Ib* [277]

What! frighted with false fire? *Ib* [282]

So runs the world away *Ib* [289].

Put your discourse into some frame, and start not so
wildly from my affair *Ib* [325].

O wonderful son, that can so astonish a mother! *Ib* [347]

The proverb is something musty *Ib* [366]

It will discourse most eloquent music *Ib* [375]

You would play upon me, you would seem to know
my stops, you would pluck out the heart of my
mystery, you would sound me from my lowest
note to the top of my compass *Ib*, [387]

Do you think I am easier to be played on than a pipe?
Call me what instrument you will, though you can
fret me, you cannot play upon me *Ib* [393]

HAMLET

Do you see yonder cloud that's almost in shape of
a camel?

POLONIUS

By the mass, and 'tis like a camel, indeed

HAMLET

Metinks it is like a weasel

POLONIUS

It is backed like a weasel

HAMLET

Or like a whale?

POLONIUS

Very like a whale *Ib* [400].

They fool me to the top of my bent *Ib* [408]

By and by is easily said *Ib* [411]

'Tis now the very witching time of night *Ib* [413]

Let me be cruel, not unnatural,
I will speak daggers to her, but use none *Ib* [420]

O! my offence is rank, it smells to heaven *Ib* III 36

My stronger guilt defeats my strong intent,
And, like a man to double business bound,
I stand in pause where I shall first begin,
And both neglect *Ib* 40

Whereto serves mercy
But to confront the visage of offence? *Ib* 46

May one be pardon'd and retain the offence? *Ib* 56

'Tis not so above,
There is no shuffling, there the action lies
In his true nature, and we ourselves compell'd,
Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults
To give in evidence *Ib* 60

Now might I do it pat, now he is praying
Ile took my father grossly, full of bread,
With all his crimes broad blown, as flush as May,
And how his audit stands who knows save heaven? *Ib* 80

Tell him his pranks have been too broad to bear
with *Ib* IV 2

You go not, till I set you up a glass
Where you may see the inmost part of you.

Hamlet, III. iv 19

How now! a rat? Dead, for a ducat, dead! *Ib.* 23

A bloody deed! almost as bad, good mother,
As kill a king, and marry with his brother. *Ib.* 28

As false as dicers' oaths *Ib.* 45

A rhapsody of words *Ib.* 48.

 Ay me! what act,
That roars so loud, and thunders in the index?
Ib. 51.

Look here, upon this picture, and on this. *Ib.* 53.

Could you on this fair mountain leave to feed
And batten on this moor? *Ib.* 66.

 At your age
The hey-day in the blood is tame, it's humble,
And waits upon the judgment. *Ib.* 68

 Speak no more;
Thou turn'st mine eyes into my very soul *Ib.* 88

A cut-purse of the empire and the rule,
That from a shelf the precious diadem stole,
And put it in his pocket! *Ib.* 99

A king of shreds and patches *Ib.* 102.

Do you not come your tardy son to chide? *Ib.* 106.

Conceit in weakest bodies strongest works *Ib.* 113.

 Bring me to the test,
And I the matter will re-word, which madness
Would gambol from: Mother, for love of grace,
Lay not that flattering unction to your soul *Ib.* 142

 Confess yourself to heaven,
Repent what's past, avoid what is to come *Ib.* 149

For in the fitness of these pursy times,
Virtue itself of vice must pardon beg *Ib.* 153

QUFEN

O Hamlet! thou hast cleft my heart in twain.

HAMLET

O! throw away the worse part of it,
And live the purer with the other half. *Ib.* 156

Assume a virtue, if you have it not.
That monster, custom, who all sense doth eat,
Of habits devil, is angel yet in this *Ib.* 160

And when you are desirous to be bless'd,
I'll blessing beg of you *Ib.* 171

I must be cruel, only to be kind *Ib.* 178

For 'tis the sport to have the engineer
Hoist with his own petar and it shall go hard
But I will delve one yard below their mines,
And blow them to the moon *Ib.* 206

He keeps them, like an ape doth nuts, in the corner
of his jaw, first mouthed, to be last swallowed.
Ib. IV. ii. [19].

A knavish speech sleeps in a foolish ear. *Ib.* [25].

 Diseases desperate grown,
By desperate appliances are reliev'd,
Or not at all *Ib.* iii 9

A certain convocation of politic worms are e'en at
him Your worm is your only emperor for diet
Ib. [21]

A man may fish with the worm that hath eat of a
king, and eat of the fish that hath fed of that worm
Ib. [29]

We go to gain a little patch of ground,
That hath in it no profit but the name *Ib.* iv. 18.

How all occasions do inform against me,
And spur my dull revenge! What is a man,
If his chief good and market of his time
Be but to sleep and feed? a beast, no more
Sure he that made us with such large discourse,
Looking before and after, gave us not
That capability and god-like reason
To fust in us unus'd. *Ib.* 32

 Some craven scruple
Of thinking too precisely on the event *Ib.* 40

 Rightly to be great
Is not to stir without great argument,
But greatly to find quarrel in a straw
When honour's at the stake *Ib.* 53.

So full of artless jealousy is guilt,
It spills itself in fearing to be spilt *Ib.* v 19

How should I your true love know
From another one?
By his cockle hat and staff,
And his sandal shoon. *Ib.* [23].

He is dead and gone, lady,
He is dead and gone,
At his head a grass-green turf,
At his heels a stone. *Ib.* [29]

White his shroud as the mountain snow *Ib.* [36]

 Larded with sweet flowers,
Which bewept to the grave did go
With true-love showers *Ib.* [38]

Then up he rose, and donn'd his clothes. *Ib.* [53]

Come, my coach! Good night, sweet ladies, good
night *Ib.* [72]

When sorrows come, they come not single spies,
But in battalions *Ib.* [78]

 We have done but greenly
In hugger-mugger to inter him *Ib.* [83]

There's such divinity doth hedge a king,
That treason can but peep to what it would
Ib. [123]

To hell, allegiance! vows, to the blackest devil!
Conscience and grace, to the profoundest pit!
I dare damnation *Ib.* [130].

Nature is fine in love, and where 'tis fine
It sends some precious instance of itself
After the thing it loves *Ib.* [160]

They bore him barefac'd on the bier,
Hey non nonny, nonny, hey nonny,
And in his grave rain'd many a tear *Ib.* [163]

There's rosemary, that's for remembrance, pray,
love, remember and there is pansies, that's for
thoughts *Ib.* [174]

You must wear your rue with a difference. There's
a daisy, I would give you some violets, but they
withered all when my father died. *Ib.* [181].

They say he made a good end. *Ib.* [184]

For bonny sweet Robin is all my joy.

Hamlet, iv v [186]

No, no, he is dead,
Go to thy death-bed,
He never will come again

Ib [191]

He is gone, he is gone,
And we cast away soul,
God ha' mercy on his soul!

Ib [196]

His means of death, his obscure funeral,
No trophy, sword, nor hatchment o'er his bones,
No noble rite nor formal ostentation

Ib [213]

And where the offence is let the great axe fall

Ib [218]

You must not think

That we are made of stuff so fat and dull
That we can let our beard be shook with danger
And think it pastime

Ib vii 30

It warms the very sickness in my heart,
That I shall live and tell him to his teeth,
'Thus diddest thou'

Ib 55

A very riband in the cap of youth.

Ib 77.

He grew into his seat,
And to such wondrous doing brought his horse,
As he had been incorp'd and demi-natur'd
With the brave beast.

Ib 85.

No place, indeed, should murder sanctuarize

Ib 127

There is a willow grows aslant a brook,
That shows his hoar leaves in the glassy stream,
There with fantastic garlands did she come,
Of crow-flowers, nettles, daisies, and long purples,
That liberal shepherds give a grosser name,
But our cold maids do dead men's fingers call them
There, on the pendent boughs her coronet weeds
Clambering to hang, an envious silver broke,
When down her weedy trophies and herself
Fell in the weeping brook Her clothes spread wide,
And, mermaid-like, awhile they bore her up,
Which time she chanted snatches of old tunes,
As one incapable of her own distress

Ib 167

Too much of water hast thou, poor Ophelia,
And therefore I forbid my tears, but yet
It is our trick, nature her custom holds,
Let shame say what it will

Ib 186

Is she to be buried in Christian burial that wilfully
seeks her own salvation?

Ib. v 1 1.

Ay, marry, is 't, crowner's quest law

Ib [23]

There is no ancient gentlemen but gardeners, ditchers,
and grave-makers, they hold up Adam's profession

Ib [32]

The gallows-maker, for that frame outlives a thousand
tenants

Ib [47]

Cudgel thy brains no more about it, for your dull ass
will not mend his pace with beating

Ib [61]

The houses that he makes last till doomsday

Ib [64]

Has this fellow no feeling of his business?

Ib [71]

The hand of little employment hath the dancier
sense.

Ib. [75]

The pate of a politician, one that could circum-
vent God.

Ib [84]

How absolute the knave is! we must speak by the
card, or equivocation will undo us

Ib [147]

The age is grown so picked that the toe of the peasant
comes so near the heel of the courtier, he galls his
kibe¹

Ib. [150]

FIRST CLOWN

He that is mad, and sent into England

HAMLET

Ay, marry, why was he sent into England?

FIRST CLOWN

Why, because he was mad he shall recover his wits
there, or, if he do not, 'tis no great matter there

HAMLET

Why

FIRST CLOWN:

'Twill not be seen in him there, there the men are
as mad as he

Ib [160]

Alas! poor Yorick I knew him, Horatio, a fellow of
infinite jest, of most excellent fancy, he hath
borne me on his back a thousand times, and now,
how abhorred in my imagination it is! my gorge
rises at it. Here hung those lips that I have kissed
I know not how oft Where be your gibes now?
your gambols? your songs? your flashes of merriment,
that were wont to set the table on a roar?
Not one now, to mock your own grinning? quite
chap-fallen? Now get you to my lady's chamber,
and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this
favour she must come

Ib [201]

'Twere to consider too curiously to consider so.

Ib. [226].

Imperious Cæsar, dead, and turn'd to clay,
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away.

Ib. [235]

We should profane the service of the dead,
To sing a requiem, and such rest to her
As to peace-parted souls

Ib. [258].

Lay her i' the earth,
And from her fair and unpolluted flesh
May violets spring! I tell thee, churlish priest,
A ministering angel shall my sister be,
When thou hast howling

Ib [260]

Sweets to the sweet farewell!

Ib [265]

I thought thy bride-bed to have deck'd, sweet maid,
And not have strewed thy grave

Ib [267]

For, though I am not splenetic and rash
Yet have I in me something dangerous

Ib [283]

Forty thousand brothers

Could not, with all their quantity of love,
Make up my sum

Ib [291]

And thus a while the fit will work on him,
Anon, as patient as the female dove,
When that her golden couplets are disclos'd,
His silence will sit drooping

Ib [307]

This grave shall have a living monument

Ib [319]

There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will

Ib 11 10

It did me yeoman's service.

Ib 36

¹ = chap on the heel

HAMLET

Dost know this water-fly?

HORATIO

No, my good lord.

HAMLET

Thy state is the more gracious, for 'tis a vice to know him
Hamlet, v 11 [84]

What imports the nomination of this gentleman?

Ib [134]The phrase would be more german to the matter, if we could carry cannon by our sides
Ib [165]'Tis the breathing time of day with me
Ib [181]But thou wouldst not think how ill all's here about my heart
Ib [222]Not a whit, we defy augury, there's a special providence in the fall of a sparrow. If it be now, 'tis not to come, if it be not to come, it will be now, if it be not now, yet it will come: the readiness is all
Ib [232]I have shot mine arrow o'er the house, And hurt my brother
Ib [257]Now the king drinks to Hamlet!
Ib [292]A hit, a very palpable hit
Ib [295]Why, as a woodcock to mine own springe, Osric, I am justly kill'd with my own treachery
Ib [320]O villainy! Ho! let the door be lock'd Treachery! seek it out
Ib [325]The point envenom'd too!— Then, venom, to thy work
Ib [335]This fell sergeant, death, Is strict in his arrest
Ib [350]Report me and my cause aright
Ib [353]I am more an antique Roman than a Dane
Ib [355]Horatio, what a wounded name, Things standing thus unknown, shall live behind me. If thou didst ever hold me in thy heart, Absent thee from felicity awhile, And in this harsh world draw thy breath in pain, To tell my story
Ib [358]The potent poison quite o'ercrows my spirit
Ib [367]The rest is silence.
Ib [372]Now cracks a noble heart. Good-night, sweet prince, And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest!
Ib [373]O proud death! What feast is toward in thine eternal cell?
Ib [378]Purposes mistook Fall'n on the inventors' heads
Ib [398]For he was likely, had he been put on, To have prov'd most royally
Ib [411]Hence! home, you idle creatures, get you home! Is this a holiday?
Julius Caesar, i 1 1What trade, thou knave? thou naughty knave, what trade?
Ib [15].

FLAVIUS

Thou art a cobbler, art thou?

2ND COMMONER

Truly, sir, all that I live by is with the awl. I am indeed, sir, a surgeon to old shoes
Ib [22]As proper men as ever trod upon neat's-leather
Ib [27]Wherefore rejoice? What conquest brings he home?
Ib [36]

You blocks, you stones, you worse than senselless things!

O you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome, Knew you not Pompey?
Ib [39]Have you not made a universal shout, That Tiber trembled underneath her banks, To hear the replication of your sounds Made in her concave shores?
Ib [48]Speak, Cæsar is turn'd to hear
Ib 11 17Beware the Ides of March
Ib 18He is a dreamer, let us leave him pass
Ib 24I am not gamasome. I do lack some part Of that quick spirit that is in Antony
Ib 28Brutus, I do observe you now of late I have not from your eyes that gentleness And show of love as I was wont to have. You bear too stubborn and too strange a hand Over your friend that loves you
Ib 32Poor Brutus, with himself at war, Forgets the shows of love to other men
Ib 46Set honour in one eye and death i' the other, And I will look on both indifferently
Ib 86Well, honour is the subject of my story. I cannot tell what you and other men Think of this life: but, for my single self, I had as lief not be as live to be In awe of such a thing as I myself
Ib 92'Dar'st thou Cassius, now, Leap in with me into this angry flood, And swim to yonder point?' Upon the word, Accoutred as I was, I plunged in, And bade him follow
Ib 102Stemming it with hearts of controversy
Ib 109His coward lips did from their colour fly, And that same eye whose bend doth awe the world Did lose his lustre
Ib 122Ye gods, it doth amaze me, A man of such a feeble temper should So get the start of the majestic world, And bear the palm alone
Ib 128Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world Like a Colossus, and we petty men Walk under his huge legs, and peep about To find ourselves dishonourable graves. Men at some time are masters of their fates. The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars, But in ourselves, that we are underlings
Ib 134'Brutus' will start a spirit as soon as 'Cæsar'. Now in the names of all the gods at once, Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed, That he is grown so great?
Ib 146

Now is it Rome indeed and room enough

Julius Cæsar, I 11 155

But, look you, Cassius,
The angry spot doth glow on Cæsar's brow
Ib 181

Let me have men about me that are fat,
Sleek-headed men and such as sleep o' nights,
Yond' Cassius has a lean and hungry look,
He thinks too much such men are dangerous
Ib 191

Would he were fatter! But I fear him not
Yet if my name were liable to fear,
I do not know the man I should avoid
So soon as that spare Cassius He reads much,
He is a great observer, and he looks
Quite through the deeds of men, he loves no plays,
As thou dost, Antony, he hears no music,
Seldom he smiles, and smiles in such a sort
As if he mock'd himself, and scorn'd his spirit,
That could be mov'd to smile at anything
Such men as he be never at heart's ease,
Whiles they behold a greater than themselves,
And therefore are they very dangerous
I rather tell thee what is to be fear'd
Than what I fear, for always I am Cæsar *Ib* 197
'Tis very like he hath the falling sickness
Ib [255]

If Cæsar had stabbed their mothers, they would
have done no less *Ib* [277]

For mine own part, it was Greek to me *Ib* [288]

Therefore 'tis meet
That noble minds keep ever with their likes,
For who so firm that cannot be seduc'd? *Ib* [315]

Besides—I have not since put up my sword,—
Against the Capitol I met a lion,
Who glar'd upon me, and went surly by,
Without annoying me *Ib* III 19

Yesterday the bird of night did sit,
Even at noon-day, upon the market-place,
Hooping and shrieking *Ib* 26

But men may construe things after their own fashion,
Clean from the purpose of the things themselves.
Ib 34

Cassius from bondage will deliver Cassius *Ib* 90

Nor stony tower, nor walls of beaten brass,
Nor airless dungeon, nor strong links of iron,
Can be retentive to the strength of spirit;
But life, being weary of these worldly bars,
Never lacks power to dismiss itself *Ib* 93

So every bondman in his own hand bears
The power to cancel his captivity *Ib* 101

I will set this foot of mine as far
As who goes farthest *Ib* 119

O! he sits high in all the people's hearts
And that which would appear offence in us,
His countenance, like richest alchemy,
Will change to virtue and to worthiness *Ib* 157

It is the bright day that brings forth the adder;
And that craves wary walking. *Ib*. II. 1. 14

'Tis a common proof,
That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,
Whereto the climber-upward turns his face,

But when he once attains the upmost round,
He then unto the ladder turns his back,
Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees
By which he did ascend. *Ib* 21.

Therefore think him as a serpent's egg
Which, hatch'd, would, as his kind, grow mischievous,
And kill him in the shell *Ib* 32

Between the acting of a dreadful thing
And the first motion, all the interim is
Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream
The genius and the mortal instruments
Are then in council, and the state of man,
Like to a little kingdom, suffers then
The nature of an insurrection *Ib* 63

O conspiracy!
Sham'st thou to show thy dangerous brow by night,
When evils are most free? *Ib* 77

For if thou path, thy native semblance on,
Not Erebus itself were dim enough
To hide thee from prevention *Ib* 83.

For he will never follow anything
That other men begin *Ib* 151

Let us be sacrificers, but not butchers, Cassius *Ib* 166.

Let's carve him as a dish fit for the gods
Not hew him as a carcass fit for hounds *Ib* 173

For he is superstitious grown of late,
Quite from the main opinion he held once
Of fantasy, of dreams, and ceremonies *Ib* 195

But when I tell him he hates flatterers,
He says he does, being then most flattered *Ib* 207.

Enjoy the honey-heavy dew of slumber *Ib* 230

With an angry wafture of your hand,
Gave sign for me to leave you *Ib* 246.

What! is Brutus sick,
And will he steal out of his wholesome bed
To dare the vile contagion of the night? *Ib* 263

That great vow
Which did incorporate and make us one *Ib* 272

PORTIA

Dwell I but in the suburbs
Of your good pleasure? If it be no more,
Portia is Brutus' harlot, not his wife
BRUTUS
You are my true and honourable wife,
As dear to me as are the ruddy drops
That visit my sad heart. *Ib* 285.

I grant I am a woman, but, withal,
A woman that Lord Brutus took to wife,
I grant I am a woman, but, withal,
A woman well-reputed, Cato's daughter
Think you I am no stronger than my sex,
Being so fathered and so husbanded? *Ib* 292.

Enter Cæsar, in his night-gown
Ib II. Stage Directions.

Nor heaven nor earth have been at peace to-night.
Ib II. 1.

CALPURNIA :

These things are beyond all use,
And I do fear them
CÆSAR

What can be avoided
Whose end is purpos'd by the mighty gods?
Julius Cæsar, II ii 25

CALPURNIA

When beggars die, there are no comets seen,
The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of
princes

CÆSAR

Cowards die many times before their deaths
The valiant never taste of death but once,
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
It seems to me most strange that men should fear,
Seeing that death, a necessary end,
Will come when it will come *Ib* 30

Danger knows full well

That Cæsar is more dangerous than he
We are two lions litter'd in one day,
And I the elder and more terrible
And Cæsar shall go forth *Ib* 44

The cause is in my will I will not come *Ib* 71

See! Antony! that revels long o' nights,
Is notwithstanding up *Ib* 116

My heart laments that virtue cannot live
Out of the teeth of emulation *Ib* III [13]

O constancy! be strong upon my side,
Set a huge mountain 'tween my heart and tongue,
I have a man's mind, but a woman's might
How hard it is for women to keep counsel! *Ib* IV 6

CÆSAR

The ides of March are come

SOOTHAYER

Ay, Cæsar, but not gone *Ib* III 1 1

Sweet words,

Low-crook'd curtsies, and base spaniel fawning
Ib 42

If I could pray to move, prayers would move me,
But I am constant as the northern star,
Of whose true-fix'd and resting quality
There is no fellow in the firmament
The skies are painted with unnumber'd sparks,
They are all fire and every one doth shine,
But there's but one in all doth hold his place
So, in the world, 'tis furnish'd well with men,
And men are flesh and blood, and apprehensive,
Yet in the number I do know but one
That unassailable holds on his rank,
Unshak'd of motion and that I am he,
Let me a little show it, even in this,
That I was constant Cæsar should be banish'd,
And constant do remain to keep him so *Ib* 59

Et tu, Brute! *Ib* 77

Ambition's debt is paid *Ib* 83

That we shall die, we know, 'tis but the time
And drawing days out, that men stand upon *Ib* 99

He that cuts off twenty years of life
Cuts off so many years of fearing death *Ib* 101

CASSIUS

How many ages hence
Shall this our lofty scene be acted o'er,
In states unborn, and accents yet unknown!

BRUTUS

How many times shall Cæsar bleed in sport *Ib* 111.

O mighty Cæsar! dost thou lie so low?
Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,
Shrunk to this little measure? *Ib* 148

Your swords, made rich
With the most noble blood of all this world *Ib* 155

Live a thousand years, *Ib* 159

I shall not find myself so apt to die *Ib* 159

The choice and master spirits of this age *Ib* 163

Let each man render me his bloody hand
First, Marcus Brutus, will I shake with you *Ib* 184

Though last, not least in love. *Ib* 189

My credit now stands on such slippery ground,
That one of two bad ways you must conceit me,
Either a coward or a flatterer. *Ib* 191

Here wast thou bay'd, brave hart,
Here didst thou fall, and here thy hunters stand,
Sign'd in thy spoil, and crimson'd in thy lethe.
O world! thou wast the forest to this hart,
And this, indeed, O world! the heart of thee *Ib* 204

The enemies of Cæsar shall say this,
Then, in a friend, it is cold modesty. *Ib* 212

O! pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth,
That I am meek and gentle with these butchers;
Thou art the ruins of the noblest man
That ever lived in the tide of times. *Ib* 254

Cæsar's spirit, ranging for revenge,
With Ate by his side, come hot from hell,
Shall in these confines, with a monarch's voice
Cry, 'Havoc' and let slip the dogs of war *Ib* 270

Passion, I see, is catching *Ib* 283

Not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome
more *Ib* II [22]

As he was valiant I honour him but, as he was
ambitious, I slew him *Ib* [27]

Who is here so base that would be a bondman? If
any, speak, for him have I offended Who is here
so rude that would not be a Roman? If any,
speak, for him have I offended Who is here so
vile, that will not love his country? If any, speak,
for him have I offended I pause for a reply *Ib* [31]

Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears,
I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him
The evil that men do lives after them,
The good is oft interred with their bones,
So let it be with Cæsar The noble Brutus
Hath told you Cæsar was ambitious,
If it were so, it was a grievous fault,
And grievously hath Cæsar answer'd it *Ib* [79]

For Brutus is an honourable man,
So are they all, all honourable men *Ib* [88]

He was my friend, faithful and just to me
But Brutus says he was ambitious,
And Brutus is an honourable man.

Julius Cæsar, III ii [91]

When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept,
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff *Ib* [97]

You all did love him once, not without cause
Ib [108]

O judgment! thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason *Ib* [110]

But yesterday the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world, now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence *Ib* [124]

Let but the commons hear this testament—
Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read—
And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds
And dip their napkins in his sacred blood,
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
And, dying, mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it as a rich legacy
Unto their issue *Ib* [136]

The will, the will! we will hear Cæsar's will
Ib [145]

You are not wood, you are not stones, but men
Ib [148]

If you have tears, prepare to shed them now
You all do know this mantle I remember
The first time ever Cæsar put it on,
'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent,
That day he overcame the Nervii *Ib* [174]
See what a rent the envious Casca made *Ib* [180]
For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel
Ib [186]

This was the most unkindest cut of all *Ib* [188]

Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
Quite vanquish'd him: then burst his mighty heart,
And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
Even at the base of Pompey's statue,
Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell
O! what a fall was there, my countrymen,
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us
O! now you weep, and I perceive you feel
The dint of pity, these are gracious drops
Ib [190]

Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up
To such a sudden flood of mutiny
They that have done this deed are honourable
What private griefs they have, alas! I know not,
That made them do it, they are wise and honourable,
And will no doubt with reasons answer you
I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts
I am no orator, as Brutus is,
But, as you know me all, a plain, blunt man,
That love my friend *Ib* [214]

For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
Action, nor utterance, nor power of speech,
To stir men's blood: I only speak right on,
I tell you that which you yourselves do know
Ib [225]

But were I Brutus,
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony

Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
In every wound of Cæsar, that should move
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny *Ib* [230]

Here was a Cæsar! when comes such another?
Ib [257].

Now let it work, mischief, thou art afoot,
Take thou what course thou wilt! *Ib* [265]

Fortune is merry,
And in this mood will give us anything *Ib* [271]
Tear him for his bad verses, tear him for his bad
verses *Ib* III [34]

He shall not live, look, with a spot I damn him
Ib IV i 6

This is a slight unmeritable man,
Meet to be sent on errands *Ib* 12

OCTAVIUS
He's a tried and valiant soldier
ANTONY
So is my horse, Octavius, and for that
I do appoint him store of provender *Ib* 28.

We are at the stake,
And bay'd about with many enemies,
And some that smile have in their hearts, I fear,
Millions of mischiefs *Ib* 48

Not with such familiar instances,
Nor with such free and friendly conference,
As he hath us'd of old *Ib* II 16

When love begins to sicken and decay,
It useth an enforced ceremony
There are no tricks in plain and simple faith *Ib* 20

CASSIUS
In such a time as this it is not meet
That every nice offence should bear his comment
BRUTUS
Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself
Are much condemn'd to have an itching palm
Ib III 7

Remember March, the ides of March remember
Ib 18

Shall we now
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes? *Ib* 23.

I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than such a Roman. *Ib* 27

Away, slight man! *Ib* 37

I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,
When you are waspish *Ib* 49

For mine own part,
I shall be glad to learn of noble men *Ib* 53

You wrong me every way, you wrong me, Brutus,
I said an elder soldier, not a better.
Did I say 'better'? *Ib* 55

Do not presume too much upon my love,
I may do that I shall be sorry for. *Ib* 63

There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats,
For I am arm'd so strong in honesty
That they pass me by as the idle wind,
Which I respect not *Ib* 66

By heaven, I had rather coin my heart,
And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring
From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash
By any indirection *Julius Cæsar*, iv iii 72

Should I have answer'd Caius Cassius so?
When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,
To lock such rascal counters from his friends,
Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts,
Dash him to pieces! *Ib* 78

A friend should bear his friend's infirmities,
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are *Ib* 85

A friendly eye could never see such faults *Ib* 89

All his faults observ'd,
Set in a note-book, learn'd and conn'd by rote,
To cast into my teeth *Ib* 96

O Cassius! you are yoked with a lamb
That carries anger as the flint bears fire,
Who, much enforced, shows a hasty spark,
And straight is cold again *Ib* 109

O Cassius! I am sick of many griefs *Ib* 143

I have as much of this in art as you,
But yet my nature could not bear it so *Ib* 193

Good reasons must, of force, give place to better *Ib* 202

There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune,
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries
On such a full sea are we now afloat,
And we must take the current when it serves,
Or lose our ventures *Ib* 217

The deep of night is crept upon our talk,
And nature must obey necessity *Ib* 225

This was an ill beginning of the night
Never come such division 'tween our souls! *Ib* 233

BRUTUS
Then I shall see thee again?

GHOST
Ay, at Philippi

BRUTUS
Why, I will see thee at Philippi, then *Ib* 283

But for your words, they rob the Hybla bees,
And leave them honeyless *Ib* v i 34

You know that I held Epicurus strong,
And his opinion, now I change my mind,
And partly credit things that do presage *Ib* 77

The gods to-day stand friendly, that we may,
Lovers in peace, lead on our days to age! *Ib* 94

I know not how,
But I do find it cowardly and vile,
For fear of what might fall, so to prevent
The time of life *Ib* 103

Think not, thou noble Roman,
That ever Brutus will go bound to Rome,
He bears too great a mind: but this same day
Must end that work the ides of March begun,
And whether we shall meet again, I know not
Therefore our everlasting farewell take
For ever, and for ever, farewell, Cassius!
If we do meet again, why, we shall smile!
If not, why then, this parting was well made *Ib* 111

O! that a man might know
The end of this day's business, ere it come,
But it sufficeth that the day will end,
And then the end is known *Ib* 123

This day I breathed first: time is come round,
And where I did begin, there shall I end,
My life is run his compass *Ib* iii 23

O hateful error, melancholy's child!
Why dost thou show, to the apt thoughts of men,
The things that are not? *Ib* 67

O Julius Cæsar! thou art mighty yet!
Thy spirit walks abroad, and turns our swords
In our own proper entrails *Ib* 94

Are yet two Romans living such as these?
The last of all the Romans, fare thee well!
It is impossible that ever Rome
Should breed thy fellow: Friends, I owe more tears
To this dead man than you shall see me pay —
I shall find time, Cassius, I shall find time *Ib* 98

When you do find him, or alive or dead,
He will be found like Brutus, like himself *Ib* iv 24

I had rather have
Such men my friends than enemies *Ib* 28

Thou seest the world, Voluminius, how it goes,
Our enemies have beat us to the pit
It is more worthy to leap in ourselves,
Than tarry till they push us *Ib* v 22

Thou art a fellow of a good respect,
Thy life hath had some smatch of honour in it *Ib* 45

Cæsar, now be still,
I kill'd not thee with half so good a will *Ib* 50

This was the noblest Roman of them all *Ib* 68

He, only, in a general honest thought
And common good to all, made one of them
His life was gentle, and the elements
So mix'd in him that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world, 'This was a man!' *Ib* 71

LEAR
So young, and so untender?

CORDELIA
So young, my lord, and true *King Lear*, i i [108].
A still-soliciting eye. *Ib* [234]

Love is not love
When it is mingled with regards that stand
Aloof from the entire point *Ib* [239]

Fairest Cordelia, that art most rich, being poor,
Most choice, forsaken, and most lov'd, despis'd!
Ib [253]

Who in the lusty stealth of nature take
More composition and fierce quality
Than doth, within a dull, stale, tired bed,
Go to the creating a whole tribe of fops *Ib* ii 11

These lile eclipses in the sun and moon portend no
good to us *Ib* [115]

We have seen the best of our time: machinations,
hollowness, treachery, and all ruinous disorders,
follow us disquietly to our graves *Ib* [125]

This is the excellent foppery of the world *Ib* [132].

We make guilty of our disasters the sun, the moon,
and the stars, as if we were villains by necessity,
fools by heavenly compulsion

King Lear, I. ii [134]

An admirable evasion of whoremaster man, to lay
his goatish disposition to the charge of a star!

Ib [141]

My nativity was under Ursa Major, so that it follows
I am rough and lecherous

Ib [145]

Pat he comes, like the catastrophe of the old comedy,
my cue is villainous melancholy, with a sigh like
'Tom o' Bedlam

Ib [150]

KENT

You have that in your countenance which I would
fain call master.

I FAR

What's that?

KENT

Authority

Ib iv [29]

Not so young, sir, to love a woman for singing, nor
so old to dote on her for any thing

Ib [40]

Lady the brach may stand by the fire and stunk

Ib [125]

Have more than thou showest,
Speak less than thou knowest,
Lend less than thou owest

Ib [132]

LEAR

Dost thou call me fool, boy?

FOOL

All thy other titles thou hast given away, that thou
wast born with

Ib [163]

The hedge-sparrow fed the cuckoo so long,
That it had it head bit off by it young

Ib [238]

Ingratitude, thou marble-hearted fiend,
More hideous, when thou show'st thee in a child,
Than the sea-monster

Ib [283]

Into her womb convey sterility!

Dry up in her the organs of increase

Ib [302]

How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is

To have a thankless child!

Ib [312]

How far your eyes may pierce I cannot tell,

Striving to better, oft we mar what's well

Ib [370]

A knave, a rascal, an eater of broken meats.

Ib ii. ii. [15].

Thou whoreson zed! thou unnecessary letter!

Ib [68]

I'd drive ye cackling home to Camelot

Ib [89]

I have seen better faces in my time

Than stands on any shoulder that I see

Before me at this instant

Ib [99]

Winter's not gone yet, if the wild-geese fly that way.

Ib iv [46]

Down, thou climbing sorrow!

Thy element's below

Ib [57]

That sir which serves and seeks for gain,

And follows but for form,

Will pack when it begins to rain,

And leave thee in the storm

Ib [79]

O, sir! you are old,
Nature in you stands on the very verge
Of her confine.

Ib [148].

But I'll not chide thee,
Let shame come when it will, I do not call it
I do not bid the thunder-bearer shoot,
Nor tell tales of thee to high-judging Jove

Ib [228]

Our basest beggars
Are in the poorest thing superfluous
Allow not nature more than nature needs,
Man's life is cheap as beast's

Ib [267]

You see me here, you gods, a poor old man,
As full of grief as age, wretched in both!

Ib [275]

I will have such revenges on you both

That all the world shall—I will do such things,—

What they are yet I know not,—but they shall be

The terrors of the earth

Ib [282]

To wilful men,
The injuries that they themselves procure
Must be their schoolmasters

Ib [305]

Contending with the fretful elements,
Bids the wind blow the earth into the sea,
Or swell the curled waters 'bove the main

Ib III. i. 4

Strives in his little world of man to out-scorn

The to-and-fro conflicting wind and rain

This night, wherein the cub-drawn bear would couch,

The lion and the belly-pinched wolf

Keep their fur dry

Ib 10

Blow, winds, and crack your cheeks! rage! blow!

You cataracts and hurricanoes, spout

Till you have drench'd our steeples, drown'd the cocks!

You sulphurous and thought-executing fires,

Vaunt-couriers to oak-cleaving thunderbolts,

Singe my white head! And thou, all-shaking thunder,

Strike flat the thick rotundity o' the world!

Crack nature's moulds, all germens spill at once

That make ingrateful man!

Ib 11. 1

I tax not you, you elements, with unkindness,

I never gave you kingdom, call'd you children,

You owe me no subscription then, let fall

Your horrible pleasure, here I stand, your slave,

A poor, infirm, weak, and despis'd old man

But yet I call you servile ministers,

That have with two pernicious daughters join'd

Your high-engender'd battles 'gainst a head

So old and white as this

Ib [16]

There was never yet fair woman but she made mouths

in a glass

Ib [35]

Things that love night

Love not such nights as these.

Ib [42]

Let the great gods,

That keep this dreadful pother o'er our heads,

Find out their enemies now—Tremble, thou wretch,

That hast within thee undivulged crimes,

Unwhipp'd of justice

Ib [49]

Close pent-up guilts,

Rive your concealing continents, and cry

These dreadful summoners grace I am a man

More sinned against than sinning

Ib [57].

a	WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE	b
The art of our necessities is strange, That can make vile things precious		Out, vile jelly! <i>Ib</i> [83]. The lowest and most dejected thing of fortune <i>Ib</i> IV. 1 3
<i>King Lear</i> , III II [70]		
When the mind's free, The body's delicate	<i>Ib</i> IV 11	The lamentable change is from the best, The worst returns to laughter <i>Ib</i> 5
O! that way madness lies, let me shun that	<i>Ib</i> 21	The worst is not, So long as we can say, 'This is the worst' <i>Ib</i> 27.
Poor naked wretches, wheresoe'er you are, That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm, How shall your houseless heads and unfed sides, Your looped and window'd raggedness, defend you From seasons such as these?	<i>Ib</i> 28	As flies to wanton boys, are we to the gods, They kill us for their sport <i>Ib</i> 36
- Take physic, pomp, Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel	<i>Ib</i> 33	You are not worth the dust which the rude wind Blows in your face <i>Ib</i> II 30
Tom's a-cold	<i>Ib</i> [57]	She that herself will sliver and disbranch From her material sap, perforce must wither And come to deadly use <i>Ib</i> 34
Pillicock set on Pillicock-hill Halloo, halloo, loo, loo!	<i>Ib</i> [75]	Wisdom and goodness to the vile seem vile, Filths savour but themselves <i>Ib</i> 38
Take heed o' the foul fiend!	<i>Ib</i> [79]	Crown'd with rank fumiter and furrow weeds, With burdocks, hemlock, nettles, cuckoo-flowers, Darnel, and all the idle weeds that grow In our sustaining corn <i>Ib</i> IV 3
A serving-man, proud in heart and mind, that curled my hair, wore gloves in my cap, serv'd the lust of my mistress' heart, and did the act of darkness with her, swore as many oaths as I spake words, and broke them in the sweet face of heaven, one that slept in the contriving of lust, and waked to do it	<i>Ib</i> [84]	How fearful And dizzy 'tis to cast one's eyes so low! The crows and choughs that wing the midway air Show scarce so gross as beetles, half-way down Hangs one that gathers samphire, dreadful trade! Methinks he seems no bigger than his head The fishermen that walk upon the beach Appear like mice, and yond tall anchoring bark Diminish'd to her cock, her cock a buoy Almost too small for sight The murmuring surge, 'That on the unnumber'd idle pebbles chafes, Cannot be heard so high <i>Ib</i> VI 12
Keep thy foot out of brothels, thy hand out of plackets, thy pen from lenders' books, and defy the foul fiend	<i>Ib</i> [96]	The shrill-gorg'd lark so far Cannot be seen or heard <i>Ib</i> 59
'Thou art the thing itself, unaccommodated man is no more but such a poor, bare, forked animal as thou art	<i>Ib</i> [109]	Think that the clearest gods, who make them honours Of men's impossibilities, have preserv'd thee <i>Ib</i> 74
'Tis a naughty night to swim in	<i>Ib</i> [113]	They told me I was every thing, 'tis a lie, I am not ague-proof <i>Ib</i> [107]
Drinks the green mantle of the standing pool	<i>Ib</i> [136]	GLOUCESTER Is't not the king? LEAR
But mice and rats and such small deer Have been Tom's food for seven long year	<i>Ib</i> [142]	Ay, every inch a king <i>Ib</i> [110]
The prince of darkness is a gentleman	<i>Ib</i> [148]	The wren goes to 't, and the small gilded fly Does lecher in my sight <i>Ib</i> [115]
I'll talk a word with this same learned Theban	<i>Ib</i> [161]	Give me an ounce of civet, good apothecary, to sweeten my imagination <i>Ib</i> [133]
Child Roland to the dark tower came, His word was still, Fie, foh, and fum, I smell the blood of a British man	<i>Ib</i> [185]	A man may see how this world goes with no eyes Look with thine ears see how yond justice rails upon yond simple thief Hark, in thine ear change places, and, handy-dandy, which is the justice, which is the thief? <i>Ib</i> [154]
Nero is an angler in the lake of darkness	<i>Ib</i> VI [8]	Get thee glass eyes, And, like a scurvy politician, seem To see the things thou dost not <i>Ib</i> [175]
The little dogs and all, Tray, Blanch, and Sweet-heart, see, they bark at me	<i>Ib</i> [65]	When we are born we cry that we are come To this great stage of fools <i>Ib</i> [187]
Mastiff, greyhound, mongrel grim, Hound or spaniel, brach or lynx, Or bobtail tyke, or trundle-tail	<i>Ib</i> [71]	
You, sir, I entertain for one of my hundred, only I do not like the fashion of your garments you will say, they are Persian attire, but let them be changed	<i>Ib</i> [83]	
'Tis most ignobly done	<i>Ib</i> VII [35]	
To pluck me by the beard	<i>Ib</i> VII [35]	
I am tied to the stake, and I must stand the course	<i>Ib</i> [54]	
The sea, with such a storm as his bare head In hell-black night endur'd, would have buoy'd up, And quench'd the stelled fires.	<i>Ib</i> [59]	

Mine enemy's dog,
Though he had bit me, should have stood that night
Against my fire *King Lear*, IV vii 36

Thou art a soul in bliss, but I am bound
Upon a wheel of fire, that mine own tears
Do scald like molten lead *Ib* 46

I am a very foolish, fond old man,
Fourscore and upward, not an hour more or less,
And, to deal plainly,
I fear I am not in my perfect mind *Ib* 60

For, as I am a man, I think this lady
To be my child Cordelia *Ib* 69
Pray you now, forget and forgive *Ib* [85]

Men must endure
Their going hence, even as their coming hither
Ripeness is all *Ib*. v 11 9

Come, let's away to prison;
We two alone will sing like birds i' the cage—
When thou dost ask me blessing, I'll kneel down,
And ask of thee forgiveness and we'll live,
And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and laugh
At gilded butterflies, and hear poor rogues
Talk of court news, and we'll talk with them too,
Who loses, and who wins, who's in, who's out,
And take upon 's the mystery of things,
As if we were God's spies, and we'll wear out,
In a wall'd prison, packs and sets of great ones
That ebb and flow by the moon *Ib* iii 8

Upon such sacrifices, my Cordelia,
The gods themselves throw incense *Ib* 20

The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices
Make instruments to plague us. *Ib* [172]

The wheel has come full circle. *Ib* [176]

His flaw'd heart,—
Alack! too weak the conflict to support,
'Twixt two extremes of passion, joy and grief,
Burst smilingly *Ib* [198]

Her voice was ever soft,
Gentle, and low, an excellent thing in woman *Ib* [274]

I have seen the day, with my good biting falchion
I would have made them skip *Ib* [278]

And my poor fool is hang'd! No, no, no life!
Why should a dog, a horse, a rat, have life,
And thou no breath at all? Thou'lt come no more,
Never, never, never, never! *Ib* [307]

Pray you, undo this button
Vex not his ghost O! let him pass, he hates him
That would upon the rack of this tough world
Stretch him out longer *Ib* [314]

The oldest hath borne most we that are young,
Shall never see so much, nor live so long *Ib* [327]

Let fame, that all hunt after in their lives,
Live register'd upon our brazen tombs

Love's Labour's Lost, I 1 1

Spite of cormorant devouring Time *Ib* 4

Why, all delights are vain, but that most vain,
Which, with pain purchas'd, doth inherit pain *Ib* 72

Study is like the heaven's glorious sun,
'That will not be deep-search'd with saucy looks,
Small have continual plodders ever won,
Save base authority from others' books *Ib* 84

At Christmas I no more desire a rose
Than wish a snow in May's new-fangled mirth,
But like of each thing that in season grows *Ib* 105

So study evermore is overshot *Ib* [141]

If I break faith, this word shall speak for me,—
I am forsworn 'on mere necessity'. *Ib* [152]

A child of our grandmother Eve, a female, or, for
thy more sweet understanding, a woman *Ib* [263]

The world was very guilty of such a ballad some three
ages since, but, I think, now 'tis not to be found *Ib* 11 [117]

Devise, wit! write, pen! for I am for whole volumes
in folio! *Ib* [194]

Beauty is bought by judgment of the eye,
Not utter'd by base sale of chapmen's tongues *Ib* 11 15.

A merrier man,
Within the limit of becoming mirth,
I never spent an hour's talk withal *Ib* 66

Your wit's too hot, it speeds too fast, 'twill tire *Ib* [119]

Thy own wish wish I thee in every place! *Ib* [178]

Warble, child, make passionate my sense of hearing *Ib* 111 1 1.

A very beadle to a humorous sigh *Ib* [185]

This wimpled, whining, purblind, wayward boy,
This senior-junior, giant-dwarf, Dan Cupid;
Regent of love rhymes, lord of folded arms,
The anointed sovereign of sighs and groans,
Luge of all loiterers and malcontents *Ib* [189]

With two pitch balls stuck in her face for eyes *Ib* [207]

Some men must love my lady, and some Joan *Ib* [215]

He hath not fed of the dainties that are bred in a
book, he hath not eat paper, as it were; he hath
not drunk ink *Ib* 11 [25]

These are begot in the ventricle of memory, nourished
in the womb of pia mater, and delivered upon the
mellowing of occasion. *Ib* [70]

Old Mantuan! old Mantuan! Who understandeth
thee not, loves thee not *Ib* [102]

The elegance, facility, and golden cadence of poesy *Ib* [126]

By heaven, I do love, and it hath taught me to rhyme,
and to be melancholy *Ib* 11 [13]

The heavenly rhetoric of thine eye *Ib* [60]

Love, whose month is ever May,
Spied a blossom passing fair,
Playing in the wanning air
Through the velvet leaves the wind,
All unseen, 'gan passage find,
That the lover, sick to death,
Wish'd himself the heaven's breath *Ib* [102]

Thou for whom e'en Jove would swear
Juno but an Ethiop were,
And deny himself for Jove,
Turning mortal for thy love

Love's Labour's Lost, IV iii [119]

Now step I forth to whip hypocrisy *Ib* [151]

From women's eyes this doctrine I derive
They are the ground, the books, the academes,
From whence doth spring the true Promethean fire
Ib [302].

For where is any author in the world
Teaches such beauty as a woman's eye?
Learning is but an adjunct to ourself *Ib* [312]

But love, first learned in a lady's eyes,
Lives not alone immured in the brain,
But, with the motion of all elements,
Courses as swift as thought in every power,
And gives to every power a double power,
Above their functions and their offices.
It adds a precious seeing to the eye,
A lover's eyes will gaze an eagle blind;
A lover's ears will hear the lowest sound,
When the suspicious head of theft is stopp'd
Love's feeling is more soft and sensible
Than are the tender horns of cockled snails
Love's tongue proves dainty Bacchus gross in taste
For valour, is not love a Hercules,
Still climbing trees in the Hesperides?
Subtle as Sphinx, as sweet and musical
As bright Apollo's lute, strung with his hair,
And when Love speaks, the voice of all the gods
Makes heaven drowsy with the harmony.
Never durst poet touch a pen to write
Until his ink were temper'd with Love's sighs
Ib [327]

From women's eyes this doctrine I derive
They sparkle still the right Prometheus in fire;
They are the books, the arts, the academes,
That show, contain, and nourish all the world
Ib [350].

He draweth out the thread of his verbosity finer than
the staple of his argument *Ib*, v. 1 [18]

Priscian a little scratched, 'twill serve *Ib* [31]

MOTH*

'They have been at a great feast of languages, and
stolen the scraps

COSTARD

O! they have lived long on the alms-basket of words.
I marvel thy master hath not eaten thee for a
word, for thou art not so long by the head as
honorificabilitudinitatibus thou art easier swal-
lowed than a flap-dragon *Ib* [39]

In the posteriors of this day, which the rude multi-
tude call the afternoon *Ib* [96]

Had she been light, like you,
Of such a merry, nimble, stirring spirit,
She might ha' been a grandam ere she died,
And so may you, for a light heart lives long
Ib II 15

Taffeta phrases, silken terms precise,
Three-pil'd hyperboles, spruce affectation,
Figures pedantical *Ib* 407

In russet yeas and honest kersey noes *Ib* 414

When in the world I liv'd, I was the world's com-
mander,
By east, west, north, and south, I spread my conquer-
ing might
My scutcheon plain declares that I am Alisander
Ib [563]

Let me take you a button-hole lower *Ib* [705]

A world-without-end bargain *Ib* [797]

A jest's prosperity lies in the ear
Of him that hears it, never in the tongue
Of him that makes it *Ib* [869]

When daisies pied and violets blue
And lady-smocks all silver-white
And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue
Do paint the meadows with delight,
The cuckoo then, on every tree,
Mocks married men, for thus sings he,
Cuckoo,
Cuckoo, cuckoo, O, word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear! *Ib* [902]

When icicles hang by the wall,
And Dick, the shepherd, blows his nail,
And Tom bears logs into the hall,
And milk comes frozen home in pail,
When blood is nipp'd and ways be foul,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
Tu-whoo,
Tu-whit, tu-who—a merry note,
While grey Joan doth keel the pot
When all about the wind doth blow,
And coughing drowns the parson's saw,
And birds sit brooding in the snow,
And Marion's nose looks red and raw,
When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl *Ib* [920]

The words of Mercury are harsh after the songs of
Apollo *Ib* [938]

FIRST WITCH

When shall we three meet again
In thunder, lightning, or in rain?

SECOND WITCH

When the hurly-burly's done,
When the battle's lost and won

THIRD WITCH

'That will be ere the set of sun

FIRST WITCH

Where the place?

SECOND WITCH

Upon the heath

THIRD WITCH

There to meet with Macbeth.

FIRST WITCH

I come, Graymalkin!

SECOND WITCH

Paddock calls

THIRD WITCH

Anon!

ALL

Fair is foul, and foul is fair

I hover through the fog and filthy air
Macbeth, I i 1.

DUNCAN

What bloody man is that?

MALCOLM

This is the sergeant
Ib II 1

Disdaining fortune, with his brandish'd steel,
Which smok'd with bloody execution,
Like valour's minion carv'd out his passage
Macbeth, 1 ii 17

Memorize another Golgotha *Ib* 41

So well thy words become thee as thy wounds,
They smack of honour both. *Ib.* 44.

Banners flout the sky *Ib* 50

Till that Bellona's bridegroom, lapp'd in proof,
Confronted him with self-comparisons,
Point against point, rebellious arm 'gainst arm,
Curbing his lavish spirit. *Ib* 55

A sailor's wife had chestnuts in her lap,
And munch'd, and munch'd, and munch'd 'Give
me,' quoth I

'Aroint thee, witch!' the rump-fed ronyon cries
Her husband's to Aleppo gone, master o' the Tiger
But in a sieve I'll thither sail,
And, like a rat without a tail,
I'll do, I'll do, and I'll do *Ib* iii 4

Sleep shall neither night nor day
Hang upon his pent-house lid
He shall live a man forbid
Weary se'nights nine times nine
Shall he dwindle, peak, and pine
Though his bark cannot be lost,
Yet it shall be tempest-tost *Ib* 19

So foul and fair a day I have not seen *Ib* 38.

What are these,
So withered, and so wild in their attire,
That look not like th' inhabitants o' the earth,
And yet are on 't? *Ib* 39

You should be women,
And yet your beards forbid me to interpret
That you are so. *Ib* 45

If you can look into the seeds of time,
And say which grain will grow and which will not
Ib 58

Stay, you imperfect speakers, tell me more *Ib.* 70

The Thane of Cawdor lives,
A prosperous gentleman, and to be king
Stands not within the prospect of belief;
No more than to be Cawdor. Say, from whence
You owe this strange intelligence? or why
Upon this blasted heath you stop our way
With such prophetic greeting? *Ib* 72

BAQUO
The earth hath bubbles, as the water has,
And these are of them
Were such things here as we do speak about?
Or have we eaten on the insane root
That takes the reason prisoner? *Ib* 83

Strange images of death *Ib* 97.
What! can the devil speak true? *Ib* 107

And oftentimes, to win us to our harm,
The instruments of darkness tell us truths,
Win us with honest trifles, to betray 's
In deepest consequence. *Ib* 123

Two truths are told,
As happy prologues to the swelling act
Of the imperial theme. *Ib.* 127.

This supernatural soliciting
Cannot be ill, cannot be good, if ill,
Why hath it given me earnest of success,
Commencing in a truth? I am Thane of Cawdor
If good, why do I yield to that suggestion
Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair
And make my seated heart knock at my ribs,
Against the use of nature? Present fears
Are less than horrible imaginings,
My thought, whose murder yet is but fantastical,
Shakes so my single state of man that function
Is smother'd in surmise, and nothing is
But what is not *Ib* 130

If chance will have me king, why, chance may crown
me *Ib* 143

Come what come may,
Time and the hour runs through the roughest day *Ib* 146

MALCOLM
Nothing in his life
Became him like the leaving it, he died
As one that had been studied in his death
To throw away the dearest thing he owed
As 'twere a careless trifle
DUNCAN

There's no art
To find the mind's construction in the face,
He was a gentleman on whom I built
An absolute trust. *Ib* iv 7

Glamis thou art, and Cawdor, and shalt be
What thou art promis'd Yet do I fear thy nature,
It is too full o' the milk of human kindness
To catch the nearest way, thou wouldst be great,
Art not without ambition, but without
The illness should attend it, what thou wouldst
highly,
That wouldst thou holily, wouldst not play false,
And yet wouldst wrongly win, thou'dst have, great
Glamis,
That which cries, 'Thus thou must do, if thou have
it',
And that which rather thou dost fear to do
Than wishest should be undone *Ib* v [16]

The golden round,
Which fate and metaphysical aid doth seem
To have thee crown'd withal *Ib* [29].

The raven himself is hoarse
That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan
Under my battlements Come, you spirits
That tend on mortal thoughts! unsex me here,
And fill me from the crown to the toe top full
Of direst cruelty, make thick my blood,
Stop up the access and passage to remorse,
That no compunctious visitings of nature
Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace between
The effect and it! Come to my woman's breasts,
And take my milk for gall, you murdering ministers,
Wherever in your sightless substances
You wait on nature's mischief! Come, thick night,
And pall thee in the dunest smoke of hell,
That my keen knife see not the wound it makes,
Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the dark,
To cry 'Hold, hold!' *Ib* [38]

Greater than both, by the all-hail hereafter! *Ib* [56]

Your face, my thane, is as a book where men
May read strange matters To beguile the time,
Look like the time, bear welcome in your eye,
Your hand, your tongue: look like the innocent
flower,
But be the serpent under 't. *Macbeth, I iv [63]*

DUNCAN

This castle hath a pleasant seat, the air
Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself
Unto our gentle senses.

BANQUO

This guest of summer,
The temple-haunting martlet, does approve
By his lov'd mansionry that the heaven's breath
Smells wooingly here no juttie, frieze,
Buttress, nor coign of vantage, but this bird
Hath made his pendent bed and procreant cradle
Where they most breed and haunt, I have observ'd,
The air is delicate *Ib vi 1*

If it were done when 'tis done, then 'twere well
It were done quickly if the assassination
Could trammel up the consequence, and catch
With his surcease success, that but this blow
Might be the be-all and the end-all here,
But here, upon this bank and shoal of time,
We'd jump the life to come *Ib vii 1*
This even-handed justice *Ib 10*

Besides, this Duncan
Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been
So clear in his great office, that his virtues
Will plead like angels trumpet-tongu'd, against
The deep damnation of his taking-off,
And pity, like a naked new-born babe,
Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubim, hors'd
Upon the sightless couriers of the air,
Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,
That tears shall drown the wind I have no spur
To prick the sides of my intent, but only
Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself,
And falls on the other *Ib 16*

We will proceed no further in this business
He hath honour'd me of late, and I have bought
Golden opinions from all sorts of people. *Ib 31*

Was the hope drunk,
Wherein you dress'd yourself? hath it slept since,
And wakes it now, to look so green and pale
At what it did so freely? From this time
Such I account thy love Art thou afraid
To be the same in thine own act and valour
As thou art in desire? Wouldst thou have that
Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life,
And live a coward in thine own esteem,
Letting 'I dare not' wait upon 'I would,'
Like the poor cat i' the adage *Ib 35*

I dare do all that may become a man,
Who dares do more is none *Ib 46*

LADY MACBETH

I have given suck, and know
How tender 'tis to love the babe that milks me
I would, while it was smiling in my face,
Have pluck'd my nipple from his boneless gums,
And dash'd the brains out, had I so sworn as you
Have done to this

MACBETH

It we should fail,—

LADY MACBETH

We fail!
But screw your courage to the sticking-place,
And we'll not fail *Ib 54*

That memory, the warder of the brain,
Shall be a fume. *Ib 65*

Bring forth men-children only,
For thy undaunted mettle should compose
Nothing but males *Ib 72*

Away, and mock the time with fairest show
False face must hide what the false heart doth know
Ib 81

There's husbandry in heaven;
Their candles are all out *Ib 11 1 4*

Merciful powers!
Restrain in me the cursed thoughts that nature
Gives way to in repose *Ib 7*

Shut up
In measureless content *Ib 16*

Is this a dagger which I see before me,
The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch
thee
I have thee not, and yet I see thee still
Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
To feeling as to sight? or art thou but
A dagger of the mind, a false creation,
Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain? *Ib 33*

Now o'er the one half-world
Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse
The curtain'd sleep, witchcraft celebrates
Pale Hecate's offerings, and wither'd murder,
Alarum'd by his sentinel, the wolf,
Whose howl's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace,
With Tarquin's ravishing strides, towards his design
Moves like a ghost Thou sure and firm-set earth,
Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear
The very stones prate of my whereabouts,
And take the present horror from the time,
Which now suits with it Whiles I threat he lives
Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives.
I go, and it is done, the bell invites me
Hear it not, Duncan, for it is a knell
That summons thee to heaven or to hell. *Ib 49*

That which hath made them drunk hath made me
bold,
What hath quench'd them hath given me fire *Ib 11 1*

It was the owl that shriek'd, the fatal bellman,
Which gives the stern'st good-night *Ib 4*

The attempt and not the deed,
Confounds us *Ib 12*

Had he not resembled
My father as he slept I had done 't *Ib 14*

I have done the deed Didst thou not hear a noise?
Ib 16

As they had seen me with these hangman's hands
Ib 29

Consider it not so deeply *Ib 31.*

I had most need of blessing, and 'Amen'
Stuck in my throat *Ib 33*

These deeds must not be thought
After these ways, so, it will make us mad

Macbeth, II ii 34.

Methought I heard a voice cry, 'Sleep no more!
Macbeth does murder sleep,' the innocent sleep,
Sleep that knits up the ravell'd sleeve of care,
The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast

Ib 36

Glamis hath murder'd sleep, and therefore Cawdor
Shall sleep no more, Macbeth shall sleep no more!

Ib 43

You do unbend your noble strength to think
So brainsickly of things

Ib 46

MACBETH

I am afraid to think what I have done,
Look on't again I dare not

LADY MACBETH

Infirm of purpose!

Give me the daggers. The sleeping and the dead
Are but as pictures, 'tis the eye of childhood
That fears a painted devil

Ib 52

Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood
Clean from my hand? No, this my hand will rather
The multitudinous seas incarnadine,
Making the green one red

Ib 61

Here's a farmer that hanged himself on the expecta-
tion of plenty

Ib iii [5]

Faith, here's an equivocator

Ib [9]

The primrose way to the everlasting bonfire

Ib [22]

The labour we delight in physics pain

Ib [56]

The night has been unruly where we lay
Our chimneys were blown down, and, as they say,
Lamentings heard i' the air, strange screams of
death,

And prophesying with accents terrible
Of dire combustion and confus'd events
New-hatch'd to the woeful time. The obscure bird
Clamour'd the live-long night. Some say the earth
Was feverous and did shake

Ib. [60]

Confusion now hath made his masterpiece!
Most sacrilegious murder hath broke ope
The Lord's anointed temple, and stole thence
The life o' the building!

Ib [72]

Shake off this downy sleep, death's counterfeit,
And look on death itself! up, up, and see
The great doom's image!

Ib [83]

Had I but died an hour before this chance,
I had liv'd a blessed time, for, from this instant,
There's nothing serious in mortality
All is but toys, renown, and grace is dead,
The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees
Is left this vault to brag of

Ib [98]

Who can be wile, amazed, temperate, and furious,
Loyal and neutral, in a moment? No man

Ib [115]

In the great hand of God I stand, and thence
Against the undivulg'd pretence I fight
Of treasonous malice

Ib [137]

There's daggers in men's smiles

Ib [147]

A falcon, towering in her pride of place,
Was by a mousing owl hawk'd at and kill'd.

Ib iv 12

Thrifless ambition, that wilt ravin up
Thine own life's means!

Ib 28

Thou hast it now. King, Cawdor, Glamis, all,
As the weird women promis'd, and, I fear,
Thou play'st most foully for 't, yet it was said
It should not stand in thy posterity,
But that myself should be the root and father
Of many kings

Ib iii i 1

I must become a borrower of the night
For a dark hour or twain

Ib 27

But to be safely thus. To be thus is nothing,

Ib 48

There is none but he

Whose being I do fear, and, under him
My genius is rebuk'd, as, it is said,
Mark Antony's was by Cæsar

Ib 54

Mine eternal jewel

Given to the common enemy of man

Ib 68

FIRST MURDERER

We are men, my liege

MACBETH
Ay, in the catalogue ye go for men

Ib 91

FIRST MURDERER

I am one, my liege,

Whom the vile blows and buffets of the world
Have so incens'd, that I am reckless what
I do to spite the world

SECOND MURDERER

I another,

So weary with disasters, tugg'd with fortune,
That I would set my life on any chance,
To mend it or be rid on 't.

Ib 108

Leave no rubs nor botches in the work

Ib 134

Thy soul's flight,

If it find heaven, must find it out to-night

Ib 141

Naught's had, all's spent,

Where our desire is got without content.

'Tis safer to be that which we destroy,
Than, by destruction, dwell in doubtful joy

Ib ii 4

LADY MACBETH

Things without all remedy

Should be without regard. What's done is done

MACBETH

We have scotch'd the snake, not killed it
She'll close and be herself, whilst our poor malice
Remains in danger of her former tooth
But let the frame of things disjoint, both the worlds
suffer,

Ere we will eat our meal in fear, and sleep
In the affliction of these terrible dreams
That shake us nightly. Better be with the dead,
Whom we, to gain our peace, have sent to peace,
Than on the torture of the mind to lie
In restless ecstasy. Duncan is in his grave,
After life's fitful fever he sleeps well,
Treason has done his worst, nor steel, nor poison,
Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing,
Can touch him further

Ib 11

¹ Theobald's emendation of First Folio 'corched'

Make our faces vizards to our hearts,
Disguising what they are *Macbeth*, III ii 34

But in them nature's copy's not eterne *Ib* 38

A deed of dreadful note *Ib* 44

Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest chuck,
Till thou applaud the deed Come, seeling night,
Scarf up the tender eye of pitiful day,
And with thy bloody and invisible hand,
Cancel and tear to pieces that great bond
Which keeps me pale! Light thickens, and the crow
Makes wing to the rooky wood,
Good things of the day begin to droop and drowse,
Whiles night's black agents to their preys do rouse *Ib* 45

Things bad begun make strong themselves by ill *Ib* 55

Now spurs the lated traveller apace
To gain the timely inn *Ib* III 6

Ourselves will mingle with society
And play the humble host *Ib* IV 3

But now I am cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd, bound in
To saucy doubts and fears. *Ib* 24

Now good digestion wait on appetite,
And health on both! *Ib* 38

Which of you have done this? *Ib* 49

Thou canst not say I did it never shake
Thy gory locks at me *Ib* 50

The air-drawn dagger *Ib* 62

The times have been,
That, when the brains were out, the man would die,
And there an end, but now they rise again,
With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,
And push us from our stools this is more strange
Than such a murder is *Ib* 78

I drink to the general joy of the whole table *Ib* 89

Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold,
Thou hast no speculation in those eyes
Which thou dost glare with *Ib* 94

Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves
Shall never tremble *Ib* 102

Hence, horrible shadow!
Unreal mockery, hence! *Ib* 106

LADY MACBETH
You have displaced the mirth, broke the good
meeting,
With most admir'd disorder
MACBETH

Can such things be,
And overcome us like a summer's cloud,
Without our special wonder? *Ib* 109

Stand not upon the order of your going,
But go at once *Ib* 119

MACBETH
It will have blood, they say, blood will have blood
Stones have been known to move and trees to speak,
Augurs and understood relations have
By maggot-pies and choughs and rooks brought forth
The secret'st man of blood. What is the night?

LADY MACBETH:
Almost at odds with morning, which is which *Ib* 122

I am in blood
Stepp'd in so far that, should I wade no more,
Returning were as tedious as go o'er *Ib* 136

You lack the season of all natures, sleep *Ib* 141

Upon the corner of the moon
There hangs a vaporous drop profound,
I'll catch it ere it come to ground *Ib* V 23

And you all know, security
Is mortals' chiefest enemy *Ib* 32

Round about the cauldron go,
In the poison'd entrails throw *Ib* IV 1 4

Double, double toil and trouble,
Fire burn, and cauldron bubble. *Ib* 10

Eye of newt and toe of frog,
Wool of bat and tongue of dog *Ib* 14

Slips of yew
Sliver'd in the moon's eclipse *Ib* 27.

Finger of birth-strangled babe,
Ditch-deliver'd by a drab,
Make the guel thick and slab *Ib* 30

*Black spirits and white,
Red spirits and grey,
Mingle, mingle, mingle,
You that mingle may* *Ib* 44 *Stage direction*

By the pricking of my thumbs,
Something wicked this way comes.
Open, locks,
Whoever knocks. *Ib* 44

How now, you secret, black, and midnight hags!
Ib 48

A deed without a name *Ib* 49

Though you untie the winds and let them fight
Against the churches, though the yesty waves
Confound and swallow navigation up. *Ib* 52

Be bloody, bold, and resolute, laugh to scorn
The power of man, for none of woman born
Shall harm Macbeth *Ib* 79.

But yet I'll make assurance double sure,
And take a bond of fate *Ib* 83

That I may tell pale-hearted fear it lies,
And sleep in spite of thunder. *Ib* 85

Weurs upon his baby brow the round
And top of sovereignty *Ib* 88

Take no care
Who chafes, who frets, or where conspirers are
Macbeth shall never vanquish'd be until
Great Birnam wood to high Dunsinane hill
Shall come against him *Ib* 90.

Show his eyes, and grieve his heart,
Come like shadows, so depart! *Ib* 110

What! will the line stretch out to the crack of doom?
Ib 117

For the blood-bolter'd Banquo smiles upon me
Ib 123

¹ Davenant's version of *Macbeth*

The weird sisters
Macbeth, iv 1 136
 The flighty purpose never is o'ertook,
 Unless the deed go with it *Ib* 145
 The very firstlings of my heart shall be
 The firstlings of my hand *Ib* 147
 His flight was madness when our actions do not,
 Our fears do make us traitors *Ib* 11 3
 He wants the natural touch, for the poor wren,
 The most diminutive of birds, will fight—
 Her young ones in her nest—against the owl *Ib* 9

Angels are bright still, though the brightest fell
Ib 111 22

MACDUFF

Stands Scotland where it did?

ROSS

Alas! poor country,
 Almost afraid to know itself It cannot
 Be call'd our mother, but our grave *Ib* 164
 What! man, ne'er pull your hat upon your brows,
 Give sorrow words the grief that does not speak
 Whispers the o'erfraught heart, and bids it break *Ib* 208

All my pretty ones?
 Did you say all? O hell-kite! All?
 What! all my pretty chickens and their dam,
 At one fell swoop? *Ib* 216

MALCOLM

Dispute it like a man

MACDUFF

I shall do so,
 But I must also feel it as a man,
 I cannot but remember such things were,
 That were most precious to me *Ib* 219

DOCTOR

You see her eyes are open

GENTLEWOMAN

Ay, but their sense is shut *Ib* v 1 [27]
 Out, damned spot! out, I say! One, two why then,
 'tis time to do't Hell is murky! Fie, my lord, fie!
 a soldier, and afraid? What need we fear who
 knows it, when none can call our power to
 account? Yet who would have thought the old
 man had so much blood in him? *Ib* [38]

The Thane of Fife had a wife where is she now?
 What! will these hands ne'er be clean? *Ib* [46]

She has spoke what she should not, I am sure of
 that Heaven knows what she has known *Ib* [52]

All the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this
 little hand *Ib* [56]

I would not have such a heart in my bosom for the
 dignity of the whole body *Ib* [60]

Foul whisperings are abroad *Ib* [78]

More needs she the divine than the physician
Ib [81]

Those he commands move only in command,
 Nothing in love, now does he feel his title
 Hang loose about him, like a giant's robe
 Upon a dwarfish thief *Ib* 11. 19

All that is within him does condemn
 Itself for being there *Ib* 24.

Bring me no more reports, let them fly all
 Till Birnam wood remove to Dunsinane *Ib* 111 1
 I cannot taint with fear

The spirits that know
 All mortal consequences have pronounc'd me thus.
Ib 4

The devil damn thee black, thou cream-faced loon!
 Where gott'st thou that goose look? *Ib* 11.

This push
 Will cheer me ever or dis-seat me now
 I have lived long enough my way of life
 Is fall'n into the sear, the yellow leaf,
 And that which should accompany old age,
 As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,
 I must not look to have, but in their stead,
 Curses, not loud but deep, mouth-honour, breath,
 Which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare not
Ib 20

DOCTOR

Not so sick, my lord,
 As she is troubled with thick-coming fancies,
 That keep her from her rest

MACBETH

Cure her of that
 Canst thou not minister to a mind diseas'd,
 Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,
 Raze out the written troubles of the brain,
 And with some sweet oblivious antidote
 Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff
 Which weighs upon the heart?

DOCTOR

Therein the patient
 Must minister to himself
 MACBETH
 Throw physic to the dogs, I'll none of it *Ib* 37.

If thou couldst, doctor, cast
 The water of my land, find her disease,
 And purge it to a sound and pristine health,
 I would applaud thee to the very echo,
 That should applaud again *Ib* 50
 Hang out our banners on the outward walls,
 The cry is still, 'They come', Our castle's strength
 Will laugh a siege to scorn *Ib* v 1

I have almost forgot the taste of fears
 The time has been my senses would have cool'd
 To hear a night-shriek, and my fell of hair
 Would at a dismal treatise rouse and stir
 As life were in 't I have suppd full with horrors,
 Dureness, familiar to my slaughterous thoughts,
 Cannot once start me *Ib* 9

SEYTON

The queen, my lord, is dead

MACBETH

She should have died hereafter,
 There would have been a time for such a word
 To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
 Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
 To the last syllable of recorded time,
 And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
 The way to dusty death Out, out, brief candle!
 Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player,
 That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
 And then is heard no more, it is a tale
 Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
 Signifying nothing *Ib* 16.

I pull in resolution, and begin
To doubt the equivocation of the fiend
That lies like truth 'Fear not, till Birnam wood
Do come to Dunsinane' *Macbeth*, v v 42

I 'gin to be aware of the sun,
And wish the estate o' the world were now undone *Ib* 49

Blow, wind! come, wrack!
At least we'll die with harness on our back *Ib* 51
Those clamorous harbingers of blood and death *Ib* vi 10.

They have tied me to a stake, I cannot fly
But bear-like I must fight the course *Ib* vii 1

Why should I play the Roman fool, and die
On mine own sword? *Ib* 30

I bear a charmed life *Ib* 41

And let the angel whom thou still hast served
Tell thee, Macduff was from his mother's womb
Untimely ripp'd *Ib* 43

And be these juggling fiends no more believ'd,
That palter with us with a double sense,
That keep the word of promise to our ear,
And break it to our hope *Ib* 48

Live to be the show and gaze o' the time *Ib* 53

Lay on, Macduff,
And damn'd be he that first cries, 'Hold, enough!' *Ib* 62

SIWARD

Had he his hurts before?

ROSS

Ay, on the front

SIWARD

Why, then, God's soldier be he!

Had I as many sons as I have hairs,
I would not wish them to a fairer death *Ib* 75

For if our virtues
Did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike
As if we had them not Spirits are not finely touch'd
But to fine issues *Measure for Measure*, i 1 33

The sanctimonious pirate, that went to sea with the
Ten Commandments, but scraped one out of the
table *Ib* ii [7]

And liberty plucks justice by the nose *Ib* iii 29

I hold you as a thing ensky'd and sainted *Ib* iv 34

A man whose blood
Is very snow-bruth, one who never feels
The wanton stings and motions of the sense *Ib* 57

Our doubts are traitors,
And make us lose the good we oft might win,
By fearing to attempt *Ib* 77

We must not make a scarecrow of the law,
Setting it up to fear the birds of prey,
And let it keep one shape, till custom make it
Their perch and not their terror *Ib* ii 1. 1

'Tis one thing to be tempted, Escalus,
Another thing to fall I not deny,
The jury, passing on the prisoner's life,
May in the sworn twelve have a thief or two
Guiltier than him they try *Ib* 17

Some rise by sin, and some by virtue fall *Ib* 38

This will last out a night in Russia,
When nights are longest there *Ib* [144]

I am

At war 'twixt will and will not *Ib* ii 32

Condemn the fault and not the actor of it? *Ib* 37.

No ceremony that to great ones 'longs,
Not the king's crown, nor the deputed sword,
The marshal's truncheon, nor the judge's robe,
Become them with one half so good a grace
As mercy does *Ib* 59

Why, all the souls that were were forfeit once;
And He that might the vantage best have took,
Found out the remedy How would you be,
If He, which is the top of judgment, should
But judge you as you are? *Ib* 73

O! it is excellent

To have a giant's strength, but it is tyrannous
To use it like a giant *Ib* 107

Merciful Heaven!
Thou rather with thy sharp and sulphurous bolt
Split'st the unwedgeable and gnarled oak
Than the soft myrtle, but man, proud man,
Drest in a little brief authority,
Most ignorant of what he's most assur'd,
His glassy essence, like an angry ape,
Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven,
As make the angels weep. *Ib* 114

Great men may jest with saints, 'tis wit in them,
But, in the less foul profanation. *Ib* 127

That in the captain's but a choleric word,
Which in the soldier is flat blasphemy. *Ib* 130

I am that way going to temptation,
Where prayers cross. *Ib* 158.

Having waste ground enough,
Shall we desire to raze the sanctuary
And pitch our evils there? *Ib* 170

O cunning enemy, that, to catch a saint,
With saints dost bait thy hook! Most dangerous
Is that temptation that doth goad us on
To sin in loving virtue *Ib* 180.

When I would pray and think, I think and pray
To several subjects Heaven hath my empty words *Ib* iv 1.

CLAUDIO

The miserable have no other medicine
But only hope
I have hope to live, and am prepar'd to die.

DUKE

Be absolute for death, either death or life
Shall thereby be the sweeter Reason thus with life:
If I do lose thee, I do lose a thing
That none but fools would keep a breath thou art
Servile to all the skye influences *Ib* iii 1. 2.

If thou art rich, thou'rt poor,
For, like an ass whose back with ingots bows,
Thou bear'st thy heavy riches but a journey,
And death unloads thee *Ib* 25.

Thou hast nor youth nor age,
But, as it were, an after-dinner's sleep,
Dreaming on both *Ib* 32.

Palsied eld *Measure for Measure*, III 1 35

Dar'st thou die?

The sense of death is most in apprehension,
And the poor beetle, that we tread upon,
In corporal sufferance finds a pang as great
As when a giant dies *Ib* 75

If I must die,
I will encounter darkness as a bride,
And hug it in mine arms *Ib* 81

The cunning livery of hell. *Ib* 93

CLAUDIO

Death is a fearful thing

ISABELLA

And shamed life a hateful

CLAUDIO

Ay, but to die, and go we know not where,
To lie in cold obstruction and to rot,
This sensible warm motion to become
A kneaded clod, and the delighted spirit
To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside
In thrilling region of thick-ribbed ice,
To be imprisoned in the viewless winds,
And blown with restless violence round about
The pendent world! *Ib* 114

The weariest and most loathed worldly life
That age, ache, penury, and imprisonment
Can lay on nature, is a paradise
To what we fear of death *Ib* 127

O, fie, fie, fie!

Thy sin's not accidental, but a trade *Ib* 146

The hand that made you fair hath made you good
Ib [182]

Virtue is bold, and goodness never fearful
Ib [214]

There, at the moated grange, resides this dejected
Mariana *Ib* [279]

A very superficial, ignorant, unweighing fellow
Ib II [151]

Take, O take those lips away,
That so sweetly were forsworn,
And those eyes, the break of day,
Lights that do mislead the morn
But my kisses bring again, bring again;
Seals of love, but seal'd in vain, seal'd in vain
Ib IV 1 1

Though music oft hath such a charm
To make bad good, and good provoke to harm
Ib 16

He will discredit our mystery *Ib* II [29]

Every true man's apparel fits your thief *Ib* [46]

Look, here's the warrant, Claudio, for thy death
'Tis now dead midnight, and by eight to-morrow
Thou must be made immortal *Ib* [66]

A man that apprehends death no more dreadfully
but as a drunken sleep *Ib* [148]

Look, the unfolding star calls up the shepherd
Ib [219]

I am a kind of burr, I shall stick *Ib* III [193]

A fortified residence 'gainst the tooth of time,
And razure of oblivion. *Ib* V 1 12

Let the devil
Be sometime honour'd for his burning throne
Ib [289]

Haste still pays haste, and leisure answers leisure,
Like doth quit like, and Measure still for Measure
Ib [411]

They say best men are moulded out of faults,
And, for the most, become much more the better
For being a little bad *Ib* [440].

In sooth I know not why I am so sad
It wearies me, you say it wearies you,
But how I caught it, found it, or came by it,
What stuff 'tis made of, whereof it is born,
I am to learn *The Merchant of Venice*, I 1 1

There, where your argosies with portly sail,—
Like signiors and rich burghers on the flood,
Or, as it were, the pageants of the sea,—
Do overpeer the petty traffickers *Ib* 9

Nature hath fram'd strange fellows in her time
Some that will evermore peep through their eyes
And laugh like parrots at a bagpiper.
And other of such vinegar aspect
That they'll not show their teeth in way of smile,
Though Nestor swear the jest be laughable *Ib* 51

I hold the world but as the world, Gratiano;
A stage where every man must play a part,
And mine a sad one *Ib* 77

Why should a man, whose blood is warm within,
Sit like his grandsire cut in alabaster? *Ib* 83

There are a sort of men whose visages
Do cream and mantle like a standing pond *Ib* 88

As who should say, 'I am Sir Oracle,
And when I ope my lips let no dog bark!
O, my Antonio, I do know of these,
That therefore only are reputed wise,
For saying nothing *Ib* 93

Fish not, with this melancholy bait,
For this fool gudgeon, this opinion *Ib* 101

Silence is only commendable
In a neat's tongue dried and a maid not vendible.
Ib 111

Gratiano speaks an infinite deal of nothing, more
than any man in all Venice His reasons are as
two grains of wheat, hid in two bushels of chaff
you shall seek all day ere you find them, and,
when you have found them, they are not worth
the search *Ib* 114

My purse, my person, my extremest means
Lie all unlock'd to your occasion *Ib* [139]

Sometimes from her eyes
I did receive fair speechless messages *Ib* [164]

By my troth, Nerissa, my little body is aware of
this great world *Ib* II 1

'They are as sick that surfeit with too much, as they
that starve with nothing *Ib* [5]

Superfluity comes sooner by white hairs, but competency
lives longer *Ib* [9]

If to do were as easy as to know what were good to
do, chapels had been churches, and poor men's
cottages princes' palaces *Ib* [13]

It is a good divine that follows his own instructions,
I can easier teach twenty what were good to be
done, than be one of the twenty to follow mine
own teaching *The Merchant of Venice*, I II [15]

He doth nothing but talk of his horse. *Ib* [43]

God made him, and therefore let him pass for a man
Ib [59]

If I should marry him, I should marry twenty
husbands *Ib*, [66]

I think he bought his doublet in Italy, his round hose
in France, his bonnet in Germany, and his
behaviour everywhere *Ib* [78]

I will do anything, Nerissa, ere I will be married to
a sponge *Ib* [105]

I dote on his very absence. *Ib*, [118]

Ships are but boards, sailors but men, there be land-
rats and water-rats, land-thieves and water-thieves
Ib III [22]

I will buy with you, sell with you, talk with you,
walk with you, and so following, but I will not
eat with you, drink with you, nor pray with you
What news on the Rialto? *Ib* [36]

How like a fawning publican he looks!
I hate him for he is a Christian,
But more for that in low simplicity
He lends out money gratis, and brings down
The rate of usance here with us in Venice
If I can catch him once upon the hip,
I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him
He hates our sacred nation, and he rails,
Even there where merchants most do congregate,
On me, my bargains, and my well-won thrift
Ib [42]

The devil can cite Scripture for his purpose
Ib [99]

A goodly apple rotten at the heart
O, what a goodly outside falsehood hath! *Ib* [102]

Signior Antonio, many a time and oft
In the Rialto you have rated me *Ib* [107]

For sufferance is the badge of all our tribe
Ib [111].

'Hath a dog money? Is it possible
A cur can lend three thousand ducats?' or
Shall I bend low, and in a bondman's key,
With bated breath, and whispering humbleness,
Say this —
'Fair sir, you spet on me on Wednesday last,
You spurn'd me such a day, another time
You call'd me dog, and for these courtesies
I'll lend you thus much moneys?' *Ib* [122].

For when did friendship take
A breed for barren metal of his friend? *Ib* [134].

O father Abram! what these Christians are,
Whose own hard dealing teaches them suspect
The thoughts of others! *Ib* [161].

I like not fair terms and a villain's mund *Ib* [180].

Mislike me not for my complexion,
The shadow'd livery of the burnished sun
Ib II I I.

An honest man's son,—or rather an honest woman's
son,—for, indeed, my father did something smack,
something grow to, he had a kind of taste,—
well, my conscience says, 'Launcelot, budge not'
'Budge,' says the fiend 'Budge not,' says my
conscience 'Conscience,' say I, 'you counsel
well,' 'fiend,' say I, 'you counsel well' *Ib* II [16]

O heavens! this is my true-begotten father *Ib* [36]

An honest exceeding poor man *Ib* [54]

The very staff of my age, my very prop *Ib* [71]

It is a wise father that knows his own child
Ib [83]

Truth will come to light, murder cannot be hid long,
Ib [86]

Lord worshipp'd might he be! What a beard hast
thou got! *Ib* [101]

There is some ill a-brewing towards my rest,
For I did dream of money-bags to-night *Ib* v 17

Then it was not for nothing that my nose fell a-
bleeding on Black Monday *Ib* [24]

And the vile squealing of the wry-neck'd fife
Ib [30]

But love is blind, and lovers cannot see
The pretty follies that themselves commit
Ib vi 36

What! must I hold a candle to my shames? *Ib* 41

Men that hazard all
Do it in hope of fair advantages.
A golden mind stoops not to shows of dross
Ib vii 18

Pause there, Morocco *Ib* 24

Young in limbs, in judgment old *Ib* 71.

My daughter! O my ducats! O my daughter!
Fled with a Christian! O my Christian ducats!
Ib viii 15

The fool multitude, that choose by show *Ib* ix 26.

Like the martlet,
Builds in the weather on the outward wall,
Even in the force and road of casualty
I will not choose what many men desire,
Because I will not jump with common spirits
And rank me with the barbarous multitude
Ib 28

Let none presume
To wear an undeserv'd dignity
O! that estates, degrees, and offices
Were not deriv'd corruptly, and that clear honour
Were purchased by the merit of the wearer! *Ib* 39

The fire seven times tried this
Seven times tried that judgment is
That did never choose amiss
Some there be that shadows kiss,
Such have but a shadow's bliss
Ib 63.

Thus hath the candle sing'd the moth
O, these deliberate fools! *Ib* 79.

The ancient saying is no heresy
'Hanging and wiving goes by destiny' *Ib* 82

The Goodwins, I think they call the place, a very dangerous flat, and fatal, where the carcasses of many a tall ship lie buried, as they say, if my gossip Report be an honest woman of her word

The Merchant of Venice, III. 1. [4]

Let him look to his bond *Ib* [51, 52, 54]

Hath not a Jew eyes? hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer, as a Christian is? If you prick us, do we not bleed? if you tickle us, do we not laugh? if you poison us, do we not die? and if you wrong us, shall we not revenge? *Ib* [63]

The villany you teach me I will execute, and it shall go hard but I will better the instruction *Ib* [76]

Thou stick'st a dagger in me *Ib* [118]

TUBAL

One of them showed me a ring that he had of your daughter for a monkey

SHYLOCK

I would not have given it for a wilderness of monkeys *Ib* [126]

He makes a swan-like end

Fading in music *Ib* 44

Tell me where is fancy bred,
Or in the heart or in the head?
How begot, how nourished?
Reply, reply

It is engender'd in the eyes,
With gazing fed, and fancy dies
In the cradle where it lies
Let us all ring fancy's knell
I'll begin it,—Ding, dong, bell

Ib 11 63

So may the outward shows be least themselves
The world is still deceived with ornament
In law, what plea so tainted and corrupt
But, being season'd with a gracious voice,
Obscures the show of evil? In religion,
What damned error, but some sober brow
Will bless it and approve it with a text,
Hiding the grossness with fair ornament? *Ib* 73.

Ornament is but the guiled shore
To a most dangerous sea, the beauteous scarf
Veiling an Indian beauty, in a word,
The seeming truth which cunning times put on
To entrap the wisest. *Ib* 97

Thou pale and common drudge
'Tween man and man *Ib*. 103

Rash-embac'd despair,
And shuddering fear, and green-ey'd jealousy *Ib* 109

What demi-god
Hath come so near creation? *Ib* 115

An unlesson'd girl, unschooll'd, unpractis'd,
Happy in this, she is not yet so old
But she may learn, happier than this,
She is not bred so dull but she can learn *Ib*. 160

I wish you all the joy that you can wish. *Ib* 191.

My eyes, my lord, can look as swift as yours
You saw the mistress, I beheld the maid *Ib* 198.

Here are a few of the unpleasant'st words
That ever blotted paper! *Ib* 252.

I will have my bond *Ib* III 17.

This comes too near the praising of myself *Ib* IV. 22.

How every fool can play upon the word! *Ib*. v. [48]

Wilt thou show the whole wealth of thy wit in an instant? I pray thee, understand a plain man in his plain meaning *Ib* [62]

I'll not answer that

But say it is my humour *Ib* IV. 1 42

A harmless necessary cat. *Ib* 55

I am not bound to please thee with my answer *Ib* 65

What judgment shall I dread, doing no wrong? *Ib* 89.

I am a tainted wether of the flock,
Meetest for death the weakest kind of fruit
Drops earliest to the ground *Ib*. 114.

I never knew so young a body with so old a head. *Ib*. [163].

PORTIA:

Then must the Jew be merciful.

SHYLOCK.

On what compulsion must I? tell me that.

PORTIA

The quality of mercy is not strain'd,
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath it is twice bless'd,
It blesseth him that gives and him that takes.
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown,
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings,
But mercy is above this sceptred sway,
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute to God himself,
And earthly power doth then show likest God's
When mercy seasons justice Therefore, Jew,
Though justice be thy plea, consider this,
That in the course of justice none of us
Should see salvation we do pray for mercy,
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy. *Ib* [182]

My deeds upon my head! I crave the law *Ib* [206]

Wrest once the law to your authority
To do a great right, do a little wrong *Ib*. [215].

'Twill be recorded for a precedent,
And many an error by the same example
Will rush into the state. *Ib* [220].

A Daniel come to judgment! yea, a Daniel!
O wise young judge, how I do honour thee! *Ib*. [223].

An oath, an oath, I have an oath in heaven.
Shall I lay perjury upon my soul?
No, not for Venice *Ib*. [228].

I charge you by the law,
Whereof you are a well-deserving pillar,
Proceed to judgment
The Merchant of Venice, IV. 1 [238].

Is it so nominated in the bond? *Ib* [260]

'T is not in the bond *Ib* [263]

For herein Fortune shows herself more kind
Than is her custom it is still her use
To let the wretched man outlive his wealth,
To view with hollow eye and wrinkled brow
An age of poverty *Ib* [268]

The court awards it, and the law doth give it
Ib [301]

Thyself shalt see the act,
For, as thou urgest justice, be assur'd
Thou shalt have justice, more than thou desir'st
Ib [315]

A second Daniel, a Daniel, Jew!
Now, infidel, I have thee on the hip *Ib* [334]

I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word
Ib [342]

You take my house when you do take the prop
That doth sustain my house, you take my life
When you do take the means whereby I live *Ib* [376]

He is well paid that is well satisfied *Ib* 416

You taught me first to beg, and now methinks
You teach me how a beggar should be answer'd
Ib [440]

LORENZO

In such a night
Troilus methinks mounted the Trojan walls,
And sigh'd his soul toward the Grecian tents,
Where Cressid lay that night

JESSICA

In such a night
Did Thisbe fearfully o'ertrip the dew,
And saw the lion's shadow e'er himself,
And ran dismay'd away

LORENZO

In such a night
Stood Dido with a willow in her hand
Upon the wild sea-banks, and waft her love
To come again to Carthage

JESSICA

In such a night
Medea gather'd the enchanted herbs
That did renew old Æson *Ib* v 1 3

How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!
Here we will sit, and let the sounds of music
Creep in our ears soft stillness and the night
Become the touches of sweet harmony
Sit, Jessica look, how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold
There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubins,
Such harmony is in immortal souls,
But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it *Ib* 54.
I am never merry when I hear sweet music *Ib* 69

Therefore the poet
Did feign that Orpheus drew trees, stones, and floods;
Since nought so stockish, hard, and full of rage,

But music for the time doth change his nature
The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not mov'd with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils,
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus
Let no such man be trusted *Ib* 79

PORTIA

How far that little candle throws his beams!
So shines a good deed in a naughty world
NFRISSA
When the moon shone, we did not see the candle.

PORTIA

So doth the greater glory dim the less
A substitute shines brightly as a king
Until a king be by, and then his state
Empties itself, as doth an inland brook
Into the main of waters *Ib* 90

The crow doth sing as sweetly as the lark
When nuthier is attend'd, and I think
The nightingale, if she should sing by day,
When every goose is cackling, would be thought
No better a musician than the wren
How many things by season season'd are
To their right praise and true perfection!
Peace, ho! the moon sleeps with Endymion,
And would not be awak'd! *Ib* 102

This night methinks is but the daylight sick
Ib 124

For a light wife doth make a heavy husband
Ib 130

These blessed candles of the night. *Ib* 220

I will make a Star-Chamber matter of it
The Merry Wives of Windsor, I 1 1

She has brown hair, and speaks small like a woman
Ib [48]

Drink down all unkindness *Ib* [203]

I had rather than forty shillings I had my Book of
Songs and Sonnets here *Ib* [205]

I will make an end of my dinner, there's pippins and
seese to come *Ib* II [12]

'Convey,' the wise it call 'Steal' foh! a fico for the
phrase! *Ib* III [30]

Here will be an old abusing of God's patience, and
the king's English *Ib* IV [5]

We burn daylight *Ib* II. 1 [54]

There's the humour of it *Ib* [139]

Faith, thou hast some crotchets in thy head now
Ib [158]

Why, then the world's mine oyster,
Which I with sword will open *Ib* II 2

Marry, this is the short and the long of it *Ib* [62].

I like a fair house built upon another man's ground
Ib [229]

Ah, sweet Anne Page! *Ib* III 1 [40].

I cannot tell what the dickens his name is.
Ib II [20].

He capers, he dances, he has eyes of youth, he writes
verses, he speaks holiday, he smells April and May
The Merry Wives of Windsor, III ii [71]

O, what a world of vile ill-favour'd faults
Looks handsome in three hundred pounds a year!
Ib iv [32]

If it be my luck, so, if not, happy man be his dole!
Ib [67]

If I be served such another trick, I'll have my brains
ta'en out, and buttered, and give them to a dog
for a new year's gift
Ib v [7]

I have a kind of alacrity in sinking
Ib [13]

As good luck would have it
Ib [86]

A man of my kidney
Ib [119]

Vengeance of Jenny's case!
Ib iv. i [65]

So curses all Eve's daughters, of what complexion
soever
Ib ii [24]

This is the third time, I hope good luck lies in odd
numbers There is divinity in odd numbers,
either in nativity, chance or death
Ib v i 2

Fairies, black, grey, green, and white,
You moonshine revellers, and shades of night
Ib v [43]

To live a barren sister all your life,
Chanting faint hymns to the cold fruitless moon
A Midsummer Night's Dream, I ii 72

But earthlier happy is the rose distill'd,
Than that which withering on the virgin thorn
Grows, lives, and dies, in single blessedness
Ib 76

Ay me! for aught that ever I could read,
Could ever hear by tale or history,
The course of true love never did run smooth
Ib 132

O hell! to choose love by another's eye
Ib 140

If there were a sympathy in choice,
War, death, or sickness did lay siege to it,
Making it momentary as a sound,
Swift as a shadow, short as any dream,
Brief as the lightning in the collied night,
That, in a spleen, unfolds both heaven and earth,
And ere a man hath power to say, 'Behold!'
The jaws of darkness do devour it up
So quick bright things come to confusion
Ib 141

Your tongue's sweet air
More tuneable than lark to shepherd's ear,
When wheat is green, when hawthorn buds appear
Ib 183

Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind,
And therefore is wing'd Cupid painted blind
Ib 234

The most lamentable comedy, and most cruel death
of Pyramus and Thisby
Ib ii [11]

Masters, spread yourselves
Ib [16]

A part to tear a cat in, to make all split
Ib [32]

This is Ercles' vein
Ib [43]

I'll speak in a monstrous little voice
Ib [55]

I am slow of study
Ib [70]

I will roar, that I will do any man's heart good to
hear me
Ib [73]

I will aggravate my voice so that I will roar you as
gently as any sucking dove, I will roar you as
'twere any nightingale
Ib [84]

A proper man, as one shall see in a summer's day
Ib [89]

Hold, or cut bow-strings
Ib [115]

Over hill, over dale,
Thorough bush, thorough brier,
Over park, over pale,
Thorough flood, thorough fire
Ib ii 1 2

The cowslips tall her pensioners be,
In their gold coats spots you see,
Those be rubies, fairy favours,
In those freckles live their savours
Ib 10

I must go seek some dew-drops here,
And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear
Ib 14

The middle summer's spring
Ib 82.

Therefore the moon, the governess of floods,
Pale in her anger, washes all the air,
That rheumatic diseases do abound.
And thorough this distemperature we see
The seasons alter hoary-headed frosts
Fall in the fresh lap of the crimson rose
Ib 103.

Since once I sat upon a promontory,
And heard a mermaid on a dolphin's back
Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath,
That the rude sea grew civil at her song,
And certain stars shot madly from their spheres,
To hear the sea-maid's music
Ib 149

But I might see young Cupid's fiery shaft
Quench'd in the chaste beams of the wat'ry moon,
And the imperial votaress passed on,
In maiden meditation, fancy-free
Yet mark'd I where the bolt of Cupid fell
It fell upon a little western flower,
Before milk-white, now purple with love's wound,
And maidens call it, Love-in-idleness
Ib 161.

I'll put a girdle round about the earth
In forty minutes
Ib 175.

I know a bank whereon the wild thyme blows,
Where oxlips and the nodding violet grows
Quite over-canopied with luscious woodbine,
With sweet musk-roses, and with eglantine
There sleeps Titania some time of the night,
Lull'd in these flowers with dances and delight,
And there the snake throws her enamell'd skin,
Weed wide enough to wrap a fairy in
Ib 249

Some to kill cankers in the musk-rose buds,
Some war with rere-mice for their leathern wings,
To make my small elves coats
Ib ii 3

The clamorous owl, that nightly hoots, and wonders
At our quaint spirits
Ib 6.

You spotted snakes with double tongue,
Thorny hedge-hogs, be not seen,
Newts, and blind-worms, do no wrong,
Come not near our fairy queen.
Ib 9

Weaving spiders come not here,
Hence, you long-legg'd spinners, hence!
Beetles black, approach not near,
Worm nor snail, do no offence
Ib 20.

This green plot shall be our stage, this hawthorn-
brake our tiring-house

A Midsummer Night's Dream, III 1 [3]

God shield us!—a lion among ladies, is a most
dreadful thing, for there is not a more fearful
wild-fowl than your lion living *Ib* [32]

What hempen home-spuns have we swaggering here,
So near the cradle of the fairy queen? *Ib* [82]

Bless thee, Bottom! bless thee! thou art translated
Ib [124]

The throstle with his note so true,
The wren with little quill. *Ib* [133]

As wild geese that the creeping fowler eye,
Or russet-pated choughs, many in sort,
Rising and cawing at the gun's report,
Sever themselves, and madly sweep the sky *Ib* 11 20

Lord, what fools these mortals be! *Ib* 115

So we grow together,
Like to a double cherry, seeming parted,
But yet an union in partition,
Two lovely berries moulded on one stem *Ib* 208

For night's swift dragons cut the clouds full fast,
And yonder shines Aurora's harbinger,
At whose approach, ghosts, wandering here and there,
Troop home to churchyards *Ib* 379

Cupid is a knavish lad,
Thus to make poor females mad *Ib* 440

Jack shall have Jill,
Nought shall go ill,
The man shall have his mare again,
And all shall be well *Ib* 461

I must to the barber's, monsieur, for methinks I
am marvellous hairy about the face *Ib* IV 1 [25]

I have a reasonable good ear in music let us have
the tongs and the bones *Ib* [32]

Methinks I have a great desire to a bottle of hay
good hay, sweet hay, hath no fellow *Ib* [37]

But, I pray you, let none of your people stir me I
have an exposition of sleep come upon me *Ib* [43]

But as the fierce vexation of a dream *Ib* [75]

My Oberon! what visions have I seen!
Methought I was enamour'd of an ass *Ib* [82]

Then, my queen, in silence sad,
Trip we after the night's shade,
We the globe can compass soon,
Swifter than the wandering moon *Ib* [101]

HIPPOLYTA

I was with Hercules and Cadmus once,
When in a wood of Crete they bay'd the bear
With hounds of Sparta never did I hear

So musical a discord, such sweet thunder
THESEUS

My hounds are bred out of the Spartan kind,
So flew'd, so sanded, and their heads are hung
With ears that sweep away the morning dew,
Crook-knee'd, and dew-lapp'd like Thessalian bulls,
Slow in pursuit, but match'd in mouth like bells,
Ib [118]

Saint Valentine is past

Begin these wood-birds but to couple now? *Ib* [145]

I have had a dream, past the wit of man to say what
dream it was *Ib* [211]

The eye of man hath not heard, the ear of man hath
not seen, man's hand is not able to taste, his tongue
to conceive, nor his heart to report, what my
dream was *Ib* [218]

The lunatic, the lover, and the poet,
Are of imagination all compact
One sees more devils than vast hell can hold,
That is, the madman, the lover, all as frantic,
Sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt.
The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to
heaven,

And, as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name
Such tricks hath strong imagination,
That, if it would but apprehend some joy,
It comprehends some bringer of that joy,
Or in the night, imagining some fear,
How easy is a bush suppos'd a bear! *Ib* V 1 7

What revels are in hand? Is there no play,
'To ease the anguish of a torturing hour? *Ib* 36

Very tragical mirth. *Ib* [57]

For never anything can be amiss,
When simpleness and duty tender it. *Ib* 82

That is the true beginning of our end
Consider then we come but in despite
We do not come as minding to content you,
Our true intent is All for your delight,
We are not here *Ib* 111

Whereat, with blade, with bloody blameful blade,
He bravely broach'd his boiling bloody breast *Ib* [148]

The best in this kind are but shadows, and the worst
are no worse, if imagination amend them *Ib* [215]

A very gentle beast, and of a good conscience *Ib* [233]

Well roared, Lion *Ib* [272]

This passion, and the death of a dear friend, would
go near to make a man look sad *Ib* [295]

The iron tongue of midnight hath told twelve,
Lovers, to bed, 'tis almost fairy time *Ib* [372]

Now the hungry lion roars,
And the wolf howls the moon,
Whilst the heavy ploughman snores,
All with weary task fordone *Ib* 11 1

Not a mouse
Shall disturb this hallow'd house
I am sent with broom before,
'To sweep the dust behind the door *Ib* 17

A victory is twice itself when the achiever brings
home full numbers

Much Ado About Nothing, I 1 [8]

He hath indeed better bettered expectation than
you must expect of me to tell you how.

Much Ado About Nothing, I 1 [15]

He is a very valiant trencher-man *Ib* [52]

I see, lady, the gentleman is not in your books
Ib [79]

BEATRICE

I wonder that you will still be talking, Signior

Benedick nobody marks you

BENEDICK

What! my dear Lady Disdain, are you yet living?
Ib [121]

Shall I never see a bachelor of three-score again?
Ib [209]

BENEDICK

I will live a bachelor

DON PEDRO

I shall see thee, ere I die, look pale with love

BENEDICK

With anger, with sickness, or with hunger, my lord;
not with love *Ib* [256]

'In time the savage bull doth bear the yoke' *Ib* [271]

Benedick the married man *Ib* [278]

What need the bridge much broader than the flood?
Ib [326]

Would it not grieve a woman to be over-mastered
with a piece of valiant dust? to make an account
of her life to a clod of wayward marl? *Ib* II 1 [64]

Woing, wedding, and repenting, is as a Scotch jig,
a measure, and a cinque-pace *Ib* [77]

I have a good eye, uncle I can see a church by day-
light *Ib* [86]

Speak low, if you speak love *Ib* [104]

Friendship is constant in all other things
Save in the office and affairs of love *Ib* [184]

She speaks poniards, and every word stabs if her
breath were as terrible as her terminations, there
were no living near her, she would infect to the
north star *Ib* [257]

Silence is the perfectest herald of joy I were but little
happy, if I could say how much *Ib* [319]

Speak, cousin, or, if you cannot, stop his mouth with
a kiss *Ib* [322]

There was a star danced, and under that was I born
Ib [351]

Lie ten nights awake, carving the fashion of a new
doublet *Ib* III [18]

Note this before my notes,

There's not a note of mine that's worth the noting
Ib [57]

Is it not strange that sheeps' guts should hale souls
out of men's bodies? *Ib* [62]

Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more,

Men were deceivers ever,

One foot in sea, and one on shore,

To one thing constant never

Then sigh not so,

But let them go,

And be you blithe and bonny,

Converting all your sounds of woe
Into Hey nonny, nonny

Sing no more ditties, sing no mo
Of dumps so dull and heavy,
The fraud of men was ever so,
Since summer first was leavy *Ib* [65]

Sits the wind in that corner? *Ib* [108]

Doth not the appetite alter? A man loves the meat
in his youth that he cannot endure in his age.
Ib [258]

Paper bullets of the brain *Ib* [261]

The world must be peopled When I said I would
die a bachelor, I did not think I should live till I
were married *Ib* [262]

Disdain and scorn ride sparkling in her eyes
Ib III 1 51

One doth not know

How much an ill word may empoison liking
Ib 85

Contempt, farewell! and maiden pride, adieu!
No glory lives behind the back of such
And, Benedick, love on, I will requite thee,
Taming my wild heart to thy loving hand
Ib 109

He hath a heart as sound as a bell, and his tongue is
the clapper, for what his heart thinks his tongue
speaks *Ib* II [12]

BENEDICK

I have the toothache

DON PEDRO

What! sigh for the toothache? *Ib* [21]

Well, every one can master a grief but he that has it
Ib [28]

A' brushes his hat a mornings, what should that
bode? *Ib* [41]

The barber's man hath been seen with him, and
the old ornament of his cheek hath already stuffed
tennis-balls *Ib* [45]

Are you good men and true? *Ib* III 1

To be a well-favoured man is the gift of fortune, but
to write and read comes by nature *Ib* [14]

Well, for your favour, sir, why, give God thanks,
and make no boast of it, and for your writing and
reading, let that appear when there is no need of
such vanity You are thought here to be the most
senseless and fit man for the constable of the watch
Ib [19]

You shall comprehend all vagrom men *Ib* [25].

SECOND WATCH

How, if a' will not stand?

DOGBERRY

Why, then, take no note of him, but let him go, and
presently call the rest of the watch together, and
thank God you are rid of a knave *Ib* [28]

For the watch to babble and to talk is most tolerable
and not to be endured. *Ib* [36]

- If they make you not then the better answer, you
may say they are not the men you took them for
Much Ado About Nothing, III. III. [49]
- The most peaceable way for you, if you do take a
thief, is, to let him show himself what he is and
steal out of your company *Ib* [61]
- I know that Deformed *Ib* [132]
- I thank God, I am as honest as any man living, that
is an old man and no honestest than I *Ib*. v [15]
- Comparisons are odorous *Ib* [18]
- If I were as tedious as a king, I could find it in my
heart to bestow it all of your worship *Ib* [23]
- A good old man, sir, he will be talking as they say,
'when the age is in, the wit is out' *Ib*. [36]
- Well, God's a good man *Ib* [39]
- O! what men dare do! what men may do! what men
daily do, not knowing what they do! *Ib* IV. i [19]
- For it so falls out
- That what we have we prize not to the worth
Whiles we enjoy it, but being lack'd and lost,
Why, then we rack the value, then we find
The virtue that possession would not show us
Whiles it was ours *Ib* [219]
- The idea of her life shall sweetly creep
Into his study of imagination,
And every lovely organ of her life
Shall come apparell'd in more precious habit,
More moving-delicate, and full of life
Into the eye and prospect of his soul *Ib* [226]
- Write down that they hope they serve God and write
God first, for God defend but God should go before
such villanous Masters, it is proved already that you
are little better than false knaves, and it will go near
to be thought so shortly *Ib* II [21]
- Yea, marry, that's the effest way *Ib* [39]
- Flat burglary as ever was committed *Ib*. [54]
- O that he were here to write me down an ass! but,
masters, remember that I am an ass, though it be
not written down, yet forget not that I am an ass
Ib [80]
- A fellow that hath had losses, and one that hath two
gowns, and everything handsome about him
Ib [90]
- Patch grief with proverbs *Ib* v i 17
- For there was never yet philosopher
That could endure the toothache patiently *Ib* 35
- In a false quarrel there is no true valour *Ib*. [121]
- What though care killed a cat, thou hast mettle
enough in thee to kill care *Ib* [135]
- No, I was not born under a riming planet
Ib II [40]
- The trumpet of his own virtues *Ib* [91]
- Done to death by slanderous tongues *Ib* III 3
- The wolves have prey'd, and look, the gentle day,
Before the wheels of Phæbus, round about
Dapples the drowsy east with spots of grey. *Ib* 25
- Horribly stuff'd with epithets of war
Othello, I i 14
- A fellow almost damn'd in a fair wife *Ib* 21.
- The bookish theoric *Ib* 24
- This counter-caster. *Ib* 31
- 'Tis the curse of the service,
Preferment goes by letter and affection,
Not by the old gradation, where each second
Stood heir to the first *Ib* 35
- I follow him to serve my turn upon him,
We cannot all be masters, nor all masters
Cannot be truly follow'd *Ib* 42
- Wears out his time, much like his master's ass,
For nought but provender, and when he's old,
cashier'd,
Whip me such honest knaves *Ib* 47
- In following him, I follow but myself. *Ib* 58
- But I will wear my heart upon my sleeve
For daws to peck at. I am not what I am *Ib* 64
- An old black ram
Is tupping your white ewe *Ib* 88
- 'Zounds! sir, you are one of those that will not serve
God if the devil bid you *Ib* 108
- Your daughter and the Moor are now making the
beast with two backs *Ib* [117]
- The gross clasps of a lascivious Moor *Ib* [127]
- An extravagant and wheeling stranger
Of here and every where *Ib* [137]
- I do hate him as I hate hell-pains *Ib* [155]
- I must show out a flag and sign of love,
Which is indeed but sign *Ib* [157].
- Though in the trade of war I have slain men,
Yet do I hold it very stuff o' the conscience
To do no contriv'd murder I lack iniquity
Sometimes to do me service *Ib* II 1.
- I fetch my life and being
From men of royal siege *Ib* 21
- I would not my unhousted free condition
Put into circumscription and confine
For the sea's worth *Ib* 26
- My parts, my title, and my perfect soul
Shall manifest me rightly *Ib* 31
- Keep up your bright swords, for the dew will rust
them *Ib* 59
- The wealthy curled darlings of our nation. *Ib* 68
- The sooty bosom
Of such a thing as thou *Ib* 70.
- My particular grief
Is of so flood-gate and o'erbearing nature
That it engulfs and swallows other sorrows
And it is still itself *Ib* III 55.
- The bloody book of law
You shall yourself read in the bitter letter
After your own sense *Ib* 67.
- Most potent, grave, and reverend signiors,
My very noble and approv'd good masters,
That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,

It is most true, I have married her
 The very head and front of my offending
 Hath this extent, no more Rude am I in my speech,
 And little bless'd with the soft phrase of peace,
 For since these arms of mine had seven years' pith,
 Till now some nine moons wasted, they have us'd
 Their dearest action in the tented field,
 And little of this great world can I speak,
 More than pertains to feats of broil and battle,
 And therefore little shall I grace my cause
 In speaking for myself Yet, by your gracious
 patience,
 I will a round unvarnish'd tale deliver
 Of my whole course of love, what drugs, what charms,
 What conjuration, and what mighty magic,
 For such proceeding I am charg'd withal,
 I won his daughter *Othello, I* iii 76

A maiden never bold;
 Of spirit so still and quiet, that her motion
 Blush'd at herself *Ib* 94

Her father lov'd me, oft invited me,
 Still question'd me the story of my life
 From year to year, the battles, sieges, fortunes
 That I have pass'd
 I ran it through, even from my boyish days
 To the very moment that he bade me tell it,
 Wherein I spake of most disastrous chances,
 Of moving accidents by flood and field,
 Of hair-breadth 'scapes, I' the imminent deadly breach,
 Of being taken by the insolent foe
 And sold to slavery, of my redemption thence
 And portance in my travel's history,
 Wherein of antres vast and deserts idle,
 Rough quarries, rocks and hills whose heads touch
 heaven,
 It was my hint to speak, such was the process,
 And of the Cannibals that each other eat,
 The Anthropophagi, and men whose heads
 Do grow beneath their shoulders This to hear
 Would Desdemona seriously incline *Ib* 128

And often did beguile her of her tears,
 When I did speak of some distressful stroke
 That my youth suffer'd My story being done,
 She gave me for my pains a world of sighs
 She swore, in faith, 't was strange, 't was passing
 strange,
 'T was pitiful, 't was wondrous pitiful
 She wish'd she had not heard it, yet she wish'd
 That heaven had made her such a man, she thank'd
 me,
 And bade me, if I had a friend that lov'd her,
 I should but teach him how to tell my story,
 And that would woo her Upon this hint I spake
 She lov'd me for the dangers I had pass'd,
 And I lov'd her that she did pity them
 This only is the witchcraft I have us'd *Ib* 156

I do perceive here a divided duty *Ib* 181

To mourn a mischief that is past and gone
 Is the next way to draw new mischief on *Ib* 204

The robb'd that smiles steals something from the
 thief *Ib* 208.

But words are words, I never yet did hear
 That the bruise'd heart was pierced through the ear
Ib 218

The tyrant custom, most grave senators,
 Hath made the flinty and steel couch of war
 My thrice-driven bed of down *Ib* [230].

My heart's subdu'd
 Even to the very quality of my lord *Ib* [252]
 I saw Othello's visage in his mind *Ib* [254]
 A moth of peace *Ib* [258]

BRABANTIO
 She has deceiv'd her father, and may thee
 OTHELLO
 My life upon her faith! *Ib* [295]
 I will incontinently drown myself *Ib* [307]
 It is silliness to live when to live is torment, and then
 have we a prescription to die when death is our
 physician *Ib* [310]

Virtue! a fig! 'tis in ourselves that we are thus, or thus
 Our bodies are our gardens, to which our wills are
 gardeners *Ib* [323]

Put money in thy purse *Ib* [345]

The food that to him now is as luscious as locusts,
 shall be to him shortly as bitter as coloquintida
Ib [354]

There are many events in the womb of time which
 will be delivered *Ib* [377]

Thus do I ever make my fool my purse *Ib* [389]

He holds me well,
 The better shall my purpose work on him *Ib* [396]

Framed to make women false *Ib* [404]

The Moor is of a free and open nature,
 That thinks men honest that but seem to be so
Ib [405]

I have 't, it is engender'd, hell and night
 Must bring this monstrous birth to the world's light
Ib [409]

Our great captain's captain *Ib* II 1 74

You are pictures out of doors,
 Bells in your parlours, wild cats in your kitchens,
 Saints in your injuries, devils being offended,
 Players in your housewifery, and housewives in your
 beds *Ib* 109

Do not put me to 't,
 For I am nothing if not critical *Ib* 118

I am not merry, but I do beguile
 The thing I am by seeming otherwise *Ib* 122

IAGO
 She never yet was foolish that was fair,
 For even her folly help'd her to an heir

DESDEMONA
 These are old fond paradoxes to make fools laugh i'
 the alchouse *Ib* 136

IAGO
 She that was ever fair and never proud,
 Had tongue at will and yet was never loud,
 Never lack'd gold and yet went never gay,
 Fled from her wish and yet said 'Now I may,'
 She that being anger'd, her revenge being nigh,
 Bade her wrong stay and her displeasure fly,
 She that in wisdom never was so frail
 To change the cod's head for the salmon's tail,

She that could think and ne'er disclose her mind,
See suitors following and not look behind,
She was a wight, if ever such wight were,—

DESDEMONA

To do what?

IAGO

To suckle fools and chronicle small beer

DESDEMONA

O most lame and impotent conclusion!

Othello, II i 148

With as little a web as this will I ensnare as great a fly
as Cassio *Ib* [169]

OTHELLO

If it were now to die,

'Twere now to be most happy, for I fear

My soul hath her content so absolute

That not another comfort like to this

Succeeds in unknown fate

DESDEMONA

The heavens forbid

But that our loves and comforts should increase

Even as our days do grow! *Ib* [192]

A slipper and subtle knave, a finder-out of occasions

Ib [247]

A pestilent complete knave! and the woman hath

found him already *Ib* [253]

This poor trash of Venice *Ib* [315]

Make the Moor thank me, love me, and reward me

For making him egregiously an ass *Ib* [320]

Let's teach ourselves that honourable stop,

Not to outspout discretion *Ib* III 2

She is sport for Jove *Ib* [17]

I have very poor and unhappy brains for drinking

I could well wish courtesy would invent some other

custom of entertainment *Ib* [34]

My boat sails freely, both with wind and stream

Ib [66]

And let me the canakin clink,

A soldier's a man,

A life's but a span,

Why then let a soldier drink *Ib* [72]

England, where indeed they are most potent in pot-

ting *Ib* [79]

King Stephen was a worthy peer,

His breeches cost him but a crown,

He held them sixpence all too dear,

With that he call'd the tailor lown *Ib* [93]

'Tis pride that pulls the country down *Ib* [99]

Well, God's above all, and there be souls must be

saved, and there be souls must not be saved

Ib [106]

The lieutenant is to be saved before the ancient

Ib [115]

He is a soldier fit to stand by Caesar

And give direction *Ib* [128]

Silence that dreadful bell! it frights the isle

From her propriety *Ib* [177]

But men are men, the best sometimes forget *Ib* [243]

Thy honesty and love doth mince this matter

Ib [249]

Cassio, I love thee,

But never more be officer of mine *Ib* [250]

Reputation, reputation, reputation! O! I have lost

my reputation I have lost the immortal part of

myself, and what remains is bestial My reputation,

Iago, my reputation! *Ib* [264]

O thou invisible spirit of wine! if thou hast no name

to be known by, let us call thee devil! *Ib* [285]

O God! that men should put an enemy in their

mouths to steal away their brains, that we should,

with joy, pleasure, revel, and applause, transform

ourselves into beasts *Ib* [293]

CASSIO

Every inordinate cup is unblessed, and the ingredient

is a devil

IAGO

Come, come, good wine is a good familiar creature if

it be well used, exclaim no more against it

Ib [315]

How poor are they that have not patience!

What wound did ever heal but by degrees?

Ib [379]

O! thereby hangs a tail *Ib* III i [8]

Talk him out of patience *Ib* III 23

Excellent wretch! Perdition catch my soul

But I do love thee! and when I love thee not,

Chaos is come again *Ib* 90

By heaven, he chooses me,

As if there were some monster in his thought

Too hideous to be shown *Ib* 106

Men should be what they seem,

Or those that be not, would they might seem none!

Ib 126.

Good name in man or woman, dear my lord,

Is the immediate jewel of their souls,

Who steals my purse steals trash, 'tis something,

nothing,

'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands,

But he that filches from me my good name

Robs me of that which not enriches him,

And makes me poor indeed *Ib* 155

O! beware, my lord, of jealousy,

It is the green-eyed monster which doth mock

The meat it feeds on *Ib* 165

But, O! what damned minutes tells he o'er

Who dotes, yet doubts, suspects, yet soundly loves!

Ib 169

Poor and content is rich, and rich enough *Ib* 172

Think'st thou I'd make a life of jealousy,

To follow still the changes of the moon

With fresh suspicions? No, to be once in doubt

Is once to be resolved *Ib* 177

In Venice they do let heaven see the pranks

They dare not show their husbands, their best

conscience

Is not to leave 't undone, but keep 't unknown

Ib 202

I humbly do beseech you of your pardon

For too much loving you *Ib* 212

This fellow's of exceeding honesty.

Ib 258.

If I do prove her haggard,
Though that her jesses were my dear heart-strings,
I'd whistle her off and let her down the wind,
To prey at fortune *Othello*, III. iii 260

For I am declin'd
Into the vale of years *Ib* 265

O curse of marriage!
That we can call these delicate creatures ours,
And not their appetites I had rather be a toad,
And live upon the vapour of a dungeon,
Than keep a corner in the thing I love
For others' uses *Ib* 268

If she be false, O! then heaven mocks itself
I'll not believe it *Ib* 278

Trifles light as air
Are to the jealous confirmations strong
As proofs of holy writ *Ib* 323

Not poppy, nor mandragora,
Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world,
Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep
Which thou ow'dst yesterday *Ib* 331

Avaunt! be gone! thou hast set me on the rack,
I swear 'tis better to be much abus'd
Than but to know 't a little *Ib* 338

He that is robb'd, not wanting what is stol'n,
Let him not know 't and he's not robb'd at all
Ib 343

I had been happy, if the general camp,
Pioners and all, had tasted her sweet body,
So I had nothing known O! now, for ever
Farewell the tranquil mind, farewell content!
Farewell the plum'd troop and the big wars
That make ambition virtue! O, farewell!
Farewell the neighing steed and the shrill trump,
The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife,
The royal banner, and all quality,
Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war!
And, O you mortal engines, whose rude throats
The immortal Jove's dread clamours counterfeit,
Farewell! Othello's occupation's gone! *Ib* 346

Be sure of it, give me the ocular proof
Ib 361
Never pray more, abandon all remorse;
On horror's head horrors accumulate *Ib* 370

O wretched fool!
That liv'st to make thine honesty a vice
O monstrous world! Take note, take note, O world!
To be direct and honest is not safe *Ib* 376

By the world,
I think my wife be honest and think she is not,
I think that thou art just and think thou art not
Ib 384

There are a kind of men so loose of soul
That in their sleeps will mutter their affairs
Ib 417

But this denoted a foregone conclusion *Ib* 429

Swell, bosom, with thy fraught,
For 't is of aspics' tongues! *Ib* 450

O! blood, blood, blood! *Ib* 452

Like to the Pontick sea,
Whose icy current and compulsive course

Ne'er feels retiring ebb, but keeps due on
To the Propontic and the Hellespont,
Even so my bloody thoughts, with violent pace,
Shall ne'er look back, ne'er ebb to humble love,
Till that a capable and wide revenge
Swallow them up *Ib* 454.

For here's a young and sweating devil here,
That commonly rebels *Ib*, iv 43.

The hearts of old gave hands,
But our new heraldry is hands not hearts *Ib* 47

That handkerchief
Did an Egyptian to my mother give *Ib* 56

'Tis true, there's magic in the web of it,
A sibyl, that had number'd in the world
The sun to course two hundred compasses,
In her prophetic fury sew'd the work,
The worms were hallow'd that did breed the silk,
And it was dy'd in mummy which the skilful
Conserv'd of maiden's hearts *Ib* 70.

But jealous souls will not be answer'd so,
They are not ever jealous for the cause,
But jealous for they are jealous *Ib* 158

What! keep a week away? seven days and nights?
Eight score eight hours? and lovers' absent hours,
More tedious than the dial eight score times?
O, weary reckoning! *Ib* 172

I do attend here on the general,
And think it no addition nor my wish
To have him see me woman'd *Ib* 192.

O! it comes o'er my memory,
As doth the raven o'er the infected house,
Boding to all *Ib* iv 1 20

Many worthy and chaste dames even thus,
All guiltless, meet reproach *Ib* 47

To beguile many and be beguil'd by one *Ib* 98

They laugh that win *Ib* [123]

I would have him nine years a-killing *Ib* [186]

My heart is turn'd to stone, I strike it, and it hurts
my hand *Ib* [190]

O! the world hath not a sweeter creature, she might
lie by an emperor's side and command him tasks
Ib [192]

O, she will sing the savageness out of a bear
Ib [198]

But yet the pity of it, Iago! O! Iago, the pity of it,
Iago! *Ib* [205]

The justice of it pleases *Ib* [221]

O well-painted passion! *Ib* [268]

Goats and monkeys! *Ib* [274]

Whose solid virtue
The shot of accident nor dart of chance
Could neither graze nor pierce? *Ib* [277]

Your mystery, your mystery; nay, dispatch
Ib ii 29

Had it pleas'd heaven
To try me with affliction, had he rain'd
All kinds of sores, and shames, on my bare head,
Steep'd me in poverty to the very lips,

Given to captivity me and my utmost hopes,
 I should have found in some part of my soul
 A drop of patience, but, alas! to make me
 The fixed figure for the time of scorn
 To point his slow and moving finger at,
 Yet could I bear that too, well, very well
 But there, where I have garner'd up my heart,
 Where either I must live or bear no life,
 The fountain from the which my current runs
 Or else dries up, to be discarded thence!
 Or keep it as a cistern for foul toads
 To knot and gender in! Turn thy complexion there,
 Patience, thou young and rose-lipp'd cherubin,
 Ay, there, look grim as hell! *Othello*, iv ii 46

O thou weed!
 Who art so lovely fair and smell'st so sweet
 That the sense aches at thee, would thou hadst ne'er
 been born! *Ib* 66

Heaven stops the nose at it and the moon winks
Ib 76

I took you for that cunning whore of Venice
 That married with Othello You, mistress,
 That have the office opposite to Saint Peter,
 And keep the gate of hell! *Ib* 88

I will be hang'd, if some eternal villain,
 Some busy and insinuating rogue,
 Some cogging cozening slave, to get some office,
 Have not devis'd this slander *Ib* 130

O heaven! that such companions thou'dst unfold,
 And put in every honest hand a whip
 To lash the rascals naked through the world,
 Even from the east to the west! *Ib* 141

Unkindness may do much,
 And his unkindness may defeat my life,
 But never taint my love *Ib* 159

Why, now I see there's mettle in thee, and even from
 this instant do build on thee a better opinion than
 ever before *Ib* [207]

EMILIA

I would you had never seen him
 DESDEMONA
 So would not I, my love doth so approve him.
Ib iii 18

The poor soul sat sighing by a sycamore tree,
 Sing all a green willow,
 Her hand on her bosom, her head on her knee,
 Sing willow, willow, willow
 The fresh streams ran by her, and murmur'd her
 moans,
 Sing willow, willow, willow
 Her salt tears fell from her, and soften'd the stones,—
 Sing willow, willow, willow
 Sing all a green willow must be my garland *Ib* [41]

DESDEMONA

Mine eyes do itch,
 Doth that bode weeping?
 EMILIA
 'Tis neither here nor there *Ib* [59]

Who would not make her husband a cuckold to make
 him a monarch? *Ib* [76]

He hath a daily beauty in his life
 That makes me ugly *Ib* v i 19

This is the night

That either makes me or fordoes me quite *Ib* 128.

It is the cause, it is the cause, my soul,
 Let me not name it to you, you chaste stars!
 It is the cause Yet I'll not shed her blood,
 Nor scar that whiter skin of hers than snow,
 And smooth as monumental alabaster
 Yet she must die, else she'll betray more men
 Put out the light, and then put out the light
 If I quench thee, thou flaming minister,
 I can again thy former light restore,
 Should I repent me, but once put out thy light,
 Thou cunning'st pattern of excelling nature,
 I know not where is that Promethean heat
 That can thy light relume When I have pluck'd the
 rose,

I cannot give it vital growth again,
 It needs must wither I'll smell it on the tree
 O balmy breath, that dost almost persuade
 Justice to break her sword! One more, one more
 Be thus when thou art dead, and I will kill thee,
 And love thee after One more, and this the last
 So sweet was ne'er so fatal I must weep,
 But they are cruel tears, this sorrow's heavenly,
 It strikes where it doth love *Ib* ii 1

If you bethink yourself of any crime
 Unreconcil'd as yet to heaven and grace,
 Solicit for it straight. *Ib* 26

Alas! why gnaw you so your nether lip?
 Some bloody passion shakes your very frame;
 These are portents, but yet, I hope, I hope
 They do not point on me *Ib* 43.

For to deny each article with oath
 Cannot remove nor choke the strong conception
 That I do groan withal. *Ib* 54.

Had all his hairs been lives, my great revenge
 Had stomach for them all *Ib* 74

It is the very error of the moon;
 She comes more near the earth than she was wont,
 And makes men mad *Ib* 107

Not Cassio kill'd! then murder's out of tune,
 And sweet revenge grows harsh *Ib* 113

A guiltless death I die *Ib* 120
 Nobody, I myself, farewell *Ib* 122

OTHELLO

She's like a liar gone to burning hell,
 'Twas I that kill'd her

EMILIA

O! the more angel she,
 And you the blacker devil *Ib* 127

Nay, had she been true,
 If heaven would make me such another world
 Of one entire and perfect chrysolite,
 I'd not have sold her for it *Ib* 141

She was too fond of her most filthy bargain *Ib* 155

Thou hast not half the power to do me harm
 As I have to be hurt *Ib* 160

You told a lie, an odious damned lie,
 Upon my soul, a lie, a wicked lie *Ib* 178.

Curse his better angel from his side,
 And fall to reprobation *Ib* 206

With that recognizance and pledge of love

Othello, v 11 212

Are there no stones in heaven

But what serve for the thunder? *Ib* 232

Every puny whipster gets my sword *Ib* 242

I will play the swan,

And die in music *Ib* 245

Who can control his fate? *Ib* 264

Here is my journey's end, here is my butt,
And very sea-mark of my utmost sail *Ib* 266

O ill-starr'd wench!

Pale as thy smock! when we shall meet at compt,

This look of thine will hurl my soul from heaven,

And fiends will snatch at it Cold, cold, my girl!

Even like thy chastity

O! cursed, cursed slave Whip me, ye devils,

From the possession of this heavenly sight!

Blow me about in winds! roast me in sulphur!

Wash me in steep-down gulfs of liquid fire!

O Desdemona! Desdemona! dead! *Ib* 271

I look down towards his feet, but that's a fable

If that thou be'st a devil, I cannot kill thee *Ib* 285

An honourable murderer, if you will,
For nought did I in hate, but all in honour *Ib* 293

OTHELLO

Will you, I pray, demand that demi-devil

Why he hath thus ensnar'd my soul and body?

IAGO

Demand me nothing what you know, you know

From this time forth I never will speak word *Ib* 300

I have done the state some service, and they know 't,

No more of that I pray you, in your letters,

When you shall these unlucky deeds relate,

Speak of me as I am, nothing extenuate,

Nor set down aught in malice: then, must you speak

Of one that lov'd not wisely but too well,

Of one not easily jealous, but, being wrought,

Perplex'd in the extreme, of one whose hand,

Like the base Indian, threw a pearl away

Richer than all his tribe, of one whose subdu'd eyes

Albeit unused to the melting mood,

Drop tears as fast as the Arabian trees

Their med'cinable gum Set you down this,

And say besides, that in Aleppo once,

Where a malignant and a turban'd Turk

Beat a Venetian and traduc'd the state,

I took by the throat the circumcised dog,
And smote him thus *Ib* 338

All that 's spoke is marred *Ib* 356

I kiss'd thee ere I kill'd thee *Ib* 357

See, where she comes apparell'd like the spring
Pericles, i 1 12

Few love to hear the sins they love to act *Ib* 92

O you gods!

Why do you make us love your goodly gifts,
And snatch them straight away? *Ib* iii 1 22

ABRAHAM

Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

SAMFSON

Is the law of our side if I say ay?

GREGORY

No

SAMFSON

No, sir, I do not bite my thumb at you, sir, but I bite
my thumb, sir *Romeo and Juliet*, i 1 [50]

Gregory, remember thy swashing blow *Ib* [68]

Saint-seducing gold *Ib* [220]

And 'tis not hard, I think,
For men so old as we to keep the peace *Ib* ii 2

PARIS

Younger than she are happy mothers made

CAPULET

And too soon marr'd are those so early made *Ib* 12

And then my husband—God be with his soul!

A' was a merry man—took up the child

'Yea,' quoth he, 'dost thou fall upon thy face?

Thou wilt fall backward when thou hast more wit,

Wilt thou not, Jule?' and, by my halidom,

The pretty wretch left crying, and said 'Ay,'
Ib iii 39

Pretty fool, it stinted and said 'Ay' *Ib* 48

I am proverb'd with a grandsire phrase,
I'll be a candle-holder, and look on *Ib* iv 37

Come, we burn daylight, ho! *Ib* 43

O! then, I see, Queen Mab hath been with you

She is the fairies' midwife, and she comes

In shape no bigger than an agate-stone

On the forefinger of an alderman,

Drawn with a team of little atomies

Athwart men's noses as they lie asleep

Her waggon-spokes made of long spinners' legs,

The cover, of the wings of grasshoppers,

The traces, of the smallest spider's web,

The collars, of the moonshine's watery beams,

Her whip, of cricket's bone, the lash, of film,

Her waggoner, a small grey-coated gnat,

Not half so big as a round little worm

Prick'd from the lazy finger of a maid,

Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut,

Made by the joiner squirrel or old grub,

Time out o' mind the fairies' coach-makers

And in this state she gallops night by night

Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of love,

O'er courtiers' knees, that dream on curtsies straight,

O'er lawyers' fingers, who straight dream on fees,

O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream,

Which oft the angry Mab with blisters plagues,

Because their breaths with sweetmeats tainted are

Sometimes she gallops o'er a courtier's nose,

And then dreams he of smelling out a suit,

And sometimes comes she with a tithe-pig's tail,

Tickling a parson's nose as a' lies asleep,

Then dreams he of another benefice,

Sometime she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,

And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,

Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades,

Of healths five fathom deep, and then anon

Drums in his ear, at which he starts and wakes,

And, being thus frightened, swears a prayer or two,

And sleeps again This is that very Mab
That plats the manes of horses in the night,
And bakes the elf-locks in foul sluttish hairs,
Which once untangled much misfortune bodes,
This is the hag, when maids lie on their backs,
That presses them and learns them first to bear,
Making them women of good carriage
Romeo and Juliet, I iv 53

For you and I are past our dancing days
Ib v [35]

O! she doth teach the torches to burn bright
It seems she hangs upon the cheek of night
Like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear,
Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear *Ib* [48]

We have a trifling foolish banquet towards
Ib [126]

My only love sprung from my only hate! *Ib* [142]

Young Adam Cupid, he that shot so trim
When King Cophetua lov'd the beggar-maid
Ib II i 13

He jests at scars, that never felt a wound
But, soft! what light through yonder window breaks?
It is the east, and Juliet is the sun *Ib* II i

See! how she leans her cheek upon her hand
O! that I were a glove upon that hand,
That I might touch that cheek *Ib* 23

O Romeo, Romeo! wherefore art thou Romeo?
Ib 33

What's in a name? that which we call a rose
By any other name would smell as sweet *Ib* 43

For stony limits cannot hold love out *Ib* 67

Thou know'st the mask of night is on my face,
Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek *Ib* 85

Fain would I dwell on form, fain, fain deny
What I have spoke but farewell compliment! *Ib* 88

At lovers' perjuries,
They say, Jove laughs O gentle Romeo!
If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully
Or if thou think'st I am too quickly won,
I'll frown and be perverse and say thee nay,
So thou wilt woo, but else, not for the world
In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond *Ib* 92

I'll prove more true
Than those that have more cunning to be strange
Ib 100

ROMEO
Lady, by yonder blessed moon I swear
That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops,—
JULIET
O! swear not by the moon, the inconstant moon,
That monthly changes in her circled orb,
Lest that thy love prove likewise variable *Ib* 107

Do not swear at all,
Or, if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious self,
Which is the god of my idolatry *Ib* 112

It is too rash, too unadvis'd, too sudden,
Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be

Ere one can say it lightens Sweet, good-night!
This bud of love, by summer's ripening breath,
May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet
Ib 118

Love goes toward love, as schoolboys from their
books,
But love from love, toward school with heavy looks
Ib 156

O! for a falconer's voice,
To lure this tassel-gentle back again
Bondage is hoarse, and may not speak aloud,
Else would I tear the cave where Echo lies *Ib* 158

It is my soul that calls upon my name—
How silver-sweet sound lovers' tongues by night,
Like softest music to attending ears! *Ib* 164

'Tis almost morning, I would have thee gone;
And yet no further than a wanton's bird,
Who lets it hop a little from her hand,
Like a poor prisoner in his twisted gyves,
And with a silk thread plucks it back again,
So loving-jealous of his liberty. *Ib* 176

JULIET
Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing
Good-night, good-night! parting is such sweet sorrow
That I shall say good-night till it be morrow.

ROMEO
Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy breast!
Would I were sleep and peace, so sweet to rest!
Ib 183

Wisely and slow, they stumble that run fast
Ib III 94

One, two, and the third in your bosom
Ib IV. [24]

O flesh, flesh, how art thou fishified! *Ib* [41]

I am the very pink of courtesy *Ib* [63]

A gentleman, nurse, that loves to hear himself talk,
and will speak more in a minute than he will stand
to in a month *Ib* [156]

Two may keep counsel, putting one away *Ib* [211]

These violent delights have violent ends,
And in their triumph die *Ib* VI 9

Therefore love moderately, long love doth so,
Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow *Ib* 14

O! so light a foot
Will ne'er wear out the everlasting flint *Ib* 16

Thy head is as full of quarrels as an egg is full of
meat *Ib* III i [23]

A word and a blow *Ib* [43]

Men's eyes were made to look, and let them gaze,
I will not budge for no man's pleasure, I *Ib* [59]

No, 'tis not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a church
door, but 'tis enough, 'twill serve ask for me to-
morrow, and you shall find me a grave man. I am
peppered, I warrant, for this world *Ib* [100]

A plague o' both your houses!
They have made worms' meat of me *Ib* [112]

- O! I am Fortune's fool *Romeo and Juliet*, III 1 [142] Tempt not a desperate man *Ib* 59
- Gallop apace, you fiery-footed steeds,
Towards Phoebus' lodging *Ib* II 1 One writ with me in sour misfortune's book *Ib* 82
- Come, civil night,
Thou sober-suited matron, all in black *Ib* 10 How oft when men are at the point of death
Have they been merry! which their keepers call
A lightning before death *Ib* 88
- For thou wilt lie upon the wings of night,
Whiter than new snow on a raven's back *Ib* 18 Beauty's ensign yet
Is crimson in thy lips and in thy cheeks,
And death's pale flag is not advanced there *Ib* 94
- Give me my Romeo and, when he shall die,
Take him and cut him out in little stars,
And he will make the face of heaven so fine
That all the world will be in love with night,
And pay no worship to the garish sun *Ib* 21 Shall I believe
That unsubstantial Death is amorous,
And that the lean abhorred monster keeps
Thee here in dark to be his paramour?
For fear of that I still will stay with thee,
And never from this palace of dum night
Depart again here, here will I remain
With worms that are thy chambermaids, O! here
Will I set up my everlasting rest,
And shake the yoke of inauspicious stars
From this world-wearied flesh Eyes, look your last!
Arms, take your last embrace! and, lips, O you
The doors of breath, seal with a righteous kiss
A dateless bargain to engrossing death! *Ib* 102
- He was not born to shame
Upon his brow shame is ashamed to sit *Ib* 91 Look in the chronicles, we came in with Richard
Conqueror *The Taming of the Shrew*, *Induc* 1 [4]
- Romeo, come forth, come forth, thou fearful man
Affliction is enamour'd of thy parts,
And thou art wedded to calamity *Ib* III 1 As Stephen Sly, and old John Naps of Greece,
And Peter Turf, and Henry Pimpernell,
And twenty more such names and men as these,
Which never were nor no man ever saw *Ib* II [95]
- Thou cutt'st my head off with a golden axe *Ib* 22 No profit grows where is no pleasure ta'en,
In brief, sir, study what you most affect *Ib* I 1 39
- Adversity's sweet milk, philosophy *Ib* 54 'There's small choice in rotten apples *Ib* [137]
- Hang up philosophy! *Ib* 56 Nothing comes amiss, so money comes withal
Ib II [82]
- Unless philosophy can make a Juliet *Ib* 56 O! this learning, what a thing it is *Ib* [163]
- Wilt thou be gone? it is not yet near day
It was the nightingale, and not the lark,
That pierc'd the fearful hollow of thine ear,
Nightly she sings on yon pomegranate tree
Believe me, love, it was the nightingale *Ib* III v 1 She is your treasure, she must have a husband,
I must dance bare-foot on her wedding day,
And, for your love to her, lead apes in hell
Ib II 1 32
- Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops *Ib* 9 Say that she rail, why then I'll tell her plain
She sings as sweetly as a nightingale
- Villain and he be many miles asunder. *Ib* 82 Say that she frown, I'll say she looks as clear
As morning roses newly wash'd with dew
Say she be mute and will not speak a word,
Then I'll commend her volubility,
And say she uttereth piercing eloquence *Ib* 171
- Thank me no thankings, nor proud me no pouds *Ib* 153 And thereby hangs a tale *Ib* IV 1 [59]
- Is there no pity sitting in the clouds,
That sees into the bottom of my grief? *Ib* 198 He kills her in her own humour *Ib* [183]
- Romeo's a dishclout to him *Ib* 221 She shall watch all night
And if she chance to nod I'll rail and brawl,
And with the clamour keep her still awake
This is the way to kill a wife with kindness
Ib [208]
- 'Tis an ill cook that cannot lick his own fingers *Ib* IV II [6] What say you to a piece of beef and mustard?
Ib III [23]
- All things that we ordained festival,
Turn from their office to black funeral,
Our instruments to melancholy bells,
Our wedding cheer to a sad burial feast,
Our solemn hymns to sullen dirges change,
Our bridal flowers serve for a buried corse,
And all things change them to the contrary *Ib* v 84 And as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds,
So honour peereth in the meanest habit. *Ib* [175]
- My bosom's lord sits lightly in his throne *Ib* v 1 3 PETRUCHIO
It shall be what o'clock I say it is
HORTENSTO
- I do remember an apothecary,
And hereabouts he dwells *Ib* 37 Why, so this gallant will command the sun
Ib [197]
- Being holiday, the beggar's shop is shut *Ib* 56 O vile,
Intolerable, not to be endur'd! *Ib* v. II. 93.
- The world is not thy friend, nor the world's law *Ib* 72
- APOTHECARY
My poverty, but not my will, consents
ROMEO
I pay thy poverty, and not thy will *Ib* 75
- The time and my intents are savage-wild,
More fierce and more inexorable far
Than empty tigers or the roaring sea *Ib* III 37

A woman mov'd is like a fountain troubled,
Muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty
 The Taming of the Shrew, v 11 143
Such duty as the subject owes the prince,
Even such a woman oweth to her husband *Ib* 156

I am asham'd that women are so simple
To offer war where they should kneel for peace
 Ib 162

What cares these roarers for the name of king?
 The Tempest, i 1 [18]

He hath no drowning mark upon him, his complexion is perfect gallows.
 Ib [33]

Now would I give a thousand furlongs of sea for an acre of barren ground
 Ib [70]

The wills above be done! but I would fain die a dry death
 Ib [72]

 O! I have suffer'd
With those that I saw suffer a brave vessel,
Who had, no doubt, some noble creatures in her,
Dash'd all to pieces O! the cy did knock
Against my very heart Poor souls, they perish'd
 Ib 11 5

What seest thou else
In the dark backward and abysm of time? *Ib* 49

My library
Was dukedom large enough *Ib* 109

Knowing I lov'd my books, he furnish'd me,
From mine own library with volumes that
I prize above my dukedom *Ib* 166

From the still-vexed Bermoothes.
 Ib 229

I will be correspondent to command
And do my spiriting gently *Ib* 297

You taught me language, and my profit on't
Is, I know how to curse the red plague rid you,
For learning me your language! *Ib* 363

Fill all thy bones with aches
 Ib 370

Come unto these yellow sands,
And then take hands

Curtsey when you have, and kiss'd,—
The wild waves whist,—

Foot it feathery here and there,
And, sweet sprites, the burden bear
Hark, hark!

 Bow, wow,
The watch-dogs bark

 Bow, bow,
Hark, hark! I hear

The strain of strutting Chanticleer
 Cock-a-diddle-dow
 Ib 375

This music crept by me upon the waters,
Allaying both their fury, and my passion,
With its sweet air *Ib* 389

Full fathom five thy father lies,
Of his bones are coral made

Those are pearls that were his eyes
Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth suffer a sea-change

Into something rich and strange
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell
Ding-dong

Hark! now I hear them,—ding-dong, bell. *Ib* 394

The fringed curtains of thine eye advance,
And say what thou seest yond *Ib* 405.

At the first sight
They have changed eyes. *Ib* 437

There's nothing ill can dwell in such a temple
If the ill spirit have so fair a house,
Good things will strive to dwell with 't *Ib* 454

What's past is prologue *Ib* 11 1 [261]

They'll take suggestion as a cat laps milk *Ib* [296]

Open-ey'd conspiracy
His time doth take *Ib* [309]

A very ancient and fish-like smell *Ib* 11 [27]

When they will not give a doit to relieve a lame
beggar, they will lay out ten to sec a dead Indian
 Ib [33]

Misery acquaints a man with strange bedfellows
 Ib [42]

Well, here's my comfort [*Drinks*] *Ib*. [48]

For she had a tongue with a tang *Ib* [53]

'Ban, 'Ban, Ca-Caliban,
Has a new master—Get a new man *Ib* [197]

For several virtues
Have I lik'd several women, never any
With so full soul but some defect in her
Did quarrel with the noblest grace she ow'd,
And put it to the foil *Ib* 111 1 42

FLRDISNAND:
Here's my hand

MIRANDA:
And mine, with my heart in 't *Ib* 89

Thou deboshed fish thou *Ib* 11 [30]

Flout 'em, and scout 'em, and scout 'em, and flout
 'em, *Ib* [133]

Thought is free *Ib* [133]

He that dies pays all debts *Ib* [143].

The isle is full of noises,
Sounds and sweet airs, that give delight, and hurt
not *Ib* [147]

Spongy April *Ib* 1v. 1. 65.

You sun-burn'd sicklemen, of August weary
 Ib 134.

Our revels now are ended These our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits and
Are melted into air, into thin air

And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve

And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind We are such stuff
As dreams are made on, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep *Ib* 148

I do begin to have bloody thoughts *Ib*. [221]

With foreheads villanous low *Ib* [252]

Now does my project gather to a head *Ib* v 1 1

Demi-puppets, that
By moonshine do the green sour ringlets make
Whereof the ewe not bites. *Ib* 36.

Deeper than did ever plummet sound,
I'll drown my book *The Tempest*, v 1 56

Where the bee sucks, there suck I
In a cowslip's bell I lie,
There I couch when owls do cry
On the bat's back I do fly
After summer merrily
Merrily, merrily shall I live now
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough *Ib* 88

O brave new world,
That has such people in 't *Ib* 183

Retire me to my Milan, where
Every third thought shall be my grave *Ib* [310]
'Tis not enough to help the feeble up,
But to support him after *Timon of Athens*, I, 1 108

He that loves to be flattered is worthy o' the flatterer *Ib* [233]

The strain of man's bred out
Into baboon and monkey *Ib* [260]

I wonder men dare trust themselves with men *Ib* II [45]

Immortal gods, I crave no pelf,
I pray for no man but myself *Ib* [64]

Like madness is the glory of this life *Ib* [141]

Men shut their doors against a setting sun *Ib* [152]

Nothing emboldens sin so much as mercy *Ib* III v 3

Uncover, dogs, and lap *Ib* VI [96]

You fools of fortune, trencher-friends, time's flies *Ib* [107]

We have seen better days *Ib* IV II 27

O! the fierce wretchedness that glory brings us *Ib* 30

He has almost charmed me from my profession, by
persuading me to it *Ib* III [457]

My long sickness
Of health and living now begins to mend,
And nothing brings me all things *Ib* v 1 [191]

Life's uncertain voyage *Ib* [207]

Timon hath made his everlasting mansion
Upon the beached verge of the salt flood,
Who once a day with his embossed froth
The turbulent surge shall cover *Ib* [220]

She is a woman, therefore may be woo'd,
She is a woman, therefore may be won,
She is Lavinia, therefore must be lov'd
What, man! more water glideth by the mill
Than wots the miller of, and easy it is
Of a cut loaf to steal a shive, we know

Titus Andronicus, II 1 82

Come, and take choice of all my library,
And so beguile thy sorrow *Ib* IV 1 34

The eagle suffers little birds to sing,
And is not careful what they mean thereby *Ib* IV [82]

If one good deed in all my life I did,
I do repent it from my very soul *Ib* v III [189]

The ravish'd Helen, Menelaus' queen,
With wanton Paris sleeps *Troilus and Cressida*, Prologue, 9

PANDARUS
He that will have a cake out of the wheat must tarry
the grinding

TROILUS
Have I not tarried?

PANDARUS
Ay, the grinding, but you must tarry the bolting

TROILUS
Have I not tarried?

PANDARUS
Ay, the bolting, but you must tarry the leavening

TROILUS
Still have I tarried

PANDARUS
Ay, to the leavening, but here's yet in the word
'hereafter' the kneading, the making of the cake,
the heating of the oven, and the baking, nay, you
must stay the cooling too, or you may chance to
burn your lips *Ib* I 1 [15]

O! that her hand,
In whose comparison all whites are ink,
Writing their own reproach, to whose soft seizure
The cygnet's down is harsh, and spirit of sense
Hard as the palm of ploughman *Ib* [57]

I have had my labour for my travail *Ib* [73]

Women are angels, wooing
Things won are done, joy's soul lies in the doing
That she belov'd knows nought that knows not this
Men prize the thing ungain'd more than it is *Ib* II [310]

The sea being smooth
How many shallow bauble boats dare sail
Upon her patient breast *Ib* III 34

The heavens themselves, the planets, and this centre
Observe degree, priority, and place,
Insisture, course, proportion, season, form,
Office, and custom, in all line of order *Ib* 85

O! when degree is shak'd,
Which is the ladder to all high designs,
The enterprise is sick *Ib* 101

Take but degree away, untune that string,
And, hark! what discord follows, each thing meets
In mere oppugnancy *Ib* 109

The general's disdain'd
By him one step below, he by the next,
That next by him beneath, so every step,
Exemplary by the first pace that is sick
Of his superior, grows to an envious fever
Of pale and bloodless emulation *Ib* 129

Like a strutting player, whose conceit
Lies in his hamstring, and doth think it rich
To hear the wooden dialogue and sound
'Twixt his stretch'd footing and the scaffoldage *Ib* 153

But we are soldiers,
And may that soldier a mere recreant prove,
That means not, hath not, or is not in love! *Ib* 286
And in such indexes, although small pricks
To their subsequent volumes, there is seen
The baby figure of the giant mass
Of things to come at large *Ib* 343.
Mongrel beef-witted lord *Ib* II. 1 [14].

Who wears his wit in his belly, and his guts in his head
Troilus and Cressida, II 1 [78]

The wound of peace is surety,
Surety secure *Ib* II 14

TROILUS

What is aught, but as 'tis valued?

HECTOR

But value dwells not in particular will,
It holds his estimate and dignity
As well wherein 'tis precious of itself
As in the prize 'Tis mad idolatry
To make the service greater than the god

Ib 52

Young men, whom Aristotle thought
Unfit to hear moral philosophy *Ib* 166

Thus to persist
In doing wrong extenuates not wrong,
But makes it much more heavy *Ib* 186
I am giddy, expectation whirls me round
The imaginary relish is so sweet
That it enchants my sense *Ib* III II [17]

To be wise, and love,
Exceeds man's might *Ib* [163]

Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back,
Wherein he puts alms for oblivion,
A great-siz'd monster of ingratitudes
Those scraps are good deeds past, which are devour'd
As fast as they are made, forgot as soon
As done *Ib* III 145

Perseverance, dear my lord,
Keeps honour bright to have done, is to hang
Quite out of fashion, like a rusty mail
In monumental mockery *Ib* 150

For honour travels in a strait so narrow
Where one but goes abreast *Ib* 154

Time is like a fashionable host
That slightly shakes his parting guest by the hand,
And with his arms outstretch'd, as he would fly,
Grasps in the comer welcome ever smiles,
And farewell goes out sighing *Ib* 165

Beauty, wit,
High birth, vigour of bone, desert in service,
Love, friendship, charity, are subjects all
To envious and calumniating time
One touch of nature makes the whole world kin,
That all with one consent praise new-born gawds *Ib* 171

And give to dust that is a little gilt
More laud than gilt o'er-dusted *Ib* 178

A plague of opinion! a man may wear it on both
sides, like a leather jerkin *Ib* [267]

How my achievements mock me! *Ib* IV II [72]

Sometimes we are devils to ourselves
When we will tempt the frailty of our powers,
Presuming on their changeful potency *Ib* IV [95]

Fie, fie upon her!
There's language in her eye, her cheek, her lip,
Nay, her foot speaks, her wanton spirits look out
At every joint and motive of her body *Ib* V. 54

b b

What's past, and what's to come, is strew'd with
husks

And formless ruin of oblivion *Ib* 165

The end crowns all,
And that old common arbitrator, Time,
Will one day end it *Ib* 223.

Words, words, mere words, no matter from the heart
Ib V III [109]

If music be the food of love, play on,
Give me excess of it, that, surfeiting,
The appetite may sicken, and so die
That strain again! it had a dying fall
O! it came o'er my ear like the sweet sound
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odour! Enough! no more
'Tis not so sweet now as it was before
O spirit of love! how quick and fresh art thou,
That notwithstanding thy capacity
Receiveth as the sea, nought enters there,
Of what validity and pitch soe'er,
But falls into abatement and low price,
Even in a minute so full of shapes is fancy,
That it alone is high fantastical *Twelfth Night*, I 1 1

O! when mine eyes did see Olivia first,
Methought she purg'd the air of pestilence
That instant was I turn'd into a hart,
And my desires, like fell and cruel hounds,
E'er since pursue me *Ib* 19.

The element itself, till seven years' heat,
Shall not behold her face at ample view,
But, like a clostress, she will veiled walk,
And water once a day her chamber round
With eye-offending brine *Ib* 26.

Away before me to sweet beds of flowers,
Love-thoughts lie rich when canopied with bowers
Ib 40

And what should I do in Illyria?
My brother he is in Elysium *Ib* II 2.

O my poor brother! *Ib* 6

He's as tall a man as any's in Illyria *Ib* III [21]

Speaks three or four languages word for word without
book *Ib* [28]

Methinks sometimes I have no more wit than a
Christian or an ordinary man has, but I am a great
eater of beef, and I believe that does harm to my
wit *Ib* [90]

SIR ANDREW

I would I had bestowed that time in the tongues that
I have in fencing, dancing, and bear-baiting O!
had I but followed the arts!

SIR TOBY

Then hadst thou had an excellent head of hair
Ib [99].

Wherefore are these things hid? wherefore have
these gifts a curtain before 'em? are they like to
take dust, like Mistress Mall's picture? why dost
thou not go to church in a galliard, and come home
in a coranto? My very walk should be a jig
Ib [135]

Is it a world to hide virtues in? *Ib* [142]

Diana's lip
Is not more smooth and rubious, thy small pipe
Is as the maiden's organ, shrill and sound,
And all is semblative a woman's part

Twelfth Night, I iv 31

Many a good hanging prevents a bad marriage
Ib v [20]

What says Quinipalus? 'Better a witty fool than a foolish wit'
Ib [37]

Virtue that transgresses is but patched with sin, and
sin that amends is but patched with virtue
Ib [52]

Good my mouse of virtue, answer me
Ib [68]

O! you are sick of self-love, Malvolio
Ib [96]

A plague o' these pickle herring!
Ib [127]

Not yet old enough for a man, nor young enough for
a boy, as a squash is before 'tis a peascod, or a
coding when 'tis almost an apple 'tis with him in
standing water, between boy and man He is very
well-favoured, and he speaks very shrewdly one
would think his mother's milk were scarce out of
him
Ib [166]

I would be loath to cast away my speech, for besides
that it is excellently well penned, I have taken
great pains to con it
Ib [184]

I can say little more than I have studied, and that
question's out of my part
Ib [191]

OLIVIA

'Tis in grain, sir, 'twill endure wind and weather

VIOLA

'Tis beauty truly blent, whose red and white
Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on
Lady, you are the cruell'st she alive
If you will lead these graces to the grave
And leave the world no copy.
Ib [257]

Item, Two lips, indifferent red, Item, Two grey eyes,
with lids to them, Item, One neck, one chin, and
so forth
Ib [268]

Make me a willow cabin at your gate,
And call upon my soul within the house,
Write loyal cantons of contemned love,
And sing them loud even in the dead of night;
Halloo your name to the reverberate hills,
And make the babbling gossip of the air
Cry out, 'Olivias'
Ib [289]

Farewell, fair cruelty
Ib [309]

'What is your parentage?'

'Above my fortune, yet my state is well
I am a gentleman'
Ib [310]

She is drowned already, sir, with salt water, though
I seem to drown her remembrance again with
more
Ib II i [31]

I am yet so near the manners of my mother, that upon
the least occasion more mine eyes will tell tales of
me.
Ib [42]

Not to be a-bed after midnight is to be up betimes
To be up after midnight and to go to bed then,
is early, so that to go to bed after midnight is to
go to bed betimes.
Ib. III. [1 and 7]

O mistress mine! where are you roaming?
O! stay and hear, your true love's coming,
'That can sing both high and low
'Trip no further, pretty sweeting,
Journeys end in lovers meeting,
Every wise man's son doth know

What is love? 'tis not hereafter,
Present mirth hath present laughter,
What's to come is still unsure
In delay there lies no plenty;
Then come kiss me, sweet and twenty,
Youth's a stuff will not endure
Ib [42].

Am not I consanguineous? am I not of her blood?
Tillyvally, lady!
Ib [85]

He does it with a better grace, but I do it more
natural
Ib [91].

Is there no respect of place, persons, nor time, in
you?
Ib [100]

SIR TOBY:

Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there
shall be no more cakes and ale?

CLOWN

Yes, by Saint Anne, and ginger shall be hot i' the
mouth too.
Ib. [124]

MARIA:

Marry, sir, sometimes he is a kind of puritan.

SIR ANDREW

O, if I thought that, I'd beat him like a dog!
Ib [153]

I will drop in his way some obscure epistles of love;
wherein, by the colour of his beard, the shape of
his leg, the manner of his gait, the expreasure of
his eye, forehead, and complexion, he shall find
himself most feelingly personated
Ib [171]

My purpose is, indeed, a horse of that colour
Ib [184].

Now, good Cesario, but that piece of song,
That old and antique song we heard last night;
Methought it did relieve my passion much,
More than light airs and recollected terms
Of these most brisk and giddy-paced times
Come, but one verse
Ib II iv. 2.

DUKE

If ever thou shalt love,
In the sweet pangs of it remember me,
For such as I am all true lovers are
Unstaid and skittish in all motions else,
Save in the constant image of the creature
That is below'd How dost thou like this tune?

VIOLA

It gives a very echo to the seat
Where love is enthron'd
Ib. 15

Let still the woman take
An elder than herself, so wears she to him,
So sways she level in her husband's heart
For, boy, however we do praise ourselves,
Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm,
More longing, wavering, sooner lost and worn,
Than women's are
Ib 29.

Then let thy love be younger than thyself,
Or thy affection cannot hold the bent.
Ib. 36.

Mark it, Cesario, it is old and plain
The spinsters and the knitters in the sun
And the free maids that weave their thread with bones
Do use to chant it it is silly sooth,
And dallies with the innocence of love,
Like the old age *Twelfth Night, II iv 43*

Come away, come away, death,
And in sad cypress let me be laid,
Fly away, fly away, breath
I am slain by a fair cruel maid
My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,
O! prepare it
My part of death no one so true
Did share it.

Not a flower, not a flower sweet,
On my black coffin let there be strown,
Not a friend, not a friend greet
My poor corse, where my bones shall be thrown
A thousand thousand sighs to save,
Lay me, O! where
Sad true lover never find my grave,
To weep there *Ib 51*

Now, the melancholy god protect thee, and the tailor
make thy doublet of changeable taffeta, for thy
mind is a very opal *Ib [74]*

Get thee to yond same sovereign cruelty
Tell her, my love, more noble than the world,
Prizes not quantity of dirty lands *Ib [82]*

There is no woman's sides
Can bide the beating of so strong a passion
As love doth give my heart, no woman's heart
So big, to hold so much, they lack retention
Alas! their love may be call'd appetite,
No motion of the liver, but the palate,
That suffer surfeit, cloyment, and revolt,
But mine is all as hungry as the sea,
And can digest so much *Ib [95]*

DUKE
And what's her history?

VIOLA
A blank, my lord She never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,
Feed on her damask cheek she pin'd in thought,
And with a green and yellow melancholy,
She sat like patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief Was not this love indeed?
We men may say more, swear more, but, indeed,
Our shows are more than will, for still we prove
Much in our vows, but little in our love *Ib [111]*

I am all the daughters of my father's house,
And all the brothers too *Ib [122]*

How now, my metal of India! *Ib v [17]*

Here comes the trout that must be caught with
tickling *Ib [25]*

Contemplation makes a rare turkey-cock of him
how he jets under his advanced plumes! *Ib [35]*

In my branched velvet gown *Ib [54]*

Now is the woodcock near the gin *Ib [93]*

I may command where I adore *Ib [116]*

But be not afraid of greatness some men are born
great, some achieve greatness, and some have great-
ness thrust upon them *Ib [158]*

Let thy tongue tang arguments of state, put thyself
into the trick of singularity She thus advises thee
that sighs for thee Remember who commended
thy yellow stockings, and wished to see thee ever
cross-gartered. *Ib [165]*

Jove and my stars be praised! Here is yet a postscript
Ib [189]

He will come to her in yellow stockings, and 'tis a
colour she abhors, and cross-gartered, a fashion
she detests *Ib [220]*

Now Jove, in his next commodity of hair, send thee
a beard *Ib III i [51]*

This fellow's wise enough to play the fool,
And to do that well craves a kind of wit. *Ib [68]*

Taste your legs, sir, put them to motion *Ib [88]*

Most excellent accomplished lady, the heavens rain
odours on you! *Ib [96]*

'Twas never merry world
Since lowly feigning was called compliment
Ib [110]

O world! how apt the poor are to be proud
Ib [141]

O! what a deal of scorn looks beautiful
In the contempt and anger of his lip *Ib [159]*

Love sought is good, but giv'n unsought is better
Ib [170]

They have been grand-jurymen since before Noah
was a sailor *Ib II [18]*

You should then have accosted her, and with some
excellent jests, fire-new from the mint, you should
have banged the youth into dumbness *Ib [23]*

Where you will hang like an icicle on a Dutchman's
beard *Ib [30]*

I had as lief be a Brownist as a politician *Ib [35]*

Although the sheet were big enough for the bed of
Ware in England *Ib [52]*

Let there be gall enough in thy ink, though thou
write with a goose-pen, no matter. *Ib [54]*

If he were opened, and you find so much blood in
his liver as will clog the foot of a flea, I'll eat the
rest of the anatomy *Ib [68]*

Look, where the youngest wren of nine comes
Ib [73]

More lines than arc in the new map with the aug-
mentation of the Indies *Ib [87]*

In the south suburbs, at the Elephant *Ib III 39*

I think we do know the sweet Roman hand
Ib IV [31]

Why, this is very midsummer madness *Ib IV. [62]*

What, man! defy the devil consider, he's an enemy
to mankind *Ib [109]*

Go, hang yourselves all! you are idle shallow things
I am not of your element *Ib [138]*

If this were played upon a stage now, I could condemn
it as an improbable fiction *Ib [142]*

More matter for a May morning
Twelfth Night, III iv [158]
 Still you keep o' the windy side of the law *Ib* [183]
 Fare thee well, and God have mercy upon one of
 our souls! He may have mercy upon mine, but
 my hope is better, and so look to thyself *Ib* [185]
 Nay, let me alone for swearing *Ib* [204]
 He is knight dubbed with unhatched rapier, and on
 carpet consideration *Ib* [260]
 I am one that had rather go with sir priest than sir
 knight, I care not who knows so much of my
 mettle *Ib* [300]
 Out of my lean and low ability
 I'll lend you something *Ib* [380]
 I hate ingratitude more in a man
 Than lying, vauiness, babbling drunkenness,
 Or any taint of vice whose strong corruption
 Inhabits our frail blood *Ib* [390]
 In nature there's no blemish but the mind,
 None can be call'd deform'd but the unkind *Ib* [403]
 Out, hyperbolical fiend! *Ib* IV ii [29]
 For I am one of those gentle ones that will use the
 devil himself with courtesy *Ib* [37]

CLOWN

What is the opinion of Pythagoras concerning wild
 fowl?

MALVOLIO

That the soul of our grandam might haply inhabit a
 bird

CLOWN

What thinkest thou of his opinion?

MALVOLIO

I think nobly of the soul, and no way approve his
 opinion *Ib* [55]

Leave thy vain bibble-babble *Ib* [106]

We took him for a coward, but he's the very devil
 incarnate *Ib* v i [185]

And made the most notorious geck and gull
 That e'er invention play'd *Ib* [355]

And thus the whirligig of time brings in his revenges
Ib [388]

When that I was and a little tiny boy,
 With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
 A foolish thing was but a toy,
 For the rain it raineth every day

But when I came to man's estate,
 With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
 'Gainst knaves and thieves men shut their gates,
 For the rain it raineth every day

But when I came, alas! to wive,
 With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
 By swaggering could I never thrive,
 For the rain it raineth every day

But when I came unto my beds,
 With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
 With toss-pots still had drunken heads,
 For the rain it raineth every day

A great while ago the world begun,
 With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,

But that's all one, our play is done,
 And we'll strive to please you every day. *Ib* [401]

Home-keeping youth have ever homely wits
The Two Gentlemen of Verona, I i 2
 For he was more than over shoes in love *Ib* 24

I have no other but a woman's reason
 I think him so, because I think him so *Ib* II 23

Fie, fie! how wayward is this foolish love
 That, like a testy babe, will scratch the nurse
 And presently all humbled kiss the rod! *Ib* 55

O! how this spring of love resembleth
 The uncertain glory of an April day *Ib* III 84

Or as one nail by strength drives out another,
 So the remembrance of my former love
 Is by a newer object quite forgotten *Ib* II iv 194

He makes sweet music with th' enamell'd stones,
 Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge
 He overtaketh in his pilgrimage,
 And so by many winding nooks he strays
 With willing sport, to the wild ocean *Ib* VII 28

Except I be by Silvia in the night,
 There is no music in the nightingale,
 Unless I look on Silvia in the day,
 There is no day for me to look upon *Ib* III i 178.

Ay,
 Much is the force of heaven-bred poesy *Ib* II 71

A man I am cross'd with adversity *Ib* IV i 12

You know that love
 Will creep in service where it cannot go *Ib* II 19

Who is Silvia? what is she,
 That all our swains commend her?
 Holy, fair, and wise is she,
 The heaven such grace did lend her,
 That she might admired be
 Is she kind as she is fair?

For beauty lives with kindness
 Love doth to her eyes repair,

To help him of his blindness,
 And, being help'd, inhabits there

Then to Silvia let us sing,
 That Silvia is excelling,
 She excels each mortal thing
 Upon the dull earth dwelling,
 To her let us garlands bring *Ib* 40
 How use doth breed a habit in a man! *Ib* V iv i

O heaven! were man
 But constant, he were perfect *Ib* 110

Two lads that thought there was no more behind
 But such a day to-morrow as to-day,
 And to be boy eternal *The Winter's Tale*, I ii 63

We were as twinn'd lambs that did frisk i' the sun,
 And bleat the one at the other what we chang'd
 Was innocence for innocence, we knew not
 The doctrine of ill-doing, no, nor dream'd
 That any did *Ib* 67

Three crabbed months had sour'd themselves to
 death,

Ere I could make thee open thy white hand
 And clasp thyself my love *Ib* 102.

Padding palms and pinching fingers
The Winter's Tale, 1 ii 116.

Still virginaling
Ib 126

Affection! thy intention stabs the centre.
Thou dost make possible things not so held,
Communicat'st with dreams
Ib 139.

How like, methought, I then was to this kernel,
This squash, this gentleman
Ib 160

A sad tale's best for winter
I have one of sprites and goblins
Ib 11 i 24
It is a heretic that makes the fire,
Not she which burns in 't
Ib 111 116

What's gone, and what's past help
Should be past grief
Ib 111 ii [223]
Bohemia A desert Country near the Sea
Ib 111 Stage Direction

Our ship hath touch'd upon
The desarts of Bohemia
Ib 111 i
Exit, pursued by a bear
Ib Stage Direction

When daffodils begin to peer,
With heigh! the doxy, over the dale,
Why, then comes in the sweet o' the year;
For the red blood reigns in the winter's pale.

The white sheet bleaching on the hedge,
With heigh! the sweet birds, O, how they sing!
Doth set my pugging tooth on edge,
For a quart of ale is a dish for a king

The lark, that turra-lirra chants,
With, heigh! with, heigh! the thrush and the jay,
Are summer songs for me and my aunts,
While we lie tumbling in the hay
Ib 111 ii 1

But shall I go mourn for that, my dear?
Ib [15]
A snapper-up of unconsidered trifles
Ib [26]
For the life to come, I sleep out the thought of it
Ib [30]

Prig, for my life, prig, he haunts wakes, fairs, and
bear-baitings
Ib [109]

Jog on, jog on the foot-path way,
And merrily hent the stile-a
A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad tires in a mile-a
Ib [133]

For you there's rosemary and rue, these keep
Seeming and savour all the winter long
Ib 111 74

The fairest flowers o' the season
Are our carnations and streak'd gillyvors,
Which some call nature's bastards
Ib 81
Yet nature is made better by no mean
But nature makes that mean
Ib 89

Here's flowers for you,
Hot lavender, mints, savory, marjoram,
The marigold, that goes to bed wi' the sun,
And with him rises weeping
Ib 103

O Proserpina!
For the flowers now that frighted thou let'st fall
From Dis's waggon! daffodils,
That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty, violets dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes

Or Cytherea's breath, pale prime-roses,
That die unmarried, ere they can behold
Bright Phœbus in his strength,—a malady
Most incident to maids, bold oxlips and
The crown imperial, hies of all kinds,
The flower-de-luce being one
Ib 116.

PERDITA
Sure this robe of mine
Doth change my disposition
FLORIZEL

What you do
Still betters what is done When you speak, sweet,
I'd have you do it ever when you sing,
I'd have you buy and sell so, so give alms,
Pray so, and, for the ordering your affairs,
To sing them too when you do dance, I wish you
A wave o' the sea, that you might ever do
Nothing but that, move still, still so,
And own no other function each your doing,
So singular in each particular,
Crowns what you are doing in the present deed,
That all your acts are queens
Ib 134

Good sooth, she is
The queen of curds and cream
Ib 160
Lawn as white as driven snow
Ib [220]
I love a ballad in print, a-life, for then we are sure
they are true
Ib [262]

The self-same sun that shines upon his court
Hides not his visage from our cottage, but
Looks on alike
Ib [457]

Being now awake, I'll queen it no inch further,
But milk my ewes and weep
Ib [462]

Prosperity's the very bond of love,
Whose fresh complexion and whose heart together
Affliction alters
Ib [586]

Ha, ha! what a fool Honesty is! and Trust his sworn
brother, a very simple gentleman!
Ib [608]

Though I am not naturally honest, I am so some-
times by chance
Ib [734]

That rare Italian master, Julio Romano
Ib v ii [108]

Thou art a tall fellow of thy hands
Ib [185]

'Tis time, descend, be stone no more, approach
Ib 111 99

O! she's warm
If this be magic, let it be an art
Lawful as eating
Ib 109

Lord of thy presence and no land beside
King John, 1 i 137

For new-made honour doth forget men's names
Ib 186

Sweet, sweet, sweet poison for the age's tooth
Ib 213

Bearing their birthrights proudly on their backs
Ib 111 1. 70

For courage mounteth with occasion
Ib 82

Saint George, that swinged the dragon, and e'er since
Sits on his horse back at mine hostess' door
Ib 288

Mad world! Mad kings! Mad composition!
King John, II, 1, 561.

That smooth-fac'd gentleman, tickling Commodity,
 Commodity, the bias of the world *Ib* 573

Well, whiles I am a beggar, I will rail,
 And say there is no sin, but to be rich,
 And, being rich, my virtue then shall be,
 To say there is no vice, but beggary *Ib* 593

Here I and sorrows sit,
 Here is my throne, bid kings come bow to it
Ib III 1 73

Thou wear a lion's hide! doff it for shame,
 And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs!
Ib 128

No Italian priest
 Shall tithe or toll in our dominions *Ib* 153

Old Time the clock-setter, that bald sexton, Time
Ib 324.

Bell, book and candle shall not drive me back,
 When gold and silver beckons me to come on
Ib III 12

KING JOHN.

Death

HUBERT.

My lord?

KING JOHN.

A grave.

HUBERT.

He shall not live

KING JOHN

Enough

I could be merry now *Ib* 66

Look, who comes here! a grave unto a soul,
 Holding the eternal spirit, against her will,
 In the vile prison of afflicted breath *Ib* IV 17

Grief fills the room up of my absent child,
 Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me,
 Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,
 Remembers me of all his gracious parts,
 Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form.
Ib 93.

Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale,
 Vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man *Ib* 108

Heat me these irons hot *Ib* IV 1 1.

Methinks nobody should be sad but I
 Yet I remember, when I was in France,
 Young gentlemen would be as sad as night,
 Only for wantonness *Ib* 13

I knit my handkercher about your brows,—
 The best I had, a princess wrought it me
Ib 41

To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,
 To throw a perfume on the violet,
 To smooth the ice, or add another hue
 Unto the rainbow, or with taper light
 To seek the beauteous eye of heaven to garnish,
 Is wasteful and ridiculous excess *Ib* II 11

The spirit of the time shall teach me speed
Ib 176

Another lean unwash'd artificer
Ib 201

It is the curse of kings to be attended
 By slaves that take their humours for a warrant
 To break within the bloody house of life. *Ib* 208

How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds
 Makes ill deeds done! *Ib* 219.

Whate'er you think, good words, I think, were best
Ib III 28

Unthread the rude eye of rebellion,
 And welcome home again discarded faith *Ib* V IV 11.

I beg cold comfort *Ib* VII 42.

This England never did, nor never shall,
 Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror,
 But when it first did help to wound itself
 Now these her princes are come home again,
 Come the three corners of the world in arms,
 And we shall shock them nought shall make us rue,
 If England to itself do rest but true *Ib* 112

Old John of Gaunt, time-honour'd Lancaster
King Richard II, I 1 1.

Let's purge this choler without letting blood
Ib 153

The purest treasure mortal times afford
 Is spotless reputation, that away,
 Men are but gilded loam or painted clay
 A jewel in a ten-times-barr'd-up chest
 Is a bold spirit in a loyal breast
 Mine honour is my life, both grow in one;
 'Take honour from me, and my life is done *Ib* 177.

We were not born to sue, but to command *Ib* 196

Stay, stay, the king hath thrown his warder down
Ib III 119.

This must my comfort be,
 That sun that warms you here shall shine on me
Ib 144.

The language I have learn'd these forty years,
 My native English, now I must forego;
 And now my tongue's use is to me no more
 Than an unstring'd viol or a harp. *Ib* 159.

I am too old to fawn upon a nurse,
 Too far in years to be a pupil now. *Ib* 170.

How long a time lies in one little word!
 Four lagging winters and four wanton springs
 End in a word, such is the breath of kings *Ib* 213

'Things sweet to taste prove in digestion sour
Ib 236

Boast of nothing else
 But that I was a journeyman to grief? *Ib* 273

All places that the eye of heaven visits
 Are to a wise man ports and happy havens.
 Teach thy necessity to reason thus;
 There is no virtue like necessity. *Ib* 275

O! who can hold a fire in his hand
 By thinking on the frosty Caucasus?
 Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite,
 By bare imagination of a feast?
 Or wallow naked in December snow
 By thinking on fantastic summer's heat?
 O, no! the apprehension of the good
 Gives but the greater feeling to the worse *Ib* 294.

Methinks I am a prophet new inspir'd,
 And thus expiring do foretell of him
 His rash fierce blaze of riot cannot last,
 For violent fires soon burn out themselves,
 Small showers last long, but sudden storms are short,
 He tires betimes that spurs too fast betimes
Ib II 1 31

This royal throne of kings, this scepter'd isle,
 This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,
 This other Eden, demi-Paradise,
 This fortress built by Nature for herself
 Against infection and the hand of war,
 This happy breed of men, this little world,
 This precious stone set in the silver sea,
 Which serves it in the office of a wall,
 Or as a moat defensive to a house,
 Against the envy of less happier lands,
 This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England,
 This nurse, this teeming womb of royal kings,
 Fear'd by their breed and famous by their birth,
 Renowned for their deeds as far from home,—
 For Christian service and true chivalry,—
 As is the sepulchre in stubborn Jewry
 Of the world's ransom, blessed Mary's Son
 This land of such dear souls, this dear, dear land

King Richard II, II 1 40

England, bound in with the triumphant sea *Ib 61*

That England, that was wont to conquer others,
 Hath made a shameful conquest of itself *Ib 65*

Can sick men play so nicely with their names?
Ib 84

Lay aside life-harming heaviness,
 And entertain a cheerful disposition *Ib 11 3*

Believe me, noble lord,
 I am a stranger here in Gloucestershire
 These high wild hills and rough uneven ways
 Draw out our miles and make them wearisome
Ib 111 2

I count myself in nothing else so happy
 As in a soul remembering my good friends *Ib 46*

Bloody with spurring, fiery-red with haste *Ib 58*

Grace me no grace, nor uncle me no uncle *Ib 87*

The caterpillars of the commonwealth *Ib 166*

Things past redress are now with me past care
Ib 171

Eating the bitter bread of banishment
Ib 111 1 21

I weep for joy
 To stand upon my kingdom once again
 Dear earth, I do salute thee with my hand,
 Though rebels wound thee with their horses' hoofs
Ib 11 4

Not all the water in the rough rude sea
 Can wash the balm from an anointed king,
 The breath of worldly men cannot depose
 The deputy elected by the Lord

For every man that Bolingbroke hath press'd
 To lift shrewd steel against our golden crown,
 God for his Richard hath in heavenly pay

A glorious angel, then, if angels fight,
 Weak men must fall, for heaven still guards the
 right *Ib 59*

O! call back yesterday, bid time return *Ib 69*

Is not the king's name twenty thousand names?
 Arm, arm, my name! A puny subject strikes
 At thy great glory *Ib 85*

The worst is death, and death will have his day
Ib 103

Sweet love, I see, changing his property,
 Turns to the sourest and most deadly hate *Ib 135*

Of comfort no man speak
 Let's talk of graves, of worms, and epitaphs,
 Make dust our paper, and with rainy eyes
 Write sorrow on the bosom of the earth
 Let's choose executors, and talk of wills *Ib 144*

For God's sake, let us sit upon the ground
 And tell sad stories of the death of kings
 How some have been depos'd, some slain in war,
 Some haunted by the ghosts they have depos'd,
 Some poison'd by their wives, some sleeping kill'd,
 All murder'd for within the hollow crown
 That rounds the mortal temples of a king
 Keeps Death his court, and there the antick sits,
 Scoffing his state and grinning at his pomp,
 Allowing him a breath, a little scene,
 To monarchize, be fear'd, and kill with looks,
 Infusing him with self and vain conceit
 As if this flesh which walls about our life
 Were brass impregnable, and humour'd thus
 Comes at the last, and with a little pin
 Bores through his castle wall, and farewell king!

Ib 155

See, see, King Richard doth himself appear,
 As doth the blushing discontented sun
 From out the fiery portal of the east *Ib 111 62*

O! that I were as great
 As is my grief, or lesser than my name,
 Or that I could forget what I have been,
 Or not remember what I must be now *Ib 136.*

What must the king do now? Must he submit?
 The king shall do it must he be depos'd?
 The king shall be contented must he lose
 The name of king? o' God's name, let it go
 I'll give my jewels for a set of beads,
 My gorgeous palace for a hermitage,
 My gay apparel for an almsman's gown,
 My figur'd goblets for a dish of wood,
 My sceptre for a palmer's walking staff,
 My subjects for a pair of carved saints,
 And my large kingdom for a little grave,
 A little little grave, an obscure grave,
 Or I'll be buried in the king's highway,
 Some way of common trade, where subjects' feet
 May hourly trample on their sovereign's head,
 For on my heart they tread now whilst I live,
 And burned once, why not upon my head? *Ib 143.*

You make a leg *Ib 175.*

Go, bind thou up yon dangling apricocks,
 Which, like unruly children, make their sire
 Stoop with oppression of their prodigal weight
Ib 11 29

Old Adam's likeness, set to dress this garden *Ib 73*

Here did she fall a tear, here, in this place,
 I'll set a bank of rue, sour herb of grace,
 Rue, even for ruth, here shortly shall be seen,
 In the remembrance of a weeping queen *Ib 104.*

If I dare eat, or drink, or breathe, or live,
 I dare meet Surrey in a wilderness,
 And spit upon him, whilst I say he lies,
 And lies, and lies *Ib 11 173.*

And there at Venice gave
 His body to that pleasant country's earth,
 And his pure soul unto his captain Christ,
 Under whose colours he had fought so long *Ib 97*

Peace shall go sleep with Turks and infidels
King Richard II, IV 1. 139

God save the king! Will no man say, amen?
 Am I both priest and clerk? Well then, amen.
Ib 172

Give me the crown Here, cousin, seize the crown,
 Here cousin,
 On this side my hand and on that side thine
 Now is this golden crown like a deep well
 That owes two buckets filling one another,
 The emptier ever dancing in the air,
 The other down, unseen, and full of water
 That bucket down and full of tears am I,
 Drinking my griefs, whilst you mount up on high
Ib 181

You may my glories and my state depose,
 But not my griefs, still am I king of those
Ib 192
 Now mark me how I will undo myself
Ib 203
 With mine own tears I wash away my balm,
 With mine own hands I give away my crown
Ib 207

God pardon all oaths that are broke to me!
 God keep all vows unbroke are made to thee!
Ib 214

A mockery king of snow
Ib 260
 An if my word be sterling yet in England
Ib 264
 Julius Caesar's ill-erected tower
Ib v 1 2

I am sworn brother, sweet,
 To grim Necessity, and he and I
 Will keep a league till death
Ib 20
 That were some love but little policy
Ib 84

As in a theatre, the eyes of men,
 After a well-grac'd actor leaves the stage,
 Are idly bent on him that enters next,
 Thinking his prattle to be tedious
Ib 11 23

Who are the violets now
 That strew the green lap of the new come spring?
Ib 46

Give me my boots I say
Ib 77 and 87
 He prays but faintly and would be denied
Ib 111 103

I have been studying how I may compare
 This prison where I live unto the world
Ib v 1

How sour sweet music is,
 When time is broke, and no proportion kept!
 So is it in the music of men's lives
Ib 42
 Mount, mount, my soul! thy seat is up on high,
 Whilst my gross flesh sinks downwards, here to die
Ib 112

So shaken as we are, so wan with care
King Henry IV, Part I, I. 1. 1

In those holy fields
 Over whose acres walk'd those blessed feet,
 Which fourteen hundred years ago were nail'd
 For our advantage, on the bitter cross
Ib 24

The blessed sun himself a fair hot wench in flame-
 colour'd taffeta
Ib 11 [10]

I see no reason why thou shouldst be so superfluous
 to demand the time of the day
Ib. [11]

Phoebus, he 'that wandering knight so fair' *Ib [16]*
 Let us be Diana's foresters, gentlemen of the shade,
 minions of the moon
Ib [28]

FALSTAFF
 And is not my hostess of the tavern a most sweet
 wench?

PRINCE
 As the honey of Hybla, my old lad of the castle
Ib 44

What, in thy quips and thy quiddities? *Ib [50]*

Shall there be gallows standing in England when
 thou art king, and resolution thus fobbed as it is
 with the rusty curb of old father antick, the law?
Ib [66]

Thou hast the most unsavoury smiles
Ib [89]

I would to God thou and I knew where a commodity
 of good names were to be bought
Ib [92]

O! thou hast damnable iteration, and art, indeed,
 able to corrupt a saint
Ib [101]

Now am I, if a man should speak truly, little better
 than one of the wicked
Ib [105]

I'll be damned for never a king's son in Christendom
Ib [108]

Why, Hal, 'tis my vocation, Hal, 'tis no sin for a
 man to labour in his vocation
Ib. [116]

How agrees the devil and thee about thy soul, that
 thou soldst him on Good Friday last for a cup
 of Madeira and a cold capon's leg?
Ib [126]

There's neither honesty, manhood, nor good fellow-
 ship in thee
Ib [154]

Farewell, thou latter spring! Farewell, All-hallowen
 summer!
Ib [176]

If he fight longer than he sees reason, I'll forswear
 arms
Ib [206]

I know you all, and will awhile uphold
 The unyok'd humour of your idleness
Ib [217]

If all the year were playing holidays,
 To sport would be as tedious as to work,
 But when they seldom come, they wish'd for come
Ib [226].

A certain lord, neat, and trimly dress'd,
 Fresh as a bridegroom, and his chin, new-reap'd,
 Show'd like a stubble-land at harvest home
 He was perfum'd like a milliner,
 And 'twixt his finger and his thumb he held
 A pouncet-box, which ever and anon
 He gave his nose and took't away again
Ib 111 33

And as the soldiers bore dead bodies by,
 He call'd them untaught knaves, unmannerly,
 To bring a slovenly, unhandsome corpse
 Betwixt the wind and his nobility
 With many holiday and lady terms
 He question'd me.
Ib 42

So pester'd with a popinjay
Ib 50

He made me mad
 To see him shine so brisk, and smell so sweet
 And talk so like a waiting-gentlewoman
 Of guns, and drums, and wounds,—God save the
 mark!

And telling me the sovereign'st thing on earth
 Was parmaceti for an inward bruise,
 And that it was great pity, so it was,
 This villainous saltpetre should be digg'd
 Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,
 Which many a good tall fellow had destroy'd
 So cowardly, and but for these vile guns,
 He would himself have been a soldier

King Henry IV, Part I, I iii 53

To put down Richard, that sweet lovely rose,
 And plant this thorn, this canker, Bolingbroke
Ib 175

WORCESTER

As to o'er-walk a current roaring loud,
 On the unsteadfast footing of a spear
 HOTSPUR
 If he fall in, good-night! or sink or swim
 Send danger from the east unto the west,
 So honour cross it from the north to south,
 And let them grapple. O! the blood more stirs
 To rouse a lion than to start a hare
Ib 192

By heaven methinks it were an easy leap
 To pluck bright honour from the pale-fac'd moon,
 Or dive into the bottom of the deep,
 Where fathom-line could never touch the ground,
 And pluck up drowned honour by the locks,
 So he that doth redeem her thence might wear
 Without corrival all her dignities
 But out upon this half-fac'd fellowship!
Ib 201

Why, what a candy deal of courtesy
 This fawning greyhound then did proffer me!
Ib 251
 I know a trick worth two of that
Ib II i [40]
 'At hand, quoth pick-purse'
Ib [53]

We have the receipt of fern-seed, we walk invisible
Ib [95]

I am bewitched with the rogue's company. If the
 rascal have not given me medicines to make me
 love him, I'll be hanged
Ib II [19]

Farewell, and stand fast
Ib [78]

Happy man be his dole
Ib [84]

On, bacons, on!
Ib [99]

It would be an argument for a week, laughter for a
 month, and a good jest for ever
Ib 104

Falstaff sweats to death
 And lards the lean earth as he walks along
Ib [119]

Out of this nettle, danger, we pluck this flower,
 safety
Ib III [11]

A good plot, good friends, and full of expectation,
 an excellent plot, very good friends.
Ib [21]

Constant you are,
 But yet a woman and for secrecy,
 No lady closer, for I well believe
 Thou wilt not utter what thou dost not know.
Ib [113]

Show it a fair pair of heels
Ib IV [52].

I am not yet of Percy's mind, the Hotspur of the
 North, he that kills me some six or seven dozen
 of Scots at a breakfast, washes his hands, and says
 to his wife, 'Fie upon this quiet life! I want work'
Ib [116]

Didst thou never see Titan kiss a dish of butter—
 pitiful-hearted Titan, that melted at the sweet tale
 of the sun?
Ib [135]

There live not three good men unchanged in England,
 and one of them is fat and grows old
Ib [146]

Call you that backing of your friends? A plague
 upon such backing! give me them that will face
 me
Ib [168]

A plague of all cowards, still say I
Ib [175]

I am a Jew else, an Ebrew Jew
Ib [201]

All! I know not what ye call all
Ib [208]

Nay, that's past praying for I have peppered two
 of them two I am sure I have paid, two rogues in
 buckram suits I tell thee what, Hal, if I tell thee a
 lie, spit in my face, call me horse 'Thou knowest
 my old ward, here I lay, and thus I bore my point
 Four rogues in buckram let drive at me—
Ib [214]

O monstrous! eleven buckram men grown out of two
Ib [247]

Three misbegotten knaves in Kendal-green
Ib [249]

These lies are like the father that begets them, gross
 as a mountain, open, palpable
Ib [253]

Give you a reason on compulsion! if reasons were as
 plentiful as blackberries I would give no man a
 reason upon compulsion, I
Ib [267]

Mark now, how a plain tale shall put you down.
Ib [285]

What a slave art thou, to hack thy sword as thou hast
 done, and then say it was in fight!
Ib [292]

Instinct is a great matter, I was a coward on instinct
Ib [304]

Ah! No more of that, Hal, an thou lovest me
Ib [316]

What doth gravity out of his bed at midnight?
Ib [328]

A plague of sighing and grief! It blows a man up
 like a bladder
Ib [370]

I will do it in King Cambyes' vein
Ib. [430]

QUICKLY.
 O Jesu! he doth it as like one of these harlotry players
 as ever I see!

FALSTAFF
 Peace, good pint-pot!
Ib [441]

Shall the blessed sun of heaven prove a micher and
 eat blackberries? A question not to be asked
Ib [454]

There is a devil haunts thee in the likeness of a fat
 old man, a tun of man is thy companion
Ib [498]

That roasted Manningtree ox with the pudding in
 his belly, that reverend vice, that grey iniquity,
 that father ruffian, that vanity in years
Ib [504]

If sack and sugar be a fault, God help the wicked!
Ib [524]

No, my good lord, banish Peto, banish Bardolph,
banish Poins, but for sweet Jack Falstaff, kind
Jack Falstaff, true Jack Falstaff, valiant Jack
Falstaff, and therefore more valiant, being, as he
is, old Jack Falstaff, banish not him thy Harry's
company banish not him thy Harry's company
banish plump Jack and banish all the world

King Henry IV, Part I, II iv [528]

Play out the play

Ib [539]

O monstrous! but one half-pennyworth of bread to
this intolerable deal of sack!

Ib [598]

GLENDOWER

At my nativity

The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes,
Of burning cressets, and at my birth
The frame and huge foundation of the earth
Shak'd like a coward

HOTSPUR

Why, so it would have done at the same season, if
your mother's cat had but kittened

Ib III i 13

And all the courses of my life do show

I am not in the roll of common men

Ib [42]

GLENDOWER

I can call spirits from the vasty deep

HOTSPUR

Why, so can I, or so can any man,
But will they come when you do call for them?

Ib [53]

O! while you live, tell truth, and shame the devil!

Ib [62]

See how this river comes me cranking in,
And cuts me from the best of all my land
A huge half-moon, a monstrous cantle out

Ib [99]

I had rather be a kitten and cry mew

Than one of these same metre ballad-mongers

Ib [128]

Mincing poetry

Ib [133]

And such a deal of skumble-skamble stuff

As puts me from my faith

Ib [153]

O! he's as tedious

As a tired horse, a railing wife,
Worse than a smoky house I had rather live
With cheese and garlic in a windmill, far,
Than feed on cates and have him talk to me
In any summer-house in Christendom

Ib [158]

I understand thy kisses, and thou mine,
And that's a feeling disputation

Ib [204]

Makes Welsh as sweet as ditties highly penn'd,
Sung by a fair queen in a summer's bower,
With ravishing division, to her lute

Ib [208]

Now I perceive the devil understands Welsh

Ib 233

You swear like a comfit-maker's wife

Ib [252]

Swear me, Kate, like a lady as thou art,
A good mouth-filling oath

Ib [257]

The skipping kung, he ambled up and down
With shallow jesters and rash bavin wits

Ib II 60

Being daily swallow'd by men's eyes,
They surfeited with honey and began

To loathe the taste of sweetness, whereof a little
More than a little is by much too much
So, when we had occasion to be seen,
He was but as the cuckoo is in June,
I heard, not regarded

Ib 70

My near'st and dearest enemy

Ib 123

Well, I'll repent, and that suddenly, while I am in
some liking, I shall be out of heart shortly, and
then I shall have no strength to repent.

Ib. III [5]

Company, villainous company, hath been the spoil of
me

Ib [10].

Come, sing me a bawdy song, make me merry

Ib [15]

Shall I not take mine ease in mine inn?

Ib [91]

I have more flesh than another man, and therefore
more frailty

Ib [187]

That daff'd the world aside,

And bid it pass

Ib IV i 96

All plum'd like estridges that wing the wind,

Baited like eagles having lately bath'd

Ib 98

I saw young Harry, with his beaver on,
His cuisses on his thighs, gallantly arm'd,
Rise from the ground like feather'd Mercury,
And vaulted with such ease into his seat,
As if an angel dropp'd down from the clouds,
To turn and wind a fiery Pegasus,
And witch the world with noble horsemanship

Ib 104

Doomsday is near, die all, die merrily

Ib 134

I have misus'd the king's press damnably

Ib II [13]

The cankers of a calm world and a long peace

Ib [32].

I am as vigilant as a cat to steal cream

Ib [64]

Tut, tut, good enough to toss, food for powder, food
for powder, they'll fill a pit as well as better
tush, man, mortal men, mortal men

Ib [72]

To the latter end of a fray and the beginning of a
feast

Fits a dull fighter and a keen guest

Ib [86]

Greatness knows itself

Ib III 74

For mine own part, I could be well content

To entertain the lag-end of my life

With quiet hours

Ib V i 23

Rebellion lay in his way, and he found it

Ib 28

I do not think a braver gentleman,
More active-valiant or more valiant-yong,
More daring or more bold, is now alive
To grace this latter age with noble deeds
For my part, I may speak it to my shame,
I have a truant been to chivalry

Ib 89

FALSTAFF

I would it were bed-time, Hal, and all well

PRINCE

Why, thou owest God a death

Ib [125].

Honour pricks me on Yea, but how if honour prick me off when I come on? how then? Can honour set to a leg? No Or an arm? No Or take away the grief of a wound? No Honour hath no skill in surgery, then? No What is honour? A word What is that word, honour? Air A trim reckoning! Who hath it? He that died o' Wednesday Doth he feel it? No, Doth he hear it? No It is insensible then? Yea, to the dead But will it not live with the living? No Why? Detraction will not suffer it Therefore I'll none of it honour is a mere scutcheon and so ends my catechism

King Henry IV, Part 1, v 1 [131]

Suspicion all our lives shall be stuck full of eyes,
For treason is but trusted like the fox,
Who, ne'er so tame, so cherish'd, and lock'd up,
Will have a wild trick of his ancestors *Ib* 11 8

O gentlemen! the time of life is short,
To spend that shortness basely were too long,
If life did ride upon a drol's point,
Still ending at the arrival of an hour
An if we live, we live to tread on kings,
If die, brave death, when princes die with us!
Now, for our consciences, the arms are fair,
When the intent of bearing them is just *Ib* 81

Now, *Esperance!* Percyl and set on *Ib* 96

I have led my ragamuffins where they are peppered
there's not three of my hundred and fifty left
alive, and they are for the town's end, to beg
during life *Ib* 111 [36]

I like not such grinning honour as Sir Walter hath
give me life, which if I can save, so, if not, honour
comes unlooked for, and there's an end *Ib* 61

Two stars keep not their motion in one sphere.
Ib 114 65

But thought's the slave of life, and life time's fool,
And time, that takes survey of all the world,
Must have a stop *Ib* [81]

Fare thee well, great heart!
Ill-weav'd ambition, how much art thou shrunk!
When that this body did contain a spirit,
A kingdom for it was too small a bound,
But now two paces of the vilest earth
Is room enough this earth, that bears thee dead,
Bears not alive so stout a gentleman *Ib* [87]

Thy ignominy sleep with thee in the grave,
But not remember'd in thy epitaph!
What! old acquaintance! could not all this flesh
Keep in a little life? Poor Jack, farewell!
I could have better spar'd a better man *Ib* [100]

The better part of valour is discretion *Ib* [120]

Full bravely hast thou flesh'd
Thy maiden sword *Ib* [132]

Lord, Lord, how this world is given to lying! I
grant you I was down and out of breath, and so
was he, but we rose both at an instant, and fought
a long hour by Shrewsbury clock *Ib* [148]

For my part, if a lie will do thee grace,
I'll gild it with the happiest terms I have *Ib* [161]

I'll purge, and leave sack, and live cleanly, as a
nobleman should do *Ib* [168]

I speak of peace, while covert enmity
Under the smile of safety wounds the world.
King Henry IV, Part 2, Induction, 9.

Rumour is a pipe
Blown by surmises, jealousies, conjectures,
And of so easy and so plain a stop
That the blunt monster with uncounted heads,
The still-discordant wavering multitude,
Can play upon it *Ib* 15

Even such a man, so faint, so spiritless,
So dull, so dead in look, so woe-begone,
Drew Priam's curtain in the dead of night,
And would have told him, half his Troy was burn'd *Ib* 11 70

Yet the first bringer of unwelcome news
Hath but a losing office, and his tongue
Sounds ever after as a sullen bell,
Remember'd knolling a departed friend *Ib* 100

The brain of this foolish-compounded clay, man, is
not able to invent anything that tends to laughter,
more than I invent or is invented on me I am
not only witty in myself, but the cause that wit is
in other men I do here walk before thee like a sow
that hath overwhelmed all her litter but one *Ib* 11 [7]

A rascally yea-forsooth knave *Ib* [40].

Your lordship, though not clean past your youth,
hath yet some smack of age in you, some relish of
the saltiness of time *Ib* [111]

This apoplexy is, as I take it, a kind of lethargy, an't
please your lordship, a kind of sleeping in the
blood, a whoreson tingling *Ib* [127]

It is the disease of not listening, the malady of not
marking, that I am troubled withal *Ib*. [139].

I am as poor as Job, my lord, but not so patient.
Ib [145].

Well, I am loath to gall a new-healed wound
Ib 169

You that are old consider not the capacities of us
that are young, you measure the heat of our livers
with the bitterness of your galls, and we that are
in the vaward of our youth, I must confess, are
wigs too *Ib* [198]

Have you not a moist eye, a dry hand, a yellow cheek,
a white beard, a decreasing leg, an increasing
belly? *Ib* [206]

Every part about you blasted with antiquity
Ib [210]

My lord, I was born about three of the clock in the
afternoon, with a white head, and something of a
round belly For my voice, I have lost it with
holl'ing, and singing of anthems *Ib*. [213].

CHIEF JUSTICE

God send the prince a better companion!

TALSTAFF

God send the companion a better prince! I cannot
rid my hands of him *Ib* [227]

All you that kiss our lady Peace at home *Ib* [236]

It was always yet the trick of our English nation, if
they have a good thing, to make it too common
Ib. [244].

I would to God my name were not so terrible to the enemy as it is I were better to be eaten to death with rust than to be scoured to nothing with perpetual motion *King Henry IV, Part 2, 1 ii* [247]

I can get no remedy against this consumption of the purse borrowing only lingers and lingers it out, but the disease is incurable *Ib* [268]

O, thoughts of men accurs!

Past and to come seem best, things present, worst *Ib* iii. 107

A poor lone woman *Ib* ii 1 [37]

Away, you scullion! you rampallion! you fustilarian! I'll tickle your catastrophe *Ib* [67]

He hath eaten me out of house and home *Ib* [82]

Thou didst swear to me upon a parcel-gilt goblet, sitting in my Dolphin-chamber, at the round table, by a sea-coal fire, upon Wednesday in Wheeson week *Ib* [97]

Doth it not show vilely in me to desire small beer? *Ib* ii [7]

I do now remember the poor creature, small beer *Ib* [12]

Let the end try the man. *Ib* [52]

Never a man's thought in the world keeps the road way better than thine *Ib* [64]

He was indeed the glass

Wherein the noble youth did dress themselves *Ib* iii 21

Hollow pamp'rd jades of Asia *Ib* [177]

By my troth, captain, these are very bitter words *Ib* [183]

Thou whoreson little tidy Bartholomew boar-pig *Ib* [249]

Patch up thine old body for heaven *Ib* [251]

O sleep! O gentle sleep!

Nature's soft nurse, how have I frighted thee,
That thou no more wilt weigh mine eyelids down
And steep my senses in forgetfulness?
Why rather, sleep, lest thou in smoky cribs,
Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee,
And hush'd with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber,
Than in the perfum'd chambers of the great,
Under the canopies of costly state,
And lull'd with sound of sweetest melody?
Ib iii 1 5

Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast
Seel up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains
In cradle of the rude imperious surge,
And in the visitation of the winds,
Who take the ruffian billows by the top,
Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them
With deaf'ning clamour in the slippery clouds,
That with the hurly death itself awakes? *Ib* 18

With all appliances and means to boot *Ib* 29

Then, happy low, lie down!

Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown *Ib* 30

O God! that one might read the book of fate *Ib* 45

There is a history in all men's lives,
Figuring the nature of the times deceas'd,
The which observ'd, a man may prophesy,
With a near aim, of the main chance of things
As yet not come to life, which in their seeds
And weak beginnings lie intreasur'd *Ib* 80.

Death, as the Psalmist saith, is certain to all, all shall die How a good yoke of bullocks at Stamford fair? *Ib* ii [41]

And is old Double dead? *Ib* [58]

A soldier is better accommodated than with a wife *Ib* [73]

Most forcible Feeble *Ib* [181]

We have heard the chimes at midnight *Ib* [231]

I care not, a man can die but once, we owe God a death *Ib* [253]

He that dies this year is quit for the next *Ib* [257]

Lord, Lord, how subject we old men are to this vice of lying! *Ib* [329]

Like a man made after supper of a cheese-paring when a' was naked, he was, for all the world, like a forked radish, with a head fantastically carved upon it with a knife *Ib* [335]

Talks as familiarly of John a Gaunt as if he had been sworn brother to him *Ib* [348]

Against ill chances men are ever merry,
But heaviness foreruns the good event *Ib* iv ii 81

A peace is of the nature of a conquest;
For then both parties nobly are subdu'd,
And neither party loser *Ib* 89.

That I may truly say with the hook-nosed fellow of Rome, 'I came, saw, and overcame' *Ib* iii [44]

A man cannot make him laugh, but that's no marvel, he drinks no wine *Ib* [95]

A good sherris-sack hath a two-fold operation in it It ascends me into the brain, dries me there all the foolish and dull and crudy vapours which environ it, makes it apprehensive, quick, forgetive, full of nimble fiery and delectable shapes, which deliver'd o'er to the voice, the tongue, which is the birth, becomes excellent wit The second property of your excellent sherris is, the warming of the blood, which, before cold and settled, left the liver white and pale, which is the badge of pusillanimity and cowardice but the sherris warms it and makes it course from the inwards to the parts extreme It illumineth the face, which, as a beacon, gives warning to all the rest of this little kingdom, man, to arm, and then the vital commoners and inland petty spirits muster me all to their captain, the heart, who, great and puffed up with this retinue, doth any deed of courage, and this valour comes of sherris So that skill in the weapon is nothing without sack, for that sets it a-work, and learning, a mere hoard of gold kept by a devil till sack commences it and sets it in act and use. *Ib* [103]

If I had a thousand sons, the first human principle I would teach them should be, to forswear thin potatoes *Ib* [133]

Most subject is the fattest soil to weeds *Ib* iv 54.

Thou art a summer bird,
Which ever in the haunch of winter sings
The lifting up of day

King Henry IV, Part 2, iv iv [91]

O polish'd perturbation! golden care!
That keep'st the ports of slumber open wide
To many a watchful night! Sleep with it now!
Yet not so sound, and half so deeply sweet
As he whose brow with homely biggen bound
Snore out the watch of night *Ib v 22*

This sleep is sound indeed, this is a sleep
That from this golden rigol hath divorc'd
So many English kings *Ib 34*
Thy wish was father, Harry, to that thought *Ib 91*

Commit

The oldest sins the newest kind of ways. *Ib 124*
It hath been prophesied to me many years
I should not die but in Jerusalem,
Which vainly I suppos'd the Holy Land
But bear me to that chamber, where I'll lie
In that Jerusalem shall Harry lie *Ib 235*

Any pretty little tiny kickshaws, tell William cook
Ib v 1 [29]

Not Amurath an Amurath succeeds,
But Harry, Harry *Ib 48*

Sorrow so royally in you appears,
That I will deeply put the fashion on *Ib 51*

'Tis merry in hall when beards wag all *Ib iii [35]*

A foutra for the world, and worldlings base!
I speak of Africa and golden joys *Ib [100]*

Under which king, Bezonian? speak, or die!
Ib [116]

Let us take any man's horses, the laws of England
are at my commandment *Ib [139]*

I know thee not, old man fall to thy prayers,
How ill white hairs become a fool and jester!
I have long dream'd of such a kind of man,
So surfeit-swell'd, so old, and so profane *Ib v [52]*

Make less thy body hence, and more thy grace,
Leave gormandizing, know the grave doth gape
For thee thrice wider than for other men *Ib [57]*

Presume not that I am the thing I was *Ib [61]*

Master Shallow, I owe you a thousand pound
Ib [78]

Where, for anything I know, Falstaff shall die of a
sweat, unless already a' be killed with your hard
opinions, for Oldcastle died a martyr, and this is
not the man *Ib Epilogue [32]*

O! for a Muse of fire, that would ascend
The brightest heaven of invention

King Henry V, Chorus, 1

The flat unrais'd spirits *Ib 9*

Can this cockpit hold
The vasty fields of France? or may we cram
Within this wooden O the very casques
That did affright the air at Agincourt? *Ib 11*

Consideration like an angel came,
And whipp'd the offending Adam out of him.
Ib 1 1 8

Never came reformation in a flood,
With such a heady currance, scouring faults. *Ib 33*

When he speaks,
The air, a charter'd libertine, is still *Ib 47*

O noble English! that could entertain
With half their forces the full pride of France,
And let another half stand laughing by,
All out of work, and cold for action *Ib ii 111*

And make your chronicle as rich with praise
As is the owse and bottom of the sea
With sunken wreck and sumless treasures *Ib 163*

For so work the honey-bees,
Creatures that by a rule in nature teach
The act of order to a peopled kingdom.
They have a king and officers of sorts;
Where some, like magistrates, correct at home,
Others, like merchants, venture trade abroad,
Others, like soldiers, armed in their stings,
Make boot upon the summer's velvet buds,
Which pillage they with merry march bring home
To the tent-royal of their emperor
Who, busied in his majesty, surveys
The singing masons building roofs of gold,
The civil citizens kneading up the honey,
The poor mechanic porters crowding in
Their heavy burdens at his narrow gate,
The sad-eyed justice, with his surly hum,
Delivering o'er to executors pale
The lazy yawning drone *Ib 187*

His present and your pains we thank you for
When we have match'd our rackets to these balls,
We will in France, by God's grace, play a set
Shall strike his father's crown into the hazard *Ib 26c*

Now all the youth of England are on fire,
And silken dalliance in the wardrobe lies,
Now thrive the armourers, and honour's thought
Reigns solely in the breast of every man
They sell the pasture now to buy the horse,
Following the mirror of all Christian kings,
With winged heels, as English Mercuries.
For now sits Expectation in the air
And hides a sword from hilts unto the point
With crowns imperial, crowns and coronets,
Promis'd to Harry and his followers *Ib 11 Chorus, 1*

O England! model to thy inward greatness,
Like little body with a mighty heart,
What might'st thou do, that honour would thee do,
Were all thy children kind and natural!
But see thy fault! *Ib 16*

I dare not fight, but I will wink and hold out mine
iron *Ib 1 [7]*

That's the humour of it *Ib [63]*

Base is the slave that pays *Ib [100]*

For, lambkins, we will live *Ib [134]*

Would I were with him, wheresome'er he is, either
in heaven or in hell *Ib iii [7]*

He's in Arthur's bosom, if ever man went to Arthur's
bosom A' made a finer end, and went away an it
had been any christom child, a' parted even just
between twelve and one, even at the turning o' the

tide for after I saw him fumble with the sheets
and play with flowers and smile upon his fingers'
ends, I knew there was but one way, for his nose
was as sharp as a pen, and he babbled of green
fields [Theobald's emendation of the Folio's
reading 'A table of green fields']

King Henry V, II iii [9]

So a' cried out 'God, God, God!' three or four times
now I, to comfort him, bid him a' should not think
of God, I hoped there was no need to trouble him-
self with any such thoughts yet *Ib* [19]

As cold as any stone *Ib* [25]

BOY

Yes, that a' did, and said they were devils incarnate
HOSTESS

A' never could abide carnation, 'twas a colour he
never liked

BOY

A' said once, the devil would have him about women
Ib [33]

Trust none,

For oaths are straw, men's faiths are wafer-cakes,
And hold-fast is the only dog, my duck *Ib* [53]

Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more,
Or close the wall up with our English dead!
In peace there's nothing so becomes a man
As modest stillness and humility
But when the blast of war blows in our ears,
Then imitate the action of the tiger,
Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood,
Disguise fair nature with hard-favour'd rage,
Then lend the eye a terrible aspect *Ib* III 1 1

On, on you noblest English!

Whose blood is fet from fathers of war-proof,
Fathers that, like so many Alexanders,
Have in these parts from morn till even fought,
And sheath'd their swords for lack of argument *Ib* 17

And you, good yeomen,

Whose limbs were made in England, show us here
The mettle of your pasture *Ib* 25

I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,
Straining upon the start The game's afoot
Follow your spirit, and, upon this charge
Cry 'God for Harry! England and Saint George!' *Ib* 31

I would give all my fame for a pot of ale, and safety
Ib II [14]

Men of few words are the best men *Ib* [40]

A' never broke any man's head but his own, and that
was against a post when he was drunk *Ib* [43]

He will maintain his argument as well as any military
man in the world, in the disciplines of the pristine
wars of the Romans *Ib* [89]

One Bardolph, if your majesty know the man his
face is all bubukles, and whelks, and knobs, and
flames o' fire *Ib* VI [110]

I thought upon one pair of English legs
Did march three Frenchmen *Ib* [161]

Give them great meals of beef and iron and steel,
they will eat like wolves and fight like devils
Ib VII [166]

Now entertain conjecture of a time
When creeping murmur and the pining dark
Fills the wide vessel of the universe

From camp to camp, through the foul womb of night,
The hum of either army stilly sounds,
That the fix'd sentinels almost receive
The secret whispers of each other's watch
Fire answers fire, and through their paly flames
Each battle sees the other's umber'd face
Steeds threatens steeds, in high and boastful tents
Piercing the night's dull ear, and from the tents
The armourers, accomplishing the knights,
With busy hammers closing rivets up,
Give dreadful note of preparation *Ib* IV Chorus, 1

The royal captain of this ruin'd band *Ib* 29

A largess universal, like the sun
His liberal eye doth give to every one,
Thawing cold fear *Ib* 43

A little touch of Harry in the night *Ib* 47

O for pity,—we shall much disprace,
With four or five most vile and ragged foils,
Right ill dispos'd in brawl ridiculous,
The name of Agincourt *Ib* 49.

Gloucester, 'tis true that we are in great danger,
The greater therefore should our courage be
Ib IV 1 1

There is some soul of goodness in things evil,
Would men observingly distil it out *Ib* 4.

Thus may we gather honey from the weed,
And make a moral of the devil himself *Ib* 11

Art thou base, common and popular? *Ib* 37

Trait'st thou the pussant pike? *Ib* 40

If you would take the pains but to examine the wars
of Pompey the Great, you shall find, I warrant
you, that there is no tiddle-taddle nor pibble-
pabble in Pompey's camp *Ib* [69]

There is much care and valour in this Welshman
Ib [85]

I think the king is but a man, as I am the violet
smells to him as it doth to me *Ib* [106]

I am afraid there are few die well that die in a
battle, for how can they charitably dispose of any-
thing when blood is their argument? *Ib* [149]

Every subject's duty is the king's, but every subject's
soul is his own *Ib* [189]

Upon the king! let us our lives, our souls,
Our debts, our careful wives,
Our children, and our sins lay on the king!
We must bear all O hard condition! *Ib* [250]

What infinite heart's ease
Must kings neglect, that private men enjoy!
And what have kings that privates have not too,
Save ceremony, save general ceremony? *Ib* [256]

'Tis not the balm, the sceptre and the ball,
The sword, the mace, the crown imperial,
The intertissued robe of gold and pearl,
The farced title running 'fore the king,
The throne he sits on, nor the tide of pomp
That beats upon the high shore of this world,
No, not all these, thrice-gorgeous ceremony,
Not all these, laid in bed majestical,
Can sleep so soundly as the wretched slave

Who with a body fill'd and vacant mind
 Gets him to rest, cram'd with distress'd bread,
 Never sees horrid night, the child of hell,
 But, like a lackey, from the rise to set
 Sweats in the eye of Phoebus, and all night
 Sleeps in Elysium, next day after dawn,
 Doth rise and help Hyperion to his horse,
 And follows so the ever-running year
 With profitable labour to his grave
 And, but for ceremony, such a wretch,
 Winding up days with toil and nights with sleep,
 Hath the forehand and vantage of a king
King Henry V, iv 1 [280]

O God of battles! steel my soldiers hearts,
 Possess them not with fear, take from them now
 The sense of reckoning, if the opposed numbers
 Pluck their hearts from them *Ib* [309]

O! that we now had here
 But one ten thousand of those men in England
 That do no work to-day. *Ib* iii. 16
 If we are mark'd to die, we are enow
 To do our country loss, and if to live,
 The fewer men, the greater share of honour. *Ib*. 20.

I am not covetous for gold,

But if it be a sin to covet honour
 I am the most offending soul alive *Ib* 24

He which hath no stomach to this fight,
 Let him depart, his passport shall be made,
 And crowns for convoy put into his purse
 We would not die in that man's company
 That fears his fellowship to die with us.
 This day is called the feast of Crispian
 He that outlives this day and comes safe home,
 Will stand a tip-toe when this day is nam'd,
 And rouse him at the name of Crispian.
 He that shall live this day, and see old age,
 Will yearly on the vigil feast his neighbours,
 And say, "To-morrow is Saint Crispian"
 Then will he strip his sleeve and show his scars,
 And say, "These wounds I had on Crispian's day"
 Old men forget yet all shall be forgot,
 But he'll remember with advantages
 What feats he did that day Then shall our names,
 Familiar in his mouth as household words,
 Harry the King, Bedford and Exeter,
 Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloucester,
 Be in their flowing cups freshly remember'd
 This story shall the good man teach his son,
 And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by,
 From this day to the ending of the world,
 But we in it shall be remembered,
 We few, we happy few, we band of brothers,
 For he to-day that sheds his blood with me
 Shall be my brother, be he ne'er so vile
 This day shall gentle his condition
 And gentlemen in England, now a-bed
 Shall think themselves accus'd they were not here,
 And hold their manhoods cheap whiles any speaks
 That fought with us upon Saint Crispian's day. *Ib* 35

Thou damned and luxurious mountain goat.
Ib. iv [20]

I'll fer him, and firk him, and ferret him. *Ib* [29]
 And all my mother came into mine eyes
 And gave me up to tears *Ib*. vi 31

There is a river in Macedon, and there is also more-
 over a river at Monmouth . . . and there is salmons
 in both *Ib* vii [28]

But now behold,
 In the quick forge and working-house of thought,
 How London doth pour out her citizens
Ib v Chorus, 22

Were now the general of our gracious empress,—
 As in good time he may,—from Ireland coming,
 Bringing rebellion broached on his sword. *Ib* 30

There is occasions and causes why and wherefore in
 all things *Ib* v 1 [3]

Not for Cadwallader and all his goats *Ib* [29]

By this leek, I will most horribly revenge *Ib* [49].

Why that the naked, poor, and mangled Peace,
 Dear nurse of arts, plenties, and joyful births
Ib ii 34.

The even mead, that erst brought sweetly forth
 The freckled crowslip, burnet, and green clover,

Conceives by idleness, and nothing teems
 But hateful docks, rough thistles, kecksies, burs
Ib 48

If not, to say to thee that I shall die, is true, but for
 thy love, by the Lord, no, yet I love thee too.
Ib [157].

For these fellows of infinite tongue, that can rhyme
 themselves into ladies' favours, they do always
 reason themselves out again *Ib* [162]

Shall not thou and I, between Saint Denis and Saint
 George, compound a bov, half-French, half-
 English, that shall go to Constantinople and take
 the Turk by the beard? *Ib* [218].

It is not a fashion for the maids in France to kiss
 before they are married *Ib* [287].

God, the best maker of all marriages,
 Combine your hearts in one *Ib* [387].

Hung be the heavens with black, yield day to night!
King Henry VI, Part 1, 1 i. 1

Expect Saint Martin's summer, halcyon days
Ib ii. 131.

Unbidden guests
 Are often welcome when they are gone.
Ib ii 11 55

But in these nice sharp quillets of the law,
 Good faith, I am no wiser than a daw. *Ib* iv 17

From off this brier pluck a white rose with me
Ib 30

Pluck a red rose from off this thorn with me *Ib* 33

PLANTAGENET
 Hath not thy rose a canker, Somerset?
 SOMERSET
 Hath not thy rose a thorn, Plantagenet? *Ib*. 68

Delays have dangerous ends *Ib* iii 11 33

I owe him little duty and less love *Ib* iv 14 34.

So doth the swan her downy cygnets save,
 Keeping them prisoners underneath her wings
Ib v iii. 56.

She's beautiful and therefore to be woo'd,
She is a woman, therefore to be won

King Henry VI, Part 1, v iii 78

She bears a duke's revenues on her back,
And in her heart she scorns our poverty

King Henry VI, Part 2, i iii [83]

Could I come near your beauty with my nails
I'd set my ten commandments in your face *Ib* [144]

What stronger breastplate than a heart untainted!
Thrice is he arm'd that hath his quarrel just,
And he but naked, though lock'd up in steel,
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted

Ib iii ii 232

He dies, and makes no sign *Ib* iii 29

Forbear to judge, for we are sinners all
Close up his eyes, and draw the curtains close,
And let us all to meditation *Ib* 31

The gaudy, blabbing, and remorseful day
Is crept into the bosom of the sea *Ib* iv i i

True nobility is exempt from fear *Ib* 129

I say it was never merry world in England since
gentlemen came up *Ib* ii. [10]

There shall be in England seven halfpenny loaves
sold for a penny, the three-hooped pot shall have
ten hoops, and I will make it felony to drink small
beer *Ib* [73]

The first thing we do, let's kill all the lawyers
Ib [86]

Is not thus a lamentable thing, that of the skin of an
innocent lamb should be made parchment? that
parchment, being scribbled o'er, should undo a
man? *Ib* [88]

And Adam was a gardener *Ib* [146]

Thou hast most traitorously corrupted the youth of
the realm in erecting a grammar school and
whereas, before, our forefathers had no other
books but the score and the tally, thou hast
caused printing to be used, and, contrary to the
king, his crown and dignity, thou hast built a
paper-mill *Ib* vii [35]

Away with him! away with him! he speaks Latin
Ib [62]

Lord, who would live turmoiled in the court,
And may enjoy such quiet walks as these? *Ib* x [18]

This battle fares like to the morning's war,
When dying clouds contend with growing light,
What time the shepherd, blowing of his nails,
Can neither call it perfect day nor night

King Henry VI, Part 3, ii v i

O God! methinks it were a happy life,
To be no better than a homely swain,
To sit upon a hill, as I do now,
To carve out dials, quaintly, point by point,
Thereby to see the minutes how they run,
How many make the hour full complete,
How many hours bring about the day,
How many days will finish up the year,
How many years a mortal man may live *Ib* 21

Gives not the hawthorn bush a sweeter shade
To shepherds, looking on their silly sheep,

Than doth a rich embroider'd canopy
To kings that fear their subjects' treachery? *Ib* 42

See, see! what showers arise,
Blown with the windy tempest of my heart *Ib* 85

Warwick, peace,
Proud setter up and puller down of kings *Ib* 156

A little fire is quickly trodden out,
Which, being suffer'd, rivers cannot quench *Ib* viii 7

Live we how we can, yet die we must *Ib* v ii 27

Suspicion always haunts the guilty mind;
The thief doth fear each bush an officer. *Ib* vi ii

Down, down to hell, and say I sent thee thither
Ib 67.

Now is the winter of our discontent
Made glorious summer by this sun of York

King Richard III, i i i

Our stern alarums changed to merry meetings,
Our dreadful marches to delightful measures. *Ib* 7

He capers nimbly in a lady's chamber
To the lascivious pleasing of a lute. *Ib* 12

This weak piping time of peace *Ib* 24

And therefore, since I cannot prove a lover,
I am determined to prove a villain *Ib* 28

No beast so fierce but knows some touch of pity
Ib ii 71

Was ever woman in this humour woo'd?
Was ever woman in this humour won? *Ib* 229

Fram'd in the prodigality of Nature. *Ib* 245

By silken, sly, insinuating Jacks? *Ib* iii 53

Since every Jack became a gentleman
There's many a gentle person made a Jack *Ib* 72

And thus I clothe my naked villany
With odd old ends stol'n forth of holy writ,
And seem a saint when most I play the devil. *Ib* 336.

O, I have pass'd a miserable night,
So full of ugly sights, of ghastly dreams,
That, as I am a Christian faithful man,
I would not spend another such a night,
Though 'twere to buy a world of happy days,
So full of dismal terror was the time! *Ib* iv 2

Lord, Lord! methought what pain it was to drown
What dreadful noise of water in mine ears!
What sights of ugly death within mine eyes!
Methought I saw a thousand fearful wracks,
A thousand men that fishes gnaw'd upon,
Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,
Inestimable stones, unvalu'd jewels,
All scatter'd in the bottom of the sea
Some lay in dead men's skulls, and in those holes
Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept
As 'twere in scorn of eyes, reflecting gems,
That woo'd the slimy bottom of the deep,
And mock'd the dead bones that lay scatter'd by *Ib* 21

The empty, vast, and wandering air *Ib* 39

Clarence is come,—false, flecting, perjur'd Clarence
Ib 55.

As snow in harvest. *King Richard III*, I. iv. [252].

Woe to the land that's govern'd by a child!
Ib II III 11

So wise so young, they say, do never live long
Ib III 1 79

I moralize two meanings in one word *Ib* 83

My Lord of Ely, when I was last in Holborn,
I saw good strawberries in your garden there
Ib IV 31

Talk'st thou to me of 'ifs'? Thou art a traitor
Off with his head! *Ib* 74

High-reaching Buckingham grows circumspect
Ib IV II 31

I am not in the giving vein to-day *Ib* 117

The sons of Edward sleep in Abraham's bosom
Ib III 38

Let not the heavens hear these tell-tale women
Rail on the Lord's anointed *Ib* IV 150

A grievous burthen was thy birth to me,
Tetchy and wayward was thy infancy *Ib* 168

An honest tale speeds best being plainly told
Ib 359

Harp not on that string *Ib* 365

Relenting fool, and shallow, changing woman!
Ib 432

Is the chair empty? is the sword unsway'd?
Is the king dead? the empire unpossess'd?
Ib 470

Thus far into the bowels of the land
Have we march'd on without impediment
Ib V II 3

True hope is swift, and flies with swallow's wings,
Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures kings
Ib 23

The king's name is a tower of strength
Ib III 12

Give me another horse! bind up my wounds!
Have mercy, Jesu! Soft! I did but dream
O coward conscience, how dost thou afflict me!
Ib 178

My conscience hath a thousand several tongues,
And every tongue brings in a several tale,
And every tale condemns me for a villain *Ib* 194

I shall despair 'There is no creature loves me,
And if I die, no soul shall pity me
Nay, wherefore should they, since that I myself
Find in myself no pity to myself? *Ib* 201

By the apostle Paul, shadows to-night
Have struck more terror to the soul of Richard
Than can the substance of ten thousand soldiers
Ib 217

Jockey of Norfolk, be not too bold,
For Dickon thy master is bought and sold *Ib* 305

A thing devised by the enemy
Ib 307

Conscience is but a word that cowards use,
Devis'd at first to keep the strong in awe *Ib* 310

A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!
Ib IV 7

Slave! I have set my life upon a cast,
And I will stand the hazard of the die
I think there be six Richmonds in the field. *Ib* 9.

Made Britain India every man that stood
Show'd like a mine *King Henry VIII*, I. II. 20.

Heat not a furnace for your foe so hot
That it do singe yourself *Ib* 140

If I chance to talk a little wild, forgive me,
I had it from my father *Ib* IV. 26

The mirror of all courtesies *Ib* II 1 53.

Go with me, like good angels, to my end,
And, as the long divorce of steel falls on me,
Make of your prayers one sweet sacrifice,
And lift my soul to heaven. *Ib* 75

CHAMBERLAIN
It seems the marriage with his brother's wife
Has crept too near his conscience.

SUI FOLK
No, his conscience
Has crept too near another lady *Ib* II. [17]

This bold bad man *Ib* [44]

Verily,
I swear, 'tis better to be lowly born,
And range with humble livers in content,
Than to be perk'd up, in a glust'ning grief,
And wear a golden sorrow *Ib* III 18

I would not be a queen
For all the world *Ib* 45

Orpheus with his lute made trees,
And the mountain-tops that freeze,
Bow themselves when he did sing
To his music plants and flowers
Ever sprung, as sun and showers
There had made a lasting spring.

Everything that heard him play,
Even the billows of the sea,
Hung their heads, and then lay by.
In sweet music is such art,
Killing care and grief of heart
Fall asleep, or hearing die. *Ib* III 1 3

Heaven is above all yet, there sits a judge,
That no king can corrupt *Ib* 99

A spleeny Lutheran *Ib* II 100

'Tis well said again,
And 'tis a kind of good deed to say well
And yet words are no deeds *Ib* 153

And then to breakfast, with
What appetite you have *Ib* 203.

That in all you write to Rome, or else
To foreign princes, 'Ego et Rex meus'
Was still inscrib'd *Ib* 314.

Farewell! a long farewell, to all my greatness!
This is the state of man to-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope, to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honours thick upon him,
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost;
And, when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a-ripening, nips his root,
And then he falls, as I do I have ventur'd,

Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
 This many summers in a sea of glory,
 But far beyond my depth my high-blown pride
 At length broke under me, and now has left me
 Weary and old with service, to the mercy
 Of a rude stream that must for ever hide me
 Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye
 I feel my heart new open'd O how wretched
 Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favours!
 There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
 That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,
 More pangs and fears than wars or women have,
 And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
 Never to hope again *King Henry VIII*, III ii 352

A peace above all earthly dignities,
 A still and quiet conscience *Ib* 380

A load would sink a navy *Ib* 384

There was the weight that pull'd me down O
 Cromwell!

The king has gone beyond me all my glories
 In that one woman I have lost for ever *Ib* 408

Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear
 In all my miseries, but thou hast forc'd me,
 Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman *Ib* 429

Let's dry our eyes and thus far hear me, Cromwell,
 And, when I am forgotten, as I shall be,
 And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention
 Of me more must be heard of, say, I taught thee,
 Say, Wolsey, that once trod the ways of glory,
 And sounded all the depths and shoals of honour,
 Found thee a way, out of his wrack, to rise in,
 A sure and safe one, though thy master miss'd it *Ib* 432

Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition
 By that sin fell the angels *Ib* 441

Love thyself last cherish those hearts that hate thee,
 Corruption wins not more than honesty
 Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
 To silence envious tongues be just, and fear not
 Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
 Thy God's, and truth's; then if thou fall'st, O Crom-
 well!

Thou fall'st a blessed martyr *Ib* 444

Had I but serv'd my God with half the zeal
 I serv'd my king, he would not in mine age
 Have left me naked to mine enemies *Ib* 456

She had all the royal makings of a queen *Ib* iv 1 87

An old man, broken with the storms of state,
 Is come to lay his weary bones among ye,
 Give him a little earth for charity *Ib* ii 21

He gave his honours to the world again,
 His blessed part to Heaven, and slept in peace *Ib* 29

So may he rest, his faults lie gently on him! *Ib* 31

He was a man
 Of an unbounded stomach, *Ib* 33

His promises were, as he then was, mighty,
 But his performance, as he is now, nothing *Ib* 41

Men's evil manners live in brass, their virtues
 We write in water. *Ib* 45

He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one,
 Exceeding wise, fair-spoken, and persuading
 Lofty and sour to them that lov'd him not,
 But, to those men that sought him, sweet as summer *Ib* 51

Those twins of learning that he rais'd in you,
 Ipswich and Oxford! *Ib* 58

After my death I wish no other herald,
 No other speaker of my living actions,
 To keep mine honour from corruption,
 Than such an honest chronicler as Griffith *Ib* 69

To dance attendance on their lordships' pleasures *Ib* v ii 30

'Tis a cruelty
 To load a falling man *Ib* 76

In her days every man shall eat in safety
 Under his own vine what he plants, and sing
 The merry songs of peace to all his neighbours *Ib* v 34

Those about her
 From her shall read the perfect ways of honour *Ib* 37.

Nor shall this peace sleep with her, but as when
 The bird of wonder dies, the maiden phoenix,
 Her ashes new-create another heir
 As great in admiration as herself *Ib* 40

Some come to take their ease
 And sleep an act or two *Ib* Epilogue, 2

The first heir of my invention
Venus and Adonis, Preface

Hunting he lov'd, but love he laugh'd to scorn *Ib* 1 4

Bid me discourse, I will enchant thine ear,
 Or like a fairy trip upon the green,
 Or, like a nymph, with long dishevell'd hair,
 Dance on the sands, and yet no footing seen
 Love is a spirit all compact of fire,
 Not gross to sink, but light, and will aspire *Ib* 1 145

Round-hoof'd, short-jointed, fetlocks shag and long,
 Broad breast, full eye, small head and nostril wide,
 High crest, short ears, straight legs and passing
 strong,

Thin mane, thick tail, broad buttock, tender hide
 Look, what a horse should have he did not lack,
 Save a proud rider on so proud a back *Ib* 1. 295.

By this, poor Wat, far off upon a hill,
 Stands on his hinder legs with listening ear,
 To hearken if his foes pursue him still *Ib* 1 607

What I have done is yours, what I have to do is
 yours, being part in all I have, devoted yours
The Rape of Lucrece, Preface

Beauty itself doth of itself persuade
 The eyes of men without an orator *Ib* 1 29.

Or sells eternity to get a toy. *Ib* 1 214.

Time's glory is to calm contending kings,
 To unmask falsehood, and bring truth to light *Ib* 1 939

Cloud-kissing Ilion. *Ib* 1 1370

From fairest creatures we desire increase,
That thereby beauty's rose might never die

Sonnets, 1

When forty winters shall besiege thy brow,
And dig deep trenches in thy beauty's held *Ib 2*

Thou art thy mother's glass, and she in thee
Calls back the lovely April of her prime *Ib 3*

Lo! in the orient when the gracious light
Lifts up his burning head, each under eye
Doth homage to his new-appearing sight *Ib 7*

Music to hear, why hear'st thou music sadly?
Sweets with sweets war not, joy delights in joy
Why lov'st thou that which thou receiv'st not gladly,
Or else receiv'st with pleasure thine annoy? *Ib 8*

True concord of well-tuned sounds *Ib*

When lofty trees I see barren of leaves,
Which erst from heat did canopy the herd,
And summer's green all girded up in sheaves,
Borne on the bier with white and bristly beard *Ib 12*

If I could write the beauty of your eyes
And in fresh numbers number all your graces,
The age to come would say, 'This poet lies,
Such heavenly touches ne'er touch'd earthly faces' *Ib 17*

And stretched metre of an antique song *Ib*

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?
Thou art more lovely and more temperate
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,
And summer's lease hath all too short a date.
Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,
And often is his gold complexion dimm'd,
And every fair from fair sometime declines,
By chance, or nature's changing course untrimm'd,
But thy eternal summer shall not fade,
Nor lose possession of that fair thou ow'st,
Nor shall death brag thou wander'st in his shade,
When in eternal lines to time thou grow'st,
So long as men can breathe, or eyes can see,
So long lives this, and this gives life to thee *Ib 18*

My glass shall not persuade me I am old,
So long as youth and thou are of one date,
But when in thee time's furrows I behold,
Then look I death my days should expiate *Ib 22*

As an imperfect actor on the stage,
Who with his fear is put beside his part *Ib 23*

O! let my books be then the eloquence
And dumb presagers of my speaking breast *Ib*

The painful warrior famoused for fight,
After a thousand victories once foil'd,
Is from the book of honour razed quite,
And all the rest forgot for which he toil'd *Ib 25*

Weary with toil, I haste me to my bed, *Ib 27*

When in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes
I all alone bewep my outcast state,
And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless cries,
And look upon myself and curse my fate,
Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,
Featur'd like him, like him with friends possess'd,
Desiring this man's art, and that man's scope,
With what I most enjoy contented least,

Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising,
Haply I think on thee,—and then my state,
Like to the lark at break of day arising
From sullen earth, sings hymns at heaven's gate,
For thy sweet love remember'd such wealth brings
That then I scorn to change my state with kings *Ib 29*

When to the sessions of sweet silent thought
I summon up remembrance of things past,
I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,
And with old woes new wail my dear time's waste
Then can I drown an eye, unus'd to flow,
For precious friends hid in death's dateless night,
And weep afresh love's long since cancell'd woe,
And moan the expense of many a vanish'd sight
Then can I grieve at grievances foregone,
And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er
The sad account of fore-bemoaned moan,
Which I new pay as if not paid before
But if the while I think on thee, dear friend,
All losses are restor'd and sorrows end *Ib 30*

But since he died, and poets better prove,
Theirs for their style I'll read, his for his love *Ib 32.*

Full many a glorious morning have I seen
Flatter the mountain-tops with sovereign eye,
Kissing with golden face the meadows green,
Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchemy *Ib 33.*

But, out! alack! he was but one hour mine,
The region cloud hath mask'd him from me now *Ib.*

Suns of the world may stain when heaven's sun
staineth *Ib*

Why didst thou promise such a beauteous day,
And make me travel forth without my cloak? *Ib 34.*

Roses have thorns, and silver fountains mud,
Clouds and eclipses stain both moon and sun,
And loathsome canker lives in sweetest bud
All men make faults *Ib 35.*

As a decrepit father takes delight
To see his active child do deeds of youth,
So I, made lame by fortune's dearest spite,
Take all my comfort of thy worth and truth *Ib 37.*

Against that time when thou shalt strangely pass,
And scarcely greet me with that sun, thine eye,
When love, converted from the thing it was,
Shall reasons find of settled gravity *Ib 49*

Like stones of worth they thinly placed are,
Or captain jewels in the carcanet *Ib 52.*

What is your substance, whereof are you made,
That millions of strange shadows on you tend? *Ib 53.*

You in Grecian tires are painted new *Ib.*

The spring and foison of the year *Ib.*

O! how much more doth beauty beauteous seem
By that sweet ornament which truth doth give! *Ib 54.*

Not marble, nor the gilded monuments
Of princes, shall outlive this powerful rhyme *Ib 55.*

Being your slave, what should I do but tend
 Upon the hours and times of your desire?
 I have no precious time at all to spend,
 Nor services to do, till you require
 Nor dare I chide the world-without-end hour
 Whilst I, my sovereign, watch the clock for you,
 Nor think the bitterness of absence sour
 When you have bid your servant once adieu,
 Nor dare I question with my jealous thought
 Where you may be, or your affairs suppose,
 But like a sad slave, stay and think of nought
 Save, where you are, how happy you make those
 So true a fool is love that in your will,
 Though you do anything, he thinks no ill

Sonnets, 57

Like as the waves make towards the pebbled shore,
 So do our minutes hasten to their end *Ib* 60

Time doth transfix the flourish set on youth
 And delves the parallels in beauty's brow *Ib*

Sin of self-love possesseth all mine eye *Ib* 62

When I have seen by Time's fell hand defac'd
 The rich-proud cost of outworn buried age *Ib* 64

When I have seen the hungry ocean gain
 Advantage on the kingdom of the shore *Ib*

Since brass, nor stone, nor earth, nor boundless sea,
 But sad mortality o'ersways their power,
 How with this rage shall beauty hold a plea,
 Whose action is no stronger than a flower? *Ib* 65

Tir'd with all these, for restful death I cry,
 As to behold desert a beggar born,
 And needy nothing trimm'd in jollity,
 And purest faith unhappily forsworn,
 And gilded honour shamefully misplac'd,
 And maiden virtue rudely strumpeted,
 And right perfection wrongfully disgrac'd,
 And strength by limping sway disabled,
 And art made tongue-tied by authority,
 And folly—doctor-like—controlling skill,
 And simple truth miscall'd simplicity,
 And captive good attending captain ill
 Tir'd with all these, from these I would be gone,
 Save that, to die, I leave my love alone *Ib* 66

No longer mourn for me when I am dead
 Than you shall hear the surly sullen bell
 Give warning to the world that I am fled
 From this vile world, with vilest worms to dwell *Ib* 71

That time of year thou mayst in me behold
 When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang
 Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,
 Bare ruin'd choirs, where late the sweet birds sang
 In me thou see'st the twilight of such day
 As after sunset fadeth in the west,
 Which by and by black night doth take away,
 Death's second self, that seals up all in rest *Ib* 73

Thus thou perceiv'st, which makes thy love more
 strong,

To love that well which thou must leave ere long *Ib*

So all my best is dressing old words new *Ib* 76

Like unletter'd clerk, still cry 'Amen' *Ib* 85

Was it the proud full sail of his great verse,
 Bound for the prize of all too precious you,

That did my ripe thoughts in my brain inhearse,
 Making their tomb the womb wherein they grew? *Ib* 86

That affable familiar ghost
 Which nightly gulls him with intelligence *Ib* 87

Farewell! thou art too dear for my possessing,
 And like enough thou know'st thy estimate
 The charter of thy worth gives thee releasing,
 My bonds in thee are all determinate
 For how do I hold thee but by thy granting?
 And for that riches where is my deserving?
 The cause of this fair gift in me is wanting,
 And so my patent back again is swerving
 Thyself thou gav'st, thine own worth then not
 knowing,

Or me, to whom thou gav'st it, else mistaking,
 So thy great gift, upon misprision growing,
 Comes home again, on better judgment making
 Thus have I had thee, as a dream doth flatter,
 In sleep a king, but, waking, no such matter *Ib* 87.

Ah, do not, when my heart hath 'scap'd this sorrow,
 Come in the rearward of a conquer'd woe,
 Give not a windy night a rainy morrow,
 To linger out a purpos'd overthrow *Ib* 90

They that have power to hurt and will do none,
 That do not do the thing they most do show,
 Who, moving others, are themselves as stone,
 Unmoved, cold, and to temptation slow *Ib* 94

They are the lords and owners of their faces,
 Others but stewards of their excellence
 The summer's flower is to the summer sweet,
 Though to itself it only live and die *Ib*

Lilies that fester smell far worse than weeds *Ib*

How like a winter hath my absence been
 From thee, the pleasure of the fleeting year!
 What freezings have I felt, what dark days seen!
 What old December's bareness every where! *Ib* 97

From you have I been absent in the spring,
 When proud-pied April, dress'd in all his trim,
 Hath put a spirit of youth in everything *Ib* 98

To me, fair friend, you never can be old,
 For as you were when first your eye I ey'd,
 Such seems your beauty still Three winters cold
 Have from the forests shook three summers' pride,
 Three beauteous springs to yellow autumn turn'd
 In process of the seasons have I seen,
 Three April perfumes in three hot Junes burn'd,
 Since first I saw your fresh, which yet are green
 Ah! yet doth beauty, like a dial-hand,
 Steal from his figure, and no pace perceiv'd,
 So your sweet hue, which methinks still doth stand,
 Hath motion, and mine eye may be deceiv'd
 For fear of which, hear this, thou age unbred
 Ere you were born was beauty's summer dead *Ib* 104

And beauty, making beautiful old rhyme *Ib* 106.

Not mine own fears, nor the prophetic soul
 Of the wide world dreaming on things to come,
 Can yet the lease of my true love control,
 Suppos'd as forfeit to a confin'd doom
 The mortal moon hath her eclipse endur'd,
 And the sad augurs mock their own presage *Ib* 107.

And thou in this shalt find thy monument,
When tyrants' crests and tombs of brass are spent.
Sonnets, 107.

O! never say that I was false of heart,
Though absence seem'd my flame to qualify *Ib 109.*

Alas! 'tis true I have gone here and there,
And made myself a motley to the view,
God'd mine own thoughts, sold cheap what is most
dear,
Made old offences of affections new,
Most true it is that I have look'd on truth
Askance and strangely, but, by all above,
These blenches gave my heart another youth,
And worse essays prov'd thee my best of love *Ib 110*

My nature is subdu'd
To what it works in, like the dyer's hand,
Pity me, then, and wish I were renew'd *Ib 111*

Let me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove
O, no! it is an ever-fixed mark,
That looks on tempests and is never shaken,
It is the star to every wandering bark,
Whose worth's unknown, although his height be
taken

Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickle's compass come,
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out even to the edge of doom
If this be error, and upon me prov'd,
I never writ, nor no man ever lov'd *Ib 116*

What potions have I drunk of Siren tears,
Distill'd from lunbecks foul as hell within *Ib 119*

O benefit of ill! now I find true
That better is by evil still made better *Ib*

'Tis better to be vile than vile esteem'd,
When not to be receives reproach of being *Ib 121*

The expense of spirit in a waste of shame
Is lust in action, and till action, lust
Is perjur'd, murderous, bloody, full of blame,
Savage, extreme, rude, cruel, not to trust *Ib 129*

Mad in pursuit, and in possession so,
Had, having, and in quest to have, extreme;
A bliss in proof,—and prov'd, a very woe,
Before, a joy propos'd, behind, a dream
All this the world well knows, yet none knows well
To shun the heaven that leads men to this hell *Ib*

My mistress' eyes are nothing like the sun,
Coral is far more red than her lips' red:
If snow be white, why then her breasts are dun,
If hairs be wires, black wires grow on her head *Ib 130*

And yet, by heaven, I think my love as rare
As any she belied with false compare *Ib*

Whoever hath her wish, thou hast thy Will,
And Will to boot, and Will in over-plus *Ib 135*

When my love swears that she is made of truth,
I do believe her, though I know she lies *Ib 138*

Lo, as a careful housewife runs to catch
One of her feather'd creatures broke away *Ib 143*

Two loves I have of comfort and despair,
Which like two spirits do suggest me still
The better angel is a man right fair,
The worse spirit a woman colour'd ill *Ib 144*

Yet this shall I ne'er know, but live in doubt,
Till my bad angel fire my good one out *Ib*

Poor soul, the centre of my sinful earth,
[Fool'd by] these rebel powers that thee array,
Why dost thou pine within and suffer dearth,
Painting thy outward walls so costly gay?
Why so large cost, having so short a lease,
Dost thou upon thy fading mansion spend? *Ib 146*

So shalt thou feed on Death, that feeds on men,
And Death once dead, there's no more dying then *Ib*

For I have sworn thee fair, and thought thee bright,
Who art as black as hell, as dark as night *Ib 147*

Love is too young to know what conscience is,
Yet who knows not conscience is born of love?
Ib 151

Crabbed age and youth cannot live together
Youth is full of pleasance, age is full of care
The Passionate Pilgrim, xii

Age, I do abhor thee, youth, I do adore thee *Ib*

Good friend, for Jesu's sake forbear
To dig the dust enclosed here
Blest be the man that spares these stones,
And curst be he that moves my bones
Shakespeare's Epitaph

DAVID TAYLOR SHAW

1813-1890

O Britannia, the pride of the ocean,
The home of the brave and the free,
The shrine of the sailor's devotion,
No land can compare unto thee!

The Red, White, and Blue First line changed
to 'Columbia, the gem of the ocean', when
sung by Shaw in America Attr also to
Thomas à Becket, 1850

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW

1856-

All great truths begin as blasphemies
Annaganska (1919), p 262

You can always tell an old soldier by the inside of his
holsters and cartridge boxes The young ones
carry pistols and cartridges the old ones, grub
Arms and the Man, Act I

I never apologize *Ib Act III*

You're not a man, you're a machine *Ib*

When a stupid man is doing something he is ashamed
of, he always declares that it is his duty
Cæsar and Cleopatra, Act III

He who has never hoped can never despair
Ib Act IV

A man of great common sense and good taste,—mean-
ing thereby a man without originality or moral
courage *Ib Notes. Julius Cæsar*

We have no more right to consume happiness without producing it than to consume wealth without producing it
Candida, Act I

Do you think that the things people make fools of themselves about are any less real and true than the things they behave sensibly about? *Ib.*

It is easy—terribly easy—to shake a man's faith in himself. To take advantage of that to break a man's spirit is devil's work *Ib.*

I'm only a beer teetotaller, not a champagne teetotaller *Ib.* Act III

The worst sin towards our fellow creatures is not to hate them, but to be indifferent to them. that's the essence of inhumanity
The Devil's Disciple, Act II

I never expect a soldier to think.
Ib. Act III

The British soldier can stand up to anything except the British War Office

With the single exception of Homer, there is no eminent writer, not even Sir Walter Scott, whom I can despise so entirely as I despise Shakespeare when I measure my mind against his . . . It would positively be a relief to me to dig him up and throw stones at him

Dramatic Opinions and Essays (1907), vol II, p 52

It's all that the young can do for the old, to shock them and keep them up to date

Fanny's First Play, Induction.

You don't expect me to know what to say about a play when I don't know who the author is, do you? . . . If it's by a good author, it's a good play, naturally That stands to reason. *Ib.* Epilogue

What God hath joined together no man shall ever put asunder God will take care of that

Getting Married (1911), p 216

When you loved me I gave you the whole sun and stars to play with I gave you eternity in a single moment, strength of the mountains in one clasp of your arms, and the volume of all the seas in one impulse of your soul *Ib.* p 278

We possessed all the universe together, and you ask me to give you my scanty wages as well I have given you the greatest of all things, and you ask me to give you little things I gave you your own soul—you ask me for my body as a plaything Was it not enough? Was it not enough? *Ib.*

Go anywhere in England, where there are natural, wholesome, contented, and really nice English people, and what do you always find? That the stables are the real centre of the household.

Heartbreak House, Act III

The captain is in his bunk, drinking bottled ditch-water, and the crew is gambling in the fore-castle She will strike and sink and split Do you think the laws of God will be suspended in favour of England because you were born in it? *Ib.*

Money is indeed the most important thing in the world, and all sound and successful personal and national morality should have this fact for its basis

The Irrational Knot, Preface (1905), p xiv

Though the Life Force supplies us with its own purpose, it has no other brains to work with than those it has painfully and imperfectly evolved in our heads *Ib.* p xxv.

Reminiscences make one feel so deliciously aged and sad *Ib.* ch. 14

A man who has no office to go to—I don't care who he is—is a trial of which you can have no conception *Ib.* ch 18

What really flatters a man is that you think him worth flattering *John Bull's Other Island*, Act IV.

There are only two qualities in the world efficiency and inefficiency, and only two sorts of people the efficient and the inefficient *Ib.*

The greatest of evils and the worst of crimes is poverty *Major Barbara*, Preface

Wot prawce Selvytion nah? *Ib.* Act II.

Nothing is ever done in this world until men are prepared to kill one another if it is not done *Ib.* Act III.

Our political experiment of democracy, the last refuge of cheap misgovernment

Man and Superman (1903), Epistle Dedicatory, p xxi

He who has nothing to assert has no style and can have none he who has something to assert will go as far in power of style as its momentousness and his conviction will carry him *Ib.* p xxxv

A lifetime of happiness No man alive could bear it it would be hell on earth *Ib.* Act I

The more things a man is ashamed of, the more respectable he is *Ib.*

Vitality in a woman is a blind fury of creation *Ib.*

The true artist will let his wife starve, his children go barefoot, his mother drudge for his living at seventy, sooner than work at anything but his art *Ib.*

Is the devil to have all the passions as well as all the good tunes? *Ib.*

Never mind her, go on talking *Ib.*

You think that you are Ann's suitor, that you are the pursuer and she the pursued, that it is your part to woo, to persuade, to prevail, to overcome. Fool it is you who are the pursued, the marked-down quarry, the destined prey *Ib.* Act II

Marry Ann, and at the end of a week you'll find no more inspiration in her than in a plate of muffins *Ib.*

Hell is full of musical amateurs music is the brandy of the damned *Ib.* Act III

An Englishman thinks he is moral when he is only uncomfortable *Ib.*

As an old soldier I admit the cowardice it's as universal as seasickness, and matters just as little *Ib.*

When the military man approaches, the world locks up its spoons and packs off its womankind *Ib.*

Those who talk most about the blessings of marriage and the constancy of its vows are the very people who declare that if the chain were broken and the prisoners left free to choose, the whole social fabric would fly asunder You cannot have the argument both ways If the prisoner is happy, why lock him in? If he is not, why pretend that he is?
Ib.

There are two tragedies in life One is not to get your heart's desire. The other is to get it
Ib Act iv

Do not do unto others as you would they should do unto you Their tastes may not be the same
Ib, *Maxims for Revolutionists*, p. 227

The golden rule is that there are no golden rules *Ib*

Democracy substitutes election by the incompetent many for appointment by the corrupt few
Ib p 228

Liberty means responsibility That is why most men dread it
Ib p 229

Marriage is popular because it combines the maximum of temptation with the maximum of opportunity
Ib p 231

If you strike a child, take care that you strike it in anger, even at the risk of maiming it for life A blow in cold blood neither can nor should be forgiven
Ib p 234

The reasonable man adapts himself to the world the unreasonable one persists in trying to adapt the world to himself Therefore all progress depends on the unreasonable man
Ib p 238

The man who listens to Reason is lost Reason enslaves all whose minds are not strong enough to master her
Ib

Home is the girl's prison and the woman's work-house
Ib p 240

Every man over forty is a scoundrel *Ib* p 242

There is nothing so bad or so good that you will not find Englishmen doing it, but you will never find an Englishman in the wrong He does everything on principle He fights you on patriotic principles; he robs you on business principles, he enslaves you on imperial principles *The Man of Destiny*

An English army led by an Irish general that might be a match for a French army led by an Italian general
Ib

A great devotee of the Gospel of Getting On
Mrs Warren's Profession, Act iv

The fickleness of the women I love is only equalled by the infernal constancy of the women who love me
The Philanderer, Act II

It is clear that a novel cannot be too bad to be worth publishing . It certainly is possible for a novel to be too good to be worth publishing
Plays Pleasant and Unpleasant (1898), vol 1, Preface, p vi

There is only one religion, though there are a hundred versions of it
Ib vol 2, Preface, p. vii

Not bloody likely. *Pygmalion*, Act II

Assassination is the extreme form of censorship
The Rejected Statement, Pt 1

If ever I utter an oath again may my soul be blasted to eternal damnation!
St Joan, Sc II

How can what an Englishman believes be heresy? It is a contradiction in terms
Ib Sc iv

Must then a Christ perish in torment in every age to save those that have no imagination?
Ib Epilogue

Well, sir, you never can tell. That's a principle in life with me, sir, if you'll excuse my having such a thing
You Never Can Tell, Act II

RICHARD SHEALE

Sixteenth Century

For Witherington needs must I wail,
As one in doleful dumps,
For when his legs were smitten off,
He fought upon his stumps
Ballad of Chevy Chase, Pt II, x

MARY WOLLSTONECRAFT SHELLEY

1797-1851

Mrs Shelley was choosing a school for her son, and asked the advice of this lady, who gave for advice—to use her own words to me—'Just the sort of banality, you know, one does come out with "Oh, send him somewhere where they will teach him to think for himself!" Mrs Shelley answered "Teach him to think for himself? Oh, my God, teach him rather to think like other people!"

Matthew Arnold, *Essays in Criticism*,
Second Series, Shelley

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

1792-1822

It might make one in love with death, to think that one should be buried in so sweet a place
Adonais. Preface.

I weep for Adonais—he is dead!
O, weep for Adonais! though our tears
Thaw not the frost which binds so dear a head!
Ib. 1

Most musical of mourners, weep again!
Lament anew, Urania!—He died,
Who was the Sire of an immortal strain,
Blind, old, and lonely, when his country's pride,
The priest, the slave, and the libertine,
Trampled and mocked with many a loathed rite
Of lust and blood, he went, unterrified,
Under the gulf of death, but his clear Sprite
Yet reigns o'er earth, the third among the sons of light
Ib iv

But now, thy youngest, dearest one, has perished—
The nursing of thy widowhood
Ib vi

To that high Capital, where kingly Death
Keeps his pale court in beauty and decay,
He came *Adonais*, vii

He will awake no more, oh, never more! *Ib* viii

The quick Dreams,
The passion-winged Ministers of thought *Ib* ix

Lost Angel of a ruin'd Paradise!
She knew not 'twas her own, as with no stain
She faded, like a cloud which had outwep't its rain
Ib x

Desires and Adorations,
Winged Persuasions and veiled Destinies,
Splendours, and Glooms, and glimmering Incarna-
tions

Of hopes and fears, and twilight Phantasies,
And Sorrow, with her family of Sighs,
And Pleasure, blind with tears, led by the gleam
Of her own dying smile instead of eyes,
Came in slow pomp *Ib* xiii

Ah, woe is me! Winter is come and gone,
But grief returns with the revolving year *Ib* xviii

The great morning of the world when first
God dawned on Chaos *Ib* xix

Alas! that all we loved of him should be,
But for our grief, as if it had not been,
And grief itself be mortal! *Ib* xxi

Whence are we, and why are we? Of what scene
The actors or spectators? *Ib*

As long as skies are blue, and fields are green,
Evening must usher night, night urge the morrow,
Month follow month with woe, and year wake year
to sorrow *Ib*

Why didst thou leave the trodden paths of men
Too soon, and with weak hands though mighty heart
Dare the unpastured dragon in his den?
Defenceless as thou wert, oh, where was then
Wisdom the mirrored shield, or scorn the spear?
Ib xxvii

The herded wolves, bold only to pursue,
The obscene ravens, clamorous o'er the dead
Ib xxviii

The Pilgrim of Eternity, whose fame
Over his living head like heaven is bent,
An early but enduring monument,
Came, veiling all the lightnings of his song
In sorrow *Ib* xxx

A pard-like spirit, beautiful and swift—
A Love in desolation masked,—a Power
Girt round with weakness,—it can scarce uplift
The weight of the superincumbent hour,
It is a dying lamp, a falling shower,
A breaking billow,—even whilst we speak
Is it not broken? *Ib* xxxii

A herd-abandoned deer struck by the hunter's dart
Ib xxxiii.

Our Adonais has drunk poison—oh!
What deaf and viperous murderer could crown
Life's early cup with such a draught of woe?
Ib xxxvi.

He wakes or sleeps with the enduring dead,
Thou canst not soar where he is sitting now—

Dust to the dust! but the pure spirit shall flow
Back to the burning fountain whence it came,
A portion of the Eternal *Ib* xxxviii

He hath awakened from the dream of life—
'Tis we, who lost in stormy visions, keep
With phantoms an unprofitable strife,
And in mad trance, strike with our spirit's knife
Invulnerable nothings *Ib* xxxix

He has out-soared the shadow of our night;
Envy and calumny and hate and pain,
And that unrest which men miscall delight,
Can touch him not and torture not again,
From the contagion of the world's slow stain
He is secure, and now can never mourn
A heart grown cold, a head grown grey in vain
Ib xl

He lives, he wakes,—'tis Death is dead, not he
Ib xli

He is made one with Nature there is heard
His voice in all her music, from the moan
Of thunder, to the song of night's sweet bird
Ib xlii

He is a portion of the loveliness
Which once he made more lovely. *Ib* xliii

The inheritors of unfulfilled renown
Rose from their thrones, built beyond mortal thought,
Far in the Unapparent *Ib* xlv

Sublimely mild, a Spirit without spot (Sidney) *Ib*
Oblivion as they rose shrank like a thing reproved
Ib

What Adonais is, why fear we to become? *Ib* li

The One remains, the many change and pass,
Heaven's light forever shines, Earth's shadows fly,
Life, like a dome of many-coloured glass,
Stains the white radiance of Eternity. *Ib* lii

The soul of Adonais, like a star,
Beacons from the abode where the Eternal are
Ib lv

The lone Chorasman shore *Alastor*, l 272

But thou art fled
Like some frail exhalation *Ib* l 686

Pale despair and cold tranquillity,
Nature's vast frame, the web of human things,
Birth and the grave, that are not as they were
Ib l 718

I am the eye with which the Universe
Beholds itself and knows itself divine,
All harmony of instrument or verse,
All prophecy, all medicine is mine,
All light of art or nature,—to my song
Victory and praise in its own right belong
Hymn of Apollo

Arethusa arose
From her couch of snows
In the Acroceranuan mountains,—
From cloud and from crag,
With many a jag,
Shepherding her bright fountains *Arethusa*.
Like friends once parted
Grown single-hearted *Ib*.

'Do you not hear the Aziola cry?
Methinks she must be nigh,'
Said Mary as we sate
In dusk, ere stars were lit, or candles brought,
And I, who thought
This Aziola was some tedious woman,
Asked, 'Who is Aziola?' *The Aziola*

Give yourself no unnecessary pain,
My dear Lord Cardinal Here, Mother, tie
My girdle for me, and bind up this hair
In any simple knot, ay, that does well
And yours I see is coming down How often
Have we done this for one another, now
We shall not do it any more My Lord,
We are quite ready Well, 'tis very well
The Centi, v iv 158

A widow bird sate mourning for her love
Upon a wintry bough,
The frozen wind crept on above,
The freezing stream below.

There was no leaf upon the forest bare,
No flower upon the ground,
And little motion in the air
Except the mill-wheel's sound
Charles the First, sc v, 1 10

I bring fresh showers for the thirsting flowers,
From the seas and the streams,
I bear light shade for the leaves when laid
In their noonday dreams *The Cloud*

I wield the flail of the lashing hail,
And whiten the green plains under,
And then again I dissolve it in rain,
And laugh as I pass in thunder *Ib*

I sift the snow on the mountains below,
And their great pines groan aghast,
And all the night 'tis my pillow white,
While I sleep in the arms of the blast
Sublime on the towers of my skiey bowers,
Lightning my pilot sits,
In a cavern under is fettered the thunder,
It struggles and howls at fits *Ib*

And I all the while bask in Heaven's blue smile,
Whilst he is dissolving in rains *Ib*

That orb'd maiden, with white fire laden,
Whom mortals call the moon,
Glides glimmering o'er my fleece-like floor,
By the midnight breezes strewn,
And wherever the beat of her unseen feet,
Which only the angels hear,
May have broken the woof of my tent's thin roof,
The stars peep behind her and peer,
And I laugh to see them whirl and flee
Like a swarm of golden bees,
When I widen the rent in my wind-built tent,
Till the calm rivers, lakes, and seas,
Like strips of the sky fallen through me on high,
Are each paved with the moon and these *Ib*

I am the daughter of earth and water,
And the nursling of the sky,
I pass through the pores of the ocean and shores,
I change, but I cannot die
For after the rain when with never a stain
The pavilion of Heaven is bare,

And the winds and sunbeams with their convex
gleams

Build up the blue dome of air,
I silently laugh at my own cenotaph,
And out of the caverns of rain,
Like a child from the womb, like a ghost from the
tomb,

I arise and build it again. *Ib*

How wonderful is Death,
Death and his brother Sleep!
One pale as yonder wan and horned moon,
With lips of lurid blue,
The other glowing like the vital morn,
When throned on ocean's wave
It breathes over the world

Yet both so passing strange and wonderful
The Daemon of the World, Part 1, 1 1.

My Song, I fear that thou wilt find but few
Who fitly shall conceive thy reasoning,
Of such hard matter dost thou entertain
Eppychidion Advertisement

My last delight! tell them that they are dull,
And bid them own that thou art beautiful *Ib*
Sweet as stops

Of planetary music heard in trance *Ib* 1 85

The spirit of the worm beneath the sod
In love and worship, blends itself with God
Ib 1 128

The fields of Immortality *Ib* 1 133

Are we not formed, as notes of music are,
For one another, though dissimilar *Ib* 1 142

I never was attached to that great sect,
Whose doctrine is, that each one should select
Out of the crowd a mistress or a friend,
And all the rest, though fair and wise, commend
To cold oblivion *Ib* 1 149

Who travel to their home among the dead
By the broad highway of the world, and so
With one chained friend, perhaps a jealous foe,
The dreariest and the longest journey go *Ib* 1 156

True Love in this differs from gold and clay,
That to divide is not to take away *Ib* 1 160

A ship is floating in the harbour now,
A wind is hovering o'er the mountain's brow,
There is a path on the sea's azure floor,
No keel has ever ploughed that path before
Ib 1 408

An isle under Ionian skies,
Beautiful as a wreck of Paradise *Ib* 1 422

Day and night, aloof, from the high towers
And terraces, the Earth and Ocean seem
To sleep in one another's arms, and dream
Of waves, flowers, clouds, woods, rocks, and all that we
Read in their smiles, and call reality *Ib* 1 508

I pant, I sink, I tremble, I expire! *Ib* 1 591

Chameleons feed on light and air
Poets' food is love and fame *An Exhortation*

And bloody Faith the foulest birth of time
Feelings of a Republican

Time's printless torrent grew
A scroll of crystal, blazoning the name
Of Adonais! *Fragment on Keats*

My head is wild with weeping
Fragment · My head is wild.

My spirit like a charmed bark doth swim
 Upon the liquid waves of thy sweet singing
Fragment To One Singing.

Good-night? ah! no; the hour is ill
 Which severs those it should unite,
 Let us remain together still,
 Then it will be good night *Good Night*

To hearts which near each other move
 From evening close to morning light,
 The night is good, because, my love,
 They never say good-night *Ib*

Life may change, but it may fly not,
 Hope may vanish, but can die not
 Truth be veiled, but still it burneth,
 Love repulsed,—but it returneth! *Hellas, l. 34.*

Let there be light! said Liberty,
 And like sunrise from the sea,
 Athens arose! *Ib l 682*

The world's great age begins anew,
 The golden years return,
 The earth doth like a snake renew
 Her winter weeds outworn;
 Heaven smiles, and faiths and empires gleam,
 Like wrecks of a dissolving dream

A brighter Hellas rears its mountains
 From waves serener far,
 A new Peneus rolls his fountains
 Against the morning star
 Where fairer Tempes bloom, there sleep
 Young Cyclads on a sunnier deep

A loftier Argo cleaves the main,
 Fraught with a later prize,
 Another Orpheus sings again,
 And loves, and weeps, and dies
 A new Ulysses leaves once more
 Calypso for his native shore *Ib l. 1060*

Riddles of death Thebes never knew. *Ib. l. 1083*

Another Athens shall arise,
 And to remoter time
 Bequeath, like sunset to the skies,
 The splendour of its prime,
 And leave, if nought so bright may live,
 All earth can take or Heaven can give

Saturn and Love their long repose
 Shall burst, more bright and good
 Than all who fell, than One who rose,
 Than many unsubdued
 Not gold, not blood, their altar dowers,
 But votive tears and symbol flowers

Oh cease! must hate and death return?
 Cease! must men kill and die?
 Cease! drain not to its dregs the urn
 Of bitter prophecy
 The world is weary of the past,
 Oh, might it die or rest at last! *Ib l 1090*

I pursued a maiden and clasped a reed
 Gods and men, we are all deluded thus!
 It breaks in our bosom and then we bleed
Hymn of Pan

The awful shadow of some unseen Power
 Floats though unseen among us,—visiting
 This various world with as inconstant wing
 As summer winds that creep from flower to flower.
Hymn to Intellectual Beauty.

Spirit of Beauty, that dost consecrate
 With thine own hues all thou dost shine upon
 Of human thought or form *Ib.*

While yet a boy I sought for ghosts, and sped
 Through many a listening chamber, cave and
 ruin,
 And starlight wood, with fearful steps pursuing
 Hopes of high talk with the departed dead
 I called on poisonous names with which our youth
 is fed *Ib*

The day becomes more solemn and serene
 When noon is past—there is a harmony
 In autumn, and a lustre in its sky,
 Which through the summer is not heard or seen,
 As if it could not be, as if it had not been! *Ib*

I arise from dreams of thee
 In the first sweet sleep of night
 When the winds are breathing low,
 And the stars are shining bright.
 I arise from dreams of thee,
 And a spirit in my feet
 Hath led me—who knows how?
 To thy chamber window, Sweet!

The wandering airs they faint
 On the dark, the silent stream—
 The Champak odours fail
 Like sweet thoughts in a dream;
 The nightingale's complaint,
 It dies upon her heart,—
 As I must on thine,
 Beloved as thou art!

Oh lift me from the grass!
 I die! I faint! I fail!
 Let thy love in kisses rain
 On my lips and eyelids pale
 My cheek is cold and white, alas!
 My heart beats loud and fast,—
 Oh! press it to thine own again,
 Where it will break at last *The Indian Serenade.*

Best and brightest, come away!
 Fairer far than this fair day
To Jane The Invitation

'I am gone into the fields
 To take what this sweet hour yields,—
 Reflection, you may come to-morrow,
 Sit by the fireside with Sorrow —
 You with the unpaid bill, Despair,—
 You, tiresome verse-reciter, Care,—
 I will pay you in the grave,—
 Death will listen to your stave. *Ib*

The daisy-star that never sets,
 And wind-flowers, and violets,
 Which yet join not scent to hue *Ib*

Soothed by every azure breath
 That under Heaven is blown
To Jane The Recollection

Less oft is peace in Shelley's mind,
Than calm in waters, seen.

Ib

I love all waste
And solitary places, where we taste
The pleasure of believing what we see
Is boundless, as we wish our souls to be
Julian and Maddalo, l. 14.

Thou Paradise of exiles, Italy! Ib 1 57

It is our will
That thus enchains us to permitted ill—
We might be otherwise—we might be all
We dream of happy, high, majestic Ib 1 170

Me—who am as a nerve o'er which do creep
The else unfelt oppressions of this earth Ib 1 449

Most wretched men
Are cradled into poetry by wrong
They learn in suffering what they teach in song
Ib 1 543

A wonder of this earth—
Like one of Shakespeare's women Ib 1 590

O world! O life! O time!
On whose last steps I climb,
Trembling at that where I had stood before,
When will return the glory of your prime?
No more—Oh, never more!
Fresh spring, and summer, and winter hoar,
Move my faint heart with grief, but with delight
No more—Oh, never more! A Lament

When the lamp is shattered
The light in the dust lies dead—
When the cloud is scattered
The rainbow's glory is shed
When the lute is broken,
Sweet tones are remembered not,
When the lips have spoken,
Loved accents are soon forgot
Lines When the Lamp.

When hearts have once mingled
Love first leaves the well-built nest,
The weak one is singled
To endure what it once possessed
O Love! who bewalest
The frailty of all things here,
Why choose you the frailest
For your cradle, your home, and your bier? Ib

Many a green isle needs must be
In the deep wide sea of misery,
Or the mariner, worn and wan,
Never thus could voyage on
Lines written amongst the Euganean Hills, l. 1

Ay, many flowering isles lie
In the waters of wide Agony Ib 1 66

Beneath is spread like a green sea
The waveless plain of Lombardy,
Bounded by the vaporous air,
Islanded by cities fair,
Underneath Day's azure eyes
Ocean's nursing, Venice lies,
A peopled labyrinth of walls,
Amphitrite's destined halls.
Ib 1 90

Sun-girt city, thou hast been
Ocean's child, and then his queen;
Now is come a darker day,
And thou soon must be his prey Ib 1 115.

My spirit which so long
Darkened this swift stream of song. Ib 1 311.
Peopling the lone universe Ib 1. 319.

Other flowering isles must be
In the sea of Life and Agony. Ib 1 335.

What! alive, and so bold, O earth?
*Lines written on hearing the News of the Death
of Napoleon*

The fountains mingle with the river,
And the rivers with the ocean,
The winds of heaven mix for ever
With a sweet emotion,
Nothing in the world is single,
All things, by a law divine,
In one another's being mingle
Why not I with thine?—

See the mountains kiss high Heaven
And the waves clasp one another,
No sister-flower would be forgiven
If it disdained its brother,
And the sunlight clasps the earth
And the moonbeams kiss the sea:
What are all these kissings worth
If thou kiss not me? *Love's Philosophy.*

Under the roof of blue Italian weather
Letter to Maria Gisborne, l. 147.

London, that great sea, whose ebb and flow
At once is deaf and loud, and on the shore
Vomits its wrecks, and still howls on for more.
Ib 1 193

You will see Coleridge—he who sits obscure
In the exceeding lustre and the pure
Intense irradiation of a mind,
Which, through its own internal lightning blind,
Flags wearily through darkness and despair—
A cloud-encircled meteor of the air,
A hooded eagle among blinking owls.
You will see Hunt—one of those happy souls
Which are the salt of the earth, and without whom
This world would smell like what it is—a tomb
Ib 1. 202

Have you not heard
When a man marries, dies, or turns Hindoo,
His best friends hear no more of him? Ib 1 235.

The milk-white Snowdonian antelope
Matched with this cameleopard Ib 1 239.

Wit and sense,
Virtue and human knowledge, all that might
Make this dull world a business of delight,
Are all combined in Horace Smith Ib 1 247.

I met Murder in the way—
He had a mask like Castlereagh
The Mask of Anarchy, II.

Ye are many—they are few Ib xxxviii.

Its horror and its beauty are divine
The Medusa of Leonardo da Vinci

Some say that gleams of a remoter world
Visit the soul in sleep,—that death is slumber,
And that its shapes the busy thoughts outnumber
Of those who wake and live *Mont Blanc*, l 49

Art thou pale for weariness
Of climbing heaven, and gazing on the earth,
Wandering companionless
Among the stars that have a different birth,—
And ever changing, like a joyous eye
That finds no object worth its constancy?
To the Moon

Nought may endure but Mutability *Mutability*

A glorious people vibrated again
The lightning of the nations *Ode to Liberty*, l 1

My soul spurned the chains of its dismay,
And in the rapid plumes of song
Clothed itself, sublime and strong,
(As a young eagle soars the morning clouds among)
Ib l 5

When o'er the Aegean main
Athens arose a city such as vision
Builds from the purple crags and silver towers
Of battlemented cloud, as in derision
Of kingliest masonry the ocean-floors
Pave it, the evening sky pavilions it,
Its portals are inhabited
By thunder-zoned winds *Ib* l 60

Within the surface of Time's fleeting river
Its wrinkled image lies, as then it lay
Immovably unquiet, and for ever
It trembles, but it cannot pass away! *Ib* l 76

I stood within the City disinterred,
And heard the autumnal leaves like light footfalls
Of spirits passing through the streets, and heard
The Mountain's slumbrous voice at intervals
Thrill through those roofless halls
Ode to Naples, l 1

Long lost, late won, and yet but half-regained
Ib l 58

O wild West Wind, thou breath of Autumn's being,
Thou, from whose unseen presence the leaves dead
Are driven, like ghosts from an enchanter fleeing,

Yellow, and black, and pale, and hectic red,
Pestilence-stricken multitudes O thou,
Who chariotest to their dark wintry bed

The winged seeds, where they lie cold and low,
Each like a corpse within its grave, until
Thine azure sister of the spring shall blow

Her clarion o'er the dreaming earth, and fill
(Driving sweet buds like flocks to feed in air)
With living hues and odours plain and hill

Wild Spirit, which art moving everywhere,
Destroyer and preserver, hear, oh, hear!
Ode to the West Wind, l 1.

Shook from the tangled boughs of Heaven and Ocean,
Angels of rain and lightning *Ib* l. 17

Like the bright hair uplifted from the head
Of some fierce Maenad *Ib* l 20

Thou dirge
Of the dying year, to which this closing night
Will be the dome of a vast sepulchre *Ib* l. 23

Thou who didst waken from his summer dreams
The blue Mediterranean, where he lay,
Lulled by the coil of his crystalline streams

Beside a pumice isle in Baiae's bay,
And saw in sleep old palaces and towers
Quivering within the wave's intenser day,
All overgrown with azure moss and flowers
So sweet, the sense faints picturing them *Ib* l 29

Far below
The sea-blooms and the oozy woods which wear
The sapless foliage of the ocean, know
Thy voice, and suddenly grow gray with fear,
And tremble and despoil themselves *Ib* l 38

If I were a dead leaf thou mightst bear,
If I were a swift cloud to fly with thee,
A wave to pant beneath thy power, and share

The impulse of thy strength, only less free
Than thou, O uncontrollable! If even
I were as in my boyhood, and could be

The comrade of thy wanderings over Heaven,
As then, when to outstrip thy skyey speed
Scarce seemed a vision, I would ne'er have striven

As thus with thee in my sore need
Oh, lift me as a wave, a leaf, a cloud!
I fall upon the thorns of life! I bleed! *Ib* l 43

Make me thy lyre, even as the forest is
What if my leaves are falling like its own?
The tumult of thy mighty harmonies

Will take from both a deep, autumnal tone,
Sweet though in sadness Be thou, Spirit fierce,
My spirit! Be thou me, impetuous one!

Drive my dead thoughts over the universe
Like withered leaves to quicken a new birth!
And, by the incantation of this verse,

Scatter, as from an unextinguished hearth
Ashes and sparks, my words among mankind!
Be through my lips to unawakened earth

The trumpet of a prophecy! O, Wind,
If Winter comes, can Spring be far behind? *Ib* 57.

Or anything, as the learned Boar observed
Oedipus Tyrannus, II 1 105.

I met a traveller from an antique land
Who said Two vast and trunkless legs of stone
Stand in the desert *Ozymandias*

My name is Ozymandias, king of kings
Look on my works, ye Mighty, and despair! *Ib*

Nothing beside remains Round the decay
Of that colossal wreck, boundless and bare
The lone and level sands stretch far away *Ib.*

Hell is a city much like London—
A populous and smoky city
Peter Bell the Third, Part 3 Hell, 1.

But from the first 'twas Peter's drift
To be a kind of moral enunch,
He touched the hem of Nature's shift,
Felt faint—and never dared uplift
The closest, all-concealing tunic

Ib Part 4 Sin, xi

Ere Babylon was dust,
The Magus Zoroaster, my dead child,
Met his own image walking in the garden,
That apparition, sole of men, he saw

Prometheus Unbound, i, l 191

Dreams and the light imaginings of men,
And all that faith creates or love desires,
Terrible, strange, sublime and beauteous shapes

Ib 200

Cruel he looks, but calm and strong,
Like one who does, not suffers wrong

Ib 238

It doth repent me words are quick and vain,
Grief for awhile is blind, and so was mine
I wish no living thing to suffer pain

Ib 303

See a disenchanted nation
Springs like day from desolation,
To Truth its state is dedicate,
And Freedom leads it forth, her mate

Ib 567

The good want power, but to weep barren tears
The powerful goodness want worse need for them
The wise want love, and those who love want wisdom

Ib 625

Thy words are like a cloud of winged snakes,
And yet I pity those they torture not

Ib 632

Peace is in the grave

The grave hides all things beautiful and good
I am a God and cannot find it there

Ib 638

The dust of creeds outworn

Ib 697

On a poet's lips I slept
Dreaming like a love-adept
In the sound his breathing kept,
Nor seeks nor finds he mortal blisses,
But feeds on the aerial kisses
Of shapes that haunt thought's wildernesses
He will watch from dawn to gloom
The lake-reflected sun illumine
The yellow bees in the ivy-bloom,
Nor heed, nor see, what things they be,
But from these create he can
Forms more real than living man,
Nurslings of immortality!

Ib 737

That sense, which when the winds of Spring

In rarest visitation, or the voice
Of one beloved heard in youth alone,
Fills the faint eyes with falling tears which dim
The radiant looks of unbewailing flowers,
And leaves this peopled earth a solitude
When it returns no more

Ib ii iv 12

To be
Omnipotent but friendless is to reign

Ib 47

He gave man speech, and speech created thought,
Which is the measure of the universe

Ib 73

All spirits are enslaved which serve things evil

Ib 110

Fate, Time, Occasion, Chance, and Change? To these

All things are subject but eternal Love.

Ib 119

My coursers are fed with the lightning,
They drink of the whirlwind's stream,
And when the red morning is bright'ning
They bathe in the fresh sunbeam

Ib 163

Life of Life! thy lips enkindle
With their love the breath between them,
And thy smiles before they dwindle
Make the cold air fire, then screen them
In those looks, where whoso gazes
Faints, entangled in their mazes

Child of Light! thy limbs are burning
Through the vest which seems to hide them,
As the radiant lines of morning

Through the clouds ere they divide them,
And this atmosphere divinest
Shrouds thee wheresoe'er thou shinest

Ib v 48

My soul is an enchanted boat,
Which, like a sleeping swan, doth float
Upon the silver waves of thy sweet singing

Ib 72

Death is the veil which those who live call life
They sleep, and it is lifted

Ib iii iii 113

The loathsome mask has fallen, the man remains
Sceptreless, free, uncircumscribed, but man
Equal, unclassified, tribeless, and nationless,
Exempt from awe, worship, degree, the king
Over himself, just, gentle, wise but man
Passionless?—no, yet free from guilt or pain,
Which were, for his will made or suffered them,
Nor yet exempt, though ruling them like slaves,
From chance, and death, and mutability,
The clogs of that which else might oversoar
The loftiest star of unascended heaven,
Pinnacled dim in the intense inane.

Ib 193

Familiar acts are beautiful through love

Ib iv 403.

Language is a perpetual Orphic song,
Which rules with Daedal harmony a throng
Of thoughts and forms, which else senseless and
shapeless were

Ib 415

Elysian, windless, fortunate abodes
Beyond Heaven's constellated wilderness

Ib 531

A traveller from the cradle to the grave
Through the dim night of this immortal day.

Ib 551.

To suffer woes which Hope thinks infinite;
To forgive wrongs darker than death or night,
To defy Power, which seems omnipotent,
To love, and bear, to hope till Hope creates
From its own wreck the thing it contemplates,
Neither to change, nor falter, nor repent,
This, like thy glory, Titan, is to be
Good, great and joyous, beautiful and free,
This is alone Life, Joy, Empire, and Victory

Ib 570.

How wonderful is Death,
Death and his brother Sleep!

Queen Mab, Canto i, l 1.

That sweet bondage which is freedom's self

Ib Canto 9, l 76.

I dreamed that, as I wandered by the way,
Bare Winter suddenly was changed to Spring,
And gentle odours led my steps astray,
Mixed with a sound of water's murmuring

Along a shelving bank of turf, which lay
 Under a copse, and hardly dared to fling
 Its green arms round the bosom of the stream,
 But kissed it and then fled, as thou mightst in
 dream *The Question*

There grew pied wind-flowers and violets,
 Daisies, those pearly Arcturi of the earth,
 The constellated flower that never sets. *Ib*

And in the warm hedge grew lush eglantine,
 Green cowbind and the moonlight-coloured may,
 And cherry-blossoms, and white cups, whose wine
 Was the bright dew, yet drained not by the day,
 And wild roses, and ivy serpentine,
 With its dark buds and leaves, wandering astray,
 And flowers azure, black, and streaked with gold,
 Fairer than any wakened eyes behold *Ib*

And nearer to the river's trembling edge
 There grew broad flag-flowers, purple, pranked
 with white,

And starry river buds among the sedge,
 And floating water-lilies, broad and bright *Ib*.

With hue like that when some great painter dips
 His pencil in the gloom of earthquake and eclipse

The Revolt of Islam, C. 5 2, xxiii

A Sensitive Plant in a garden grew

The Sensitive Plant, Part 1, 1 1

And the rose like a nymph to the bath addressed,
 Which unveiled the depth of her glowing breast,
 Till, fold after fold, to the fainting air
 The soul of her beauty and love lay bare *Ib 1 29*

And the jessamine faint, and the sweet tube-rose,
 The sweetest flower for scent that blows *Ib 1 37*

It is a modest creed, and yet
 Pleasant if one considers it,
 To own that death itself must be
 Like all the rest, a mockery *Ib Conclusion.*

Hail to thee, blithe spirit!

Bird thou never wert,

That from Heaven, or near it,

Pourest thy full heart

In profuse strains of unpremeditated art
To a Skylark

And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest
Ib

Like an unbodied joy whose race is just begun *Ib*

Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight
Ib

Keen as are the arrows
 Of that silver sphere,
 Whose intense lamp narrows

In the white dawn clear
 Until we hardly see,—we feel that it is there *Ib*.

Like a Poet hidden
 In the light of thought,
 Singing hymns unbidden,

Till the world is wrought
 To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not.

Like a high-born maiden
 In a palace-tower,
 Soothing her love-laden

Soul in secret hour
 With music sweet as love, which overflows her bower
Ib

Chorus Hymeneal,
 Or triumphal chant,
 Matched with thine would be all
 But an empty vaunt,
 A thing wherein we feel there is some hidden want
Ib

What objects are the fountains
 Of thy happy strain?
 What fields, or waves, or mountains?
 What shapes of sky or plan?
 What love of thine own kind? what ignorance of
 pain? *Ib*

With thy clear keen joyance
 Languor cannot be
 Shadow of annoyance
 Never came near thee:
 Thou lovest—but ne'er knew love's sad satiety

Waking or asleep,
 'Thou of death must deem
 Things more true and deep
 Than we mortals dream,
 Or how could thy notes flow in such a crystal stream?

We look before and after,
 We pine for what is not,
 Our sincerest laughter
 With some pain is fraught,
 Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest
 thought *Ib*

Better than all measures
 Of delightful sound,
 Better than all treasures
 That in books are found,
 Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of the ground!

Teach me half the gladness
 That thy brain must know,
 Such harmonious madness
 From my lips would flow
 The world should listen then—as I am listening now
Ib

Rarely, rarely, comest thou,
 Spirit of Delight!
Song Rarely, Rarely, Comest Thou.

I love all that thou lovest,
 Spirit of Delight
 The fresh Earth in new leaves dressed,
 And the starry night,
 Autumn evening, and the morn
 When the golden mists are born *Ib*

Everything almost
 Which is Nature's, and may be
 Untainted by man's misery *Ib*

I love tranquil solitude,
 And such society
 As is quiet, wise, and good,
 Between thee and me
 What difference? but thou dost possess
 The things I seek, not love them less. *Ib*

I love Love—though he has wings,
 And like light can flee,
 But above all other things,
 Spirit, I love thee—
 Thou art love and life! Oh, come,
 Make once more my heart thy home *Ib*.

Men of England, wherefore plough
For the lords who lay you low?

Song to the Men of England

An old, mad, blind, despised, and dying king
Sonnet England in 1819.

Lift not the painted veil which those who live
Call Life. *Sonnet Lift not the Painted Veil*

He sought,
For his lost heart was tender, things to love,
But found them not, alas! nor was there aught
The world contains, the which he could approve.
Through the unheeding many he did move,
A splendour among shadows, a bright blot
Upon this gloomy scene, a Spirit that strove
For truth, and like the Preacher found it not. *Ib*

The City's voice itself is soft like Solitude's.
Stanzas Written in Dejection, near Naples

I see the waves upon the shore,
Like light dissolved in star-showers, thrown. *Ib*
How sweet! did any heart now share in my emotion *Ib*

Alas! I have nor hope nor health,
Nor peace within nor calm around,
Nor that content surpassing wealth
The sage in meditation found,
And walked with inward glory crowned *Ib*

I could lie down like a tired child,
And weep away the life of care
Which I have borne and yet must bear,
Till death like sleep might steal on me *Ib*

Away! the moor is dark beneath the moon,
Rapid clouds have drank the last pale beam of even
Away! the gathering winds will call the darkness soon,
And profoundest midnight shroud the serene lights of heaven

Stanzas—April 1814 Away! the Moor is Dark.

Swiftly walk over the western wave,
Spirit of Night!
Out of the misty eastern cave,
Where, all the long and lone daylight,
Thou wovest dreams of joy and fear,
Which make thee terrible and dear,—
Swift be thy flight! *To Night*

Wrap thy form in a mantle gray,
Star-inwrought!
Blind with thine hair the eyes of Day,
Kiss her until she be wearied out,
Then wander o'er city, and sea, and land,
Touching all with thine opiate wand—
Come, long-sought!

Thy brother Death came, and cried,
Wouldst thou me?
Thy sweet child Sleep, the filmy-eyed,
Murmured like a noontide bee,
Shall I nestle by thy side?
Wouldst thou me?

Death will come when thou art dead,
Soon, too soon—
Sleep will come when thou art fled;
Of neither would I ask the boon
I ask of thee, beloved Night—
Come soon, soon!

Music, when soft voices die,
Vibrates in the memory—
Odours, when sweet violets sicken,
Live within the sense they quicken

Rose leaves, when the rose is dead,
Are heaped for the beloved's bed,
And so thy thoughts, when thou art gone,
Love itself shall lumber on

To—Music, When Soft Voices.

I fear thy kisses, gentle maiden,
'Thou needest not fear mine,
My spirit is too deeply laden
Ever to burthen thine.

I fear thy mien, thy tones, thy motion,
'Thou needest not fear mine,
Innocent is the heart's devotion
With which I worship thine.

To—I Fear thy Kisses

One word is too often profaned
For me to profane it,
One feeling too falsely disdained
For thee to disdain it.

To—One Word is too often Profaned.

The desire of the moth for the star,
Of the night for the morrow,
The devotion to something afar
From the sphere of our sorrow. *Ib*

And like a dying lady, lean and pale,
Who totters forth, wrapped in a gauzy veil
The Waning Moon.

A lovely lady, garmented in light
From her own beauty *The Witch of Atlas, v*
For she was beautiful—her beauty made
The bright world dim, and everything beside
Seemed like the fleeting image of a shade *Ib xu.*

The rapid, blind
And fleeting generations of mankind *Ib lxxi.*

In honoured poverty thy voice did weave
Songs consecrate to truth and liberty,—
Deserting these, thou leavest me to grieve,
Thus having been, that thou shouldst cease to be
To Wordsworth.

Poets are the unacknowledged legislators of the world.
A Defence of Poetry.

WILLIAM SHENSTONE

1714-1763

Who'er has travell'd life's dull round,
Where'er his stages may have been,
May sigh to think he still has found
The warmest welcome, at an inn
At an Inn at Henley.

My banks they are furnish'd with bees,
Whose murmur invites one to sleep,
Ib. My grottoes are shaded with trees,
And my hills are white over with sheep.
A Pastoral Ballad Pt II, Hope, 1.

I have found out a gift for my fair,
I have found where the wood-pigeons breed,
But let me that plunder forbear,
She will say 'twas a barbarous deed. *Ib v.*

A little bench of heedless bishops here,
And there a chancellor in embryo,
Or bard sublime, if bard may e'er be so
The Schoolmistress, xxviii

Laws are generally found to be nets of such a texture,
as the little creep through, the great break through,
and the middle-sized are alone entangled in
Essays on Men and Manners On Politics

PHILIP HENRY SHERIDAN

1831-1888

The only good Indian is a dead Indian
Attr., at Fort Cobb, Jan 1869

RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN

1751-1816

Not a translation—only *taken from the French*
The Critic, 1 1

The newspapers! Sir, they are the most villainous—
luculent—abominable—inferral— Not that I
ever read them—no—I make it a rule never to
look into a newspaper *Ib*

If it is abuse—why one is always sure to hear of it
from one damned good-natured friend or other! *Ib*

Egad, I think the interpreter is the hardest to be
understood of the two! *Ib 11*

Yes, sir, puffing is of various sorts, the principal are,
the puff direct, the puff preliminary, the puff col-
lateral, the puff collusive, and the puff oblique, or
puff by implication *Ib*

No scandal about Queen Elizabeth, I hope? *Ib 11 1*

I open with a clock striking, to beget an awful
attention in the audience it also marks the time,
which is four o'clock in the morning, and saves a
description of the rising sun, and a great deal
about gilding the eastern hemisphere *Ib 11*

Where they do agree on the stage, their unanimity is
wonderful! *Ib*

Inconsolable to the minuet in Ariadne! *Ib*

The Spanish fleet thou canst not see because—
It is not yet in sight! *Ib*

All that can be said is, that two people happened to
hit on the same thought—and Shakespeare made
use of it first, that's all *Ib 111 1*

Burleigh comes forward, shakes his head, and exit
Ib Stage direction.

O Lord, sir, when a heroine goes mad she always goes
into white satin *Ib*

An oyster may be crossed in love *Ib*

I ne'er could any lustre see
In eyes that would not look on me
The Duenna, 1 11 Air

I loved him for himself alone *Ib 111*

Had I a heart for falsehood framed,
I ne'er could injure you *Ib v*

'Tis safest in matrimony to begin with a little
aversion *The Rivals, 1 11*

You gentlemen's gentlemen are so hasty *Ib 11 11*

He is the very pine-apple of politeness! *Ib 111 111.*

An aspersion upon my parts of speech! *Ib*

If I reprehend any thing in this world, it is the use
of my oracular tongue, and a nice derangement of
epitaphs! *Ib*

Too civil by half. *Ib 1v*

Our ancestors are very good kind of folks, but they
are the last people I should choose to have a
visiting acquaintance with *Ib 1v 1*

No caparisons, muss, if you please Caparisons don't
become a young woman *Ib 11*

You are not like Cerberus, three gentlemen at once,
are you? *Ib*

There's nothing like being used to a thing
Ib v 111

My valour is certainly going!—it is sneaking off! I
feel it oozing out as it were at the palms of my
hands! *Ib*

I own the soft impeachment *Ib*

Thro' all the drama—whether damned or not—
Love gilds the scene, and women guide the plot
Ib Epilogue

You shall see them on a beautiful quarto page, where
a neat rivulet of text shall meander through a
meadow of margin. *The School for Scandal, 1 1*

Here is the whole set! a character dead at every word
Ib 11 11

I'm called away by particular business But I leave
my character behind me *Ib*

Oh! plague of his sentiments! *Ib 111*

Here's to the maiden of bashful fifteen,
Here's to the widow of fifty,
Here's to the flaunting, extravagant quean,
And here's to the housewife that's thrifty

Let the toast pass,—
Drink to the lass,
I'll warrant she'll prove an excuse for a glass
Ib 111 111 Song

Here's to the charmer whose dimples we prize,
Now to the maid who has none, sir;
Here's to the girl with a pair of blue eyes,
And here's to the nymph with but one, sir *Ib*

ROWLEY

I believe there is no sentiment he has such faith in
as that 'charity begins at home'

SURFACE:

And his, I presume, is of that domestic sort which
never stirs abroad at all *Ib*

Damned disinheriting countenance *Ib 1v 1.*

It was an amiable weakness *Ib v 1*

There is no trusting to appearances *Ib 11.*

The Right Honourable gentleman is indebted to his
memory for his jests, and to his imagination for
his facts

Speech in Reply to Mr Dundas T Moore,
Life of Sheridan (1825), II 471

You write with ease, to show your breeding,
But easy writing's vile hard reading

Cho's Protest See Moore's *Life of Sheridan*,
I 55

WILLIAM TECUMSEH SHERMAN

1820-1891

There is many a boy here to-day who looks on war
as all glory, but, boys, it is all hell.

Speech, Columbus, Ohio, 11 Aug 1880 Lewis's
'*Sherman, Fighting Prophet*'.

JAMES SHIRLEY

1596-1666

The glories of our blood and state
Are shadows, not substantial things,
There is no armour against fate,

Death lays his icy hand on kings
Sceptre and crown
Must tumble down,

And in the dust be equal made
With the poor crooked scythe and spade
The Contention of Ajax and Ulysses, I III

Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet, and blossom in their dust. *Ib*

I presume you're mortal, and may err.
The Lady of Pleasure, II 11

How little room

Do we take up in death, that, living know
No bounds? *The Wedding*, IV IV

JOSEPH HENRY SHORTHOUSE

1834-1903

'The Church of England', I said, seeing that Mr.
Inglesant paused, 'is no doubt a compromise'
John Inglesant (1880), ch 40

In all probability 'Wordsworth's standard of intox-
ication was miserably low'

*Remark to some Wordsworthians who were
deploring W's confession that he got drunk at
Cambridge* G W E Russell's *Collections and
Recollections*, ch 8

ALGERNON SIDNEY

1622-1683

Liar ought to have good memories.

Discourses on Government, ch 2, sect xv

Men lived like fishes, the great ones devour'd like
small *Ib*, sect xviii

'Tis not necessary to light a candle to the sun.
Ib sect xxiii

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY

1554-1586

High erected thoughts seated in the heart of courtesy
The Arcadia, bk 1, ch 2

Shallow brooks murmur most, deep silent slide away
Ib *First Eclogues, Lalus and Dorus*, st 11

Who shoots at the mid-day sun, though he be sure
he shall never hit the mark, yet as sure he is he shall
shoot higher than who aims but at a bush
Ib bk 11, ch 6

My true love hath my heart and I have his,
By just exchange one for the other giv'n,
I hold his dear, and mine he cannot miss,
There never was a better bargain driv'n
Ib bk 11, *ad fin*

Doubt you to whom my Muse these notes intendeth,
Which now my breast o'ercharged to music
lendeth?

To you, to you, all song of praise is due;
Only in you my song begins and endeth
*Astrophel and Stella, Song I. Doubt You to
Whom*

Have I caught my heav'nly jewel.
Ib *Song II Have I Caught*

Thy fair hair my heart enchained
Ib *Certain Sonnets, To the tune of a Neapolitan
Villanelle*

'Fool!' said my Muse to me, 'look in thy heart, and
write' *Ib* *Sonnet I*

With how sad steps, O Moon, thou climb'st the
skies!

How silently, and with how wan a face!
What! may it be that even in heavenly place
That busy archer his sharp arrows tries?
Ib *Sonnet XXXI.*

Do they call virtue there ungratefulness? *Ib.*

Come, Sleep! O Sleep, the certain knot of peace,
The bating-place of wit, the balm of woe,
The poor man's wealth, the prisoner's release,
Th' indifferent judge between the high and low
Ib *Sonnet XXXIX.*

Take thou of me smooth pillows sweetest bed,
A chamber deaf to noise and blind to light,
A rosy garland and a weary head *Ib*

That sweet enemy, France *Ib* *Sonnet XLI*

They love indeed who quake to say they love
Ib *Sonnet LIV*

Oh heav'nly fool, thy most kiss-worthy face
Anger invests with such a lovely grace,
That Anger's self I needs must kiss again
Ib *Sonnet LXXIII.*

I never drank of Aganippe well,
Nor ever did in shade of Tempe sit,
And Muses scorn with vulgar brains to dwell,
Poor layman I, for sacred rites unfit
Ib *Sonnet LXXIV.*

Highway, since you my chief Parnassus be,
 And that my Muse, to some ears not unsweet,
 Tempers her words to trampling horses' feet
 More oft than to a chamber melody,
 Now blessed you, bear onward blessed me
 To her, where I my heart, safe-left, shall meet
Ib Sonnet LXXXIV.

Hundreds of years you Stella's feet may kiss *Ib*
 Leave me, O Love, which reacheth but to dust,
 And thou, my mind, aspire to higher things,
 Grow rich in that which never taketh rust,
 Whatever fades, but fading pleasure brings
Ib Sonnet CX Splendidis Longum Valedico
Nugis

Never love was so abused
Pansies from Penshurst and Wilton V Love

O fair! O sweet! when I do look on thee,
 In whom all joys so well agree,
 Heart and soul do sing in me,
 Just accord all music makes
Ib VIII Verses, To the Tune of a Spanish
Song

With a tale forsooth he cometh unto you, with a tale
 which holdeth children from play, and old men
 from the chimney corner
The Defence of Poesy (1923), p 20

Certainly I must confess mine own barbarousness, I
 never heard the old song of Percy and Douglas,
 that I found not my heart moved more than with
 a trumpet *Ib p 24*

Philip of Macedon reckoned a horse-race won at
 Olympus among his three fearful felicities *Ib*

To be rhymed to death as is said to be done in Ireland
Ib

Thy necessity is yet greater than mine
On giving his water-bottle to a dying soldier on
the battle-field of Zutphen, 1586. Sir Fulke
Greville's Life (1907), ch 12

HAROLD SIMPSON

contemp

Down in the forest something stirred,
 It was only the note of a bird
A Cycle of Life No 2 Down In The Forest

OSBERT SITWELL

1892-

The British Bourgeoisie
 Is not born,
 And does not die,
 But, if it is ill,
 It has a frightened look in its eyes
At the House of Mrs Kinfote

JOHN SKELTON

1460?-1529

As patient and as still
 And as full of goodwill,
 As the fair Isyphill,

Coliander,
 Sweet pomander,
 Good Cassander,
 Steadfast of thought,
 Well made, well wrought
 Far may be sought
 Erst ye can find
 So courteous, so kind,
 As Merry Margaret, the midsummer flower,
 Gentle as falcon or hawk of the tower
To Mistress Margaret Hussey

With solace and gladness,
 Much mirth and no madness,
 All good and no badness,
 So joyously,
 So maidenly,
 So womanly,
 Her demeaning *Ib.*

She is the violet,
 The daisy delectable,
 The columbine commendable,
 The jelofer amiable,
 For this most goodly flower,
 This blossom of fresh colour,
 So Jupiter me succour,
 She flourisheth new and new
 In beauty and virtue
The Commendations of Mistress Jane Scrope

For the soul of Philip Sparrow,
 That was late slain at Carrow
 Among the Nunnes Black,
 For that sweet soules sake
 And for all sparrows' souls
 Set in our bead-rolls,
Pater noster qui
 With an *Ave Mari*

The Sparrow's Dirge

JOHN SKINNER

1721-1807

Let Whig and Tory a' agree,
 Whig and Tory, Whig and Tory,
 Whig and Tory a' agree,
 To drop their Whigmigorum,
 Let Whig and Tory a' agree
 To spend the night in mirth and glee,
 And cheerfu' sing along wi' me
 The reel o' Tullochgorum
Tullochgorum, st 1 The Songs of Scotland,
ed G F. Graham
 [A version of 1776 gives line 4 as "To drop
 their whigmegorum"]

CHRISTOPHER SMART

1722-1771

For Adoration all the ranks
 Of angels yield eternal thanks,
 And David in the midst *Song to David.*
 Glorious—more glorious is the crown
 Of Him that brought salvation down
 By meekness, call'd thy Son,
 Thou that stupendous truth believ'd,
 And now the matchless deed's achiev'd,
 Determined, dared, and done. *Ib.*

a FRANCIS EDWARD SMEDLEY JAMES AND HORACE SMITH b
 Glorious the northern lights astream,
 Glorious the song, when God's the theme,
 Glorious the thunder's roar
 Glorious hosanna from the den,
 Glorious the catholic amen,
 Glorious the martyr's gore

Ib

Glorious the sun in mid-career,
 Glorious th' assembled fires appear,
 Glorious the comet's train
 Glorious the trumpet and alarm,
 Glorious th' almighty stretch'd-out arm,
 Glorious th' enraptur'd main

Ib

He sung of God—the mighty source
 Of all things—the stupendous force
 On which all strength depends,
 From whose right arm, beneath whose eyes,
 All period, pow'r, and enterprize
 Commences, reigns, and ends

Ib

Strong is the horse upon his speed,
 Strong in pursuit the rapid glede,
 Which makes at once his game
 Strong the tall ostrich on the ground,
 Strong thro' the turbulent profound
 Shoots xiphias to his aim

Ib

Strong is the lion—like a coal
 His eye-ball—like a bastion's mole
 His chest against his foes
 Strong, the gier-eagle on his sail,
 Strong against tide, th' enormous whale
 Emerges as he goes

Ib

Tell them I am, Jehova said
 To Moses, while earth heard in dread,
 And smitten to the heart,
 At once above, beneath, around,
 All nature, without voice or sound,
 Replied, O Lord, Thou art
 Where ask is have, where seek is find,
 Where knock is open wide.

Ib

FRANCIS EDWARD SMEDLEY
 1818-1864

You are looking as fresh as paint
Frank Farleigh, ch 41

SAMUEL SMILES

1812-1904

A place for everything, and everything in its place
Thrift, ch 5

Cecil's despatch of business was extraordinary, his
 maxum being, 'The shortest way to do many things
 is to do only one thing at once' *Self Help, ch 9*

His (Dr Priestley's) appointment [to act as astronomer
 to Captain Cook's expedition to the southern
 seas] has been cancelled, as the Board of Longitude
 objected to his theology

Men of Invention and Industry, ch 3

ADAM SMITH

1723-1790

To found a great empire for the sole purpose of
 raising up a people of customers, may at first
 sight appear a project fit only for a nation of shop-

keepers. It is, however, a project altogether unfit
 for a nation of shopkeepers, but extremely fit for
 a nation that is governed by shopkeepers
*Wealth of Nations, vol II, bk IV, ch 7,
 Pt III*

ALEXANDER SMITH

1830-1867

Like a pale martyr in his shirt of fire
A Life Drama, II

In winter, when the dismal rain
 Came down in slanting lines,
 And Wind, that grand old harper, smote
 His thunder-harp of pines

Ib.

ALFRED SAMUEL SMITH

1873-

Nothing doing That's just boloney Everybody
 knows I can't lay bricks
*Remark at the laying of the corner-stone of
 the New York State Office Building*

FREDERICK EDWIN SMITH
 EARL OF BIRKENHEAD

See BIRKENHEAD

JAMES SMITH

1775-1839

AND

HORACE SMITH

1779-1849

And hast thou walk'd about (how strange a story!)
 In Thebes's streets three thousand years ago,
 When the Memnonium was in all its glory.
Address to a Mummy

Hail, glorious edifice, stupendous work!
 God bless the Regent and the Duke of York!
Rejected Addresses No 1 Loyal Effusion, I 1.

Who makes the quatern loaf and Luddites rise?
 Who fills the butchers' shops with large blue flies?
Ib 1 48

I saw them go one horse was blind,
 The tails of both hung down behind,
 Their shoes were on their feet
*Ib No 2 The Baby's Début, VI (Parody of
 Wordsworth)*

What stately vision mocks my waking sense?
 Hence, dear delusion, sweet enchantment, hence!
Ib No 3 An Address Without a Phoenix

I am a blessed Glendover
 'Tis mine to speak, and yours to hear
Ib No 7 The Rebuilding.

'Why are you in such doleful dumps?
 A fireman, and afraid of bumps!—
 What are they fear'd on? fools! 'od rot 'em!
 Were the last words of Higginbottom
Ib No 9. Drury Lane (Parody of Scott)

'In the name of the Prophet—figs!'

Ib No 10 *Johnson's Ghost*

In Craven-street, Strand, ten attorneys find place,
And ten dark coal-barges are moor'd at its base
Fly, Honesty, fly! seek some safer retreat,
For there's craft in the river, and craft in the street
Craven Street, Strand

LANGDON SMITH

1858-1918

When you were a tadpole, and I was a fish,
In the Palaeozoic time,
And side by side in the ebbing tide
We sprawled through the ooze and slime
A Toast to a Lady (The Scrap-Book, April, 1906)

LOGAN PEARSALL SMITH

1865-

There are two things to aim at in life first, to get
what you want, and, after that, to enjoy it Only
the wisest of mankind achieve the second
Afterthoughts (1931), p. 4

There are few sorrows, however poignant, in which
a good income is of no avail. *Ib* p 12

People say that life is the thing, but I prefer reading
Ib p 71

SAMUEL FRANCIS SMITH

1808-1895

My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrims' pride,
From every mountain-side
Let freedom ring *America*

SYDNEY SMITH

1771-1845

It requires a surgical operation to get a joke well into
a Scotch understanding Their only idea of wit
is laughing immoderately at stated intervals
Lady Holland, Memoirs (1st ed 1855), I ii 15

I heard him speak disrespectfully of the Equator!
Ib p 17

That knuckle-end of England—that land of Calvin,
oat-cakes, and sulphur *Ib*

Looked as if she had walked straight out of the Ark
Ib ch 7, p 157

No furniture so charming as books
Ib ch 9, p 240

Madam, I have been looking for a person who dis-
liked gravity all my life, let us swear eternal friend-
ship *Ib* p. 257

How can a bishop marry? How can he flirt? The
most he can say is, 'I will see you in the vestry
after service' *Ib* p 258

Not body enough to cover his mind decently with,
his intellect is improperly exposed *Ib*

I have, alas, only one illusion left, and that is the
Archbishop of Canterbury *Ib* p 259

You find people ready enough to do the Samaritan,
without the oil and twopence *Ib* p 261

As the French say, there are three sexes—men,
women, and clergymen *Ib* p 262

Praise is the best diet for us, after all. *Ib* p 265

Daniel Webster struck me much like a steam-engine
in trousers. *Ib* p 267

He [Macaulay] has occasional flashes of silence, that
make his conversation perfectly delightful
Ib ch 11, p 363

Let onion atoms lurk within the bowl,
And, scarce-suspected, animate the whole
Recipe for Salad-Dressing, Ib. p 373

You remember Thurlow's answer . . . you never
expected justice from a company, did you? They
have neither a soul to lose, nor a body to kick.
Ib p 376

Deserves to be preached to death by wild curates
Ib p 384

I never read a book before reviewing it, it prejudices
a man so
*H Pearson, The Smith of Smiths (1934), ch
iii, p 54.*

It is a place with only one post a day . . . In the
country I always fear that creation will expire
before tea-time. *Ib* ch 5, p 92

Minorities . . . are almost always in the right.
Ib ch 9, p 220

My idea of heaven is, eating *pâtés de foie gras* to the
sound of trumpets *Ib* ch 10, p 236

What a pity it is that we have no amusements in
England but vice and religion! *Ib*

Death must be distinguished from dying, with which
it is often confused *Ib* ch 11, p 271

The only way to deal with such a man as O'Connell
is to hang him up and erect a statue to him under
the gallows *Ib* p 272

What two ideas are more inseparable than Beer and
Britannia? *Ib*

I am just going to pray for you at St Paul's, but
with no very lively hope of success
Ib ch. 13, p 308

Poverty is no disgrace to a man, but it is confoundingly
inconvenient *His Wit and Wisdom (1900), p 89*

One of the greatest pleasures of life is conversation.
Essays (1877) Female Education, p 103.

This great spectacle of human happiness.
Ib Waterton's Wanderings, p 465.

The moment the very name of Ireland is mentioned, the English seem to bid adieu to common feeling, common prudence, and common sense, and to act with the barbarity of tyrants, and the fatuity of idiots
Peter Plymley Letters (1929), p 9

A Curate—there is something which excites compassion in the very name of a Curate!!

Ib p 127 *Persecuting Bishops*

The Atlantic Ocean beat Mrs Partington *Ib* p 228

Bishop Berkeley destroyed this world in one volume octavo; and nothing remained, after his time, but mud, which experienced a similar fate from the hand of Mr. Hume in 1737

Sketches of Moral Philosophy *Introd*

We shall generally find that the triangular person has got into the square hole, the oblong into the triangular, and a square person has squeezed himself into the round hole 'The officer and the office, the doer and the thing done, seldom fit so exactly that we can say they were almost made for each other.' *Sketches of Moral Philosophy*, Lect ix

I never could find any man who could think for two minutes together *Ib* Lect xix

The motto I proposed for the [Edinburgh] *Review* was *Tenui musam meditatur avena*—'We cultivate literature upon a little oatmeal'

Works (1859), vol. i, Preface, p v

We can inform Jonathan what are the inevitable consequences of being too fond of glory.—Taxes upon every article which enters into the mouth, or covers the back, or is placed under the foot . . . taxes on everything on earth, and the waters under the earth

Ib, vol i *Review of Seybert's Statistical Annals of the United States*, p 291.

The schoolboy whips his taxed top—the beardless youth manages his taxed horse, with a taxed bridle, on a taxed road,—and the dying Englishman, pouring his medicine, which has paid seven per cent, into a spoon that has paid fifteen per cent—flings himself back upon his chintz bed, which has paid twenty-two per cent—and expires in the arms of an apothecary who has paid a licence of a hundred pounds for the privilege of putting him to death *Ib*

What bishops like best in their clergy is a dropping-down-deadness of manner

Ib, vol ii, *First Letter to Archdeacon Singleton*, p. 271. *Note*.

I like, my dear Lord, the road you are travelling, but I don't like the pace you are driving, too similar to that of the son of Nimshu I always feel myself inclined to cry out, Gently, John, gently down hill Put on the drag

Ib vol. ii, *Letter to Lord John Russell*, p 300

I look upon Switzerland as an inferior sort of Scotland

Letters *Lady Holland Memoir*, vol. ii. *To Lord Holland*, 1815

Tory and Whig in turns shall be my host,
I taste no politics in boil'd and roast

Ib *To John Murray* Nov 1834

What would life be without arithmetic, but a scene of horrors? *Ib* *To Miss* —, 22 July 1835

I am convinced digestion is the great secret of life

Ib *To Arthur Kinglake*, 30 Sept 1837

I have no relish for the country, it is a kind of healthy grave. *Ib* *To Miss G Harcourt*, 1838.

I have seen nobody since I saw you, but persons in orders My only varieties are vicars, rectors, curates, and every now and then (by way of turbot) an archdeacon

Ib *To Miss Berry*, 28 Jan 1843

One very hot evening in summer, Lady Holland and a large party of friends were suffering from the stifling atmosphere, and a general dullness had crept over the company Then Milnes was seen to enter 'Ah! here comes the cool of the evening,' cried Sydney Smith, and immediately everybody grew brighter [Milnes resented this and other nick-names, and Sydney Smith wrote to him 'The names of "Cool of the evening", "London Assurance", and "In-I-go Jones", are, I give you my word, not mine']

T Wemyss Reid, *Life of Lord Houghton* (1890), p 213

TOBIAS GEORGE SMOLLETT

1721-1771

Mourn, hapless Caledonia, mourn
Thy banish'd peace, thy laurels torn!

The Tears of Scotland

I think for my part one half of the nation is mad—and the other not very sound

The Adventures of Sir Launcelot Greaves, ch 6

He was formed for the ruin of our sex

Roderick Random, ch 22

That great Cham of literature, Samuel Johnson
Letter to John Wilkes, 16 Mar 1759. (*Boswell's Johnson*, 1934, vol i, p 348)

GEORGE HUNT SMYTTAN

1825-1870

AND

FRANCIS POTT

1852-1909

Forty days and forty nights
Thou wast fasting in the wild,
Forty days and forty nights
Tempted, and yet undefiled.

Hymn Forty Days and Forty Nights *The Penny Post*, 1856.

Prowling beasts about Thy way,
Stones Thy pillow, earth Thy bed

Ib

WILLIAM SOMERVILLE

1675-1742

If this pale rose offend your sight,

It in your bosom, wear;

'Twill blush to find itself less white,

And turn Lancastrian there

Presenting to a Lady a White Rose and a Red on the Tenth of June

My hoarse-sounding horn
Invites thee to the chase, the sport of kings;
Image of war, without its guilt

The Chase, bk. 1, l. 13

CHARLES HAMILTON SORLEY

1895-1915

We have the evil spirits too
That shake our soul with battle-din
But we have an eviller spirit than you,
We have a dumb spirit within
The exceeding bitter agony
But not the exceeding bitter cry.

To Poets

We swing ungirded hips,
And lightened are our eyes,
The rain is on our lips,
We do not run for prize

Song of the Ungirt Runners

We run because we like it
Through the broad bright land

Ib

REV. ROBERT SOUTH

1634-1716

An Aristotle was but the rubbish of an Adam, and
Athens but the rudiments of Paradise.

Sermons, vol. 1. 11

THOMAS SOUTHERN

1660-1746

And when we're worn,
Hack'd, hewn with constant service, thrown aside
To rust in peace, or rot in hospitals

Loyal Brother, Act 1

ROBERT SOUTHEY

1774-1843

It was a summer's evening,
Old Kaspar's work was done,
And he before his cottage door
Was sitting in the sun,
And by him sported on the green
His little grandchild Wilhelmine

The Battle of Blenheim

He came to ask what he had found,
That was so large, and smooth, and round

Ib

'Now tell us all about the war,
And what they fought each other for'

Ib

But what they fought each other for,
I could not well make out

Ib

But things like that, you know, must be
At every famous victory

Ib

Great praise the Duke of Marlbro' won,
And our good Prince Eugene

Ib

'And everybody praised the Duke,
Who this great fight did win'

'But what good came of it at last?'

Quoth little Peterkin.
'Why that I cannot tell,' said he,
'But 'twas a famous victory.'

Ib

My name is Death the last best friend am I.

*Carmen Nuptiale. The Lay of the Laureate.
The Dream*, lxxxvii

'How does the water
Come down at Lodore?' *The Cataract of Lodore*,

And this way the water comes down at Lodore. *Ib*.

Curses are like young chickens, they always come
home to roost *The Curse of Kehama Motto*

Water shall hear me,
And know thee and fly thee *Ib* 11. 14

And Sleep shall obey me,
And visit thee never,
And the Curse shall be on thee
For ever and ever *Ib*

Hark! at the Golden Palaces
The Brahmin strikes the hour. *Ib* v. 1

They sin who tell us love can die.
With life all other passions fly,
All others are but vanity *Ib* x. 10

Thou hast been call'd, O Sleep! the friend of Woe,
But 'tis the happy who have called thee so *Ib* xv. 12

From his brimstone bed, at break of day
A walking the Devil is gone,
To look at his little snug farm of the World,
And see how his stock went on *The Devil's Walk*, 1.

His coat was red and his breeches were blue,
And there was a hole where his tail came through. *Ib* 111.

He passed a cottage with a double coach-house,
A cottage of gentility!
And he owned with a grin
That his favourite sin
Is pride that apes humility *Ib* viii.

As he passed through Cold Bath fields, he looked
At a solitary cell,
And he was well-pleased, for it gave him a hint
For improving the prisons of Hell *Ib* xv

And all at once to the Bishop they go
God's Judgment on a Wicked Bishop

No stir in the air, no stir in the sea,
The ship was still as she could be *The Incheape Rock*

And then they knew the perilous rock,
And blest the Abbot of Aberbrothok *Ib*.

'O Christ! It is the Incheape Rock!' *Ib*

Sir Ralph the Rover tore his hair;
He curst himself in his despair *Ib*.

Day after day, day after day the same—
A weary waste of waters!
*Madoc Pt I, Madoc in Wales IV, The
Voyage*, l. 32

Blue, darkly, deeply, beautifully blue
Ib. V, Lincoya, l. 102.

We wage no war with women nor with priests
Ib. XV, The Excommunication, l. 65.

What will not woman, gentle woman dare,
When strong affection stirs her spirit up?
Ib Pt. II, *Madoc in Aztlan* II, *The Tidings*,
I 125

My days among the dead are passed;
Around me I behold,
Where'er these casual eyes are cast,
The mighty minds of old,
My never-failing friends are they,
With whom I converse day by day
My Days Among the Dead

Yet leaving here a name, I trust,
That will not perish in the dust *Ib*
You are old, Father William, the young man cried,
The few locks which are left you are grey,
You are hale, Father William, a hearty old man,
Now tell me the reason, I pray
The Old Man's Comforts, and how he Gained them

You are old, Father William, the young man cried,
And pleasures with youth pass away,
And yet you lament not the days that are gone,
Now tell me the reason, I pray *Ib*

In the days of my youth I remembered my God!
And He hath not forgotten my age *Ib*

The Monk my son, and my daughter the Nun
The Old Woman of Berkeley

Their wintry garment of unsullied snow
The mountains have put on
The Poet's Pilgrimage. Pt. I, The Journey
11, *Flanders*, 23

He ran against a shooting star,
So fast for fear did he sail,
And he singed the beard of the Bishop
Against a comet's tail,
And he passed between the horns of the moon,
With Antidius on his back,
And there was an eclipse that night,
Which was not in the Almanac
St Antidius, the Pope and the Devil

How beautiful is night!
A dewy freshness fills the silent air,
No mist obscures, nor cloud, nor speck, nor stain,
Breaks the serene of heaven
Thalaba the Destroyer, bk 1, 1

A vague, a dizzy, a tumultuous joy. *Ib* bk 111 xix
'I had a home once—I had once a husband—
I am a widow, poor and broken-hearted!
Loud blew the wind, unheard was her complaining,
On drove the chariot *The Widow, v*

The arts blabative and scribbulative.
Colloques on the Progress and Prospects of Society. Coll x Pt 11.

The march of intellect *Ib Coll xiv*
Your true lover of literature is never fastidious.
The Doctor, ch. 17.

Show me a man who cares no more for one place
than another, and I will show you in that same
person one who loves nothing but himself. Beware
of those who are homeless by choice.

Ib. ch. 34.

Live as long as you may, the first twenty years are
the longest half of your life *Ib. ch 130*

The death of Nelson was felt in England as something
more than a public calamity, men started at the
intelligence, and turned pale, as if they had heard
of the loss of a dear friend
The Life of Nelson, ch 9

The Satanic School
The Vision of Judgment Preface

The pander of posterity. *Ib*

ROBERT SOUTHWELL

1561?-1595

As I in hoary winter's night stood shivering in the
snow,
Surprised I was with sudden heat which made my
heart to glow;
And lifting up a fearful eye to view what fire was near,
A pretty Babe all burning bright did in the air appear.
The Burning Babe.

'The fuel justice layeth on, and mercy blows the
coals,
The metal in this furnace wrought are men's defiled
souls
For which, as now on fire I am to work them to their
good,
So will I melt into a bath to wash them in my blood '
With this he vanished out of sight and swiftly shrunk
away,
And straight I called unto mind that it was Christmas
Day. *Ib*

Come, Raphael, this Babe must eat,
Provide our little Toby meat
New Heaven, New War.

Behold, a silly tender Babe
In freezing winter night
In homely manger trembling lies,
Alas, a piteous sight! *New Prince, New Pomp.*

With joy approach, O Christian wight,
Do homage to thy King,
And highly praise his humble pomp,
Which he from heaven doth bring. *Ib.*

Times go by turns, and chances change by course,
From foul to fair, from better hap to worse.
Times go by Turns.

HERBERT SPENCER

1820-1903

Science is organized knowledge *Education, ch 2.*

Absolute morality is the regulation of conduct in such
a way that pain shall not be inflicted
Essays (1891), vol 111, p 152. Prison Ethics

The ultimate result of shielding men from the effects
of folly, is to fill the world with fools
Ib p 354 State Tamperings with Money and Banks

The Republican form of Government is the highest
form of government, but because of this it requires
the highest type of human nature—a type nowhere
at present existing *Ib p. 478. The Americans*

Evolution is—a change from an indefinite, incoherent homogeneity, to a definite coherent heterogeneity
First Principles, ch 16, § 138

This survival of the fittest
Principles of Biology, pt III, ch 12, *Indirect Equilibration*, § 165

Progress, therefore, is not an accident, but a necessity
It is a part of nature

Social Statics, pt 1, ch 2, § 4

Education has for its object the formation of character
Ib pt II, ch 17, § 4

Opinion is ultimately determined by the feelings, and not by the intellect
Ib pt IV, ch 30, § 8

No one can be perfectly free till all are free, no one can be perfectly moral till all are moral, no one can be perfectly happy till all are happy
Ib § 16

It was remarked to me by the late Mr Charles Roupell that to play billiards well was a sign of an ill-spent youth

Remark Duncan, *'Life and Letters of Spencer'* (1908), ch 20, p 298

WILLIAM ROBERT SPENCER

1770–1834

In fancy's ear he oft would hear

Poor Gélert's dying yell. *Beth-Gélert*, xxiii

EDMUND SPENSER

1552?–1599

The merry cuckoo, messenger of Spring,
His trumpet shrill hath thrice already sounded
Amoretti Sonnet XIX

Most glorious Lord of life, that on this day
Didst make thy triumph over death and sin:
And, having harrow'd hell, didst bring away
Captivity thence captive, us to win
Ib lxxviii

Fresh spring the herald of love's mighty king,
In whose coat armour richly are display'd
All sorts of flowers the which on earth do spring
In goodly colours gloriously array'd
Ib lxx

One day I wrote her name upon the strand,
But came the waves and washed it away
Again I wrote it with a second hand,
But came the tide, and made my pains his prey
Vain man, said she, that dost in vain assay,
A mortal thing so to immortalize,
For I myself shall like to this decay,
And eke my name be wiped out likewise
Not so, quoth I, let baser things devise
To die in dust, but you shall live by fame
My verse your virtues rare shall eternize,
And in the heavens write your glorious name,
Where when as death shall all the world subdue,
Our love shall live, and later life renew
Ib lxxxv

Triton blowing loud his wreathed horn
Colin Clout's Come Home Again, l 245

The Shepherd of the Ocean (quoth he)
Unto that Goddess' grace me first enhanc'd,
And to mine oaten pipe inclin'd her ear. *Ib* l. 358

So love is Lord of all the world by right *Ib* l 883

The woods shall to me answer and my echo ring
Epithalamon, l 18

Behold whiles she before the altar stands
Hearing the holy priest that to her speaks
And blesseth her with his two happy hands
Ib l 223

Ah! when will this long weary day have end,
And lend me leave to come unto my love?
Ib l. 278

Song made in lieu of many ornaments,
With which my love should duly have been deck'd
Ib l 427

Fierce wars and faithful loves shall moralize my song
The Faerie Queene, bk I, introd 1 1

A gentle knight was pricking on the plain
Ib bk I, c 1 1

But on his breast a bloody cross he bore,
The dear remembrance of his dying Lord
Ib II

But of his cheer did seem too solemn sad;
Yet nothing did he dread, but ever was ydrad
Ib

A bold bad man
Ib xxxvii

Her angel's face
As the great eye of heaven shined bright,
And made a sunshine in the shady place,
Did never mortal eye behold such heavenly grace
Ib c III IV

A cruel Crocodile,
While in false grief hiding his harmful guile,
Doth weep full sore, and sheddeth tender tears
Ib c V xviii

As when that devilish iron engine, wrought
In deepest hell, and fram'd by furies' skill,
With windy nitre and quick sulphur fraught,
And ramm'd with bullet round, ordain'd to kill,
Conceiveth fire
Ib c VII xiii

Still as he fled, his eye was backward cast,
As if his fear still followed him behind
Ib c IX xxi

That darksome cave they enter, where they find
That cursed man, low sitting on the ground,
Musing full sadly in his sullen mind
Ib xxxv

Sleep after toil, port after stormy seas,
Ease after war, death after life does greatly please
Ib xl

So double was his pains, so double be his praise
Ib bk II, c II xxv

And all for love, and nothing for reward
Ib c VIII II

Let Grill be Grill, and have his hoggrish mind
Ib c XII lxxvii

O goodly usage of those antique times,
In which the sword was servant unto right,
When not for malice and contentious crimes,
But all for praise, and proof of manly might,
The martial brood accustomed to fight
Then honour was the meed of victory,
And yet the vanquished had no despite
Ib bk III, c I xiii

a WILLIAM ARCHIBALD SPOONER

Divine tobacco *Ib c. v. xxxii*

Hard is to teach an old horse amble true
Ib c viii xxvi

And painful pleasure turns to pleasing pain
Ib c x lx

And as she look'd about, she did behold,
How over that same door was likewise writ,
Be bold, be bold, and everywhere Be bold

At last she spied at that room's upper end,
Another iron door, on which was writ
Be not too bold *Ib. c xi liv*

Dan Chaucer, well of English undefiled,
On Fame's eternal beadroll worthy to be filed
Ib bk IV, c ii xxxii

For all that nature by her mother wit
Could frame in earth *Ib c x xxi*

O sacred hunger of ambitious minds
Ib bk V, c xii i

A monster, which the Blatant beast men call,
A dreadful fiend of gods and men ydrad
Ib xxxvii

The gentle mind by gentle deeds is known
For a man by nothing is so well bewray'd,
As by his manners *Ib bk VI, c iii i*

What man that sees the ever-whirling wheel
Of Change, the which all mortal things doth sway,
But that thereby doth find, and plainly feel,
How Mutability in them doth play
Her cruel sports, to many men's decay?
Ib bk VII, c vi i

That beauty is not, as fond men misdeem,
An outward show of things, that only seem
An Hymn in Honour of Beauty, l 90

For of the soul the body form doth take;
For soul is form, and doth the body make
Ib l 132

The hearts of men, which fondly here admire
Fair seeming shews, and feed on vain delight,
Transported with celestial desire
Of those fair forms, may lift themselves up higher,
And learn to love with zealous humble duty
Th' eternal fountain of that heavenly beauty
Hymn of Heavenly Beauty, l 16

Of such deep learning little had he need,
Ne yet of Latin, ne of Greek, that breed
Doubts 'mongst Divines, and difference of texts,
From whence arise diversity of sects,
And hateful heresies
Complaints Mother Hubbard's Tale, l 385

Full little knowest thou that hast not tried,
What hell it is, in suing long to bide
To lose good days, that might be better spent,
To waste long nights in pensive discontent,
To speed today, to be put back tomorrow,
To feed on hope, to pine with fear and sorrow;
To have thy Prince's grace, yet want her Peers';
To have thy asking, yet wait many years,
To fret thy soul with crosses and with cares,

ARTHUR CECIL SPRING-RICE b

To eat thy heart through comfortless despairs,
To fawn, to crouch, to wait, to ride, to run,
To spend, to give, to want, to be undone,
Unhappy wight, born to disastrous end,
That doth his life in so long tendance spend
Ib l 895

What more felicity can fall to creature,
Than to enjoy delight with liberty
Muopotmos, l 209

I was promis'd on a time,
To have reason for my rhyme,
From that time unto this season,
I received nor rhyme nor reason
Lanes on his Pension (Traditional)

Sweet Thames, run softly, till I end my song
Prothalamion, l 18

At length they all to merry London came,
To merry London, my most kindly nurse,
That to me gave this life's first native source
Though from another place I take my name,
A house of ancient fame
There when they came, whereas those brickly towers,
The which on Thames' broad aged back do ride,
Where now the studious Lawyers have their bowers
There whilom wont the Templar Knights to bide,
Till they decay'd through pride. *Ib l 127*

To be wise and eke to love,
Is granted scarce to God above
The Shepherd's Calendar March Willy's Emblem

Bring hither the Pink and purple Columbine,
With Gillyflowers
Bring Coronation, and Sops in wine,
Worn of paramours
Strew me the ground with Daffadowndillies,
And Cowslips, and Kingcups, and loved Lilies
The pretty Pavnee,
And the Chevisance,
Shall match with the fair flower Delice
Ib April, l 136

And he that strives to touch the stars,
Oft stumbles at a straw *Ib July, l 99*

The rugged brow of careful Policy
Dedicatory Sonnets To Sir Christopher Hatton

WILLIAM ARCHIBALD SPOONER

1844-1930

Kinquering Congs their titles take
Announcing the hymn in New College Chapel, 1879

ARTHUR CECIL SPRING-RICE

1859-1918

I owe to thee, my country—all earthly things above—
Entire and whole and perfect, the service of my love
Last Poem

Her ways are ways of gentleness and all her paths are peace. *Ib*

CHARLES HADDON SPURGEON

1834-1892

The Lord gets his best soldiers out of the highlands
of affliction

Gleanings among the Sheaves (1864), p 132,
Sorrow's Discipline

EDWARD STANLEY, EARL OF DERBY

1799-1869

When I first came into Parliament, Mr Tierney, a
great Whig authority, used always to say that
the duty of an Opposition was very simple—it
was, to oppose everything, and propose nothing
House of Commons, 4 June 1841. 3rd Ser
LVIII 1188

SIR HENRY MORTON STANLEY

1841-1904

Dr Livingstone, I presume?
How I found Livingstone, ch 11

FRANK LEBBY STANTON

1857-1927

Sweetest li'l feller, everybody knows,
Dunno what to call him, but he's mighty lak' a rose,
Lookin' at his mammy wid eyes so shiny blue
Mek' you think that Heav'n is comin' clost ter you
Mighty Lak' a Rose

JOHN STARK

1728-1822

We beat them to-day or Molly Stark's a widow
Battle of Bennington, 16 Aug 1777 Apple-
ton's *Cycl of Am Biography*, vol v.

RICHARD STEELE

1671-1729

I have often thought that a story-teller is born, as
well as a poet *The Guardian, No 42*

Gained universal applause by explaining a passage in
the game-act *The Spectator, No 2*

We were in some little time fixed in our seats, and
sat with that dislike which people not too good-
natured usually conceive of each other at first sight
Ib No 132

The noblest motive is the public good
Ib No 200 Motto in Ed 1744

There are so few who can grow old with a good grace
Ib No 263

Will Honeycomb calls these over-offended ladies the
outrageously virtuous *Ib No. 266*

Fashion, the arbiter, and rule of right.
Ib No. 478. Motto in Ed. 1744.

It is to be noted that when any part of this paper
appears dull, there is a design in it

The Tatler, No 38.

Though her mien carries much more invitation than
command, to behold her is an immediate check to
loose behaviour, to love her is a liberal education
Ib No 49

Every man is the maker of his own fortune
Ib No 52

The insupportable labour of doing nothing
Ib No 54

Reading is to the mind what exercise is to the body
Ib No. 147.

The truth of it is, the first rudiments of education
are given very indiscreetly by most parents
Ib. No. 173

Let your precept be, Be easy. *Ib. No. 196*

The pink of courtesy *Ib No. 204*

These ladies of irresistible modesty are those who
make virtue unamiable *Ib. No 217*

GEORGE STEEVENS

1736-1800

And when the Pye was open'd
The birds began to sing,
And was not this a dainty dish
To set before the King!
Recorded in Lamb's Letter to Miss Sarah James,
2 April, 1829. Attr to Steevens in the D N B

JAMES KENNETH STEPHEN

1859-1892

Two voices are there one is of the deep,

And one is of an old half-witted sheep
Which bleats articulate monotony,

And Wordsworth, both are thine
Lapsus Calami Sonnet.

Good Lord! I'd rather be
Quite unacquainted with the A B C
Than write such hopeless rubbish as thy worst *Ib*

When the Rudyards cease from kipling
And the Haggards ride no more *Ib To R K*

Ah! Matt old age has brought to me
Thy wisdom, less thy certainty
The world's a jest, and joy's a trinket
I knew that once but now—I think it
Ib Senex to Matt Prior.

JAMES STEPHENS

1882-

I hear a sudden cry of pain!
There is a rabbit in a snare *The Snare.*
Little One! Oh, Little One!
I am searching everywhere! *Ib.*

ISABELLA S. STEPHENSON

1843-1890

Holy Father, in Thy mercy,
Hear our anxious prayer,
Keep our loved ones, now far absent,
'Neath Thy care
*Holy Father, in Thy Mercy Hymns A and M,
Supplement to Revised Edition, 1889.*

When in sorrow, when in danger,
When in loneliness,
In Thy love look down and comfort
Their distress

Ib.

LAURENCE STERNE

1713-1768

They order, said I, this matter better in France.
A Sentimental Journey, I 1.

I had had an affair with the moon, in which there
was neither sin nor shame *Ib The Monk Calais*

The Sentimental Traveller (meaning thereby myself)
who have travell'd, and of which I am now sitting
down to give an account—as much out of necessity,
and the *besoin de voyager*, as any one in the class
Ib Preface In the Desobligeant

As an English man does not travel to see English
men, I retired to my room *Ib*

Having been in love with one princess or another,
almost all my life, and I hope I shall go on so, till
I die, being firmly persuaded, that if I ever do a
mean action, it must be in some interval betwixt
one passion and another *Ib Montrial.*

Vive l'amour! et vive la bagatelle! *Ib The letter*

Hail ye small sweet courtesies of life
Ib The Pulse Paris

There are worse occupations in this world than
feeling a woman's pulse *Ib*

He gave a deep sigh—I saw the iron enter into his
soul! *Ib The Captive Paris*

I think there is a fatality in it—I seldom go to the
place I set out for *Ib The Address Versailles*

Dear sensibility! source inexhausted of all that's
precious in our joys, or costly in our sorrows!
Ib The Bourbonnois

If the supper was to my taste—the grace which
followed it was much more so *Ib The Supper*

I live in a constant endeavour to fence against the
infirmities of ill health, and other evils of life, by
mirth, being firmly persuaded that every time a
man smiles,—but much more so, when he laughs,
that it adds something to this Fragment of Life
Tristram Shandy Dedication

'Pray, my dear,' quoth my mother, 'have you not
forgot to wind up the clock?'—'Good G——!' cried
my father, making an exclamation, but taking care
to moderate his voice at the same time,—'Did ever
woman, since the creation of the world, interrupt
a man with such a silly question?' *Ib bk. 1, ch 1*

As we jog on, either laugh with me, or at me, or in
short do anything,—only keep your temper
Ib ch 6

He was within a few hours of giving his enemies the
slip for ever *Ib ch 12*

'Tis known by the name of perseverance in a good
cause,—and of obstinacy in a bad one *Ib ch 17*

Persuasion hung upon his lips *Ib ch 19*

What is the character of a family to an hypothesis?
my father would reply *Ib ch 21*

My uncle Toby would never offer to answer by
any other kind of argument, than that of whistling
half a dozen bars of Lillabullero. *Ib*

Digressions, incontestably, are the sunshine,—they
are the life, the soul of reading,—take them out of
this book for instance,—you might as well take
the book along with them *Ib ch 22*

I should have no objection to this method, but that
I think it must smell too strong of the lamp
Ib ch 23

'I'll not hurt thee,' says my uncle Toby, rising from
his chair, and going across the room, with the fly
in his hand,—'I'll not hurt a hair of thy head—
Go,' says he, lifting up the sash, and opening his
hand as he spoke, to let it escape,—'go, poor devil,
get thee gone, why should I hurt thee?—This
world surely is wide enough to hold both thee and
me' *Ib bk 11, ch 12*

Whenever a man talks loudly against religion,—
always suspect that it is not his reason, but his
passions which have got the better of his creed
Ib ch 17.

'Sir,' replied Dr Slop, 'it would astonish you to
know what improvements we have made of late
years in all branches of obstetrical knowledge, but
particularly in that one single point of the safe and
expeditious extraction of the foetus,—which has
received such lights, that, for my part (holding up
his hands) I declare I wonder how the world
has—'

'I wish,' quoth my uncle Toby, 'you had seen what
prodigious armies we had in Flanders'
Ib ch 18

'Our armies swore terribly in Flanders,' cried my
uncle Toby,—'but nothing to this' *Ib bk 11, ch 11*

The corregiescity of Corregio. *Ib ch 12*

Of all the cants which are canted in this canting
world,—though the cant of hypocrites may be the
worst,—the cant of criticism is the most tor-
menting! *Ib ch 12*

Is this a fit time, said my father to himself, to talk of
Pensions and Grenadiers? *Ib bk 14, ch 5*

The nonsense of the old women (of both sexes)
Ib ch 16

There is a North-west passage to the intellectual
world *Ib ch 42*

'The poor soul will die ——'
 'He shall not die, by G——,' cried my uncle Toby —
 The Accusing Spirit, which flew up to heaven's
 chancery with the oath, blush'd as he gave it in,—
 and the Recording Angel, as he wrote it down,
 dropp'd a tear upon the word, and blotted it out
 for ever *Ib* bk vi, ch 8

An eye full of gentle salutations—and soft responses —
 whispering soft—like the last low accents of
 an expiring saint It did my uncle Toby's
 business *Ib* bk viii, ch 25

That eternal separation which we are shortly to
 make *Ib* bk ix, ch. 8

Said my mother, 'what is all this story about?'—
 'A Cock and a Bull,' said Yorick *Ib* ch 33

This sad vicissitude of things *Sermon xvi*

THOMAS STERNHOLD

?-1549

On cherubs and cherubims
 full royally he rode,
 And on the wings of mighty winds
 came flying all abroad

A Metrical Version of Psalm xvm, verse 10

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

1850-1894

The harmless art of knucklebones has seen the fall of
 the Roman empire and the rise of the United
 States

Across the Plains vii *The Lantern-Bearers*, 1

All the while, deep down in the privacy of your fool's
 heart, to know you had a bull's-eye at your belt,
 and to exult and sing over the knowledge *Ib*

The bright face of danger *Ib* iv

Every one lives by selling something
Ib ix *Beggars*, 11

Our frailties are invincible, our virtues barren, the
 battle goes sore against us to the going down of
 the sun *Ib* xi *Pulsus et Umbra*

Surely we should find it both touching and in-
 spiring, that in a field from which success is
 banished, our race should not cease to labour.
Ib 11

Still obscurely fighting the lost fight of virtue, still
 clinging, in the brothel or on the scaffold, to some
 rag of honour, the poor jewel of their souls! *Ib*

To make our idea of morality centre on forbidden
 acts is to defile the imagination and to introduce
 into our judgments of our fellow-men a secret
 element of gusto *Ib* xii *A Christmas Sermon*, 1.

A mortified appetite is never a wise companion *Ib*.

To be honest, to be kind—to earn a little and to spend
 a little less, to make upon the whole a family
 happier for his presence, to renounce when that
 shall be necessary and not be embittered, to keep
 a few friends, but these without capitulation—
 above all, on the same grim condition, to keep
 friends with himself—here is a task for all that a
 man has of fortitude and delicacy *Ib*

Here lies one who meant well, tried a little, failed
 much:—surely that may be his epitaph, of which
 he need not be ashamed. *Ib* iv

There goes another Faithful Failure! *Ib*

Lamplough was genteel, Eno was omnipresent,
 Lamplough was trite, Eno original and abominably
 vulgar Am I, then, to sink with Lamplough,
 or to soar with Eno?

The Dynamiter The Superfluous Mansion

He who was prepared to help the escaping murderer
 or to embrace the impenitent thief, found, to the
 overthrow of all his logic, that he objected to the
 use of dynamite *Ib*.

'Or Opulent Rotunda Strike the Sky,' said the shop-
 man to himself, in the tone of one considering a
 verse 'I suppose it would be too much to say
 "Or ototunda," and yet how noble it were! "Or Opu-
 lent Orotunda Strike the Sky" But that is the
 bitterness of arts, you see a good effect, and some
 nonsense about sense continually intervenes.'

Ib Epilogue of the Cigar Drvan

These are my politics to change what we can, to
 better what we can, but still to bear in mind that
 man is but a devil weakly fitted by some gener-
 ous beliefs and impositions, and for no word
 however sounding, and no cause however just and
 pious, to relax the stricture of these bonds *Ib*

Politics is perhaps the only profession for which no
 preparation is thought necessary

Familiar Studies of Men and Books
V. Yoshida-Torajiro.

'Am I no a bonny fighter?' [Alan Breck]
Kidnapped, ch 10

I've a grand memory for forgetting, David [Alan
 Breck] *Ib* ch 18

I have thus played the sedulous ape to Hazlitt, to
 Lamb, to Wordsworth, to Sir Thomas Brown,
 to Defoe, to Hawthorne, to Montaigne, to Baudelaire
 and to Obermann

Memories and Portraits, ch 4

Each has his own tree of ancestors, but at the top of
 all sits Probably Arboreal *Ib* ch 6, *Pastoral*

The devil, depend upon it, can sometimes do a very
 gentlemanly thing

New Arabian Nights The Suicide Club Story
of the Young Man with the Cream Tarts

Is there anything in life so disenchanting as attain-
 ment? *Ib The Adventure of the Hansom Cab*

'I regard you with an indifference closely bordering
 on aversion'

Ib The Rajah's Diamond Story of the Bandbox

For my part, I travel not to go anywhere, but to go
 I travel for travel's sake The great affair is to move
Travels with a Donkey Cheylard and Luc

I own I like definite form in what my eyes are to rest
 upon, and if landscapes were sold, like the sheets
 of characters of my boyhood, one penny plain and
 twopence coloured, I should go the length of two-
 pence every day of my life *Ib Father Apollinaris*

A faddling hedonist. *Ib The Boarders*

The true Babel is a divergence upon morals

Ib. Florac.

Fifteen men on the dead man's chest

Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of rum!

Drink and the devil had done for the rest—

Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of rum!

Treasure Island, ch 1

Tip me the black spot

Ib ch 3

'Pieces of eight'

Ib ch 10

'Many's the long night I've dreamed of cheese—

toasted, mostly' [Ben Gunn]

Ib ch 15

In marriage, a man becomes slack and selfish, and undergoes a fatty degeneration of his moral being

Vergibus Puerisque, 1 1

Acidulous vestals

Ib

They have never been in love, or in hate

Ib

Even if we take matrimony at its lowest, even if we regard it as no more than a sort of friendship recognised by the police

Ib

A little amateur painting in water-colour shows the innocent and quiet mind

Ib

Lastly (and this is, perhaps, the golden rule), no woman should marry a teetotaler, or a man who does not smoke

Ib

Marriage is a step so grave and decisive that it attracts light-headed, variable men by its very awfulness

Ib

Marriage is like life in this—that it is a field of battle, and not a bed of roses

Ib

Times are changed with him who marries, there are no more by-path meadows, where you may innocently linger, but the road lies long and straight and dusty to the grave

Ib 11

To marry is to domesticate the Recording Angel

Once you are married, there is nothing left for you, not even suicide, but to be good

Ib.

Man is a creature who lives not upon bread alone, but principally by catchwords

Ib

The cruellest lies are often told in silence

Ib 14 Truth of Intercourse

Old and young, we are all on our last cruise

Ib Crabbed Age and Youth

Youth is the time to go flashing from one end of the world to the other both in mind and body, to try the manners of different nations, to hear the chimes at midnight, to see sunrise in town and country, to be converted at a revival, to circumnavigate the metaphysics, write halting verses, run a mile to see a fire, and wait all day long in the theatre to applaud 'Hernani'

Ib.

The weak brother is the worst of mankind

Ib.

It is better to be a fool than to be dead

Ib.

To love playthings well as a child, to lead an adventurous and honourable youth, and to settle when the time arrives, into a green and smiling age, is to be a good artist in life and deserve well of yourself and your neighbour

Ib

I still remember that Emphyteusis is not a disease, nor Stillicide a crime

Ib 111. An Apology for Idlers

There is no duty we so much underrate as the duty of being happy.

Ib

He sows hurry and reaps indigestion

Ib

By the time a man gets well into the seventies his continued existence is a mere miracle

Ib v Æs Triplex

Into what great waters, not to be crossed by any swimmer, God's pale Prætorian throws us over in the end!

Ib

Philosophy, in its more rigid sense, has been at the same work for ages, and has the honour of laying before us her contribution towards the subject that life is a Permanent Possibility of Sensation

Ib

Even if the doctor does not give you a year, even if he hesitates about a month, make one brave push and see what can be accomplished in a week

Ib

To travel hopefully is a better thing than to arrive, and the true success is to labour

Ib vi El Dorado.

The great barons of the mind

Ib x Walking Tours

Though we are mighty fine fellows nowadays, we cannot write like Hazlitt

Ib

You must not fancy I am sick, only over-driven and under the weather

The Wrecker, ch 4

"The 'Athæneum', that was the name! Golly, what a paper!" "Athæneum", you mean," said Morris

The Wrong Box, ch 15

In winter I get up at night

And dress by yellow candle-light

In summer, quite the other way,—

I have to go to bed by day

I have to go to bed and see

The birds still hopping on the tree,

Or hear the grown-up people's feet

Still going past me in the street

And does it not seem hard to you,

When all the sky is clear and blue,

And I should like so much to play,

To have to go to bed by day?

A Child's Garden of Verses 1 Bed in Summer.

It is very nice to think

The world is full of meat and drink,

With little children saying grace

In every Christian kind of place.

Ib 11 A Thought

A child should always say what's true,

And speak when he is spoken to,

And behave mannerly at table

At least as far as he is able

Ib v Whole Duty of Children

Fairy land,

Where all the children dine at five,

And all the playthings come alive

Ib viii Foreign Lands

When I am grown to man's estate
I shall be very proud and great,
And tell the other girls and boys
Not to meddle with my toys

Ib XII *Looking Forward*

The pleasant land of counterpane

Ib XVI *The Land of Counterpane.*

The child that is not clean and neat,
With lots of toys and things to eat,
He is a naughty child, I'm sure—
Or else his dear papa is poor

Ib XIX *System.*

The friendly cow, all red and white,
I love with all my heart

She gives me cream with all her might,

To eat with apple-tart

Ib XXIII *The Cow.*

The world is so full of a number of things,
I'm sure we should all be as happy as kings

Ib XXIV *Happy Thought*

Children, you are very little,
And your bones are very brittle,
If you would grow great and stately,
You must try to walk sedately

Ib XXVII *Good and Bad Children*

But the unk and the unruly,
And the sort who eat unduly,
They must never hope for glory—
Theirs is quite a different story!

Cruel children, crying babies,
All grow up as geese and gabies,
Hated, as their age increases,
By their nephews and their nieces

Ib

Must we to bed indeed? Well then,
Let us arise and go like men,
And face with an undaunted tread
The long black passage up to bed

Ib XLI *North-West Passage* I *Good-Night*

Give me the life I love,
Let the lave go by me,
Give the jolly heaven above
And the byway nigh me
Bed in the bush with stars to see,
Bread I dip in the river—
There's the life for a man like me,
There's the life for ever

Songs of Travel I *The Vagabond*

Let the blow fall soon or late,
Let what will be o'er me;
Give the face of earth around
And the road before me
Wealth I seek not, hope nor love,
Nor a friend to know me,
All I seek, the heaven above
And the road below me

Ib

The untented Kosmos my abode,
I pass, a wilful stranger,
My mistress still the open road
And the bright eyes of danger

Ib II *Youth and Love.*

Here, lady, lo! that servant stands
You picked from passing men,
And should you need nor heart nor hands
He bows and goes again

Ib VII

I will make you brooches and toys for your delight
Of bird-song at morning and star-shine at night

I will make a palace fit for you and me
Of green days in forests and blue days at sea
I will make my kitchen, and you shall keep your
room,

Where white flows the river and bright blows the
broom,
And you shall wash your linen and keep your body
white

In rainfall at morning and dewfall at night *Ib* XI

Bright is the ring of words

When the right man rings them,

For the fall of songs

When the singer sings them

Still they are carolled and said—

On wings they are carried—

After the singer is dead

And the maker buried

Ib XIV

Low as the singer lies

In the field of heather,

Songs of his fashion bring

The swains together

And when the west is red

With the sunset embers,

The lover lingers and sings

And the maid remembers

Ib

In the highlands, in the country places,
Where the old plain men have rosy faces,
And the young fair maidens

Quiet eyes

Ib XV

Trusty, dusky, vivid, true,

With eyes of gold and bramble-dew,

Steel-true and blade-straight,

The great artificer

Made my mate

Ib XXV *My Wife*

Sing me a song of a lad that is gone,

Say, could that lad be I?

Merry of soul he sailed on a day

Over the sea to Skye

Ib XLIII.

Mull was a-stern, Rum on the port,

Egg on the starboard bow,

Glory of youth glowed in his soul,

Where is that glory now?

Ib

Blows the wind to-day, and the sun and the rain are
flying,

Blows the wind on the moors to-day and now,
Where about the graves of the martyrs the whaups

are crying,

My heart remembers how!

Ib XLV *To S R Crockett*

Be it granted to me to behold you again in dying,

Hills of home! and to hear again the call,

Hear about the graves of the martyrs the peewees
crying,

And hear no more at all

Ib

Of all my verse, like not a single line,

But like my title, for it is not mine

That title from a better man I stole,

Ah, how much better, had I stol'n the whole!

Underwoods Foreword.

Go, little book, and wish to all

Flowers in the garden, meat in the hall,

A bun of wine, a spice of wit,

A house with lawns enclosing it,

A living river by the door,

A nightingale in the sycamore! *Ib* bk 1 I *Envoy.*

a WILLIAM STEVENSON : GEOFFREY ANKETELL STUDDERT-KENNEDY b

The gauger walked with willing foot,
And aye the gauger played the flute,
And what should Master Gauger play
But 'Over the hills and far away'?

Ib u *A Song of the Road*

There's nothing under Heav'n so blue
That's fairly worth the travelling to

Ib iv

Under the wide and starry sky
Dig the grave and let me lie
Glad did I live and gladly die,
And I laid me down with a will
This be the verse you grave for me:
'Here he lies where he longed to be;
Home is the sailor, home from sea,
And the hunter home from the hill'

Ib xxi. *Requiem*

If I have faltered more or less
In my great task of happiness,
If I have moved among my race
And shown no glorious morning face,
If beams from happy human eyes
Have moved me not, if morning skies,
Books, and my food, and summer rain
Knocked on my sullen heart in vain —
Lord, thy most pointed pleasure take
And stab my spirit broad awake,
Or, Lord, if too obdurate I,
Choose thou, before that spirit die,
A piercing pain, a killing sin,
And to my dead heart run them in!

Ib xxii *The Celestial Surgeon*

Unfrowning caryatides

Ib xxiii *Our Lady of the Snout*

I am a kind of farthing dip,
Unfriendly to the nose and eyes;
A blue-behinded ape, I skip
Upon the trees of Paradise. *Ib* xxx. *A Portrait*

In the afternoon of time
A strenuous family dusted from its hands
The sand of granite, and beholding far
Along the sounding coast its pyramids
And tall memorials catch the dying sun,
Smiled well content, and to this childish task
Around the fire addressed its evening hours

Ib xxxviii *Say not of me that weakly I declined*

A mile an' a buttock, a mile or twa,
Abune the burn, ayont the law,
Davie an' Donal' an' Cherie an' a',
An' the mune was shinn' clearly!

Ib bk ii iv *A mile an' a buttock, i*

WILLIAM STEVENSON.

1530?–1575.

I can not eat but little meat,
My stomach is not good
But sure I think, that I can drink
With him that wears a hood
Though I go bare, take ye no care,
I am nothing a cold
I stuff my skin, so full with in,
Of jolly good ale and old.

Back and side go bare, go bare,
Both foot and hand go cold
But belly God send thee good ale enough,
Whether it be new or old

Gammer Gurton's Needle, Act II, *Song*

SAMUEL JOHN STONE

1839–1901

The Church's one foundation
Is Jesus Christ her Lord,
She is His new creation
By water and the Word
Lyra Fidelum (1866) *The Church's One Foundation*.

Yet Saints their watch are keeping,
'Their cry ges up, 'How long?'
And soon the night of weeping
Shall be the morn of song.

Ib

'Mid toil and tribulation,
And tumult of her war,
She waits the consummation
Of peace for evermore,
Till with the vision glorious
Her longing eyes are blest,
And the great Church victorious
Shall be the Church at rest.

Ib

Weary of earth and laden with my sin

Ib *Weary of Earth and Laden*

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE

1812–1896

'Who was your mother?' 'Never had none!' said the child, with another grin 'Never had any mother? What do you mean? Where were you born?' 'Never was born!' persisted Topsy

Uncle Tom's Cabin, ch 20

'Do you know who made you?' 'Nobody, as I knows on,' said the child, with a short laugh 'I spect I grow'd'

Ib

'Cause I's wicked—I is I's mighty wicked, any how I can't help it'

Ib

WILLIAM STUBBS

1825–1901

Froude informs the Scottish youth
'That parsons do not care for truth
'The Reverend Canon Kingsley cries
History is a pack of lies
What cause for judgments so malign?
A brief reflection solves the mystery—
Froude believes Kingsley a divine,
And Kingsley goes to Froude for history
In Stubbs's Letter to J. R. Green, 17 Dec 1871.
Letters of Stubbs (1904), p 162

GEOFFREY ANKETELL
STUDDERT-KENNEDY

1883–1929

When in the darkest depths the miner striving,
Feels in his arms the vigour of the Lord,
Strikes for a Kingdom and his King's arriving,
Holding his pick more splendid than the sword
Songs of Faith and Doubt (1922), p 7 *Then Will He Come 'When Through the Whirl'*

SIR JOHN SUCKLING

1609-1642

Why so pale and wan, fond lover?

Prithee, why so pale?

Will, when looking well can't move her,

Looking ill prevail?

Prithee, why so pale? *Aglaure, iv 1 Song*

Quit, quit, for shame, this will not move

This cannot take her

If of herself she will not love,

Nothing can make her

The devil take her!

Ib

Her feet beneath her petticoat,

Like little mice, stole in and out,

As if they fear'd the light

Ballad Upon a Wedding, viii

For streaks of red were mingled there,

Such as are on a Catherine pear

(The side that's next the sun)

Her lips were red, and one was thin,

Compar'd to that was next her chin

(Some bee had stung it newly).

Ib

Ib xi

The Prince of Darkness is a gentleman

The Goblins Act III, A Catch

I prithee send me back my heart,

Since I cannot have thine

For if from yours you will not part,

Why then shouldst thou have mine?

Song I Prithee Send me Back

But love is such a mystery,

I cannot find it out:

For when I think I'm best resolv'd,

I then am in most doubt

Ib

Out upon it, I have loved

Three whole days together,

And am like to love three more,

If it prove fair weather.

Time shall moult away his wings,

Ere he shall discover

In the whole wide world again

Such a constant lover *A Poem with the Answer*

Had it any been but she,

And that very face,

There had been at least ere this

A dozen dozen in her place.

Ib

HENRY HOWARD,
EARL OF SURREY

1517?-1547

My friend, the things that do attain

The happy life be these, I find

The riches left, not got with pain,

The fruitful ground, the quiet mind,

The equal friend, no grudge, no strife,

No charge of rule, nor governance,

Without disease the healthy life,

The household of continuance.

Martial's Quiet Life, st. i, ii.

The faithful wife, without debate,

Such sleeps as may beguile the night

Content thyself with thine estate,

Neither wish death nor fear his might *Ib st iv*

The soote season, that bud and bloom forth brings

Spring

ROBERT SMITH SURTEES

1803-1864

More people are flattered into virtue than bullied out
of vice*The Analysis of the Hunting Field (1846), ch 1*The only infallible rule we know is, that the man who
is always talking about being a gentleman never is
one *Ask Mamma (1858), ch 1*Major Yammerton was rather a peculiar man, inas-
much as he was an ass, without being a fool*Ib ch 25*'Unting is all that's worth living for—all time is lost
wot is not spent in 'unting—it is like the hair we
breathe—if we have it not we die—it's the sport
of kings, the image of war without its guilt, and
only five-and-twenty per cent of its danger*Handley Cross (1930), ch 7*'Unting fills my thoughts by day, and many a good
run I have in my sleep Many a dig in the ribs I
gives Mrs J when I think they're running into
the warmint (renewed cheers) No man is fit to be
called a sportsman wot doesn't kick his wife out of
bed on a haverage once in three weeks! *Ib ch 11*Tell me a man's a fox-hunter, and I loves him at
once *Ib*Come Hup! I say, you hugly beast! *Ib ch 13*He will bring his nightcap with him, for where the
M F H dines he sleeps, and where the M F H
sleeps he breakfasts. *Ib ch 15*I'll fill hup the chinks wi' cheese *Ib*Well did that great man, I think it was Sir Walter
Scott, but if it warn't, 'twas little Bartley, the boot-
maker, say, that there was no young man wot
would not rather have a humpation on his
morality than on his 'ossmanship *Ib ch 16*It ar'n't that I loves the fox less, but that I loves the
'ound more *Ib*The 'oss loves the 'ound, and I loves both *Ib*Dinner lost! 'ounds lost, self lost—all lost together!
*Ib ch 21*I can stand a wast of praise *Ib ch 24*From the bonded warehouse of my knowledge
*Ib ch 27*Bishops' boots Mr Radcliffe also condemned, and
spoke highly in favour of tops cleaned with cham-
pagne and abricot jam *Ib*Unless a man has a good many servants, he had
better have them cleanin' his 'oss than cleanin' his
breeches *Ib*Full o' beans and benevolence! *Ib*Paid for catching my 'oss, 6d *Ib ch 29*

Letting in the Latchfords. *Ib* ch 31
 Con-found all presents wot eat! *Ib* ch 37
 Hellish dark, and smells of cheese! *Ib* ch 50

I feels all over trembulation and fear, like a maid that thinks she's not a-goin' to be married *Ib* ch 52
 'Hurrah! blister my kidneys!' exclaimed he in delight, 'it is a frost!—the dahlias are dead!' *Ib* ch 59

Howsom-ever, never mind—the country has its charms—cheapness for one.
Hulngdon Hall (1931), ch 5

Three things I never lends—my 'oss, my wife, and my name *Ib* ch 33

Every man shouting in proportion to the amount of his subscription
Jorrocks's Jaunts and Jollities (1929) No 1
Swell and the Surrey

Jorrocks, who is not afraid of 'the pace' so long as there is no leaping *Ib*

And a nod or a wink for every pretty maid that showed at the windows, for . . . , as he says, 'there is no harm in looking'
Ib No 4 *Surrey Stag-Hounds*

Champagne certainly gives one werry gentlemanly ideas, but for a continuance, I don't know but I should prefer mild hale
Ib No 9 *Mr Jorrocks in Paris*

No one knows how ungentelemanly he can look, until he has seen himself in a shocking bad hat
Mr Facey Romford's Hounds (1892), ch 9

Bob Short, who had replied to Facey's advertisement for a 'strong persevering man, to clean horses'.
Ib ch 19

Better be killed than frightened to death *Ib* ch 32

Thinking that life would be very pleasant if it were not for its enjoyments *Ib*

These sort of boobies think that people come to balls to do nothing but dance; whereas everyone knows that the real business of a ball is either to look out for a wife, to look after a wife, or to look after somebody else's wife *Ib* ch 56

The young ladies entered the drawing-room in the full fervour of sisterly animosity
Mr Sponge's Sporting Tour (1892), ch 17

Women never look so well as when one comes in wet and dirty from hunting *Ib* ch 21

He was a gentleman who was generally spoken of as having nothing a-year, paid quarterly *Ib* ch 24

There is no secret so close as that between a rider and his horse *Ib* ch 31

He had a tremendous determination of words to the mouth. *Ib* ch 34

When at length they rose to go to bed, it struck each man as he followed his neighbour upstairs that the one before him walked very crookedly *Ib* ch 35

JONATHAN SWIFT

1667-1745

I conceive some scattered notions about a superior power to be of singular use for the common people, as furnishing excellent materials to keep children quiet when they grow peevish, and providing topics of amusement in a tedious winter-night
An Argument Against Abolishing Christianity

Satire is a sort of glass, wherein beholders do generally discover everybody's face but their own
The Battle of the Books, preface

Instead of dirt and poison we have rather chosen to fill our hives with honey and wax, thus furnishing mankind with the two noblest of things, which are sweetness and light *Ib*

I have heard of a man who had a mind to sell his house, and therefore carried a piece of brick in his pocket, which he shewed as a pattern to encourage purchasers
The Drapier's Letters, No 2 (4 Aug 1724)

Laws are like cobwebs, which may catch small flies, but let wasps and hornets break through.
A Trritical Essay upon the Faculties of the Mind

There is nothing in this world constant, but inconsistency *Ib*

He [the emperor] is taller by almost the breadth of my nail than any of his court, which alone is enough to strike an awe into the beholders
Gulliver's Travels Voyage to Lilliput, ch 2.

The colonel and his officers were in much pain, especially when they saw me take out my penknife *Ib*

He put this engine [a watch] to our ears, which made an incessant noise like that of a water-mill, and we conjecture it is either some unknown animal, or the god that he worships, but we are more inclined to the latter opinion *Ib*

Flumnap, the Treasurer, is allowed to cut a caper on the straight rope, at least an inch higher than any other lord in the whole empire, I have seen him do the summerset several times together *Ib* ch 3

It is alleged indeed, that the high heels are most agreeable to our ancient constitution but however this be, his Majesty hath determined to make use of only low heels in the administration of the government. *Ib* ch 4

He could not forbear taking me up in his right hand, and stroking me gently with the other, after an hearty fit of laughing, asked me whether I were a Whig or a Tory
Ib Voyage to Brobdingnag, ch 3

I cannot but conclude the bulk of your natives to be the most pernicious race of little odious vermin that nature ever suffered to crawl upon the surface of the earth *Ib* ch 6.

He was amazed how so impotent and grovelling an insect as I (these were his expressions) could entertain such inhuman ideas *Ib* ch 7.

- And he gave it for his opinion, that whoever could make two ears of corn or two blades of grass to grow upon a spot of ground where only one grew before, would deserve better of mankind, and do more essential service to his country than the whole race of politicians put together. *Ib*
- He had been eight years upon a project for extracting sun-beams out of cucumbers, which were to be put into vials hermetically sealed, and let out to warm the air in raw inclement summers
Ib Voyage to Laputa, etc, ch. 5
- I said the thing which was not
Ib A Voyage to the Houyhnhms, ch. 3
- I told him . . . that we ate when we were not hungry, and drank without the provocation of thirst
Ib ch. 6
- Plaguy twelpenny weather
Journal to Stella, 26 Oct 1710.
- 'Tis very warm weather when one's in bed
Ib 8 Nov 1710
- With my own fair hands
Ib 4 Jan 1711
- We are so fond of one another, because our ailments are the same
Ib 1 Feb 1711.
- Will she pass in a crowd? Will she make a figure in a country church?
Ib 9 Feb 1711.
- I love good creditable acquaintance, I love to be the worst of the company
Ib 17 May 1711
- He was a fiddler, and consequently a rogue.
Ib 25 July 1711
- He showed me his bill of fare to tempt me to dine with him, poh, said I, I value not your bill of fare, give me your bill of company
Ib 2 Sept 1711
- We were to do more business after dinner, but after dinner is after dinner—an old saying and a true, 'much drinking, little thinking'
Ib 26 Feb 1712
- Monday is parson's holiday.
Ib. 3 Mar. 1712
- Not die here in a rage, like a poisoned rat in a hole
Letter to Bolingbroke, 21 Mar. 1729
- If Heaven had looked upon riches to be a valuable thing, it would not have given them to such a scoundrel
Letter to Miss Vanhomrigh, 12-13 Aug 1720.
- What they call 'running a man down'
Letter to a Very Young Lady on her Marriage.
- Proper words in proper places, make the true definition of a style
Letter to a Young Clergyman, 9 Jan 1720.
- Surely man is a broomstick!
A Meditation upon a Broomstick
- I have been assured by a very knowing American of my acquaintance in London, that a young healthy child well nursed is at a year old a most delicious, nourishing, and wholesome food, whether stewed, roasted, baked, or boiled, and I make no doubt that it will equally serve in a fricassee, or a ragout
A Modest Proposal for Preventing the Children of Ireland from being a Burden to their Parents or Country
- Promises and pie-crust are made to be broken
Polite Conversation. Dialogue 1.
- Bachelor's fare, bread and cheese, and kisses
Ib.
- Like an owl in an ivy-bush.
Ib
- I mean, you lie—under a mistake
Ib
- Why every one as they like, as the good woman said when she kissed her cow
Ib
- Why, madam, Queen Elizabeth's dead
Ib
- The sight of you is good for sore eyes
Ib
- 'Tis as cheap sitting as standing
Ib
- Prythee, Tom, sit a little farther I believe your father was no glazier.
Ib
- You were half seas over.
Ib.
- I won't quarrel with my bread and butter
Ib.
- I swear, she's no chicken, she's on the wrong side of thirty, if she be a day
Ib
- If it had been a bear, it would have bit you.
Ib
- She wears her clothes, as if they were thrown on her with a pitchfork
Ib
- Faith, that's as well said, as if I had said it myself
Ib. Dialogue 2.
- You must take the will for the deed.
Ib
- She has more goodness in her little finger, than he has in his whole body.
Ib
- Lord, I wonder what fool it was that first invented kissing!
Ib.
- I'll give you leave to call me anything, if you don't call me spade.
Ib.
- I always love to begin a journey on Sundays, because I shall have the prayers of the church, to preserve all that travel by land, or by water
Ib
- I know Sir John will go, though he was sure it would rain cats and dogs
Ib.
- 'Tis happy for him, that his father was before him
Ib. Dialogue 3
- There's none so blind as they that won't see.
Ib
- She watches him, as a cat would watch a mouse.
Ib
- She pays him in his own coin.
Ib
- All the world and his wife.
Ib
- Damn your cards, said he, they are the devil's books
Ib.
- There's two words to that bargain
Ib
- It is a maxim, that those to whom everybody allows the second place, have an undoubted title to the first.
A Tale of a Tub Dedication.
- I never saw, heard, nor read, that the clergy were beloved in any nation where Christianity was the religion of the country Nothing can render them popular but some degree of persecution
Thoughts on Religion
- We have just enough religion to make us hate, but not enough to make us love one another
Thoughts on Various Subjects
- What they do in heaven we are ignorant of, what they do *not* we are told expressly, that they neither marry, nor are given in marriage
Ib.

The reasons why so few marriages are happy, is,
because young ladies spend their time in making
nets, not in making cages *Ib*

Few are qualified to shine in company, but it is in
most men's power to be agreeable *Ib*

Every man desires to live long, but no man would
be old *Ib*

A nice man is a man of nasty ideas *Ib*

Old men and comets have been revered for the
same reason, their long beards, and pretences to
forttell events *Ib*

I never wonder to see men wicked, but I often
wonder to see them not ashamed *Ib*

A man should never be ashamed to own he has been
in the wrong, which is but saying, in other words,
that he is wiser today than he was yesterday *Ib*

Party is the madness of many, for the gain of a few
Ib

When men grow virtuous in their old age, they only
make a sacrifice to God of the devil's leavings *Ib*.

The most positive men are the most credulous *Ib*

Good God! what a genius I had when I wrote that
book

[Of *The Tale of a Tub*] Sir Walter Scott's *Life*
of Swift *Works of Swift* (1824), vol. 1, p. 89

I shall be like that tree, I shall die at the top
Sir Walter Scott, *Memoirs of Swift*

How haughtily he cocks his nose,
To tell what every schoolboy knows
The Country Life, 1 81

Lose no time to contradict her,
Nor endeavour to convict her *Daphne*, 1 29

Only take this rule along,
Always to advise her wrong,
And reprove her when she's right,
She may then grow wise for spite *Ib* 1 35

In all distresses of our friends,
We first consult our private ends,
While nature, kindly bent to ease us,
Points out some circumstance to please us
On the Death of Dr Swift, 1 7

Poor Pope will grieve a month, and Gay
A week, and Arbuthnot a day.
St John himself will scarce forbear
To bite his pen, and drop a tear
The rest will give a shrug, and cry,
'I'm sorry—but we all must die' *Ib* 1 207

Yet malice never was his aim,
He lash'd the vice, but spared the name,
No individual could resent,
Where thousands equally were meant *Ib* 1 512.

He gave the little wealth he had
To build a house for fools and mad,
And show'd, by one satiric touch,
No nation wanted it so much *Ib* 1 538.

They never would hear,
But turn the deaf ear,
As a matter they had no concern in
Dingley and Brent, 11

A coming shower your shooting corns presage
Description of a City Shower, 1 9.

I often wish'd that I had clear,
For life, six hundred pounds a-year,
A handsome house to lodge a friend,
A river at my garden's end,
A terrace walk, and half a rood
Of land, set out to plant a wood
Imitation of Horace, bk. 11, sat. vi, ll. 1-6

Removed from kind Arbuthnot's aid,
Who knows his art, but not the trade.
Preferring his regard for me
Before his credit, or his fee *In Sickness*, 1. 9

Convey a libel in a frown,
And wink a reputation down
Journal of a Modern Lady, 1 192.

'Libertas et natale solum'
Fine words! I wonder where you stole 'em
Lines written in 1724 on Chief Justice Whit-
shed's motto on his coach, after the trial of
Drapier.

Hail, fellow, well met,
All dirty and wet
Find out, if you can,
Who's master, who's man
My Lady's Lamentation, 1. 171.

Th' artillery of words. *Ode to Sancho*, 1

Philosophy, the lumber of the schools
Ode to Sir W Temple, 11

Walls have tongues, and hedges ears
Pastoral Dialogue, 1 8.

Say, Britain, could you ever boast,—
Three poets in an age at most?
Our chilling climate hardly bears
A sprig of bays in fifty years *On Poetry*, 1 5.

Then, rising with Aurora's light,
The Muse invoked, sit down to write;
Blot out, correct, insert, refine,
Enlarge, diminish, interline. *Ib* 1. 85

As learned commentators view
In Homer more than Homer knew *Ib* 1 103.

So geographers, in Afric-maps,
With savage-pictures fill their gaps,
And o'er uninhabitable downs
Place elephants for want of towns *Ib* 1 177

Read all the prefaces of Dryden,
For these our critics much confide in,
(Tho' merely writ at first for filling
To raise the volume's price, a shilling) *Ib* 1 251.

He gives directions to the town,
To cry it up, or run it down *Ib* 1 269.

Hobbes clearly proves, that every creature
Lives in a state of war by nature *Ib* 1 319.

So, naturalists observe, a flea
Hath smaller fleas that on him prey,
And these have smaller fleas to bite 'em,
And so proceed *ad infinitum*.
Thus every poet, in his kind,
Is bit by him that comes behind. *Ib*. 1 337.

To guide his steps afford your kindest aid,
And gently pity whom ye can't persuade,
Leave to avenging Heaven his stubborn will,
For, O, remember, he's your brother still
Swan Trpe Club in Dublin, 1 489

Humour is odd, grotesque, and wild,
Only by affectation spoil'd,
'Tis never by invention got,
Men have it when they know it not
To Mr Delany, 10 Oct. 1718, 1 25

Hated by fools, and fools to hate,
Be that my motto and my fate
Ib 1 171

A beggarly people!
A church and no steeple! [Of St Ann's Church,
Dublin]
Attr to Swift by Malone See Prior's *Life*
of Malone (1860), p 381

Ubi saeva indignatio ulterius cor lacerare nequit
Where fierce indignation can no longer tear the heart
Swift's Epitaph

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE

1837-1909

Superflux of pain *Anactoria, 1 27*

Maiden, and mistress of the months and stars
Now folded in the flowerless fields of heaven
Atalanta in Calydon Collected Poetical Works
(1924), vol II, p 247, 1 1

When the hounds of spring are on winter's traces,
The mother of months in meadow or plain
Fills the shadows and windy places
With lisp of leaves and ripple of rain,
And the brown bright nightgale amorous
Is half assuaged for Itylus,
For the Thracian ships and the foreign faces,
The tongueless vigil and all the pain

Come with bows bent and with emptying of quivers,
Maiden most perfect, lady of light,
With a noise of winds and many rivers,
With a clamour of waters, and with might,
Bind on thy sandals, O thou most fleet,
Over the splendour and speed of thy feet,
For the faint east quickens, the wan west shivers,
Round the feet of the day and the feet of the night

Where shall we find her, how shall we sing to her,
Fold our hands round her knees, and cling?
O that man's heart were as fire and could spring to
her,

Fire, or the strength of the streams that spring!
For the stars and the winds are unto her
As rament, as songs of the harp-player,
For the risen stars and the fallen cling to her,
And the southwest-wind and west-wind sing

For winter's rains and ruins are over,
And all the season of snows and sins,
The days dividing lover and lover,
The light that loses, the night that wins,
And time remembered is grief forgotten,
And frosts are slain and flowers begotten,

And in green underwood and cover
Blossom by blossom the spring begins
Ib Chorus, p 249

And the hoofed heel of a satyr crushes
The chestnut-husk at the chestnut-root *Ib p 250.*

And Pan by noon and Bacchus by night,
Fleeter of foot than the fleet-foot kid,
Follows with dancing and hills with delight
The Maenad and the Bassarid,
And soft as lips that laugh and hide
The laughing leaves of the tree divide,
And screen from seeing and leave in sight
The god pursuing, the maiden hid. *Ib.*

The ivy falls with the Bacchanal's hair
Over her eyebrows hiding her eyes;
The wild vine slipping down leaves bare
Her bright breast shortening into sighs *Ib*

The wolf that follows, the fawn that flies. *Ib*

Before the beginning of years
There came to the making of man
Time with a gift of tears,
Grief with a glass that ran.
Pleasure with pain for leaven,
Summer with flowers that fell,
Remembrance fallen from heaven,
And Madness risen from hell,
Strength without hands to smite,
Love that endures for a breath,
Night, the shadow of light,
And Life, the shadow of death *Ib. p. 258*

For a day and a night and a morrow,
That his strength might endure for a span
With travail and heavy sorrow,
The holy spirit of man. *Ib p 259*

Eyesight and speech they wrought
For the veil of the soul therein,
A time for labour and thought,
A time to serve and to sin,
They gave him light in his ways,
And love, and a space for delight,
And beauty and length of days,
And night, and sleep in the night
His speech is a burning fire,
With his lips he travaileth,
In his heart is a blind desire,
In his eyes foreknowledge of death,
He weaves, and is clothed with derision,
Sows, and he shall not reap,
His life is a watch or a vision
Between a sleep and a sleep *Ib*

We have seen thee, O love, thou art fair, thou art
goodly, O Love *Ib. p 273.*

For words divide and rend,
But silence is most noble till the end *Ib p 299*

Where the narrowing Symplegades whitened the
straits of Propontis by spray *Ib p 327.*

Shall I strew on thee rose or rue or laurel,
Brother, on this that was the veil of thee?
Or quiet sea-flower moulded by the sea,
Or simplest growth of meadow-sweet or sorrel?
Ave atque Vale, 1.

Now all strange hours and all strange loves are over,
 Dreams and desires and sombre songs and sweet,
 Hast thou found place at the great knees and feet
 Of some pale Titan-woman like a lover,
 Such as thy vision here solicited,
 Under the shadow of her fair vast head,
 The deep division of prodigious breasts,
 The solemn slope of mighty limbs asleep? *Ib vi*
 Sleep, and if life was bitter to thee, pardon,
 If sweet, give thanks, thou hast no more to live,
 And to give thanks is good, and to forgive *Ib xvii*

For thee, O now a silent soul, my brother,
 Take at my hands this garland and farewell
 Thin is the leaf, and chill the wintry smell,
 And chill the solemn earth, a fatal mother,
 With sadder than the Niobeon womb
 And in the hollow of her breasts a tomb *Ib xviii*
 There lies not any troublous thing before,
 Nor sight nor sound to war against thee more,
 For whom all winds are quiet as the sun,
 All waters as the shore *Ib*

This is the end of every man's desire
A Ballad of Burdens

Poor splendid wings so frayed and soiled and torn!
 Poor kind wild eyes so dashed with light quick tears!
Ballad of François Villon

Villon, our sad bad glad mad brother's name. *Ib*

Strung with subtle-coloured hair
 Of some dead lute-player *A Ballad of Life*

O slain and spent and sacrificed
 People, the grey-grown speechless Christ
Before a Crucifix Poetical Works (1924), vol
1, p 744

No soul that lived, loved, wrought and died,
 Is this their carrion crucified. *Ib p. 747*

We shift and bedeck and bedrape us,
 Thou art noble and nude and antique *Dolores, vii*

Change in a trice
 The lilies and languors of virtue
 For the raptures and roses of vice *Ib ix*

O splendid and sterile Dolores,
 Our Lady of Pain *Ib*

Ah beautiful passionate body
 That never has ached with a heart! *Ib xi*

But sweet as the mind was the core is,
 We are fain of thee still, we are fain,
 O sanguine and subtle Dolores,
 Our Lady of Pain *Ib xiii*

The delight that consumes the desire,
 The desire that outruns the delight *Ib xiv*

For the crown of our life as it closes
 Is darkness, the fruit thereof dust,
 No thorns go as deep as a rose's,
 And love is more cruel than lust
 Time turns the old days to derision,
 Our loves into corpses or wives,
 And marriage and death and division
 Make barren our lives *Ib xv*

Ringed round with a flame of fair faces,
 And splendid with swords *Ib xvi*

What ailed us, O gods, to desert you
 For creeds that refuse and restrain?
 Come down and redeem us from virtue,
 Our Lady of Pain *Ib xxxv*

On thy bosom though many a kiss be,
 There are none such as knew it of old
 Was it Alciphron once or Arisbe,
 Male ringlets or feminine gold,
 That thy lips met with under the statue,
 Whence a look shot out sharp after thieves
 From the eyes of the garden-god at you
 Across the fig-leaves? *Ib xxxviii*

Old poets outing and outlove us,
 And Catullus makes mouths at our speech *Ib xliii*

Where are they, Cotytto or Venus,
 Astarte or Ashtaroth, where?
 Do their hands as we touch come between us?
 Is the breath of them hot in thy hair?
 From their lips have thy lips taken fever,
 With the blood of their bodies grown red?
 Hast thou left upon earth a believer
 If these men are dead? *Ib li*

O daughter of Death and Priapus,
 Our Lady of Pain *Ib liii*

I shall remember while the light lives yet
 And in the night time I shall not forget *Eroton*

Bright with names that men remember, loud with
 names that men forget *Eton An Ode*

What adders came to shed their coats?
 What coiled obscene
 Small serpents with soft stretching throats
 Caressed Faustine? *Faustine*

Those eyes the greenest of things blue,
 The bluest of things grey. *Félise.*

In a coign of the cliff between lowland and highland,
 At the sea-down's edge between windward and lee,
 Walled round with rocks as an inland island,
 The ghost of a garden fronts the sea
A Forsaken Garden.

The fields fall southward, abrupt and broken,
 To the low last edge of the long lone land
 If a step should sound or a word be spoken,
 Would a ghost not rise at the strange guest's hand?
 So long have the grey bare walls lain guestless,
 Through branches and briars if a man make way,
 He shall find no life but the sea-wind's, restless
 Night and day *Ib*

Heart handfast in heart as they stood, 'Look thither,'
 Did he whisper? 'look forth from the flowers to the
 sea,

For the foam-flowers endure when the rose-blossoms
 wither

And men that love lightly may die—but we?'
 And the same wind sang and the same waves
 whitened,

And or ever the garden's last petals were shed,
 In the lips that had whispered, the eyes that had
 lightened,

Love was dead. *Ib.*

Stretched out on the spoils that his own hand spread
 As a god self-slain on his own strange altar,
 Death lies dead *Ib*

Here, where the world is quiet,
 Here, where all trouble seems
 Dead winds' and spent waves' riot
 In doubtful dreams of dreams

The Garden of Proserpine

I am tired of tears and laughter,
 And men that laugh and weep,
 Of what may come hereafter
 For men that sow and reap
 I am weary of days and hours,
 Blown buds of barren flowers,
 Desires and dreams and powers
 And everything but sleep.

Here life has death for neighbour,
 And far from eye or ear
 Wan waves and wet winds labour,
 Weak ships and spirits steer.

Pale, beyond porch and portal,
 Crowned with calm leaves, she stands
 Who gathers all things mortal
 With cold immortal hands

Dead dreams of days forsaken,
 Blind buds that snows have shaken,
 Wild leaves that winds have taken,
 Red strays of ruined springs.

We are not sure of sorrow,
 And joy was never sure.

From too much love of living,
 From hope and fear set free,
 We thank with brief thanksgiving
 Whatever gods may be
 That no man lives forever,
 That dead men rise up never,
 That even the weariest river
 Winds somewhere safe to sea.

Then star nor sun shall waken,
 Nor any change of light
 Nor sound of waters shaken,
 Nor any sound or sight
 Nor wintry leaves nor vernal,
 Nor days nor things diurnal,
 Only the sleep eternal
 In an eternal night.

Calling a crowned man royal
 That was no more than a king *The Halt before Rome*

Fiddle, we know, is diddle. and diddle, we take it,
 is dee

The Heptalogia. The Higher Pantheism in a Nutshell

I am that which began;
 Out of me the years roll,
 Out of me God and man;
 I am equal and whole,
 God changes, and man, and the form of them bodily,
 I am the soul. *Hertha*

But what thing dost thou now,
 Looking Godward, to cry
 'I am I, thou art thou,
 I am low, thou art high?'
 I am thou, whom thou seekest to find him, find thou
 but thyself, thou art I *Ib.*

A creed is a rod,
 And a crown is of night,
 But this thing is God,

To be man with thy might,
 To grow straight in the strength of thy spirit, and live
 out thy life as the light. *Ib*

Green leaves of thy labour, white flowers of thy
 thought, and red fruit of thy death *Ib*

Man, equal and one with me, man that is made of me,
 man that is I *Ib*

'Hope thou not much, and fear thou not at all'
Hope and Fear.

In the fair days when God

By man as godlike trod,

Ib And cash alike was Greek, alike was free
To Victor Hugo.

And a bird overhead sang *Follow*,
 And a bird to the right sang *Here*,
 And the arch of the leaves was hollow,
 And the meaning of May was clear *An Interlude.*

I remember the way we parted,
 The day and the way we met,
 You hoped we were both broken-hearted,
 And knew we should both forget *Ib*

And the best and the worst of this is
 That neither is most to blame,
 If you have forgotten my kisses
 And I have forgotten your name *Ib.*

Ib. Swallow, my sister, O sister swallow,
 How can thine heart be full of the spring?
 A thousand summers are over and dead
 What hast thou found in the spring to follow?
 What hast thou found in thine heart to sing?
 What wilt thou do when the summer is shed?
Itylus.

Ib. Hast thou forgotten ere I forget?
 Sister, my sister, O fleet sweet swallow,
 Thy way is long to the sun and the south,
 But I, fulfilled of my heart's desire,
 Shedding my song upon height, upon hollow,
 From tawny body and sweet small mouth
 Feed the heart of the night with fire

I the nightingale all spring through,
 O swallow, sister, O changing swallow,
 All spring through till the spring be done,
 Clothed with the light of the night on the dew,
 Sing, while the hours and the wild birds follow,
 Take flight and follow and find the sun *Ib*

Till life forget and death remember,
 Till thou remember and I forget *Ib*

Thy lord the summer is good to follow,
 And fair the feet of thy lover the spring
 But what wilt thou say to the spring thy lover? *Ib*

But mine goes forth among sea-gulfs hollow
 To the place of the slaying of Itylus,
 The feast of Daulis, the Thracian sea *Ib*

The small slain body, the flower-like face,
 Can I remember if thou forget? *Ib*

Thou hast forgotten, O summer swallow,
 But the world shall end when I forget *Ib.*

Apples of gold for the king's daughter
The King's Daughter.

I came as one whose thoughts half linger,
Half run before,
The youngest to the oldest singer
That England bore.

In Memory of Walter Savage Landor.

O father of all us, Paian, Apollo,
Destroyer and healer, hear! *The Last Oracle*

God by God goes out, disrowned and disanointed,
But the soul stands fast that gave them shape and
speech *Ib*

Ah, yet would God this flesh of mine might be
Where air might wash and long leaves cover me,
Where tides of grass break into foam of flowers,
Or where the wind's feet shine along the sea

Laus Veneris

Until God loosen over sea and land
The thunder of the trumpets of the night. *Ib*

Let us go hence, my songs, she will not hear
Let us go hence together without fear

A Leave-taking

But God, if a God there be, is the substance of men
which is man. *Hymn of Man*

Glory to Man in the highest! for Man is the master
of things. *Ib*

If love were what the rose is,
And I were like the leaf,
Our lives would grow together
In sad or singing weather.

A Match

If you were thrall to sorrow,
And I were page to joy *Ib*

If you were April's lady,
And I were lord in May. *Ib*

If you were queen of pleasure,
And I were king of pain *Ib.*

But you would have felt my soul in a kiss,
And known that once if I loved you well,
And I would have given my soul for this
'To burn for ever in burning hell' *Les Noyades*

Ask nothing more of me, sweet;
All I can give you I give
Heart of my heart, were it more,
More would be laid at your feet.
Love that should help you to live,
Song that should spur you to soar. *The Oblation*

I turn to thee as some green afternoon
Turns toward sunset, and is loth to die,
Ah God, ah God, that day should be so soon!
In the Orchard

For a day and a night Love sang to us, played with us,
Folded us round from the dark and the light,
And our hearts were fulfilled with the music he made
with us,
Made with our hands and our lips while he stayed
with us,
Stayed in mid passage his pinions from flight
For a day and a night. *At Parting*

The world has no such flowers in any land,
And no such pearl in any gulf the sea,
As any babe on any mother's knee *Pelagus*

I have lived long enough, having seen one thing, that
love hath an end,
Goddess and maiden and queen, be near me now and
befriend. *Hymn to Proserpine*

Yea, is not even Apollo, with hair and harpstring of
gold,
A bitter God to follow, a beautiful God to behold?
I am sick of singing: the bays burn deep and chafe
I am fain
'To rest a little from praise and grievous pleasure and
pain. *Ib*

Wilt thou yet take all, Galilean? but these thou shalt
not take,
The laurel, the palms and the paeon, the breasts of
the nymphs in the brake,
Breasts more soft than a dove's, that tremble with
tenderer breath,
And all the wings of the Loves, and all the joy before
death. *Ib.*

For no man under the sky lives twice, outliving his
day. *Ib*

Thou hast conquered, O pale Galilean, the world has
grown grey from Thy breath,
We have drunken of things Lethean, and fed on the
fullness of death.

Laurel is green for a season, and love is sweet for a
day;
But love grows bitter with treason, and laurel outlives
not May. *Ib*

For the old faiths loosen and fall, the new years run
and rend *Ib*

O ghastly glories of saints, dead limbs of gibbeted
Gods! *Ib*

Impelled of invisible tides, and fulfilled of unspeak-
able things. *Ib.*

All ye as a wind shall go by, as a fire shall ye pass and
be past;
Ye are Gods, and behold, ye shall die, and the waves
be upon you at last *Ib.*

Though the feet of thine high priests tread where thy
lords and our forefathers trod,
Though these that were Gods are dead, and thou
being dead art a God,
Though before thee the throned Cythercan be fallen,
and hidden her head,
Yet thy kingdom shall pass, Galilean, thy dead shall
go down to thee dead. *Ib*

As the deep dim soul of a star. *Ib.*

A little soul for a little bears up this corpse which is
man. *Ib.*

Love alone, with yearning
Heart for astrolabe,
Takes the star's height, burning
O'er the babe *A Rhyme.*

Say, was not this thy Passion, to foreknow
In death's worst hour the works of Christian men?
On the Russian Persecution of the Jews

In the heart is the prey for gods,
Who crucify hearts, not hands *Satura te Sanguine.*

Good hap to the fresh fierce weather,
The quiver and beat of the seal
While three men hold together,
The kingdoms are less by three

A Song in Time of Order 1852

They have tied the world in a tether,
They have bought over God with a fee *Ib*

When the devil's riddle is mastered
And the galley-bench creaks with a Pope,
We shall see Buonaparte the bastard
Kick heels with his throat in a rope *Ib*

Had you loved me once, as you have not loved,
Had the chance been with us that has not been
The Triumph of Time

I have put my days and dreams out of mind,
Days that are over, dreams that are done *Ib*

The strong sea-daisies feast on the sun *Ib*

Who swims in sight of the great third wave
That never a swimmer shall cross or climb *Ib*

A broken blossom, a ruined rhyme *Ib*

I had wrung life dry for your lips to drink,
Broken it up for your daily bread *Ib*

Content you,
The gate is strait, I shall not be there *Ib*

I will go back to the great sweet mother,
Mother and lover of men, the sea

I will go down to her, I and no other,
Close with her, kiss her and mix her with me *Ib*

I shall sleep, and move with the moving ships,
Change as the winds change, veer in the tide *Ib*

There lived a singer in France of old
By the tideless dolorous midland sea

In a land of sand and ruin and gold
There shone one woman, and none but she *Ib*

In heaven,
If I cry to you then, will you hear or know? *Ib*

One the last flower of Catholic love, that grows
Amid bare thorns their only thornless rose

Sweet red splendid kissing mouth
Two Leaders

Translations from Villon
Complaint of the fair Armouress

There's no good girl's lip out of Paris
Ib Ballad of the Women of Paris

JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS

1840-1893

These things shall be! A loftier race
Than e'er the world hath known shall rise,
With flame of freedom in their souls,
And light of freedom in their eyes *Hymn*

JOSEPH TABRAR

19th cent

In over a year and a half,
I've only sung it once,
And I don't suppose I shall sing it again
For months and months and months
For Months and Months and Months

ROBERT TANNAHILL

1774-1810

When gloamin' treads the heels o' day,
And birds sit courin' on the spray,
Alang the flow'ry hedge I stae,
To meet mine ain dear somebody
Songs and Poems (1911), Mine ain dear Somebody.

NAHUM TATE

1652-1715

AND

NICHOLAS BRADY

1659-1726

To the hills and the vales,
To the rocks and the mountains,
To the musical groves
And the cool shady fountains,
Let the triumphs of Love,
And of Beauty be shown!
Go revel, ye Cupids,
The day is your own
Dido and Æneas, Act I (By Nahum Tate)

Take a bowsey short leave of your nymphs on the
shore,
And silence their mourning
With vows of returning,
Though never intending to visit them more *Ib Act III*

As pants the hart for cooling streams
When heated in the chase
New Version of the Psalms (1696) As Pants the Hart

Through all the changing scenes of life
Ib Through all the Changing

Fear Him, ye saints, and you will then
Have nothing else to fear *Ib*

While shepherds watch'd their flocks by night,
All seated on the ground,
The Angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around
'Fear not,' said he, for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind,
'Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind'
Supplement to the New Version of the Psalms (1700) While Shepherds Watched

ANN TAYLOR

1782-1866

AND

JANE TAYLOR

1783-1827

I thank the goodness and the grace
Which on my birth have smiled,
And made me, in these Christian days,
A happy English child
Hymns for Infant Minds, 1 A Child's Hymn of Praise

O that it were my chief delight
To do the things I ought!
Then let me try with all my might
To mune what I am taught

Ib 18 *For a Very Little Child*

'Tis a *credit* to any good girl to be neat,
But quite a *disgrace* to be fine
Hymns for Sunday Schools The Folly
of Finery

Who ran to help me when I fell,
And would some pretty story tell,
Or kiss the place to make it well?

My Mother

Original Poems My Mother (By Ann T)

How pleasant it is, at the end of the day,
No follies to have to repent,
But reflect on the past, and be able to say,
That my time has been properly spent

Rhymes for the Nursery The Way to be
Happy (By Jane T)

Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
How I wonder what you are!
Up above the world so high,
Like a diamond in the sky!

Ib The Star (By Jane T)

BAYARD TAYLOR

1825-1875

Till the sun grows cold,
And the stars are old,
And the leaves of the Judgment Book unfold
Bedoun Song Refrain

SIR HENRY TAYLOR

1800-1886

Quoth tongue of neither maid nor wife
To heart of neither wife nor maid—
Lead we not here a jolly life
Betwixt the shine and shade?

Quoth heart of neither maid nor wife
To tongue of neither wife nor maid—
Thou wagg'st, but I am worn with strife,
And feel like flowers that fade

Philip Van Artevelde, Pt II v 11

JEREMY TAYLOR

1613-1667

Too quick a sense of a constant infelicity
Holy Dying, ch 1, sect v

Every school-boy knows it
On the Real Presence, sect v, par 1

The union of hands and hearts
Sermons. The Marriage Ring, pt 1

JOHN TAYLOR

1580-1653

'Tis a mad world, my masters
Western Voyage, l 1

SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE

1628-1699

When all is done, human life is, at the greatest and
the best, but like a froward child, that must be
play'd with and humoured a little to keep it quiet
till it falls asleep, and then the care is over
Essay on Poetry, ad fin

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

1809-1892

The noblest answer unto such,
Is kindly silence when they bawl,
After-Thought, v

For nothing worthy proving can be proven,
Nor yet disproven *The Ancient Sage, l 66*
Cleave ever to the sunnier side of doubt. *Ib* 1 68
The rabbit fondles his own harmless face
Aylmer's Field, l 851

Her arms across her breast she laid,
She was more fair than words can say
Bare-footed came the beggar maid
Before the king Cophetua
In robe and crown the king stepped down,
To meet and greet her on her way;
'It is no wonder,' said the lords,
'She is more beautiful than day'
The Beggar Maid

As shines the moon in clouded skies,
She in her poor attire was seen
One praised her ankles, one her eyes,
One her dark hair and lovesome mien
So sweet a face, such angel grace,
In all that land had never been
Cophetua sware a royal oath
'This beggar maid shall be my queen!' *Ib.*

Break, break, break,
On thy cold gray stones, O Sea!
And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me.

O well for the fisherman's boy,
That he shouts with his sister at play!
O well for the sailor lad,
That he sings in his boat on the bay!

And the stately ships go on
To their haven under the hill,
But O for the touch of a vanish'd hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still!

Break, break, break,
At the foot of the crags, O Sea!
But the tender grace of a day that is dead
Will never come back to me

Break, Break, Break

A happy bridesmaid makes a happy bride
The Bridesmaid, l 4

For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever *The Brook, l 33*

Here and there a lusty trout,
And here and there a grayling *Ib* 1 57

That petitionary grace
Of Sweet Seventeen *Ib* 1 112

The Lord let the house of a brute to the soul of a man,
And the man said, 'Am I your debtor?'

And the Lord—'Not yet but make it as clean as you
can,

And then I will let you a better' *By an Evolutionist*

He that only rules by terror

The Captain, 1 1

Slav, Teuton, Kelt, I count them all

My friends and brother souls,

With all the peoples, great and small,

That wheel between the poles

Epilogue to The Charge of the Heavy Brigade, 1 18

The song that nerves a nation's heart,

Is in itself a deed

Ib 1 81

Half a league, half a league,

Half a league onward

The Charge of the Light Brigade

'Forward, the Light Brigade!'

Was there a man dismay'd?

Ib

Some one had blunder'd

Ib

Their's not to make reply,

Their's not to reason why,

Their's but to do and die

Into the valley of Death

Rode the six hundred

Ib

Cannon to right of them

Cannon to left of them,

Cannon in front of them

Volley'd and thunder'd

Ib

Into the jaws of Death,

Into the mouth of Hell.

Ib

When can their glory fade?

O the wild charge they made!

All the world wonder'd

Ib

The golden guess

Is morning-star to the full round of truth

Columbus, 1 42

Come not, when I am dead,

To drop thy foolish tears upon my grave,

To trample round my fallen head,

And vex the unhappy dead thou wouldst not save

Come Not, When I Am Dead, 1

Sunset and evening star,

And one clear call for me!

And may there be no moaning of the bar,

When I put out to sea,

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,

Too full for sound and foam,

When that which drew from out the boundless deep

Turns again home

Twilight and evening bell,

And after that the dark!

And may there be no sadness of farewell,

When I embark,

For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place

'The flood may bear me far,

I hope to see my Pilot face to face

When I have crost the bar. *Crossing the Bar*

O Love what hours were thine and mine,

In lands of palm and southern pine,

In lands of palm, of orange-blossom,

Of olive, aloe, and maize and vine *The Daisy, 1*

A mount of marble, a hundred spires! *Ib xv*

Gray metropolis of the North [Edinburgh] *Ib xxvi*

This proverb flashes thro' his head,

'The many fail the one succeeds'

The Day-dream The Arrival, 11

But dallied with his golden chain,

And, smiling, put the question by

Ib The Revival

And on her lover's arm she leant,

And round her waist she felt it fold,

And far across the hills they went

In that new world which is the old

Ib The Departure, 1

And o'er the hills, and far away

Beyond their utmost purple rim,

Beyond the night, across the day,

Thro' all the world she follow'd him

Ib 1v

And is there any moral shut

Within the bosom of the rose?

Ib Moral, 1.

But any man that walks the mead,

In bud or blade, or bloom, may find,

According as his humours lead,

A meaning suited to his mind.

Ib 11

Wearing his wisdom lightly, like the fruit

Which in our winter woodland looks a flower

A Dedication

And ever upon the topmost roof our banner of Eng-
land blew. *The Defence of Lucknow*

Out of the deep, my child, out of the deep

De Profundis, 1, 1. 1.

I read, before my eyelids dropt their shade,

'The Legend of Good Women', long ago

Sung by the morning star of song, who made

His music heard below

A Dream of Fair Women, 1 1

The spacious times of great Elizabeth

Ib 1 7

A daughter of the gods, divinely tall,

And most divinely fair.

Ib 1 87

A queen, with swarthy cheeks and bold black eyes,

Brow-bound with burning gold

Ib 1 127

He clasps the crag with crooked hands,

Close to the sun in lonely lands,

Ring'd with the azure world, he stands

The wrinkled sea beneath him crawls,

He watches from his mountain walls,

And like a thunderbolt he falls

The Eagle.

Once more the Heavenly Power

Makes all things new,

And domes the red-plow'd hills

With loving blue,

The blackbirds have their wills,

The throats too

Early Spring, 1

The curate, he was fatter than his cure

Edwin Morris, 1 15

God made the woman for the man,

And for the good and increase of the world

Ib 1 50

Slight Sir Robert with his watery smile

And educated whisker

Ib 1 128

And when they buried him the little port

Had seldom seen a costlier funeral

Enoch Arden

Barbarous experiment, barbarous hexameters
Experiments In quantity On Translation of Homer.

O mighty-mouth'd inventor of harmonies,
 O skill'd to sing of Time or Eternity,
 God-gifted organ-voice of England,
 Milton, a name to resound for ages
Ib Milton Alcaics

All that bowery loneliness,
 The brooks of Eden mazelily murmuring *Ib*

O you chorus of indolent reviewers
Ib Milton Hendecasyllabics.

A tiny poem
 All composed in a metre of Catullus,
 All in quantity, careful of my motion,
 Like the skater on ice that hardly bears him *Ib*

The mellow lin-lan-lone of evening bells
Far-Far-Away

O Love, O fire! once he drew
 With one long kiss my whole soul thro'
 My lips, as sunlight drinketh dew *Fatima, iii*

Read my little fable
 He that runs may read
 Most can raise the flowers now,
 For all have got the seed *The Flower, v*

Move onward, leading up the golden year
 Flower in the crannied wall,
 I pluck you out of the crannies,
 I hold you here, root and all, in my hand,
 Little flower—but if I could understand
 What you are, root and all, and all in all,
 I should know what God and man is.

Flower in the Crannied Wall
 More black than ashbuds in the front of March
The Gardener's Daughter, l 28

A sight to make an old man young *Ib l 140*
 The she rode forth, clothed on with chastity.
Godiva, l 53

With twelve great shocks of sound, the shameless
 noon
 Was clash'd and hammer'd from a hundred towers
Ib l 74

Ah! when shall all men's good
 Be each man's rule, and universal Peace
 Lie like a shaft of light across the land?
The Golden Year, l 47

Thro' all the circle of the golden year *Ib l 51*
 That a lie which is all a lie may be met and fought
 with outright,
 But a lie which is part a truth is a harder matter to
 fight *The Grandmother, viii*

That man's the true Conservative
 Who lops the moulder'd branch away
Hands All Round, i

Pray God our greatness may not fail
 Thro' craven fears of being great *Ib iii*

Gigantic daughter of the West,
 We drink to thee across the flood
 For art thou not of British blood?
Ib iv [In original version, published in The Examiner, 7 Feb 1852]

Senlac! Sanguelac,
 The lake of Blood! *Harold, iii 1*

Sanguelac! Sanguelac! the arrow! the arrow! *Ib*
 Speak to Him thou for He hears, and Spirit with
 Spirit can meet—
 Closer is He than breathing, and nearer than hands
 and feet *Higher Pantheism, vi*

Wearing the white flower of a blameless life,
 Before a thousand peering littlenesses,
 In that fierce light which beats upon a throne,
 And blackens every blot
The Idylls of the King, Dedication, l 24

Man's word is God in man
Ib The Coming of Arthur, l 132

A doubtful throne is ice on summer seas *Ib l 247*

Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful
Ib l 284, and The Passing of Arthur, l 199.

Rain, rain, and sun! a rainbow in the sky!
 A young man will be wiser by and by,
 An old man's wit may wander ere he die *Ib l 402.*

From the great deep to the great deep he goes.
Ib l 410.

Blow trumpet, for the world is white with May.
Ib l 481

Live pure, speak true, right wrong, follow the King—
 Else, wherefore born?
Ib. Gareth and Lynette, l 117.

The city is built
 To music, therefore never built at all,
 And therefore built for ever. *Ib l. 272*

Lightly was her slender nose
 Tip-tilted like the petal of a flower. *Ib l 576.*

Lead, and I follow. *Ib l 726*

O purblind race of miserable men,
 How many among us at this very hour
 Do forge a lifelong trouble for ourselves,
 By taking true for false, or false for true!
Ib Geraint and Emd, l. 1

But o'er her meek eyes came a happy mist
 Like that which kept the heart of Eden green.
 Before the useful trouble of the rain *Ib l 769*

The world will not believe a man repents:
 And this wise world of ours is mainly right
Ib l 900.

Too late, too late! ye cannot enter now.
Ib Guinevere, l 168.

For manners are not idle, but the fruit
 Of loyal nature, and of noble mind *Ib l 333.*

The children born of thee are sword and fire,
 Red ruin, and the breaking up of laws *Ib l 422.*

To reverence the King, as if he were
 Their conscience, and their conscience as their King,
 To break the heathen and uphold the Christ,
 To ride abroad redressing human wrongs,
 To speak no slander, no, nor listen to it,
 To honour his own word as if his God's *Ib l 465*

To love one maiden only, cleave to her,
And worship her by years of noble deeds,
Until they won her, for indeed I knew
Of no more subtle master under heaven
Than is the maiden passion for a maid,
Not only to keep down the base in man,
But teach high thought, and amiable words
And courtliness, and the desire of fame,
And love of truth, and all that makes a man
The Idylls of the King. Guinevere, l 472.

Our fair father Christ *Ib l 559*

Hereafter in that world where all are pure
We two may meet before high God, and thou
Wilt spring to me, and claim me thine, and know
I am thine husband—not a smaller soul,
Nor Lancelot, nor another *Ib l 560*

He never mocks,
For mockery is the fume of little hearts *Ib l 627*

I thought I could not breathe in that fine air
That pure severity of perfect light—
I yearn'd for warmth and colour which I found
In Lancelot *Ib l 640*

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It surely was my profit had I known
It would have been my pleasure had I seen
We needs must love the highest when we see it,
Not Lancelot, nor another *Ib l 652*

To where beyond these voices there is peace
Ib l 692

For good ye are and bad, and like to coins,
Some true, some light, but every one of you
Stamp'd with the image of the King
Ib The Holy Grail, l 25

The cup, the cup itself, from which our Lord
Drank at the last sad supper with his own *Ib l 46*

God make thee good as thou art beautiful
Ib l 136

For when was Lancelot wanderingly lewd?
Ib l. 148

I, maiden, round thee, maiden, bind my belt
Ib l 159

Ye follow wandering fires
Lost in the quagmire! *Ib l 319*

This madness has come on us for our sins
Ib l 356

And lifting up mine eyes, found myself
Alone, and in a land of sand and thorns *Ib l 374*

I saw the fiery face as of a child
That smote itself into the bread, and went
Ib l 473

And in the strength of this I rode,
Shattering all evil customs everywhere *Ib l 483*

I will be deafen than the blue-eyed cat,
And thrice as blind as any noon-tide owl,
To holy virgins in their ecstasies,
Henceforward *Ib l 865*

So spake the King I knew not all he meant
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Elaine the fair, Elaine the loveable,
Elaine, the lily maid of Astolat
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He is all fault who hath no fault at all
For who loves me must have a touch of earth
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No greatness, save it be some far-off touch
Of greatness to know well I am not great *Ib l 447*

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But if I know, then, if I love not him,
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His honour rooted in dishonour stood,
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And sweet is death who puts an end to pain
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Was noble man but made ignoble talk
He makes no friend who never made a foe
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Our bond is not the bond of man and wife
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He answer'd with his eyes upon the ground,
'That is love's curse, pass on, my Queen, forgiven'
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Free love—free field—we love but while we may.
Ib. The Last Tournament, l 281

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The Ptarmigan that whitens ere his hour
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For the great wave that echoes round the world.
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And best by her that bore her understood
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The blind wave, feeling round his long sea-hall
In silence *Ib l 229*

Unfaith in aught is want of faith in all *Ib l 387*

It is the little rift within the lute,
That by and by will make the music mute,
And ever widening slowly silence all *Ib l 388*

And trust me not at all or all in all *Ib l 396*

Lo now, what hearts have men! they never mount
As high as woman in her selfless mood *Ib l 440*

Man dreams of fame while woman wakes to love
Ib l 458.

With this for motto, 'Rather use than fame'.

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Merlin and Vivien, l. 478

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Delivers brawling judgments, unashamed,
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But every page having an ample marge,
And every marge enclosing in the midst
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And none can read the text, not even I,
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Or some black wether of St Satan's fold.
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Not even Lancelot brave, nor Galahad clean
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That own no lust because they have no law!
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Lay a great water, and the moon was full
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Authority forgets a dying king *Ib* l. 289

Clothed with his breath, and looking, as he walk'd,
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He heard the deep behind him, and a cry
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When every morning brought a noble chance,
And every chance brought out a noble knight
Ib l. 398

Among new men, strange faces, other minds
Ib l. 406

And slowly answer'd Arthur from the barge
'The old order changeth, yielding place to new,
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Pray for my soul More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of Wherefore, let thy voice
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For so the whole round earth is every way
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.

Ib l. 422.

I am going a long way
With these thou seest—if indeed I go
(For all my mind is clouded with a doubt)—
To the island-valley of Avilion,
Where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow,
Nor ever wind blows loudly, but it lies
Deep-meadow'd, happy, fair with orchard lawns
And bowery hollows crown'd with summer sea,
Where I will heal me of my grievous wound
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Like some full-breasted swan
That, fluting a wild carol ere her death,
Ruffles her pure cold plume, and takes the flood
With swarthy webs. *Ib* l. 434

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Thou madest man, he knows not why,
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So quickly, waiting for a hand *Ib* vii.

More than my brothers are to me *Ib* ix.

Or where the kneeling hamlet drains
The chalice of the grapes of God *Ib* x.

The last red leaf is whirl'd away,
The rooks are blown about the skies *Ib* xv.

To love one maiden only, cleave to her,
 And worship her by years of noble deeds,
 Until they won her, for indeed I knew
 Of no more subtle master under heaven
 Than is the maiden passion for a maid,
 Not only to keep down the base in man,
 But teach high thought, and amiable words
 And courtliness, and the desire of fame,
 And love of truth, and all that makes a man
The Idylls of the King Guinevere, l 472

Our fair father Christ *Ib* l 559
 Hereafter in that world where all are pure
 We two may meet before high God, and thou
 Wilt spring to me, and claim me thine, and know
 I am thine husband—not a smaller soul,
 Nor Lancelot, nor another *Ib* l 560

He never mocks,
 For mockery is the fume of little hearts *Ib* l 627
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 I yearn'd for warmth and colour which I found
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The last red leaf is whirl'd away,
The rooks are blown about the skies *Ib* xv.

Thou comest, much wept for such a breeze Compell'd thy canvas	<i>In Memoriam</i> , xvii	That nothing walks with aimless feet, That not one life shall be destroy'd, Or cast as rubbish to the void, When God hath made the pile complete;	
And from his ashes may be made The violet of his native land,	<i>Ib</i> xviii	That not a worm is cloven in vain, That not a moth with vain desire Is shrivell'd in a fruitless fire, Or but subserves another's gain	<i>Ib</i>
There twice a day the Severn fills, The salt sea-water passes by, And hushes half the babbling Wye, And makes a silence in the hills	<i>Ib</i> xix	But what am I? An infant crying in the night An infant crying for the light And with no language but a cry.	<i>Ib</i>
I do but sing because I must, And pipe but as the linnets sing	<i>Ib</i> xxi	So careful of the type she seems, So careless of the single life	<i>Ib</i> lv
The Shadow cloak'd from head to foot, Who keeps the keys of all the creeds	<i>Ib</i> xxiii	The great world's altar-stairs That slope thro' darkness up to God Nature, red in tooth and claw	<i>Ib</i> lvi
And Thought leapt out to wed with Thought Ere Thought could wed itself with Speech	<i>Ib</i>	Dragons of the prime, That tare each other in their slume, Were mellow music match'd with him	<i>Ib</i>
I envy not in any moods The captive void of noble rage, The linnet born within the cage, That never knew the summer woods	<i>Ib</i> xxvii	Peace, come away the song of woe Is after all an earthly song Peace, come away we do him wrong To sing so wildly let us go	<i>Ib</i> lvii
'Tis better to have loved and lost Than never to have loved at all.	<i>Ib</i>	The passing of the sweetest soul That ever look'd with human eyes	<i>Ib</i>
The time draws near the birth of Christ	<i>Ib</i> xxviii	O Sorrow, wilt thou live with me No casual mistress, but a wife	<i>Ib</i> lix
'Where wert thou, brother, those four days?' There lives no record of reply, Which telling what it is to die Had surely added praise to praise		As some divinely gifted man, Whose life in low estate began And on a simple village green,	
From every house the neighbours met, The streets were fill'd with joyful sound, A solemn gladness even crown'd The purple brows of Olivet.		Who breaks his birth's invidious bar, And grasps the skirts of happy chance, And breaths the blows of circumstance, And grapples with his evil star	<i>Ib</i> lxiv.
Behold a man raised up by Christ! The rest remaineth unreveal'd, He told it not, or something seal'd The lips of that Evangelist	<i>Ib</i> xxxi	Yet feels, as in a pensive dream, When all his active powers are still, A distant dearthness in the hill, A secret sweetness in the stream	<i>Ib</i> .
Her eyes are homes of silent prayer	<i>Ib</i> xxxii	So many worlds, so much to do, So little done, such things to be	<i>Ib</i> lxxiii
Leave thou thy sister when she prays, Her early Heaven, her happy views, Nor thou with shadow'd hint confuse A life that leads melodious days	<i>Ib</i> xxxiii	Death has made His darkness beautiful with thee	<i>Ib</i> lxxiv
And so the Word had breath, and wrought With human hands the creed of creeds In loveliness of perfect deeds, More strong than all poetic thought.	<i>Ib</i> xxxvi	And round thee with the breeze of song To stir a little dust of praise	<i>Ib</i> lxxv
Short swallow-flights of song, that dip Their wings in tears, and skim away	<i>Ib</i> xlviii	O last regret, regret can die!	<i>Ib</i> lxxviii
And Time, a maniac scattering dust, And Life, a Fury slinging flame	<i>Ib</i> l	Laburnums, dropping-wells of fire	<i>Ib</i> lxxxiii
Do we indeed desire the dead Should still be near us at our side? Is there no baseness we would hide? No inner vileness that we dread?	<i>Ib</i> li	God's finger touch'd him, and he slept	<i>Ib</i> lxxxv
How many a father have I seen, A sober man, among his boys, Whose youth was full of foolish noise	<i>Ib</i> liii	I, the divided half of such A friendship as had master'd Time Dusty purlieus of the law.	<i>Ib</i> lxxxix
Hold thou the good define it well For fear divine Philosophy Should push beyond her mark, and be Procuress to the Lords of Hell	<i>Ib</i>	The hard heir strides about their lands, And will not yield them for a day	<i>Ib</i> xc
Oh yet we trust that somehow good Will be the final goal of ill	<i>Ib</i> liv	When rosy plumelets tuft the larch, And rarely pipes the mounted thrush, Or underneath the barren bush. The sea-blue bird of March	<i>Ib</i> xci

You tell me, doubt is Devil-born.

In Memoriam, xcvi

There lives more faith in honest doubt,
Believe me, than in half the creeds *Ib*

Their meetings made December June,
Their every parting was to die *Ib* xcvi

He seems so near and yet so far
Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky. *Ib* cvi

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow

The year is going, let him go,
Ring out the false, ring in the true *Ib*

Ring out the feud of rich and poor. *Ib.*

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife,

Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times,

Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,
But ring the fuller minstrel in

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite,

Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good

Ring out old shapes of foul disease,
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold,

Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand,

Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be *Ib.*

'Tis held that sorrow makes us wise,
Whatever wisdom sleep with thee. *Ib* cxiii.

Not the schoolboy heat,
The blind hysterics of the Celt *Ib* cxv.

And thus he bore without abuse
The grand old name of gentleman,

Defamed by every charlatan,
And soil'd with all ignoble use *Ib* cxv.

Now fades the last long streak of snow
Now burgeons every maze of quick

About the flowering squares and thick
By ashen roots the violets blow *Ib* cxv.

And drown'd in yonder living blue
The lark becomes a sightless song *Ib* cxv.

But trust that those we call the dead
Are breathers of an ampler day

For ever nobler ends *Ib* cxviii

There, where the long street roars, hath been
The stillness of the central sea *Ib* cxviii

And all is well, tho' faith and form
Be sunder'd in the night of fear *Ib* cxviii

The red fool-fury of the Seine. *Ib*, cxviii

Wearing all that weight
Of learning lightly like a flower

Ib, Conclusion, st. x.

One God, one law, one element,
And one far-off divine event,

To which the whole creation moves. *Ib*, st xxxvii

All along the valley, stream that flashest white
In the Valley of Caunteretz.

The voice of the dead was a living voice to me *Ib*

God gives us love Something to love
He lends us, but, when love is grown

To ripeness, that on which it throve
Falls off, and love is left alone *To J S iv.*

A simple maiden in her flower
Is worth a hundred coats-of-arms

Lady Clara Vere de Vere

Her manners had not that repose
Which stamps the caste of Vere de Vere *Ib v*

From yon blue heavens above us bent
The gardener Adam and his wife

Smile at the claims of long descent
Howe'er it be, it seems to me,

'Tis only noble to be good.
Kind hearts are more than coronets,

And simple faith than Norman blood *Ib vii.*

Oh! teach the orphan-boy to read,
Or teach the orphan-girl to sew. *Ib.*

On either side the river lie
Long fields of barley and of rye

The Lady of Shalott, pt 1.

Willows whiten, aspens quiver,
Little breezes dusk and shiver. *Ib.*

But who hath seen her wave her hand?
Or at the casement seen her stand?

Or is she known in all the land,
The Lady of Shalott? *Ib*

Only reapers, reaping early
In among the bearded barley,

Hear a song that echoes cheerly
From the river winding clearly

Down to tower'd Camelot. *Ib*

She hath no loyal knight and true,
The Lady of Shalott. *Ib* pt ii.

Or when the moon was overhead,
Came two young lovers lately wed,

'I am half sick of shadows,' said
The Lady of Shalott. *Ib*

A bow-shot from her bower-eaves,
He rode between the barley-sheaves,

The sun came dazzling thro' the leaves,
And flamed upon the brazen greaves

Of bold Sir Lancelot

A red-cross knight for ever kneel'd
To a lady in his shield,

That sparkled on the yellow field,
Beside remote Shalott *Ib*, pt iii

All in the blue unclouded weather
"Tirra lirra," by the river

Sang Sir Lancelot *Ib.*

She left the web, she left the loom,
She made three paces thro' the room,

She saw the water-lily bloom,
She saw the helmet and the plume,

She look'd down to Camelot
Out flew the web and floated wide,

The mirror crack'd from side to side;
'The curse is come upon me,' cried *Ib.*

The Lady of Shalott

Like some bold seer in a trance,
Seeing all his own mischance—
With a glassy countenance
Did she look to Camelot

Ib pt iv

Heard a carol, mournful, holy,
Chanted loudly, chanted lowly,
Till her blood was frozen slowly,
And her eyes were darken'd wholly,
Turn'd to tower'd Camelot

Ib

Who is this? and what is here?
And in the lighted palace near
Died the sound of royal cheer,
And they cross'd themselves for fear,
All the knights at Camelot
But Lancelot mused a little space,
He said, 'She has a lovely face,
God in his mercy lend her grace,
The Lady of Shalott'

Ib pt iv

Slander, meanest spawn of Hell.

The Letters

Airy, fairy Lilián

Lilián

Comrades, leave me here a little, while as yet 'tis
early morn

Leave me here, and when you want me, sound upon
your bugle horn

Locksley Hall, l 1.

The fairy tales of science, and the long result of Time

Ib l 12

In the Spring a livelier iris changes on the burnish'd
dove,

In the Spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to
thoughts of love

Ib l 19

Love took up the glass of Time, and turn'd it in his
glowing hands,

Every moment, lightly shaken, ran itself in golden
sands

Love took up the harp of Life, and smote on all the
chords with might,

Smote the chord of Self, that, trembling, pass'd in
music out of sight

Ib l 31

And our spirits rush'd together at the touching of the
lips

Ib l 38

As the husband is, the wife is

Ib l 47

He will hold thee, when his passion shall have spent
its novel force

Something better than his dog, a little dearer than his
horse

Ib l 49

The many-winter'd crow that leads the clanging
rookery home

Ib l 68

This is truth the poet sings,

That a sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering
happier things

Ib l 75

Like a dog, he hunts in dreams

Ib l 79

With a little hoard of maxims preaching down a
daughter's heart

Ib l 94

But the jingling of the guinea helps the hurt that
Honour feels

Ib l 105.

Men, my brothers, men the workers, ever reaping
something new

That which they have done but earnest of the things
that they shall do.

For I dipt into the future, far as human eye could see,
Saw the Vision of the world, and all the wonder that
would be.

Ib l 117

Heard the heavens fill with shouting, and there rain'd
a ghastly dew

From the nations' airy navies grappling in the central
blue

Ib l 123.

In the Parliament of man, the Federation of the
world

Ib l 128

Science moves, but slowly slowly, creeping on from
point to point

Ib l 134

Yet I doubt not thro' the ages one increasing purpose
runs,

And the thoughts of men are widen'd with the process
of the suns.

Ib l 137

Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers

Ib l 143

I am shamed thro' all my nature to have loved so
slight a thing

Ib l 148

Woman is the lesser man, and all thy passions,
match'd with mine,

Are as moonlight unto sunlight, and as water unto
wine

Ib l 151.

I will take some savage woman, she shall rear my
dusky race

Ib l 168.

Not with blinded eyesight poring over miserable
books

Ib l 172.

I the heir of all the ages, in the foremost files of time

Ib l 178

Forward, forward let us range,
Let the great world spin for ever down the ringing
grooves of change.

Ib l 181

Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay

Ib l 184.

He is but a landscape-painter,
And a village maiden she

The Lord of Burleigh, l 7

Let us see these handsome houses
Where the wealthy nobles dwell

Ib l 23.

O but she will love him truly!

He shall have a cheerful home

Ib l 37.

Many a gallant gay domestic
Bows before him at the door

Ib l 47.

But he clasp'd her like a lover,
And he cheer'd her soul with love

So she strove against her weakness,

Tho' at times her spirit sank

Ib l 67

And the people loved her much

Ib l 76

But a trouble weigh'd upon her,

And perplex'd her, night and morn,

With the burthen of an honour

Unto which she was not born

Ib l 77

'Oh, that he

Were once more that landscape-painter,

Which did win my heart from me!

Ib l 82.

Three fair children first she bore him,

Then before her time she died.

Ib l 87.

Weeping, weeping late and early,

Walking up and pacing down,

Deeply mourn'd the Lord of Burleigh,

Burleigh-house by Stamford-town.

Ib l 89

'Bring the dress and put it on her,
'That she wore when she was wed' *Ib* 1 95

'Courage!' he said, and pointed toward the land
The Lotos-Eaters

A land

In which it seemed always afternoon *Ib*

Music that gentler on the spirit lies,
Than tir'd eyelids upon tir'd eyes

Ib Choric Song, 1

There is no joy but calm! *Ib* 11.

Ah, why

Should life all labour be? *Ib* 1v

Let us alone Time driveth onward fast,

And in a little while our lips are dumb

Let us alone What is it that will last?

All things are taken from us, and become

Portions and parcels of the dreadful Past *Ib*

The Lotos blooms below the barren peak:

The Lotos blows by every winding creek

All day the wind breathes low with mellow tone

Thro' every hollow cave and alley lone,

Round and round the spicy downs the yellow Lotos-
dust is blown. *Ib* viii

Live and lie reclined

On the hills like Gods together, careless of mankind

For they lie beside their nectar, and the bolts are
hurled

Far below them in the valleys, and the clouds are
lightly curl'd

Round their golden houses, girdled with the gleaming
world *Ib*

Surely, surely, slumber is more sweet than toil, the
shore

Than labour in the deep mid-ocean, wind and wave
and oar,

Oh rest ye, brother manners, we will not wander
more *Ib*

Of love that never found his earthly close,

What sequel? Streaming eyes and breaking hearts?

Or all the same as if he had not been?

Love and Duty, 1 1

The long mechanic paces to and fro,

The set gray life, and apathetic end *Ib* 1 17

Raw Haste, half-sister to Delay

Love thou thy Land, xiv

Ruining along the illimitable inane. *Lucretius, 1 40.*

Nor at all can tell

Whether I mean this day to end myself,

Or lend an ear to Plato where he says,

That men like soldiers may not quit the post

Allotted by the Gods. *Ib. 1 145*

That stays the rolling Ixionian wheel,

And numbs the Fury's ringlet-snake, and plucks

The mortal soul from out immortal hell. *Ib. 1 260*

Passionless bride, divine Tranquillity. *Ib. 1. 265*

Without one pleasure and without one pain. *Ib 1 268*

The lonely moated grange *Mariana*

She only said, 'My life is dreary,

He cometh not,' she said,

She said, 'I am aweary, aweary

I would that I were dead!' *Ib.*

Her tears fell with the dews at even,
Her tears fell ere the dews were dried. *Ib*

She wept, 'I am aweary, aweary,
O God, that I were dead!' *Ib*

I hate the dreadful hollow behind the little wood
Maud, Pt I 1 1

The smooth-faced snubnosed rogue *Ib* xiii

Faultily faultless, icily regular, splendidly null *Ib* 11

A monstrous eft was of old the Lord and Master of
Earth *Ib* 1v vi

The passionate heart of the poet is whirl'd into folly
and vice *Ib* vii

Maud with her exquisite face,
And wild voice pealing up to the sunny sky,

And feet like sunny gems on an English green *Ib* v 11

That jewell'd mass of millinery,
That oil'd and curl'd Assyrian Bull *Ib* vi vi

She came to the village church,

And sat by a pillar alone,

An angel watching an urn

Wept over her, carved in stone *Ib* viii

The snowy-banded, diltante,

Delicate-handed priest intone *Ib*

Ah God, for a man with heart, head, hand,

Like some of the simple great ones gone

For ever and ever by,

One still strong man in a blatant land,

Whatever they call him, what care I,

Aristocrat, democrat, autocrat—one

Who can rule and dare not lie

And ah for a man to arise in me,

That the man I am may cease to be! *Ib* x v-vi.

O let the solid ground

Not fail beneath my feet

Before my life has found

What some have found so sweet. *Ib* xi 1.

Birds in the high Hall-garden

When twilight was falling,

Maud, Maud, Maud, Maud,

They were crying and calling. *Ib* xii 1

I kiss'd her slender hand,

She took the kiss sedately;

Maud is not seventeen,

But she is tall and stately. *Ib* 1v

I know the way she went

Home with her maiden posy,

For her feet have touch'd the meadows

And left the daisies rosy. *Ib* vi

Gorgonised me from head to foot

With a stony British stare. *Ib* xiii. 11.

Go not, happy day,

From the shining fields,

Go not, happy day,

Till the maiden yields.

Rosy is the West,

Rosy is the South,

Roses are her cheeks,

And a rose her mouth. *Ib* xvii

Blush from West to East,
Blush from East to West,
Till the West is East,
Blush it thro' the West. *Maud, Pt I xvii.*

A livelier emerald twinkles in the grass,
A purer sapphire melts into the sea *Ib xviii vi*

Come into the garden, Maud,
For the black bat, night, has flown,
Come into the garden, Maud,
I am here at the gate alone,
And the woodbine spices are wafted abroad,
And the musk of the rose is blown

For a breeze of morning moves,
And the planet of Love is on high,
Beginning to faint in the light that she loves
On a bed of daffodil sky *Ib. xxii. 1-11.*

All night have the roses heard
The flute, violin, bassoon,
All night has the casement jessamine stirr'd
To the dancers dancing in tune,
Till a silence fell with the waking bird,
And a hush with the setting moon *Ib. iii.*

Whenever a March-wind sighs
He sets the jewel-print of your feet
In violets blue as your eyes. *Ib vii*

The slender acacia would not shake
One long milk-bloom on the tree;
The white lake-blossom fell into the lake
As the pimpernel dozed on the lea;
But the rose was awake all night for your sake,
Knowing your promise to me,
The lilies and roses were all awake,
They sigh'd for the dawn and thee. *Ib viii*

Queen rose of the rosebud garden of girls *Ib ix*

There has fallen a splendid tear
From the passion-flower at the gate.
She is coming, my dove, my dear,
She is coming, my life, my fate,
The red rose cries, 'She is near, she is near,'
And the white rose weeps, 'She is late,'
The larkspur listens, 'I hear, I hear,'
And the lily whispers, 'I wait'

She is coming, my own, my sweet;
Were it ever so airy a tread,
My heart would hear her and beat,
Were it earth in an earthy bed;
My dust would hear her and beat,
Had I lain for a century dead;
Would start and tremble under her feet,
And blossom in purple and red. *Ib x-xi*

The Christless code,
That must have life for a blow. *Ib Pt II i. 1.*

O that 'twere possible
After long grief and pain
To find the arms of my true love
Round me once again! *Ib iv. 1.*

Ah Christ, that it were possible
For one short hour to see
The souls we loved, that they might tell us
What and where they be. *Ib. iii.*

But the churchmen fain would kill their church,
As the churches have kill'd their Christ. *Ib. v. 11*

O me, why have they not buried me deep enough?
Is it kind to have made me a grave so rough,
Me, that was never a quiet sleeper? *Ib. xi.*

Bury me, bury me
Deeper, ever so little deeper *Ib.*

My life has crept so long on a broken wing
Thro' cells of madness, haunts of horror and fear,
That I come to be grateful at last for a little thing *Ib Pt. III. vi. 1.*

When the face of night is fair on the dewy downs,
And the shining daffodil dies *Ib.*

The blood-red blossom of war with a heart of fire *Ib. iv.*

It is better to fight for the good, than to rail at the ill,
I have felt with my native land, I am one with my
kind,
I embrace the purpose of God, and the doom assign'd. *Ib. v.*

You must wake and call me early, call me early,
mother dear,
To-morrow 'ill be the happiest time of all the glad
New-year,
Of all the glad New-year, mother, the maddest
merriest day;
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be
Queen o' the May. *The May Queen.*

It seem'd so hard at first, mother, to leave the blessed
sun,
And now it seems as hard to stay, and yet His will be
done!
But still I think it can't be long before I find release,
And that good man, the clergyman, has told me
words of peace *Ib Conclusion*

All in the wild March-morning I heard the angels
call,
It was when the moon was setting, and the dark was
over all,
The trees began to whisper, and the wind began to
roll,
And in the wild March-morning I heard them call
my soul. *Ib.*

Follow the Gleam. *Merlin and the Gleam.*

In after-dinner talk,
Across the walnuts and the wine *The Miller's Daughter.*

What, it's you,
The padded man—that wears the stays. *The New Tynon and the Poets.*

What profits now to understand
The merits of a spotless shirt—
A dapper boot—a little hand—
If half the little soul is dirt? *Ib.*

Don't thou' ear my 'erse's legs, as they canters
away?
Proputty, proputty, proputty—that's what I 'ears'em
saay. *Northern Farmer New Style.*

But I know'd a Quaker feller as often 'as tow'd me
this
'Doant thou marry for munny, but god wheer munny
is! *Ib.*

Taake my word for it, Sammy, the poor in a loomp
is bad. *Ib.*

An' I thowt a said whot a owt to 'a said an' I coom'd
away *Northern Farmer Old Style*

Do godamoughty knaw what a's doing a-taakin' o'
mea? *Ib.*

Bury the Great Duke
With an empire's lamentation,
Let us bury the Great Duke
To the noise of the mourning of a mighty nation
Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington, 1.

Let the sound of those he wrought for,
And the feet of those he fought for,
Echo round his bones for evermore. *Ib. 11*

The last great Englishman is low *Ib. 111*

Foremost captain of his time,
Rich in saving common-sense,
And, as the greatest only are,
In his simplicity sublime
O good grey head which all men knew! *Ib. 1v.*

O fall'n at length that tower of strength
Which stood four-square to all the winds that blew!
Ib.

Under the cross of gold
That shines over city and river. *Ib. v.*

Mighty Seaman, this is he
Was great by land as thou by sea. *Ib. vi*

For this is England's greatest son,
He that gain'd a hundred fights,
Nor ever lost an English gun. *Ib.*

Clash'd with his fiery few and won. *Ib.*
In that world-earthquake, Waterloo!

Thank Him who isled us here, and roughly set
His Briton in blown seas and storming showers *Ib. vii*

That sober freedom out of which there springs
Our loyal passion for our temperate kings *Ib.*

Who never sold the truth to serve the hour,
Nor palter'd with Eternal God for power *Ib.*

Truth-teller was our England's Alfred named *Ib.*

Not once or twice in our rough island-story,
The path of duty was the way to glory *Ib. viii*

He shall find the stubborn thistle bursting
Into glossy purples, which outbredden
All voluptuous garden-roses. *Ib.*

The shining table-lands
To which our God Himself is moon and sun *Ib.*

Speak no more of his renown,
Lay your earthly fancies down,
And in the vast cathedral leave him,
God accept him, Christ receive him. *Ib. ix*

There lies a vale in Ida, lovelier
Than all the valleys of Ionian hills. *CEnone, 1 1*
O mother Ida, many-fountain'd Ida. *Ib. 1 22.*

Dear mother Ida, harken ere I die.
It was the deep midnoon one silvery cloud
Had lost his way between the piney sides
Of this long glen Then to the bower they came,
Naked they came to that smooth-swarded bower,
And at their feet the crocus brake like fire,
Violet, amaranthus, and asphodel,
Lotos and lilies. *Ib. 1 89*

Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control,
These three alone lead life to sovereign power *Ib. 1 142*

Because right is right, to follow right
Were wisdom in the scorn of consequence *Ib. 1 147*

I built my soul a lordly pleasure-house,
Wherein at ease for aye to dwell *The Palace of Art, 1*

Still as, while Saturn whirls, his steadfast shade
Sleeps on his luminous ring. *Ib. 1v*

A haunt of ancient Peace. *Ib. xlii*

Plato the wise, and large-brow'd Verulam,
The first of those who know *Ib. xli*

On corpses three-months-old at noon she came,
That stood against the wall *Ib. lxi.*

Act first, this Earth, a stage so gloom'd with woe
You all but sicken at the shifting scenes
And yet be patient Our Playwright may show
In some fifth Act what this wild Drama means
The Play.

Dower'd with the hate of hate, the scorn of scorn,
The love of love. *The Poet.*

And Freedom rear'd in that august sunrise
Her beautiful bold brow *Ib.*

Vex not thou the poet's mind
With thy shallow wit;
Vex not thou the poet's mind;
For thou canst not fathom it
Clear and bright it should be ever,
Flowing like a crystal river,
Bright as light, and clear as wind *The Poet's Mind.*

Dark-brow'd sophist, come not anear:
All the place is holy ground *Ib.*

And he sat him down in a lonely place,
And chanted a melody loud and sweet,
That made the wild-swan pause in her cloud,
And the lark drop down at his feet *The Poet's Song.*

The swallow stopt as he hunted the fly,
The snake slapt under a spray,
The wild hawk stood with the down on his beak,
And stared, with his foot on the prey *Ib.*

For some cry 'Quick' and some cry 'Slow',
But, while the hills remain,
Up hill 'Too-slow' will need the whip,
Down hill 'Too-quick', the chain *Politics.*

The cuckoo of a joyless June
Is calling out of doors
Prefatory Poem to my Brother's Sonnets.

The cuckoo of a worse July
Is calling thro' the dark *Ib.*

Here, in this roaring moon of daffodil
And crocus

Prefatory Sonnet to the 'Nineteenth Century'.

With prudes for proctors, dowagers for deans,
And sweet girl-graduates in their golden hair
The Princess, prologue, 1 141.

A rosebud set with little wilful thorns,
And sweet as English air could make her, she
Ib. 1 153.

As thro' the land at eve we went,
 And pluck'd the ripen'd ears,
 We fell out, my wife and I,
 O we fell out I know not why,
 And kiss'd again with tears
 And blessings on the falling out
 That all the more endears,
 When we fall out with those we love
 And kiss again with tears!

The Princess, 11 *Intro'd Song*

O hard, when love and duty clash! *Ib* 11, l 273
 And quoted odes, and jewels five-words long,
 That on the stretch'd forefinger of all Time
 Sparkle for ever *Ib* 1. 355

Sweet and low, sweet and low,
 Wind of the western sea,
 Low, low, breathe and blow,
 Wind of the western sea!
 Over the rolling waters go,
 Come from the dying moon, and blow,
 Blow him again to me,
 While my little one, while my pretty one, sleeps
Ib 11, *Intro'd Song*

A Memnon smitten with the morning Sun *Ib* 1 100

The splendour falls on castle walls
 And snowy summits old in story
 The long light shakes across the lakes,
 And the wild cataract leaps in glory
 Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
 Blow, bugle, answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying
Ib 14, *Intro'd Song*

O hark, O hear! how thin and clear,
 And thinner, clearer, farther going!
 O sweet and far from cliff and scar
 The horns of Elfland faintly blowing! *Ib*

O love, they die in yon rich sky,
 They faint on hill or field or river
 Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
 And grow for ever and for ever. *Ib*

Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean,
 Tears from the depth of some divine despair
 Rise in the heart, and gather to the eyes,
 In looking on the happy Autumn-fields,
 And thinking of the days that are no more
Ib 14, l 21

So sad, so fresh, the days that are no more *Ib* 1 30

Ah, sad and strange as in dark summer dawns
 The earliest pipe of half-awaken'd birds
 To dying ears, when unto dying eyes
 The casement slowly grows a glimmering square,
 So sad, so strange, the days that are no more

Dear as remembered kisses after death,
 And sweet as those by hopeless fancy feign'd
 On lips that are for others deep as love,
 Deep as first love, and wild with all regret,
 O Death in Life, the days that are no more *Ib* 1 31

O Swallow, Swallow, flying South,
 Fly to her, and fall upon her gilded eaves,
 And tell her, tell her, what I tell to thee
 O tell her, Swallow, thou that knowest each,
 That bright and fierce and fickle is the South,
 And dark and true and tender is the North *Ib* 1 75.

O tell her, Swallow, that thy brood is flown:
 Say to her, I do but wanton in the South,
 But in the North long since my nest is made.

O tell her, brief is life but love is long,
 And brief the sun of summer in the North,
 And brief the moon of beauty in the South

O Swallow, flying from the golden woods,
 Fly to her, and pipe and woo her, and make her mine,
 And tell her, tell her, that I follow thee. *Ib* 1 90

Thy voice is heard thro' rolling drums,
 That beat to battle where he stands,
 Thy face across his fancy comes,
 And gives the battle to his hands
 A moment, while the trumpets blow,
 He sees his brood about thy knee,
 The next, like fire he meets the foe,
 And strikes him dead for thine and thee *Ib* 1 552

Man is the hunter, woman is his game. *Ib*, v, l. 147

Man for the field and woman for the hearth:
 Man for the sword and for the needle she
 Man with the head and woman with the heart
 Man to command and woman to obey,
 All else confusion *Ib* 1 427

Home they brought her warrior dead.
 She nor swoon'd, nor utter'd cry
 All her maidens, watching, said,
 'She must weep or she will die' *Ib*, vi, *Intro'd Song*

Home they brought him slain with spears,
 They brought him home at even-fall
Version reprinted in Poems (1912), p. 870.

Rose a nurse of ninety years,
 Set his child upon her knee—
 Like summer tempest came her tears—
 'Sweet my child, I live for thee' *Ib*

The woman is so hard *Ib* vi, l. 205

Ask me no more the moon may draw the sea,
 The cloud may stoop from heaven and take the shape
 With fold to fold, of mountain or of cape,
 But O too fond, when have I answer'd thee?
 Ask me no more

Ask me no more what answer should I give?
 I love not hollow cheek or faded eye
 Yet, O my friend, I will not have thee die!
 Ask me no more, lest I should bid thee live,
 Ask me no more

Ask me no more thy fate and mine are seal'd
 I strove against the stream and all in vain
 Let the great river take me to the main
 No more, dear love, for at a touch I yield;
 Ask me no more,
Ib vii, *Intro'd. Song.*

Now sleeps the crimson petal, now the white,
 Nor waves the cypress in the palace walk,
 Nor winks the gold fin in the porphyry font
 The fire-fly wakens waken thou with me.

Now droops the milk-white peacock like a ghost,
 And like a ghost she glimmers on to me.

Now lies the Earth all Danae to the stars,
 And all thy heart lies open unto me.

Now slides the silent meteor on, and leaves
A shining furrow, as thy thoughts in me

Now folds the lily all her sweetness up,
And slips into the bosom of the lake
So fold thyself, my dearest, thou, and slip
Into my bosom and be lost in me

The Princess, vii, 1 161

Come down, O maid, from yonder mountain height
What pleasure lives in height? *Ib* 1 177

For Love is of the valley, come thou down
And find him, by the happy threshold, he,
Or hand in hand with Plenty in the maize,
Or red with spiced purple of the vats,
Or foxhike in the vine, nor cares to walk
With Death and Morning on the silver horns

Ib 1 184

Sweet is every sound,
Sweeter thy voice, but every sound is sweet,
Myriads of rivulets hurrying thro' the lawn,
The moan of doves in immemorial elms,
And murmuring of innumerable bees

Ib 1 203

The woman's cause is man's they rise or sink
Together

Ib 1 243

Like perfect music unto noble words

Ib 1 270

Happy he
With such a mother! faith in womankind
Beats with his blood, and trust in all things high
Comes easy to him, and tho' he trip and fall
He shall not blind his soul with clay

Ib 1 308

No little lily-handed Baronet he,
A great broad-shoulder'd genial Englishman

Ib Conclusion, 1 84

A pamphleteer on guano and on grain.

Ib 1 89

This laurel greener from the brows
Of him that utter'd nothing base

To the Queen, 1831, 'Revered, beloved'

Her court was pure, her life serene,
God gave her peace, her land repos'd,
A thousand claims to reverence clos'd
In her as Mother, Wife, and Queen,

And statesmen at her council met
Who knew the seasons when to take
Occasion by the hand, and make
The bounds of freedom wider yet

Ib

Broad-based upon her people's will,
And compass'd by the inviolate sea

Ib

Our slowly-grown
And crown'd Republic's crowning common-sense
To the Queen, 'O loyal to the royal in thyself', 1 59

For it was in the golden prime
Of good Haroun Alraschid

Recollections of the Arabian Nights, 1

At Flores in the Azores Sir Richard Grenville lay,
And a pinnace, like a fluttered bird, came flying from
far away.

'Spanish ships of war at sea! we have sighted fifty-
three!'

The Revenge, 1

Then swore Lord Thomas Howard "Fore God I am
no coward,
But I cannot meet them here, for my ships are out of
gear,

And the half my men are sick I must fly, but follow
quick

We are six ships of the line, can we fight with fifty-
three? *Ib*

Then spake Sir Richard Grenville 'I know you are
no coward,

You fly them for a moment to fight with them again
But I've ninety men and more that are lying sick
ashore

I should count myself the coward if I left them, my
Lord Howard,

To these Inquisition dogs and the devildoms of
Spain' *Ib* 11

So Lord Howard past away with five ships of war
that day,

Till he melted like a cloud in the silent summer
heaven,

But Sir Richard bore in hand all his sick men from
the land

Very carefully and slow,
Men of Bideford in Devon,

And we laid them on the ballast down below,
For we brought them all aboard,

And they blest him in their pain, that they were not
left to Spain,

To the thumbscrew and the stake, for the glory of
the Lord

Ib 111

'Shall we fight or shall we fly?

Good Sir Richard, tell us now,

For to fight is but to die!

There'll be little of us left by the time this sun be set'
And Sir Richard said again 'We be all good English
men

Let us bang these dogs of Seville, the children of the
devil,

For I never turn'd my back upon Don or devil yet'

Ib 117

And the sun went down, and the stars came out far
over the summer sea,

But never a moment ceased the fight of the one and
the fifty-three

Ship after ship, the whole night long, their high-built
galleons came,

Ship after ship, the whole night long, with her battle-
thunder and flame,

Ship after ship, the whole night long, drew back with
her dead and her shame

For some were sunk and many were shatter'd, and so
could fight us no more—

God of battles, was ever a battle like this in the world
before? *Ib* 118

'Sink me the ship, Master Gunner—sink her, split her
in twain!

Fall into the hands of God, not into the hands of
Spain!'

Ib 119

And the gunner said 'Ay, ay', but the seamen made
reply

'We have children, we have wives,
And the Lord hath spared our lives'

Ib 121

And they praised him to his face with their courtly
foreign grace,

But he rose upon their decks, and he cried
'I have fought for Queen and Faith like a valiant man
and true,

I have only done my duty as a man is bound to do
With a joyful spirit I Sir Richard Grenville die!'

And he fell upon their decks, and he died *Ib* 121.

And the little Revenge herself went down by the
island crags
To be lost evermore in the main *The Revenge*, xiv
Form, Form, Riflemen Form! *Riflemen Form!*

Make thou my spirit pure and clear
As are the frosty skies,
Or the first snowdrop of the year
That in my bosom lies *St Agnes' Eve*.

The sabbaths of Eternity,
One sabbath deep and wide—
A light upon the shining sea—
The Bridegroom with his bride! *Ib*.

Battering the gates of heaven with storms of prayer.
St Simeon Stylites, l 7.

What does little birdie say
In her nest at peep of day? *Sea Dreams*, l 281.

Birdie, rest a little longer,
Till the little wings are stronger.
So she rests a little longer,
Then she flies away. *Ib* l. 285.

My strength is as the strength of ten,
Because my heart is pure *Sir Galahad*

So pass I hostel, hall, and grange,
By bridge and ford, by park and pale,
All-arm'd I ride, whate'er betide,
Until I find the holy Grail. *Ib*

A man had given all other bliss,
And all his worldly worth for this,
To waste his whole heart in one kiss
Upon her perfect lips
Sir Launcelot and Queen Guinevere.

Alone and warming his five wits,
The white owl in the belfry sits *Song. The Owl*.

Thou art no sabbath-drawler of old saws,
Distill'd from some worm-canker'd homily
Sonnet. To J M K

Thou from a throne
Mounted in heaven wilt shoot into the dark
Arrows of lightnings. I will stand and mark. *Ib*

Oh teach me yet
Somewhat before the heavy clod
Wighs on me, and the busy fret
Of that sharp-headed worm begins
In the gross blackness underneath
Supposed Confessions of a Second-Rate Sensitive Mind.

In tea-cup times of hood and hoop,
Or while the patch was worn
The Talking Oak, xvi.

And far below the Roundhead rode,
And humm'd a surly hymn *Ib* lxxv.

We are not cotton-spinners all,
But some love England and her honour yet
The Third of February, 1852, viii

The woods decay, the woods decay and fall,
The vapours weep their burthen to the ground,
Man comes and tills the field and lies beneath,
And after many a summer dies the swan

Tithonus, l 1

Here at the quiet limit of the world. *Ib* l 7.

Why wilt thou ever scare me with thy tears,
And make me tremble lest a saying learnt,
In days far-off, on that dark earth, be true?
'The gods themselves cannot recall their gifts.'
Ib l 46.

Of happy men that have the power to die,
And grassy barrows of the happier dead *Ib* l 70.

A still small voice spake unto me,
'Thou art so full of misery,
Were it not better not to be?' *The Two Voices*, 1.

This truth within thy mind rehearse,
That in a boundless universe
Is boundless better, boundless worse *Ib* ix

'Consider well,' the voice replied,
'His face, that two hours since hath died,
Wilt thou find passion, pain, or pride?' *Ib* lxxxii

No life that breathes with human breath
Has ever truly long'd for death. *Ib* cxxxiii

For, being of that honest few,
Who give the Fiend himself his due,
Should eighty-thousand college-councils
Thunder 'Anathema' friend at you.
To the Rev. F. D Maurice, ii

A careless-order'd garden
Close to the ridge of a noble down. *Ib* iv

You'll have no scandal while you dine,
But honest talk and wholesome wine. *Ib* v.

It little profits that an idle king,
By this still hearth, among these barren crags,
Match'd with an aged wife, I mete and dole
Unequal laws unto a savage race *Ulysses*, l. 1.

I will drink
Life to the lees all times I have enjoy'd
Greatly, have suffer'd greatly, both with those
That loved me, and alone; on shore, and when
Thro' scudding drifts the rainy Hyades
Vext the dim sea I am become a name,
For always roaming with a hungry heart
Much have I seen and known, cities of men
And manners, climates, councils, governments,
Myself not least, but honour'd of them all,
And drunk delight of battle with my peers,
Far on the ringing plains of windy Troy.
I am a part of all that I have met,
Yet all experience is an arch where thro'
Gleams that untravell'd world, whose margin fades
For ever and for ever when I move
How dull it is to pause, to make an end,
To rust unburnish'd, not to shine in use!
As tho' to breathe were life Life piled on life
Were all too little, and of one to me
Little remains' but every hour is saved
From that eternal silence, something more,
A bringer of new things *Ib* l 6.

This gray spirit yearning in desire
To follow knowledge like a sinking star,
Beyond the utmost bound of human thought
Ib l 30.

This is my son, mine own Telemachus. *Ib* l 33.

There lies the port, the vessel puffs her sail
There gloom the dark broad seas My mariners,
Souls that have toil'd, and wrought, and thought
with me—

That ever with a frolic welcome took
The thunder and the sunshine, and opposed
Free hearts, free foreheads—you and I are old,
Old age hath yet his honour and his toil,
Death closes all but something ere the end,
Some work of noble note, may yet be done,
Not unbecoming men that strove with gods
The lights begin to twinkle from the rocks
The long day wanes the slow moon climbs the deep
Moans round with many voices Come, my friends,
'Tis not too late to seek a newer world
Push off, and sitting well in order smite
The sounding furrows, for my purpose holds
To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths
Of all the western stars, until I die.
It may be that the gulfs will wash us down
It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles,
And see the great Achilles, whom we knew
Tho' much is taken, much abides, and tho'
We are not now that strength which in old days
Moved earth and heaven, that which we are, we are,
One equal temper of heroic hearts,
Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will
To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield *Ulysses, l 44.*

What is it all but a trouble of ants in the gleam of a
million million of suns? *Vastness.*

Household happiness, gracious children, debtless
competence, golden mean *lb*

An' I thowt 'twur the will o' the Lord, but Miss Annie
she said it wur draains *The Village Wife, 11.*

All the charm of all the Muses often flowering in a
lonely word *To Virgil, 111.*

I salute thee, Mantovano,
I that loved thee since my day began,
Wielder of the stateliest measure ever moulded by
the lips of man *lb x*

As 'twere a hundred-throated nightingale.
The Vision of Sin, 11.

God made Himself an awful rose of dawn. *lb 111*

Bitter barmaid, waning fast! *lb iv 11*

Let us have a quiet hour,
Let us hob-and-nob with Death. *lb. 111.*

Every moment dies a man,
Every moment one is born *lb ix*

Fill the can, and fill the cup
All the windy ways of men
Are but dust that rises up,
And is lightly laid again *lb xviii*

Drink to heavy Ignorance!
Hob-and-nob with brother Death! *lb xxxiii*

We knew the merry world was round,
And we might sail for evermore *The Voyage, 1*

Give her the wages of going on, and not to die.
Wages, 11

Sea-King's daughter from over the sea, Alexandral
Saxon and Norman and Dane are we,
But all of us Danes in our welcome of thee, Alexandral
A Welcome to Alexandra

Oh well for him whose will is strong!
He suffers, but he will not suffer long,
He suffers, but he cannot suffer wrong *Will.*

O plump head-warter at the Cock
To which I most resort

Will Waterproof's Lyrical Monologue, 1

Or that eternal want of pence,
Which vexes public men *lb vi*

High over roaring Temple-bar,
And set in Heaven's third story,
I look at all things as they are,
But thro' a kind of glory. *lb ix*

Right down by smoky Paul's they bore,
Till, where the street grows straiter,
One fix'd for ever at the door,
And one became head-warter. *lb xviii*

A land of settled government,
A land of just and old renown,
Where Freedom slowly broadens down
From precedent to precedent 'You ask me, why,' 111.

EDWARD TESCHEMACHER

19th cent.

There is a garden that I dream of
The Garden of Your Heart.

Where my caravan has rested,
Flowers I leave you on the grass
Where My Caravan Has Rested

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY

1811-1863

He who meanly admires mean things is a Snob
The Book of Snobs, ch 2.

It is impossible, in our condition of Society, not to be
sometimes a Snob *lb. ch 3.*

'Tis not the dying for a faith that's so hard, Master
Harry—every man of every nation has done that—
'tis the living up to it that is difficult
Esmond, bk 1, ch 6

'Tis strange what a man may do, and a woman yet
think him an angel *lb ch 7.*

We love being in love, that's the truth on't
lb bk 11, ch 15

Why do they always put mud into coffee on board
steamers? Why does the tea generally taste of
boiled boots? *The Kickleburs on the Rhine*

What woman, however old, has not the bridal-favours
and raument stowed away, and packed in lavender,
in the inmost cupboards of her heart?
Lovel the Widower, ch. 28

When I say that I know women, I mean I know that
I don't know them Every single woman I ever
knew is a puzzle to me, as, I have no doubt, she is
to herself *Mr. Brown's Letters.*

A military gent I see—and while his face I scan,
I think you'll all agree with me—He came from
Hindustan. *The Newcomes, bk 1, ch 1.*

What money is better bestowed than that of a school-boy's tip? *The Newcomes*, ch 16

As the last bell struck, a peculiar sweet smile shone over his face, and he lifted up his head a little, and quickly said, 'Adsum!' and fell back. It was the word we used at school, when names were called, and lo, he, whose heart was as that of a little child, had answered to his name, and stood in the presence of The Master *Ib* ch 80

Rake's progress *Pendenms*, Title of ch 19

Yes, I am a fatal man, Madame Fribsbi. To inspire hopeless passion is my destiny *(Mirobolant)* *Ib* ch 23

Remember, it is as easy to marry a rich woman as a poor woman *Ib* ch 28

For a slashing article, sir, there's nobody like the Captng *Ib* ch 32

The *Pall Mall Gazette* is written by gentlemen for gentlemen *Ib*

Now Valoroso is a man again! *(Valoroso)*
The Rose and the Ring, ch 1.

Business first, pleasure afterwards
(Queen of Paslagoma) *Ib*

Runs not a river by my palace wall? Have I not sacks to sew up wives withal? *(Valoroso)* *Ib* ch 9

'No business before breakfast, Glum!' says the King.
'Breakfast first, business next' *(Valoroso)* *Ib* ch 11

My bold, my beautiful, my Bulbo! *(Angelica)* *Ib*

Illuminated with the Author's own candles
Vanity Fair Before the Curtain

This I set down as a positive truth. A woman with fair opportunities and without a positive hump, may marry whom she likes *Ib* ch 4

(Miss Crawley) had been in France—and loved, ever after, French novels, French cookery, and French wines *Ib* ch 10

Whenever he met a great man he grovelled before him, and my-lorded him as only a free-born Briton can do *Ib* ch 13

Arms and Hatchments, Resurgam—Here is an opportunity for moralizing! *Ib* ch 14

Darkness came down on the field and city and Amelia was playing for George, who was lying on his face, dead, with a bullet through his heart *Ib* ch 32

Nothing like blood, sir, in hosses, dawgs, and men
[*James Crawley*] *Ib* ch 35

Ah! *Vantus Vamtatum!* Which of us is happy in this world? Which of us has his desire? or, having it, is satisfied?—Come, children, let us shut up the box and the puppets, for our play is played out *Ib* ch 67

'There's no sweeter tobacco comes from Virginia, and no better brand than the Three Castles'
The Virgmans, ch 1

Fashnable fax and polite annygoats
The Yellowplush Papers, pt. i, title

My ma wrapped up my buth in a mistry
Ib pt 11, *Miss Shum's Husband*, ch 1.

Then sing as Martin Luther sang,
As Doctor Martin Luther sang,
'Who loves not wine, woman and song,
He is a fool his whole life long' *A Credo*

Ho, pretty page, with the dimpled chin
That never has known the barber's shear,
All your wish is woman to win,
This is the way that boys begin

Wait till you come to Forty Year
The Age of Wisdom

Although I enter not,
Yet round about the spot
Of times I hover,
And near the sacred gate,
With longing eyes I wait,
Expectant of her. *At the Church Gate.*

The play is done, the curtain drops,
Slow falling to the prompter's bell.
A moment yet the actor stops,
And looks around, to say farewell.
It is an irksome word and task
And, when he's laughed and said his say,
He shows, as he removes the mask,
A face that's anything but gay
The End of the Play

Christmas is here:
Winds whistle shrill,
Icy and chill.
Little care we;
Little we fear
Weather without,
Sheltered about
The Mahogany Tree *The Mahogany Tree.*

There were three sailors of Bristol City
Who took a boat and went to sea
But first with beef and captain's biscuits
And pickled pork they loaded she
There was gorging Jack and guzzling Jimmy,
And the youngest he was little Billee
Now when they got as far as the Equator
They'd nothing left but one split pea. *Little Billee*

Says gorging Jim to guzzling Jacky,
We have no wittles, so we must eat *wé* *Ib.*

There's little Bill as is young and tender,
We're old and tough—so let's eat *he* *Ib.*

He scarce had said his Catechism,
When up he jumps 'There's land I see!
There's Jerusalem and Madagascar,
And North and South Amerikey
There's the British Fleet a-riding at anchor,
With Admiral Napier, K C B' *Ib.*

Werther had a love for Charlotte
Such as words could never utter,
Would you know how first he met her?
She was cutting bread and butter
Sorrows of Werther.

Charlotte, having seen his body
Borne before her on a shutter,
Like a well-conducted person,
Went on cutting bread and butter *Ib*

Oh, Vanity of vanities!
How wayward the decrees of Fate are;
How very weak the very wise,
How very small the very great are!

Vantus Vamtatum.

FRANCIS THOMPSON

1859-1907

Pontifical Death, that doth the crevasse bridge
To the steep and trifid God *Anthem of Earth*

Here I shake off
The bur o' the world, man's congregation shun,
And to the antique order of the dead
I take the tongueless vows my cell is set
Here in thy bosom, my little trouble is ended
In a little peace *Ib*

And thou what needest with thy tribe's black tents
Who hast the red pavilion of my heart?
Arab Love Song

He the Anteros and Eros,
I the body, He the Cross;
He upbearth me, *Ischyros*,
Agiros Athanatos! *Assumpta Maria*

Lo! He standeth, Spouse and Brother,
I to Him, and He to me,
Who upraised me where my mother
Fell beneath the apple-tree *Ib*

Life is a coquetry
Of Death, which wearies me,
Too sure
Of the amour
To the Dead Cardinal of Westminster.

I have no angels left
Now, Sweet, to pray to. *A Carrier Song*

The hills look over on the South,
And Southward dreams the sea,
And with the sea-breeze hand in hand,
Came innocence and she. *Daisy*

Where 'mid the gorse the raspberry
Red for the gatherer springs,
Two children did we stray and talk
Wise, idle, childish things *Ib*

The fairest things have fleetest end,
Their scent survives their close
But the rose's scent is bitterness
To him that loved the rose *Ib*

She went her unremembering way,
She went and left in me
The pang of all the partings gone,
And partings yet to be

She left me marvelling why my soul
Was sad that she was glad,
At all the sadness in the sweet,
The sweetness in the sad *Ib.*

Nothing begins and nothing ends
That is not paid with moan,
For we are born in other's pain,
And perish in our own. *Ib*

Ah, for a heart less native to high Heaven,
A hooded eye, for jesses and restraint,
Or for a will accipitrine to pursue!
The Dread of Height.

Go, songs, for ended is our brief sweet play,
Go, children of swift joy and tardy sorrow
And some are sung, and that was yesterday,
And some unsung, and that may be tomorrow
Envoy.

Little Jesus, wast Thou shy
Once, and just so small as I?
And what did it feel to be
Out of Heaven and just like me? *Ex Ore Infantum.*

Did the things
Play 'Can you see me?' through their wings? *Ib.*

Cast wide the folding doorways of the East,
For now is light increased!
And the wind-besomed chambers of the air,
See they be garnished fair
From the Night of Forebeing Ode to Easter

Spring is come home with her world-wandering feet
And all things are made young with young desires *Ib*

Let even the slug-abed snail upon the thorn
Put forth a conscious horn! *Ib*

Look for me in the nurseries of Heaven
To My Godchild.

O nothing, in this corporal earth of man,
That to the imminent heaven of his high soul
Responds with colour and with shadow, can
Lack correlated greatness *The Heart, II.*

And all man's Babylons strive but to impart
The grandeurs of his Babylonian heart. *Ib.*

I fled Him, down the nights and down the days;
I fled Him, down the arches of the years,
I fled Him, down the labyrinthine ways
Of my own mind, and in the mist of tears
I hid from Him, and under running laughter
The Hound of Heaven.

But with unhurrying chase,
And unperturb'd pace,
Deliberate speed, majestic instancy,
They beat—and a Voice beat
More instant than the Feet—
'All things betray thee, who betrayest Me' *Ib*

(For, though I knew His love Who followed,
Yet was I sore adread
Lest, having Him, I must have naught beside) *Ib*

Fear wist not to evade, as Love wist to pursue *Ib*
I said to Dawn Be sudden—to Eve Be soon. *Ib*

To all swift things for swiftness did I sue;
Clung to the whistling mane of every wind. *Ib*

Came on the following Feet,
And a Voice above their beat—
'Naught shelters thee, who wilt not shelter Me' *Ib.*

I sought no more that after which I strayed
In face of man or maid,
But still within the little children's eyes
Seems something, something that replies,
They at least are for me, surely for me!
I turned me to them very wistfully,
But just as their young eyes grew sudden fair
With dawning answers there,
Their angel plucked them from me by the hair *Ib.*

I was heavy with the even
When she lit her glimmering tapers
Round the day's dead sanctities *Ib*
My harness piece by piece 'Thou hast hewn from me
And smitten me to my knee *Ib*

Yea, faileth now even dream
The dreamer, and the lute the lutanist,
Even the linked fantasies, in whose blossomy twist
I swung the earth a trinket at my wrist

The Hound of Heaven

Ah! must—

Designer infinite!—

Ah! must Thou char the wood ere Thou canst limn
with it?

Ib

Such is, what is to be?

The pulp so bitter, how shall taste the rind?

Ib

Yet ever and anon a trumpet sounds

From the hid battlements of Eternity,

Those shaken mists a space unsettle, then

Round the half-glimpst d turrets slowly wash again

Ib

Whether man's heart or life it be which yields

Thee harvest, must Thy harvest-fields

Be dunged with rotten death?

Ib.

Now of that long pursuit

Comes on at hand the bruit,

That Voice is round me like a bursting sea

'And is thy earth so marred,

Scattered in shard on shard?

Lo, all things fly thee, for thou fliest Me'

Ib

And human love needs human meriting

How hast thou merited—

Of all man's clotted clay the dingiest clot?

Alack, thou knowest not

How little worthy of any love thou art

Ib

All which I took from thee I did but take,

Not for thy harms,

But just that thou might'st seek it in My arms

Ib

Halts by me that footfall

Is my gloom, after all,

Shade of His hand, outstretched caressingly?

'Ah, fondest, blindest, weakest,

I am He whom thou seekest!

Thou dravest love from thee, who dravest Me'

Ib

There is no expeditious road

To pack and label men for God,

And save them by the barrel-load

Epilogue to 'A Judgment in Heaven'.

O world invisible, we view thee,

O world intangible, we touch thee,

O world unknowable, we know thee,

Inapprehensible, we clutch thee!

Does the fish soar to find the ocean,

The eagle plunge to find the air—

That we ask of the stars in motion

If they have rumour of thee there?

Not where the wheeling systems darken,

And our benumbed conceiving soars!—

The drift of pinions, would we hearken,

Beats at our own clay-shuttered doors.

The angels keep their ancient places,—

Turn but a stone, and start a wing!

'Tis ye, 'tis your estranged faces,

That miss the many-splendoured thing

But (when so sad thou canst not sadder)

Cry,—and upon thy so sore loss

Shall shine the traffic of Jacob's ladder

Pitched betwixt Heaven and Charing Cross

Yea, in the night, my Soul, my daughter,
Cry,—clinging Heaven by the hems,
And lo, Christ walking on the water
Not of Gennesareth, but Thames!

The Kingdom of God.

It is little I repair to the matches of the Southron
folk,

Though my own red roses there may blow,

It is little I repair to the matches of the Southron
folk,

Though the red roses crest the caps, I know

For the field is full of shades as I near the shadowy
coast,

And a ghostly batsman plays to the bowling of a
ghost,

And I look through my tears on a soundless-clapping
host

As the run-stealers flicker to and fro,

To and fro —

O my Hornby and my Barlow long ago!

At Lord's

Secret was the garden,

Set 't the pathless awe

The Mistress of Vision

East, ah, east of Himalay,

Dwell the nations underground.

Ib.

Where is the land of Luthany,

And where the region Elenore?

I do faint therefor.

When to the new eyes of thee

All things by immortal power,

Near or far,

Hiddenly

To each other linked are,

That thou canst not stir a flower

Without troubling of a star

Ib.

Lo, in the sanctuaried East,

Day, a dedicated priest

In all his robes pontifical exprest,

Lifteth slowly, lifteth sweetly,

From out its Orient tabernacle drawn,

Yon orb'd sacrament confest

Which sprinkles benediction through the dawn

Orient Ode.

Ah! let the sweet birds of the Lord

With earth's waters make accord,

Teach how the crucifix may be

Carven from the laurel-tree,

Fruit of the Hesperides

Burnish take on Eden-trees,

The Muses' sacred grove be wet

With the red dew of Olivet,

And Sappho lay her burning brows

In white Cecilia's lap of snows!

To a Poet Breaking Silence

Summer set lip to earth's bosom bare,

And left the flushed print in a poppy there.

The Poppy.

The sleep-flower sways in the wheat its head,

Heavy with dreams, as that with bread

The goodly grain and the sun-flushed sleeper

The reaper reaps, and Time the reaper

I hang 'mid men my needless head,

And my fruit is dreams, as theirs is bread

The goodly men and the sun-hazed sleeper

Time shall reap, but after the reaper

The world shall glean of me, me the sleeper.

Ib

I had endured through watches of the dark
The abashless inquisition of each star

Sister Songs, 1

The innocent moon, which nothing does but shine,
Moves all the labouring surges of the world *Ib*

What heart could have thought you?—

Past our devisal
(O filigree petal!)
Fashioned so purely,
Fragilely, surely,
From what Paradisal
Imagineless metal,
Too costly for cost?

To a Snowflake

His hammer of wind,
And His graver of frost. *Ib.*

And, while she feels the heavens lie bare,
She only talks about her hair. *The Way of a Maid.*

WILLIAM HEPWORTH THOMPSON

1810-1886

We are none of us infallible—not even the youngest
of us.

*Remark referring to G. W. Balfour, then Junior
Fellow of Trinity G. W. E. Russell's Collec-
tions and Recollections, ch. 18.*

JAMES THOMSON

1700-1748

When Britain first, at heaven's command,
Arose from out the azure main,
This was the charter of the land,
And guardian angels sung this strain:

'Rule, Britannia, rule the waves,
Britons never will be slaves'

Alfred a Masque 1740, Act II, Scene the last.

The world of waters wild. *Britannia, 1 27.*

A pleasing land of drowsyhead it was
The Castle of Indolence, c 1 vi.

As when a shepherd of the Hebrid Isles,
Placed far amid the melancholy main *Ib. xxx.*

A bard here dwelt, more fat than bard besems
Ib. lxxviii

Poured forth his unpremeditated strain *Ib*

A little, round, fat, oily man of God *Ib. lxxix.*

For ever, Fortune, wilt thou prove
An unrelenting foe to love,
And, when we meet a mutual heart,
Come in between and bid us part? *To Fortune*

Come then, expressive Silence, muse His praise.
A Hymn on the Seasons, 1 118.

How the heart listened while he pleading spoke!
While on the enlightened mind, with winning art,
His gentle reason so persuasive stole
That the charmed hearer thought it was his own
To the Memory of the Lord Talbot, 1 103

Come, gentle Spring! ethereal mildness, come
The Seasons, Spring, 1 1

The stately-sailing swan
Gives out his snowy plumage to the gale,
And, arching proud his neck, with oary feet
Bears forward fierce, and guards his osier-isle,
Protective of his young *Ib 1 778*

Delightful task! to rear the tender thought,
To teach the young idea how to shoot *Ib 1 1152*

An elegant sufficiency, content. *Ib 1 1161*

The sober-suited songstress [The nightingale]
Ib Summer, 1 746

Ships, dim-discovered, dropping from the clouds
Ib 1 946

And Mucca saddens at the long delay *Ib 1 979*
Or sighed and looked unutterable things *Ib 1 1188*

While Autumn nodding o'er the yellow plain
Comes jovial on *Ib Autumn, 1 2*

While listening senates hang upon thy tongue
Ib 1 15

For loveliness
Needs not the foreign aid of ornament,
But is when unadorned adorned the most *Ib 1 204.*

Poor is the triumph o'er the timid hare! *Ib. 1 401.*
The big round tears run down his dappled face. *Ib. 1 454.*

The Atlantic surge
Pours in among the stormy Hebrides *Ib 1 864.*

Find other lands beneath another sun *Ib. 1 1286.*

See, Winter comes to rule the varied year,
Sullen and sad *Ib Winter, 1 1.*

Welcome, kindred glooms!
Congenial horrors, hail! *Ib 1 5.*

The redbreast, sacred to the household gods,
Wisely regardful of the embroidering sky,
In joyless fields and thorny thickets leaves
His shivering mates, and pays to trusted man
His annual visit Half afraid, he first
Against the window beats, then brisk alights
On the warm hearth, then, hopping o'er the floor,
Eyes all the smiling family askance,
And pecks, and starts, and wonders where he is—
Till, more familiar grown, the table-crumbs
Attract his slender feet. *Ib 1 246.*

Studious let me sit,
And hold high converse with the mighty dead
Ib 1 431.

Oh! Sophonisba! Sophonisba! oh!
Sophonisba, III 11

JAMES THOMSON

1834-1882

The city of dreadful night *Title of poem.*

The City is of Night, perchance of Death,
But certainly of Night *The City of Dreadful Night.*

As we rush, as we rush in the train,
The trees and the houses go wheeling back,
But the starry heavens above that plain
Come flying on our track *Sunday at Hampstead, x*

Give a man a horse he can ride,
Give a man a boat he can sail

Sunday up the River, xv

HENRY DAVID THOREAU

1817-1862

The mass of men lead lives of quiet desperation

Walden Economy

It is a characteristic of wisdom not to do desperate things *Ib*

I have lived some thirty years on this planet, and I have yet to hear the first syllable of valuable or even earnest advice from my seniors *Ib*

I long ago lost a hound, a bay horse, and a turtle-dove, and am still on their trail *Ib*

It is true, I never assisted the sun materially in his rising, but, doubt not, it was of the last importance only to be present at it *Ib*

Tall arrowy white pines *Ib*

The owner of the axe, as he released his hold on it, said that it was the apple of his eye, but I returned it sharper than I received it *Ib*

For more than five years I maintained myself thus solely by the labor of my hands, and I found, that by working about six weeks in a year, I could meet all the expenses of living *Ib*

As for Doing-good, that is one of the professions which are full Moreover, I have tried it fairly, and, strange as it may seem, am satisfied that it does not agree with my constitution *Ib*

Simplify, simplify

Ib Where I Lived, and What I Lived For

The three-o'clock in the morning courage, which Bonaparte thought was the rarest *Ib Sounds*

Wherever a man goes, men will pursue him and paw him by their dirty institutions, and, if they can, constrain him to belong to their desperate odd-fellow society *Ib The Village*

I frequently tramped eight or ten miles through the deepest snow to keep an appointment with a beech-tree, or a yellow birch, or an old acquaintance among the pines *Ib Winter Visitors*

I once had a sparrow alight upon my shoulder for a moment while I was hoeing in a village garden, and I felt that I was more distinguished by that circumstance than I should have been by any epaulot I could have worn *Ib*

It takes two to speak the truth,—one to speak, and another to hear

A Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers, Wednesday

Some circumstantial evidence is very strong, as when you find a trout in the milk
Unpublished MSS in Miscellanies, Biographical Sketch (1918), vol x, p 30

Not that the story need be long, but it will take a long while to make it short

Letter to Mr B, 16 Nov. 1857.

ROSE HARTWICK THORPE

1850-

'Curfew must not ring to-night'

Title of poem.

GODFREY THRING

1823-1903

Fierce raged the tempest o'er the deep,
Watch did thine anxious servants keep,
But thou wast wrapp'd in guileless sleep,
Calm and still

Chope's Hymnal (1862) Fierce Raged The Tempest.

EDWARD, FIRST BARON THURLOW

1731-1806

As guardian of his Majesty's conscience

Speech in the House of Lords, 1779 C Butler, Reminiscences, vol 1, p 200

His debt of gratitude also to his Majesty was ample, and which, when he forgot, might God forget him!
Speech in House of Lords, 15 Dec 1788 Parl Hist (1814), vol xxvii, col 680

EDWARD, SECOND BARON THURLOW

1781-1829

Nature is always wise in every part

Select Poems. Sonnet To a Bird, that haunted the Waters of Lacken, in the Winter

Did you ever expect a corporation to have a conscience, when it has no soul to be damned, and no body to be kicked?

Attr Wilberforce, Life of Thurlow, vol iii, Appendix

THOMAS TICKELL

1686-1740

There taught us how to live, and (oh! too high The price for knowledge) taught us how to die

Epiaph On the Death of Mr Addison, l 81 Addison's Works (1721), preface, p xx

MATTHEW TINDAL

1657-1733

Matters of fact, which as Mr Budgell somewhere observes, are very stubborn things

Will of Matthew Tindal (1733), p 23

JOHN TOBIN

1770-1804

The man that lays his hand upon a woman, Save in the way of kindness, is a wretch Whom 't were gross flattery to name a coward

The Honeymoon, II 1

AUGUSTUS MONTAGUE TOPLADY ANTHONY TROLLOPE
**AUGUSTUS MONTAGUE
 TOPLADY**

1740-1778

Rock of ages, cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in thee
The Gospel Magazine, Oct 1775 Rock of Ages

Nothing in my hand I bring,
 Simply to thy Cross I cling,
 Naked, come to thee for dress,
 Helpless, look to thee for grace,
 Foul, I to the Fountain fly,
 Wash me, Saviour, or I die

Ib

THOMAS TRAHERNE

1634?-1704

You never enjoy the world aright, till the sea itself
 floweth in your veins, till you are clothed with the
 heavens, and crowned with the stars and perceive
 yourself to be the sole heir of the whole world, and
 more than so, because men are in it who are every
 one sole heirs as well as you Till you can sing and
 rejoice and delight in God, as misers do in gold,
 and kings in sceptres, you never enjoy the world
Centuries of Meditations Cent 1, § 29

The corn was orient and immortal wheat, which
 never should be reaped, nor was ever sown
 I thought it had stood from everlasting to ever-
 lasting *Ib Cent III, § 3*

The Men! O what venerable and reverend creatures
 did the aged seem! Immortal Cherubims! And
 young men glittering and sparkling Angels, and
 maids strange seraphic pieces of life and beauty!
 Boys and girls tumbling in the street, and playing,
 were moving jewels I knew not that they were
 born or should die, but all things abided eternally
 as they were in their proper places *Ib*

Contentment is a sleepy thing
 If it in death alone must die,
 A quiet mind is worse than poverty,
 Unless it from enjoyment spring!
 That's blessedness alone that makes a King!
Of Contentment

O yonder is the moon
 Newly come after me to town,
 That shin'd at Lugwardin but yesternight,
 Where I enjoy'd the self-same light
On Leaping over the Moon, viii

I within did flow
 With seas of life, like wine, *Wonder, iii*

HENRY DUFF TRAILL

1842-1900

Look in my face My name is Used-to-was,
 I am also called Played-out and Done-to-death,
 And It-will-wash-no-more
After Dilettante Concetti, viii

JOSEPH TRAPP

1679-1747

The King, observing with judicious eyes,
 The state of both his universities,
 To Oxford sent a troop of horse, and why?

That learned body wanted loyalty,
 To Cambridge books, as very well discerning,
 How much that loyal body wanted learning
 On George I's Donation of Bishop Ely's
 Library to Cambridge University Nichols's
Literary Anecdotes, vol III, p 330
 For the reply, see Sir William Browne

Our royal master saw, with heedful eyes,
 The wants of his two universities
 Troops he to Oxford sent, as knowing why
 That learned body wanted loyalty
 But books to Cambridge gave, as, well discerning,
 That that right loyal body wanted learning
 Alternative version recited by Dr Johnson
Johnsonian Miscellanies (1897), vol 1, p 171

HERBERT TRENCH

1865-1923

But when Night is on the hills, and the great Voices
 Roll in from Sea,
 By starlight and by candlelight and dreamlight
 She comes to me

She Comes Not When Noon is on the Roses

Come, let us make love deathless, thou and I
 To Aroliha, No 2 'Come, let us make love
 deathless'

O dreanty, gloomy, friendly Trees *Title of poem.*

**RICHARD CHENEVIX
 TRENCH**

1807-1886

England, we love thee better than we know
Gibraltar.

I say to thee, do thou repeat
 'To the first man thou mayest meet
 In lane, highway, or open street—

That he and we and all men move
 Under a canopy of love,
 As broad as the blue sky above.
The Kingdom of God.

This is blessing, this is life. *Ib.*

ANTHONY TROLLOPE

1815-1882

He must have known me had he seen me as he was
 wont to see me, for he was in the habit of flogging me
 constantly Perhaps he did not recognize me
 by my face *Autobiography, ch 1*

'Unhand it, sir!' said Mrs Proudie From what
 scrap of dramatic poetry she had extracted the
 word cannot be said, but it must have rested on
 her memory, and now seemed opportunely digni-
 fied for the occasion. *Barchester Towers, ch 11.*

Lilian Dale,—Old Maid
Last Chronicles of Barset, ch 35.

It's dogged as does it. It ain't thinking about it
Ib ch 61

MARTIN FARQUHAR TUPPER

1810-1889

A good book is the best of friends, the same to-day
and for ever

Proverbial Philosophy, Series 1 Of Reading

WALTER JAMES REDFERN TURNER

1889-

Chimborazo, Cotopaxi,
They had stolen my soul away!

Romance, vii

THOMAS TUSSER

1524?-1580

Make hunger thy sauce, as a medicine for health
Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry, ch
10 *Good Husbandry Lessons*

At Christmas play and make good cheer,
For Christmas comes but once a year
Ib 12 *The Farmer's daily Diet*

Yet true it is, as cow chaws cud,
And trees at spring do yield forth bud,
Except wind stands as never it stood,
It is an ill wind turns none to good
Ib ch 13 *Description of the Properties of Winds*

Who goeth a borrowing
Goeth a sorrowing
Few lend (but fools)
Their working tools
Ib ch 15 *September's Abstract*

In doing of either, let wit bear a stroke,
For buying or selling of pig in a poke
Ib *September's Husbandry*

Naught venture, naught have
Ib ch 16 *October's Abstract*

To dog in the manger some liken I could
Ib ch 28 *Against Fantastical Scrupleness*

Feb, fill the dyke
With what thou dost like
Ib ch 34 *February's Husbandry*

March dust to be sold
Worth ransom of gold
Ib ch 36 *March's Husbandry*

Sweet April showers
Do spring May flowers
Ib ch 38 *April's Husbandry*

Cold May and windy,
Barn filleth up finely *Ib* ch 40 *May's Husbandry*

Dry August and warm
Doth harvest no harm
Ib ch 46 *August's Husbandry*

Look ere thou leap, see ere thou go
Ib ch 56 *Dialogue of Wiving and Thriving*

Some respite to husbands the weather may send,
But housewives' affairs have never an end
Ib *Preface to the Book of Housewifery*

The stone that is rolling can gather no moss,
For master and servant, oft changing is loss
Ib. Housewifely Admonitions.

Dry sun, dry wind,
Safe bind, safe find. *Ib* *Washing*

LAWRENCE TUTTIETT

1825-1899

Father, let me dedicate
All this year to thee
Gems of Thought (1864) *Father, Let Me Dedicate*

MARK TWAIN (SAMUEL LANGHORNE CLEMENS)

1835-1910

There was things which he stretched, but mainly he
told the truth

The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn, ch 1

The statements was interesting, but tough
Ib. ch 17

All kings is mostly rapsallions *Ib* ch 23

If there was two birds sitting on a fence, he would bet
you which one would fly first

The Celebrated Jumping Frog, p 17

I don't see no p'int about that frog that's any
better'n any other frog *Ib* p 20

Soap and education are not as sudden as a massacre,
but they are more deadly in the long run.

*The Facts concerning the Recent Resignation
Sketches New & Old*, 1900, p 350

They spell it Vinci and pronounce it Vinchy,
foreigners always spell better than they pronounce
Innocents Abroad, ch 19

I do not want Michael Angelo for breakfast—for
luncheon—for dinner—for tea—for supper—for
between meals *Ib* ch 27

Lump the whole thing! say that the Creator made
Italy from designs by Michael Angelo! *Ib*

Guides cannot master the subtleties of the American
joke *Ib*

If you've got a nice *fresh* corpse, fetch him out! *Ib*

Are you going to hang him *anyhow*—and try him
afterward? *Innocents at Home*, ch 5

You've done yourselves proud *Ib*

When I'm playful I use the meridians of longitude
and parallels of latitude for a seine, and drag the
Atlantic Ocean for whales! I scratch my head with
the lightning and purr myself to sleep with the
thunder! *Life on the Mississippi*, ch 3

At bottom he was probably fond of them, but he was
always able to conceal it

[Thomas Carlyle and Americans] *My First
Lie*

There is a sumptuous variety about the New England
weather that compels the stranger's admiration—
and regret The weather is always doing some-

thing there, always attending strictly to business, always getting up new designs and trying them on the people to see how they will go But it gets through more business in spring than in any other season In the spring I have counted one hundred and thirty-six different kinds of weather inside of four-and-twenty hours.

The Weather Speech at dinner of New England Society, New York, 22 Dec 1876. Speeches (1910), p. 59

An experienced, industrious, ambitious, and often quite picturesque liar

Private History of a Campaign that Failed

Adam was but human—this explains it all He did not want the apple for the apple's sake, he wanted it only because it was forbidden

Pudd'nhead Wilson, Heading of ch 2

Whoever has lived long enough to find out what life is, knows how deep a debt of gratitude we owe to Adam, the first great benefactor of our race He brought death into the world

Ib heading of ch 3

There's plenty of boys that will come hankering and gruvvelling around when you've got an apple, and beg the core off you, but when they've got one, and you beg for the core and remind them how you give them a core one time, they make a mouth at you and say thank you 'most to death, but there ain't-a-going to be no core

Tom Sawyer Abroad, ch 1.

There ain't no way to find out why a snorer can't hear himself snore

Ib ch 10

They inwardly resolved that so long as they remained in the business, their piracies should not again be sullied with the crime of stealing

Ib ch. 13.

The cross of the Legion of Honour has been conferred upon me However, few escape that distinction

A Tramp Abroad, ch 8

This poor little one-horse town

The Undertaker's Chat

HENRY TWELLS

1823-1900

At even ere the sun was set,

The sick, O Lord, around thee lay

Hymns Ancient and Modern (1868), Appendix. 'At Even Ere the Sun Was Set'

W UPTON

This lass so neat, with smile so sweet,

Has won my right good will,

I'd crowns resign to call thee mine,

Sweet lass of Richmond Hill

The Lass of Richmond Hill. Oxford Song Book

SIR JOHN VANBRUGH

1664-1726

The want of a thing is perplexing enough, but the possession of it is intolerable

The Confederacy, I 11

HENRY VAUGHAN

BELINDA

Ay, but you know we must return good for evil.

LADY BRUTE

That may be a mistake in the translation

Ib

Britons, strike home

Ib IV 1

No man worth having is true to his wife, or can be true to his wife, or ever was, or ever will be so

The Relapse, III 11

WILLIAM HENRY VANDERBILT

1821-1885

The public be damned!

[Reply to a question whether the public should be consulted about luxury trains]

A W Cole's *Letter, New York Times*, 25 August, 1918

CHARLES JOHN VAUGHAN

1816-1897

Must you go? Can't you stay?

[Remark with which he broke up awkward breakfast parties of schoolboys who were too shy to go Story retold with the words transposed, 'Can't you go? Must you stay?']

G W E Russell's *Collections and Recollections*, ch 24

HENRY VAUGHAN

1622-1695

Father of lights! what sunny seed,
What glance of day hast Thou confin'd
Into this bird? To all the breed

This busy ray Thou hast assign'd,
Their magnetism works all night,
And dreams of Paradise and light

Silex Scintillans Cock-Crowing.

I cannot reach it; and my striving eye
Dazzles at it, as at eternity.

Ib Childhood

Through that pure virgin shrine,
That sacred veil drawn o'er Thy glorious noon,
That men might look and live, as glow-worms shine,

And face the moon,
Wise Nicodemus saw such light
As made him know his God by night

Ib The Night, I 1.

Most blest believer he!
Who in that land of darkness and blind eyes
Thy long expected healing wings could see
When Thou didst rise!

And, what can never more be done,
Did at midnight speak with the Sun!

Ib I 7.

Dear Night! this world's defeat,
The stop to busy fools, care's check and curb,
The day of spirits, my soul's calm retreat
Which none disturb!

Christ's progress, and His prayer-time,
The hours to which high Heaven doth chime

Ib I. 25.

There is in God—some say—
A deep, but dazzling darkness, as men here
Say it is late and dusky, because they
See not all clear

O for that Night! where I in Him
Might live invisible and dim!

Silex Scantillans The Night, l 49.

My soul, there is a country
Far beyond the stars,
Where stands a winged sentry
All skilful in the wars
There, above noise and danger,
Sweet Peace is crown'd with smiles,
And One born in a manger
Commands the beauteous files

Ib. Peace.

If thou canst get but thither,
There grows the flower of Peace,
The Rose that cannot wither,
Thy fortress, and thy ease
Leave then thy foolish ranges;
For none can thee secure,
But One, who never changes,
Thy God, thy life, thy cure

Ib.

Happy those early days, when I
Shin'd in my angel-infancy
Before I understood this place
Appointed for my second race,
Or taught my soul to fancy aught
But a white, celestial thought,
When yet I had not walked above
A mile or two from my first love,
And looking back—at that short space—
Could see a glimpse of His bright face

Ib The Retreat, l 1

And in those weaker glories spy
Some shadows of eternity
But felt through all this fleshly dress
Bright shoots of everlastingness.

Ib l 13

O how I long to travel back,
And tread again that ancient track!
That I might once more reach that plain,
Where first I left my glorious train,
From whence th' enlighten'd spirit sees
The shady City of palm-trees.

Ib l 21.

Some men a forward motion love,
But I by backward steps would move,
And when this dust falls to the urn,
In that state I came, return

Ib l 29

They are all gone into the world of light,
And I alone sit lingering here,
Their very memory is fair and bright,
And my sad thoughts doth clear

Ib They Are All Gone

I see them walking in an air of glory,
Whose light doth trample on my days
My days, which are at best but dull and hoary,
Mere glimmering and decays.

Ib

Dear, beauteous death! the jewel of the just,
Shining nowhere but in the dark,
What mysteries do lie beyond thy dust,
Could man outlook that mark!

Ib.

He that hath found some fledg'd bird's nest, may
know

At first sight, if the bird be flown;
But what fair well or grove he sings in now,
That is to him unknown

Ib

And yet, as angels in some brighter dreams
Call to the soul when man doth sleep,
So some strange thoughts transcend our wonted
themes,
And into glory peep

Ib

I saw Eternity the other night,
Like a great ring of pure and endless light,
All calm, as it was bright,
And round beneath it, Time in hours, days, years,
Driv'n by the spheres
Like a vast shadow mov'd, in which the world
And all her train were hurl'd

Ib The World.

THOMAS, LORD VAUX

1510-1556

For Age, with stealing steps,
Hath clawed me with his clutch.

*Poems (1872), p 42 The Aged Lover Renoun-
ceth Love A Ditty Representing the Image
of Death*

QUEEN VICTORIA

1819-1901

I will be good

*Letter from the Baroness Lehzen to Her Majesty,
2 Dec. 1867 Martin's The Prince Consort
(1875), vol 1, p 13*

We are not amused

Notebooks of a Spinster Lady, 2 Jan 1900.

He (Mr Gladstone) speaks to Me as if I was a public
meeting

G W. E Russell's Collections and Recollections, ch 14

JOSEPH AUGUSTINE WADE

1796?-1845

Meet me by moonlight alone

Meet Me by Moonlight.

WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE

? -1881

The hand that rocks the cradle
Is the hand that rules the world.

John o' London's Treasure Trove

EDMUND WALLER

1606-1687

So was the huntsman by the bear oppress'd,
Whose hide he sold—before he caught the beast!

Battle of the Summer Islands, II, l 111.

That which her slender waist confin'd
Shall now my joyful temples bind,
No monarch but would give his crown
His arms might do what this has done

It was my heaven's extremest sphere,
The pale which held that lovely deer
My joy, my grief, my hope, my love,
Did all within this circle move.

A narrow compass! and yet there
Dwelt all that's good, and all that's fair
Give me but what this riband bound,
Take all the rest the sun goes round

On a Girdle

Others may use the ocean as their road,
Only the English make it their abode
Of a War with Spain, 1 25

The seas are quiet when the winds give o'er,
So, calm are we when passions are no more!
On the Foregoing Divine Poems, 1 7

The soul's dark cottage, batter'd and decay'd,
Lets in new light through chinks that time has made,
Stronger by weakness, wiser men become,
As they draw near to their eternal home
Leaving the old, both worlds at once they view,
That stand upon the threshold of the new *Ib 1 18*

Rome, though her eagle through the world had flown,
Could never make this island all her own
Panegyric to My Lord Protector, xvii

Illustrious acts high raptures do infuse,
And every conqueror creates a Muse *Ib xlvii*

Go, lovely Rose!
Tell her, that wastes her time and me,
'That now she knows,
When I resemble her to thee,
How sweet and fair she seems to be
Song 'Go, Lovely Rose'

Small is the worth
Of beauty from the light retir'd,
Bid her come forth,
Suffer herself to be desir'd,
And not blush so to be admir'd *Ib*
Why came I so untimely forth
Into a world which, wanting thee,
Could entertain us with no worth,
Or shadow of felicity?

To My Young Lady Lucy Sidney

So all we know
Of what they do above,
Is that they happy are, and that they love
Upon the Death of My Lady Rich, 1 75

Under the tropic is our language spoke,
And part of Flanders hath receiv'd our yoke
Upon the Death of the Lord Protector, 1 21

HORACE WALPOLE

1717-1797

Alexander at the head of the world never tasted the
true pleasure that boys of his own age have en-
joyed at the head of a school

Letters to Montagu, 6 May, 1736

Our supreme governors, the mob
Ib To Horace Mann, 7 Sept 1743

(Strawberry Hill) is a little plaything-house that I got
out of Mrs Chenevix's shop, and is the prettiest
bauble you ever saw It is set in enamelled
meadows, with filigree hedges

To Conway, 8 June, 1747

But, thank God! the Thames is between me and the
Duchess of Queensberry

Every drop of ink in my pen ran cold
Ib To Montagu, 3 July, 1752

It has the true rust of the Barons' Wars
Ib To Bentley, Sept 1753

At present, nothing is talked of, nothing admired, but
what I cannot help calling a very insipid and
tedious performance it is a kind of novel, called
The Life and Opinions of Tristram Shandy, the
great humour of which consists in the whole narra-
tion always going backwards

To Dalrymple, 4 Apr 1760

One of the greatest geniuses that ever existed,
Shakespeare, undoubtedly wanted taste
Ib To Wren, 9 Aug 1764

The works of Richardson which are pictures of
high life as conceived by a bookseller, and romances
as they would be spiritualized by a Methodist
preacher *Ib To Mann, 20 Dec 1764*

At Madame du Deffand's, an old blind *débauchée* of
wit *Ib To Conway, 6 Oct 1765*

It is charming to totter into vogue
Ib To Selwyn, 2 Dec, 1765

Yes, like Queen Eleanor in the ballad, I sunk at
Charing Cross, and have risen in the Faubourg St
Germain *Ib To Gray, 25 Jan 1766*

The best sun we have is made of Newcastle coal
Ib To Montagu, 15 June, 1768

Everybody talks of the constitution, but all sides
forget that the constitution is extremely well, and
would do very well, if they would but let it alone
Ib To Sir Horace Mann, 18-19 Jan 1770

It was easier to conquer it (the East) than to know
what to do with it *Ib To Mann, 27 March, 1772*

The way to ensure summer in England is to have it
framed and glazed in a comfortable room.
Ib To Cole, 28 May, 1774

The next Augustan age will dawn on the other side
of the Atlantic There will, perhaps, be a Thucy-
dides at Boston, a Xenophon at New York, and,
in time, a Virgil at Mexico, and a Newton at
Peru At last, some curious traveller from Lima
will visit England and give a description of the
ruins of St Paul's, like the editions of Balbec and
Palmyra *Ib To Mann, 24 Nov 1774*

By the waters of Babylon we sit down and weep, when
we think of thee, O America!
Ib To Mason, 12 June, 1775

This world is a comedy to those that think, a tragedy
to those that feel
Ib To the Countess of Upper Ossory, 16 Aug 1776

Prognostics do not always prove prophecies,—at least
the wisest prophets make sure of the event first
Ib To Thos Walpole, 19 Feb 1785

All his [Sir Joshua Reynolds's] own geese are swans,
as the swans of others are geese
Ib. To the Countess of Upper Ossory, 1 Dec 1786

SIR ROBERT WALPOLE,
FIRST EARL OF ORFORD

1676-1745

They now *ring* the bells, but they will soon *twing*
their hands.

Remark on the declaration of war with Spain,
1739 *W. Cox, Memoirs of Sir Robert Wal-*
pole (1798), vol. 1, p. 618

All those men have their price *Ib* p. 757

Madam, there are fifty thousand men slain this year
in Europe, and not one Englishman

Remark to Queen Caroline, 1734 *Hervcy,*
Memoirs (1848), vol. 1, p. 398

My Lord Bath, you and I are now two as insignificant
men as any in England

To Pulteney, Earl of Bath, on their promotion
to the House of Lords *W. King, Political &*
Literary Anecdotes (1819), p. 43

The balance of power

Speech in House of Commons, 13 Feb. 1741

Sir Robert Walpole's definition of the gratitude of
place-expectants, 'That it is a lively sense of future
favours'

W. Hazlitt, Lectures on the English Comic
Writers, Wit and Humour, p. 27

WILLIAM WALSH

1663-1708

And sadly reflecting,

'That a lover forsaken

A new love may get,

But a neck when once broken

Can never be set *The Despairing Lover*, l. 17

Of all the torments, all the cares,

With which our lives are curst,

Of all the plagues a lover bears,

Sure rivals are the worst!

By partners, in each other kind,

Afflictions easier grow,

In love alone we hate to find

Companions of our woe

Song, 'Of All the Torments'

I can endure my own despair,

But not another's hope *Ib*

IZAAK WALTON

1593-1683

Angling may be said to be so like the mathematics,
that it can never be fully learnt

Compleat Angler Epistle to the Reader

And for winter fly-fishing it is as useful as an almanic
out of date *Ib*

As no man is born an artist, so no man is born an
angler *Ib*

I shall stay him no longer than to wish him a rainy
evening to read this following discourse, and that
if he be an honest angler, the east wind may never
blow when he goes a-fishing *Ib*

I am, Sir, a Brother of the Angle *Ib* pt. I, ch. 1

It [angling] deserves commendations, it is an art,
and an art worthy the knowledge and practice of
a wise man *Ib*

Angling is somewhat like poetry, men are to be born
so *Ib*

Sir Henry Wotton was also a most dear lover, and
a frequent practiser of the art of angling, of which
he would say, 'it was an employment for his idle
time, which was then not idly spent . . . a rest to
his mind, a cheerer of his spirits, a diverter of
sadness, a calmer of unquiet thoughts, a moderator
of passions, a procurer of contentedness, and that
it begat habits of peace and patience in those that
professed and practised it' *Ib*.

I remember that a wise friend of mine did usually say,
'that which is everybody's business is nobody's
business' *Ib* ch. 2.

Good company and good discourse are the very
sineews of virtue *Ib*

An excellent angler, and now with God *Ib* ch. 4

When I was last this way a-fishing *Ib*

I love such mirth as does not make friends ashamed
to look upon one another next morning *Ib* ch. 5

A good, honest, wholesome, hungry breakfast *Ib*

No man can lose what he never had *Ib*

Thus use your frog . . . Put your hook, I mean the
arming-wire, through his mouth, and out at his
gills, and then with a fine needle and silk sew the
upper part of his leg, with only one stitch, to the
arming-wire of your hook, or tie the frog's leg,
above the upper joint, to the armed-wire, and, in
so doing, use him as though you loved him

Ib ch. 8

This dish of meat is too good for any but anglers, or
very honest men *Ib*

I love any discourse of rivers, and fish and fishing
Ib ch. 18.

Look to your health; and if you have it, praise God,
and value it next to a good conscience, for health
is the second blessing that we mortals are capable
of, a blessing that money cannot buy. *Ib* ch. 21.

Let the blessing of St. Peter's Master be . . . upon all
that are lovers of virtue, and dare trust in His
providence, and be quiet, and go a-Angling *Ib*

But God, who is able to prevail, wrestled with him,
as the Angel did with Jacob, and marked him,
marked him for his own *Life of Donne*

The great Secretary of Nature and all learning, Sir
Francis Bacon. *Life of Herbert.*

Of this blest man, let his just praise be given,
Heaven was in him, before he was in heaven
Written in Dr. Richard Sibbes' 'Returning
Backslider', now preserved in Salisbury Cathed-
ral Library

WILLIAM WARBURTON

1698-1779

Orthodoxy is my doxy, heterodoxy is another man's
doxy

Remark to Lord Sandwich *Priestley, Memoirs*
(1807), vol. 1, p. 372

ARTEMUS WARD
[CHARLES FARRAR
BROWNE]

1834-1867

I now bid you a welcome adoo

Artemus Ward His Book The Shakers

'Mister Ward, don't yur blud bile at the thawt that
three million and a half of your culled brethren air
a clanking thir chains in the South?' Sez I, 'not
a bile! Let 'em clank!' *Ib Oberlin*

The College has konfired upon me the honery title
of T K, of which I'm suffishtuntly proud *Ib*

'I wish thar was widders to my Sole', sed I, 'so that
you could see some of my feelins'

Ib The Showman's Courtship

If you mean gettin hitched, I'M IN! *Ib*

My pollertics, like my religion, bein of a exceedin
accommodatin character *Ib The Crisis*

Shall we sell our birthrite for a mess of potash? *Ib*

N B. 'This is rote Sarcasticul

Ib A Visit to Brigham Young

I girdid up my Lions & fled the Scen *Ib*

Did you ever hav the meascls, and if so how many?
Ib The Census.

'Fair youth, do you know what I'd do with you if you
was my sun?' 'No,' sez he 'Wall,' sez I, 'I'd
appint your funeral tomorrow arternoon & thir
korps should be ready! You're too smart to live on
this yearth' *Ib Edwin Forrest as Othello*

Before he retired to his virtuous couch *Ib*

The female woman is one of the greatest institooshuns
of which this land can boste. *Ib Woman's Rights*

Do me eyes deceive me earsight? Is it some dreams?
Ib Moses, the Sassy

By a sudden and adroit movement I placed my left
eye agin the Seccscher's fist

Ib Thrilling Scenes in Dixie

The ground flew up and hit me in the hed *Ib*

I presunted myself at Betty's bedside latc at nite, with
considerbul licker concealed about my persun

Ib Betsy-Jain Re-orgumised

The happy marrid man dies in good stile at home,
surrounded by his weeping wife and children The
old batchelor don't die at all—he sort of rots away,
like a polly-wog's tail *Ib Draft in Baldinsville*

It is a pity that Chawcer, who had geneyus, was so
unedicated He's the wuss speller I know of

*Artemus Ward in London, ch. 4 At The Tomb
of Shakespeare*

Why these weeps? *Artemus Ward's Lecture*

One of the principal features of my Entertainment
is that it contains so many things that don't have
anything to do with it *Ib*

I can't sing As a singist I am not a success I am
saddcst when I sing So are those who hear me
They are sadder even than I am *Ib*

He [Brigham Young] is dreadfully married He's
the most married man I ever saw in my life *Ib*

Why is this thus? What is the reason of this thus-
ness? *Ib*

I am happiest when I am idle I could live for
months without performing any kind of labour,
and at the expiration of that time I should feel
fresh and vigorous enough to go right on in the
same way for numerous more months

Pyrotechny 111 Pettingill

Why care for grammar as long as we are good?

Ib 1

Let us all be happy, and live within our means, even
if we have to borrow the money to do it with

Science and Natural History

MRS. HUMPHRY WARD

1851-1920

'Propinquity does it'—as Mrs Thornburgh is always
reminding us *Robert Elsmere, bk 1, ch 2*

REV. NATHANIEL WARD

1578-1652

The world is full of carc, much like unto a bubble,
Women and care, and care and women, and women
and care and trouble

*Epigram (Attr by Ward to a lady at the
Court of Queen of Bohemia) Simple Cobler's
Boy (1648), p 25.*

HENRY STEVENSON
WASHBURN

We shall meet, but we shall miss him,
There will be one vacant chair
We shall linger to caress him,
When we breathe our evening prayer
The Vacant Chair, chorus

GEORGE WASHINGTON

1732-1799

Father, I cannot tell a lie, I did it with my little
hatchet

*Attr remark Mark Twain's Mark Twain as
George Washington Another version is
I can't tell a lie, Pa, you know I can't tell a lie
I did cut it with my hatchet
Weems, Washington, 1800 (ed 1918), p 23*

It is our true policy to steer clear of permanent alli-
ance with any portion of the foreign world
*His Farewell Address to the People of the United
States, 17 Sept 1796.*

Labour to keep alive in your breast that little spark of
celestial fire, called conscience

*Rules of Civility and Decent Behaviour
Spark's Life of Washington (1839), vol 11,
p 109*

We must consult Brother Jonathan

Said to have been a frequent remark of his during the American Revolution, referring to Jonathan Trumbull, 1710-85, Governor of Connecticut *Norwich Evening Courier*, 12 Nov 1846, No 797, p. 2 (*Publications of the Colonial Society of Massachusetts*, 1905, vol vii, p. 94).

Put none other Americans on guard tonight

Attr remark, based on his circular letter to regimental commanders, 30 April 1777

ROWLAND WATKYNs

f 1662

I love him not, but shew no reason can
Wherefore, but this, *I do not love the man*

Flamma sine fumo Antipathy

For every marriage then is best in tune,
When that the wife is May, the husband June

Ib To the most Courteous and Fair Gentlewoman, Mrs Elinor Williams

SIR WILLIAM WATSON

1858-1936

April, April,

Laugh thy girlish laughter,
Then, the moment after,
Weep thy girlish tears!

April

O be less beautiful, or be less brief

Autumn

Slight not the songsmith

England my Mother

Plucked by his hand, the basest weed that grows
Towers to a lily, reddens to a rose

Epigram

How all her care was but to be fair,

And all her task to be sweet *The Heart of the Rose*

When, upon orchard and lane, breaks the white foam
of the Spring

Hymn to the Sea, Pt III, 12

Nature! whose lapidary seas

Labour a pebble without cease

Nature's Way

Who never negligently yet

Fashioned an April violet,

Nor would forgive, did June disclose

Unceremoniously the rose

Ib

Time, and the ocean, and some fostering star,

In high cabal have made us what we are

Ode on the Coronation of Edward VII, 1 8

Forget not, brother singer, that though Prose

Can never be too truthful or too wise,

Song is not truth, not Wisdom, but the rose

Upon Truth's lips, the light in Wisdom's eyes

Ode to J C Collins

We are children of splendour and flame,

Of shuddering, also, and tears,

Magnificent out of the dust we came,

And abject from the spheres

Ode in May

The staid, conservative, Came-over-with-the-Con-
queror type of mind *A Study in Contrasts, 1, 1. 42*

The thirst to know and understand,

A large and liberal discontent,

These are the goods in life's rich hand,

The things that are more excellent

Things That Are More Excellent, viii

And not without honour my days ran,

Nor yet without a boast shall end,

For I was Shakespeare's countryman,

And were not you my friend? *To H D Trall*

Another bruising of the hapless head

Of a wronged people yearning to be free

Ver Tenebrosus 2 Hasheen

In this house with starry dome,

Floored with gemlike plains and seas,

Shall I never feel at home,

Never wholly be at ease? *World-Strangeness*

On from room to room I stray,

Yet mine Host can ne'er espy,

And I know not to this day

Whether guest or captive I

Ib

ISAAC WATTS

1674-1748

Whene'er I take my walks abroad,

How many poor I see!

What shall I render to my God

For all his gifts to me?

Dwive Songs for Children, iv Praise for Mercies

Lord, I ascribe it to Thy grace,

And not to chance, as others do,

That I was born of Christian race,

And not a Heathen, or a Jew

Ib vi Praise for the Gospel

There's no repentance in the grave

Ib x Solemn Thoughts of God and Death

There is a dreadful Hell,

And everlasting pains,

There sinners must with devils dwell

In darkness, fire, and chains

Ib xi Heaven and Hell

But liars we can never trust,

Though they should speak the thing that's true,

And he that does one fault at first,

And lies to hide it, makes it two

Ib xv Against Lying

Let dogs delight to bark and bite,

For God hath made them so,

Let bears and lions growl and fight,

For 'tis their nature too

Ib xvi Against Quarrelling

But, children, you should never let

Such angry passions rise,

Your little hands were never made

To tear each other's eyes

Ib

Whatever brawls disturb the street,

There should be peace at home

Ib xvii Love between Brothers and Sisters

Birds in their little nests agree

Ib

How doth the little busy bee
Improve each shining hour,
And gather honey all the day
From every opening flower!
Ib xx Against Idleness and Mischief

In works of labour, or of skill,
I would be busy too,
For Satan finds some mischief still
For idle thought do
Ib

One sickly sheep infects the flock,
And poisons all the rest
Ib xxii Against Evil Company

Let me be dress'd fine as I will,
Flies, worms, and flowers, exceed me still
Ib xxiii Against Pride in Clothes

I have been there, and still would go,
'Tis like a little Heaven below
Ib xxviii Lord's Day Evening

Hush! my dear, lie still and slumber,
Holy angels guard thy bed!
Heavenly blessings without number
Gently falling on thy head *Ib Cradle Hymn*

Were I so tall to reach the Pole,
Or grasp the ocean in my span,
I must be measured by my soul,
The mind's the standard of the man
Ib False Greatness

'Tis the voice of the sluggard, I heard him complain,
'You have wak'd me too soon, I must slumber again'
As the door on its hinges, so he on his bed,
Turns his sides and his shoulders and his heavy head
Moral Songs, 1 The Sluggard

Abroad in the meadows to see the young lambs
Run sporting about by the side of their dams,
With fleeces so clean and so white
Ib 11 Innocent Play

How rude are the boys that throw pebbles and mire!
Ib

I'll not willingly offend,
Nor be easily offended,
What's amiss I'll strive to mend,
And endure what can't be mended
Ib vi Good Resolution.

Lord, in the morning thou shalt hear
My voice ascending high *Psalms, v*

O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home

Beneath the shadow of Thy Throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure,
Sufficient is Thine Arm alone,
And our defence is sure

Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting Thou art God,
To endless years the same

A thousand ages in Thy sight
Are like an evening gone,
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun

Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away,
They fly forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day *Ib Psalm xc.*

How bright these glorious spirits shine!
Whence all their white array?
How came they to the blissful seats
Of everlasting day?
*Hymns and Spiritual Songs, bk 1, No 41,
How Bright These Glorious Spirits First
line altered from Watts's original These
glorious minds how bright they shine*

Hark! from the tombs a doleful sound.
Ib bk 11, No 63 Hark! from the Tombs

When I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes *Ib No 65.*

There is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign,
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain
Ib No. 66 There is a Land of Pure Delight

Death, like a narrow sea, divides
That heavenly land from ours. *Ib*

So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between *Ib*

But timorous mortals start and shrink
To cross the narrow sea,
And linger shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away *Ib*

Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore. *Ib*

When I survey the wondrous cross
*Ib bk 111, No 7 When I Survey the Wondrous
Cross*

Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were an offering far too small,
Love so amazing, so Divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all. *Ib*

WALTER THEODORE WATTS-DUNTON

1832-1914

Behold, ye builders, demigods who made England's
Walhallas [Westminster Abbey]
*What the Silent Voices Said, iv The Minster
Spirits*

FREDERIC EDWARD WEATHERLY

1848-1929

Where are the boys of the Old Brigade?
The Old Brigade

Not in the Abbey proudly laid
Find they a place or part,
The gallant boys of the old brigade,
They sleep in old England's heart *Ib*

Why, Jack's the king of all,
For they all love Jack! *They All Love Jack.*

WILLIAM WEBB

fl 1839

His throat they cut from ear to ear,
His brains they punched in,
His name was Mr William Wcare,
Wot lived in Lyon's Inn

Ballad See Lord William Lennox in *The Sporting Review*, July 1839, vol II, p 42
Also attrib to Theodore Hook (1788-1841)
See C Hindley's *Life and Times of James Catnach* (1878), p 145

DANIEL WEBSTER

1782-1852

The gentleman has not seen how to reply to this,
otherwise than by supposing me to have advanced
the doctrine that a national debt is a national
blessing

Second Speech in the Senate on Foot's Resolution, 20 Jan 1830

He [Alexander Hamilton] smote the rock of the
national resources, and abundant streams of
revenue gushed forth He touched the dead corpse
of the Public Credit, and it sprung upon its feet
Speech at a Public Dinner at New York,
10 March, 1831.

On this question of principle, while actual suffering
was yet afar off, they [the Colonies] raised their flag
against a power, to which, for purposes of foreign
conquest and subjugation, Rome, in the height of
her glory, is not to be compared, a power which has
dotted over the surface of the whole globe with her
possessions and military posts, whose morning
drum-beat, following the sun, and keeping com-
pany with the hours, circles the earth with one con-
tinuous and unbroken strain of the martial airs of
England

Speech in the Senate on the President's Protest,
7 May, 1834

Thank God, I—I also—am an American!
Speech on the Completion of Bunker Hill Monument, 17 June 1843

The Law It has honoured us, may we honour it *Ib*

I was born an American, I will live an American, I
shall die an American
Speech in the Senate on 'The Compromise Bill',
17 July, 1850

Fearful concatenation of circumstances
Argument on the Murder of Captain Joseph White

JOHN WEBSTER

1580?-1625?

She's loose i' th' hilts *The Duchess of Malfi*, II. v
Rais'd by that curious engine, your white hand
Ib III. ii 297

I am acquainted with sad misery
As the tann'd galley-slave is with his oar

Ib IV. ii 25.

I have made a soap-boiler costive. *Ib* I. ii 117

I am Duchess of Malfi still. *Ib* I. 146.

I know death hath ten thousand several doors

For men to take their exits *Ib* I. 222

So I were out of your whispering *Ib* I. 226

FERDINAND

Cover her face, mine eyes dazzle she died young

BOSOLA

I think not so, her infelicity
Seem'd to have years too many *Ib* I. 267

We are merely the stars' tennis-balls, struck and
banded

Which way please them. *Ib* V. iv 52

Is not old wine wholesomest, old pippins toothsomest,
old wood burn brightest, old linen wash whist?
Old soldiers, sweetheart, are surest, and old lovers
are soundest *Westward Hoe*, II. ii

I saw him even now going the way of all flesh *Ib*

'Tis just like a summer bird-cage in a garden the
birds that are without despair to get in, and the
birds that are within despair and are in a con-
sumption for fear they shall never get out
The White Devil, I. ii

A mere tale of a tub, my words are idle *Ib* II. i

Call for the robin redbreast and the wren,
Since o'er shady groves they hover,
And with leaves and flowers do cover
The friendless bodies of unburied men *Ib* V. iv.

I am i' th' way to study a long silence *Ib* VI

Prosperity doth bewitch men, seeming clear,
But seas do laugh, show white, when rocks are near
Ib.

I have caught
An everlasting cold *Ib*.

ARTHUR WELLESLEY
DUKE OF WELLINGTON

1769-1852

All the business of war, and indeed all the business of
life, is to endeavour to find out what you don't
know by what you do, that's what I called guess-
ing what was at the other side of the hill'

Croker Papers (1885), vol III, p 276

F.M the Duke of Wellington presents his compli-
ments to Mr — and declines to interfere in
circumstances over which he has no control

G A Sala, *Echoes of the Week in London Illustrated News*, 23 Aug 1884 Vol. lxxxv,
p 171, col 1

I never saw so many shocking bad hats in my life
On seeing the first Reformed Parliament
Sir William Fraser, *Words on Wellington*
(1889), p 12

The battle of Waterloo was won in the playing fields
of Eton *Ib* p 138

The next greatest misfortune to losing a battle is to gain such a victory as this

S Rogers, *Recollections* (1859), p 215

'What a glorious thing must be a victory, Sir' 'The greatest tragedy in the world, Madam, except a defeat' *Ib* footnote

There is no mistake, there has been no mistake, and there shall be no mistake

Wellingtoniana (1852), p 78

Up Guards and at them again!

Attr to Wellington during the Battle of Waterloo Capt Batty's letter, 22 June 1815, in Booth's Battle of Waterloo J W Croker, in a letter to A Greville, 14 Mar 1852, wrote 'Perhaps I might also venture to ask his Grace whether he did say "Up Guards and at them", Wellington replied in an undated letter to Croker which is in Croker Correspondence and Diaries, 1884, vol iii, p 280 'What I must have said and possibly did say was, Stand up Guards! and then gave the commanding officers the order to attack'

I used to say of him [Napoleon] that his presence on the field made the difference of forty thousand men

Stanhope's *Life of Wellington*, p 9

Ours [our army] is composed of the scum of the earth—the mere scum of the earth *Ib* p 14

My rule always was to do the business of the day in the day *Ib* p 71

The Government was contemplating the dispatch of an expedition to Burma, with a view to taking Rangoon, and a question arose as to who would be the fittest general to be sent in command of the expedition The Cabinet sent for the Duke of Wellington, and asked his advice He instantly replied, 'Send Lord Combermere'

'But we have always understood that your Grace thought Lord Combermere a fool'

'So he is a fool, and a d—d fool, but he can take Rangoon'

G W E Russell's *Collections and Recollections*, ch 2

In refusing the dedication of a song (the Duke of Wellington) informed Mrs Norton that he had been obliged to make a rule of refusing dedications, 'because, in his situation as Chancellor of the University of Oxford, he had been much exposed to authors' *Ib*

I have no small talk and Peel has no manners *Ib* ch 14

I don't care a twopenny damn what becomes of the ashes of Napoleon Buonaparte

Attr Farmer and Henley, Slang and its Analogues

Publish and be damned *Attr*

By God, I never saw so many whores
In all my life before

Hardy, *The Dynasts*, Pt III ii iii

UXBRIDGE

I have lost my leg, by God!

WELLINGTON

By God, and have you! *Ib* vii viii

HERBERT GEORGE WELLS

1866—

'I'm a Norfan, both sides,' he would explain, with the air of one who had seen trouble

Kipps, bk 1, ch 6, § 1

'I expect,' he said, 'I was thinking jest what a Rum Go everything is I expect it was something like that' *Ib* bk iii, ch 3, § 8

The shape of things to come *Title of Book*

The Time-Machine. *Title of volume of stories*

The War that will end War *Title of Book*, 1914

CHARLES WESLEY

1707–1788

'Christ, the Lord, is risen to-day,'

Sons of men and angels say,

Raise your joys and triumphs high,

Sing, ye heavens, and earth reply

Hymns and Sacred Poems (1739) *Christ, the Lord, is Risen To-day*

Jesu, Lover of my soul,

Let me to Thy Bosom fly,

While the waters nearer roll,

While the tempest still is high,

Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,

Till the storm of life is past,

Safe into the haven guide,

O receive my soul at last

Ib (1740), *Jesu, Lover of My Soul*

Other refuge have I none,

Hangs my helpless soul on Thee *Ib*

Cover my defenceless head

With the shadow of Thy wing *Ib*

Thou of Life the Fountain art,

Freely let me take of Thee,

Spring Thou up within my heart,

Rise to all eternity *Ib*

Gentle Jesus, meek and mild,

Look upon a little child,

Pity my simplicity,

Suffer me to come to thee

Ib (1742), *Gentle Jesus, Meek and Mild*.

Soldiers of Christ, arise,

And put your armour on

Ib (1749), *Soldiers of Christ, Arise*

Lift up your heart, lift up your voice,

Rejoice, again I say, rejoice

Hymns for Our Lord's Resurrection (1746)

Rejoice, the Lord is King

Hark! the herald-angels sing

Glory to the new-born King,

Peace on earth, and mercy mild,

God and sinners reconciled

Ib Christmas Hymn Hark! the Herald Angels Sing

First two lines altered by George Whitefield in 1753 from Wesley's original

Hark, how all the welkin rings,
'Glory to the King of kings'

Lo! He comes with clouds descending
Hymns of Intercession for all Mankind (1758)
 Lo! He Comes with Clouds New version of
 John Cennick's 'Lo! He cometh, countless
 trumpets', in *Collection of Sacred Hymns*,
 1752.

Those who set at naught and sold Him,
 Pierced and nail'd Him to the Tree,

Deeply wailing,
 Shall the true Messiah see *Ib*

Let saints on earth in concert sing
Funeral Hymns (1759) *Let saints on earth*
 Altered by F H Murray in his *Hymnal for*
Use in the English Church, 1852, from 'Let all
 the saints terrestrial sing'

JOHN WESLEY

1703-1791

I look upon all the world as my parish
Journal, 11 June 1739

Though I am always in haste, I am never in a hurry
Select Letters (1837) *Letter to a member of the*
Society 10 Dec 1777

Do all the good you can,
 By all the means you can,
 In all the ways you can,
 In all the places you can,
 At all the times you can,
 To all the people you can,
 As long as ever you can
Letters (1915) *Rule of Conduct*.

Let it be observed, that slovenliness is no part of
 religion, that neither this, nor any text of Scrip-
 ture, condemns neatness of apparel. Certainly this
 is a duty, not a sin 'Cleanliness is, indeed, next
 to godliness' *Sermons*, No xciii *On Dress*

EDWARD NOYES WESTCOTT

1846-1898

'They say a reasonable amount o' fleas is good fer a
 dog—keeps him from broodin' over bein' a dog,
 mebbe' *David Harum*, ch 32

EDITH WHARTON

1862-

Mrs Ballinger is one of the ladies who pursue Cul-
 ture in bands, as though it were dangerous to meet
 it alone. *Xingu*, ch 1

RICHARD WHATELY ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN

1787-1863

Preach not because you have to say something, but
 because you have something to say *Apophthegms*

Happiness is no laughing matter *Ib* p 218

It is a folly to expect men to do all that they may
 reasonably be expected to do *Ib* p 219

Honesty is the best policy, but he who is governed
 by that maxim is not an honest man *Ib* p 219

WILLIAM WHEWELL

1794-1866

And so no force, however great,
 Can stretch a cord, however fine,
 Into a horizontal line
 That shall be absolutely straight
 Quoted as an example of accidental metre
 and rhyme Printed in prose in *Whewell's*
Elementary Treatise on Mechanics, 1819

JAMES ABBOTT McNEILL WHISTLER

1834-1903

Listen! There never was an artistic period There
 never was an Art-loving nation *'Ten O'Clock'*

Nature is usually wrong *Ib*

I am not arguing with you—I am telling you
Gentle Art of Making Enemies

'I only know of two painters in the world,' said a
 newly introduced feminine enthusiast to Whistler,
 'yourself and Velasquez' 'Why,' answered
 Whistler in dulcet tones, 'why drag in Velasquez?'
D C Seitz, Whistler Stories (1913), p 27

[In answer to a lady who said that a landscape
 reminded her of his work]

Yes madam, Nature is creeping up *Ib*

[In answer to the question 'For two days' labour,
 you ask two hundred guineas?']

No, I ask it for the knowledge of a lifetime *Ib*

You shouldn't say it is not good You should say you
 do not like it, and then, you know, you're per-
 fectly safe

[Answering Oscar Wilde's 'I wish I had said that']

You will, Oscar, you will
L C Ingleby, Oscar Wilde, p 67

HENRY KIRKE WHITE

1785-1806

Of in danger, oft in woe,
 Onward, Christians, onward go
 W J Hall's *Mitre Hymn Book*, 1836 Adapted
 by Dr W B Collyer from White's original
 'Much in sorrow, oft in woe'

JOSEPH BLANCO WHITE

1775-1841

Mysterious Night! when our first parent knew
 Thee from report divine, and heard thy name,
 Did he not tremble for this lovely frame,
 This glorious canopy of light and blue?
To Night, l 1.

a

PAUL WHITEHEAD

Hesperus with the host of heaven came,
And lo! Creation widened in man's view *Ib* 1 8
If Light can thus deceive, wherefore not Life?
Ib 1 14

PAUL WHITEHEAD

1710-1774

Honour's a mistress all mankind pursue,
Yet most mistake the false one for the true
Lur'd by the trappings, dazzled by the paint,
We worship off the idol for the saint
Honour, 1 105
Why, praise is satire in these sinful days
Manners, 1 215

WILLIAM WHITEHEAD

1715-1785

Yes, I'm in love, I feel it now,
And Caelia has undone me,
And yet I'll swear I can't tell how
The pleasing plague stole on me
The Je ne scay quoi, st 1 Song
Her voice, her touch, might give th' alarm—
'Twas both perhaps, or neither,
In short, 'twas that provoking charm
Of Caelia altogether *Ib*

WILLIAM WHITING

1825-1878

O hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea
Hymn Eternal Father Strong to Save

WALT WHITMAN

? 1819-1892

Silent and amazed even when a little boy,
I remember I heard the preacher every Sunday put
God in his statements,
As contending against some being or influence
A Child's Amaze

Give me the splendid silent sun with all his beams
full-dazzling!

Give Me the Splendid Silent Sun

I dream'd in a dream I saw a city invincible to the
attacks of the whole of the rest of the earth,
I dream'd that was the new city of Friends
I Dream'd in a Dream

The institution of the dear love of comrades
I Hear it was Charged against Me

O my brave soul!
O farther farther sail!
O daring joy, but safe, are they not all the seas of
God?
O farther, farther, farther sail! *Passage to India, 9*
Joy, shipmate, joy!
(Pleas'd to my soul at death I cry.)
Our life is closed, our life begins,
The long, long anchorage we leave,
The ship is clear at last, she leaps!
She swiftly courses from the shore,
Joy, shipmate, joy. *Joy, Shipmate, Joy.*

WALT WHITMAN

b

Me imperturbe, standing at ease in Nature
Me Imperturbe.

O Captain! my Captain! our fearful trip is done,
The ship has weather'd every rack, the prize we
sought is won,
The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all
exulting *O Captain! My Captain! 1.*

The ship is anchor'd safe and sound, its voyage closed
and done
From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object
won,
Exult O shores, and ring O bells! But I with mourn-
ful tread
Walk the deck my captain lies, Fallen cold and dead
Ib 111

Out of the cradle endlessly rocking,
Out of the mocking-bird's throat, the musical shuttle,

A reminiscence sing
Out of the Cradle endlessly Rocking

O we can wait no longer,
We too take ship O soul,
Joyous we too launch out on trackless seas,
Fearless for unknown shores on waves of ecstasy to
sail,
Amid the wafting winds (thou pressing me to thee,
I thee to me, O soul,) *Passage to India, 8*
Caroling free, singing our song of God,
Chanting our chant of pleasant exploration

Come my tan-faced children,
Follow well in order, get your weapons ready,
Have you your pistols? have you your sharp-edged
axes?
Pioneers! O pioneers!
Pioneers! O Pioneers!

Beautiful that war and all its deeds of carnage must in
time be utterly lost,
That the hands of the sisters Death and Night
incessantly softly wash again, and ever again, this
soil'd world,
For my enemy is dead, a man as divine as myself is
dead,

I look where he lies white-faced and still in the coffin
—I draw near,
Bend down and touch lightly with my lips the white
face in the coffin *Reconciliation*

Where the populace rise at once against the never-
ending audacity of elected persons
Song of the Broad Ave, 5, 1 12

Where women walk in public processions in the
streets the same as the men,
Where they enter the public assembly and take places
the same as the men,
Where the city of the faithfulest friends stands,
Where the city of the cleanliness of the sexes stands,
Where the city of the healthiest fathers stands,
Where the city of the best-bodied mothers stands,
There the great city stands *Ib* 1 20

I celebrate myself, and sing myself
Song of Myself, 1

I loaf and invite my soul *Ib*
Urge and urge and urge,
Always the procreant urge of the world *Ib* 3

A child said *What is the grass?* fetching it to one with full hands,

Or I guess it is the handkerchief of the Lord,
A scented gift and remembrancer designedly dropt,
Bearing the owner's name someway in the corners,
that we may see and remark, and say *Whose?*

And now it seems to me the beautiful uncut hair of graves *Ib 6*

The look of the bay mare shames silliness out of me *Ib 13*

I also say it is good to fall, battles are lost in the same spirit in which they are won *Ib 18*

I think I could turn and live with animals, they are so placid and self-contained,
I stand and look at them long and long
They do not sweat and whine about their condition,
They do not lie awake in the dark and weep for their sins,

They do not make me sick discussing their duty to God,
Not one is dissatisfied, not one is demented with the mania of owning things,
Not one kneels to another, nor to his kind that lived thousands of years ago,
Not one is respectable or unhappy over the whole earth *Ib 31*

Behold, I do not give lectures or a little charity,
When I give I give myself *Ib 39*

My rendezvous is appointed, it is certain,
The Lord will be there and wait till I come on perfect terms,
The great Camerado, the lover true for whom I pine will be there *Ib 44*

I have said that the soul is not more than the body,
And I have said that the body is not more than the soul,

And nothing, not God, is greater to one than one's self is *Ib 47*

In the faces of men and women I see God, and in my own face in the glass,
I find letters from God dropt in the street, and every one is sign'd by God's name,
And I leave them where they are, for I know that wheresoe'er I go,
Others will punctually come for ever and ever *Ib*

Do I contradict myself?
Very well then I contradict myself,
(I am large, I contain multitudes) *Ib 50*

I sound my barbaric yawp over the roofs of the world *Ib 51*

Afoot and light-hearted I take to the open road,
Healthy, free, the world before me,
The long brown path before me leading wherever I choose *Song of the Open Road, 1*

The earth, that is sufficient,
I do not want the constellations any nearer,
I know they are very well where they are,
I know they suffice for those who belong to them *Ib 1 8*

I am larger, better than I thought,
I did not know I held so much goodness *Ib 5*

I will put in my poems that with you is heroism upon land and sea,
And I will report all heroism from an American point of view. *Starting from Paumanok, 6*

This dust was once the man,
Gentle, plain, just and resolute, under whose cautious hand,
Against the foulest crime in history known in any land or age,
Was saved the Union of these States *This Dust was Once the Man*

When lilacs last in the dooryard bloom'd,
And the great star early droop'd in the western sky in the night,

I mourn'd, and yet shall mourn with ever-returning spring
When Lilacs Last in the Dooryard Bloom'd, 1

Come lovely and soothing death,
Undulate round the world, serenely arriving, arriving,
In the day, in the night, to all, to each,
Sooner or later, delicate death
Praise'd be the fathomless universe,
For life and joy, and for objects and knowledge curious,
And for love, sweet love—but praise! praise! praise!
For the sure-enwinding arms of cool-enfolding death *Ib 14*

Camerado, this is no book,
Who touches this touches a man *Ib So I ong'*

I am he that walks with the tender and growing night,
I call to the earth and sea half-held by the night
Press close bare-bosom'd night—press close magnetic nourishing night!
Night of south winds—night of the large few stars!
Still nodding night—mad naked summer night *Ib 21*

Earth of the vitreous pour of the full moon just tinged with blue! *Ib*

Far-swooping elbow'd earth—rich apple-blossom'd earth!
Smile, for your lover comes *Ib*

These United States
A Backward Glance O'er Travell'd Roads
'These States' is *passim* throughout Whittier's verse

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

1807-1892

O brother man! fold to thy heart thy brother
Worship, 1 49

I know not where His islands lift
Their fronded palms in air,
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond His love and care

The Eternal Goodness, xx

The Indian Summer of the heart! *Memories, ix*

Up from the meadows rich with corn,
Clear in the cool September morn,
The clustered spires of Frederick stand
Green-walled by the hills of Maryland
Barbara Frietche, 1 1.

Bravest of all in Fredenck town,
She took up the flag the men hauled down

Ib 1 17

Up the street came the rebel tread,
Stonewall Jackson riding ahead

Ib 1 23

'Shoot, if you must, this old gray head,
But spare your country's flag,' she said

Ib 1 35.

'Who touches a hair of yon gray head
Dies like a dog! March on!' he said

Ib 1 41

'Dinna ye hear it?—Dinna ye hear it?
The pipes o' Havelock sound!'

Pipes at Lucknow, .v

For all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these 'It might have been'

Maud Muller, l 105

OSCAR FINGAL
O'FLAHERTIE WILLS

WILDE

1854-1900

He did not wear his scarlet coat,

For blood and wine are red,

And blood and wine were on his hands

When they found him with the dead

The Ballad of Reading Gaol, pt 1 1

I never saw a man who looked

With such a wistful eye

Upon that little tint of blue

Which prisoners call the sky

Ib iii

When a voice behind me whispered low,

'That fellow's got to swing'

Ib iv

Yet each man kills the thing he loves,

By each let this be heard,

Some do it with a bitter look,

Some with a flattering word

The coward does it with a kiss,

The brave man with a sword!

Ib vii

Like two doomed ships that pass in storm

We had crossed each other's way

But we made no sign, we said no word,

We had no word to say,

Ib ii xii

The Governor was strong upon

The Regulations Act

The Doctor said that Death was but

A scientific fact

And twice a day the Chaplain called,

And left a little tract

Ib iii iii

And once, or twice, to throw the dice

Is a gentlemanly game,

But he does not win who plays with Sin

In the secret House of Shame.

Ib xxiii

Something was dead in each of us,

And what was dead was Hope

Ib xxxi

And the wild regrets, and the bloody sweats,

None knew so well as I

For he who lives more lives than one

More deaths than one must die

Ib xxxvii

I know not whether Laws be right,

Or whether Laws be wrong,

All that we know who lie in gaol

Is that the wall is strong,

And that each day is like a year,

A year whose days are long

Ib v 1

How else but through a broken heart

May Lord Christ enter in?

Ib xiv

Surely there was a time I might have trod

The sunlit heights, and from life's dissonance

Struck one clear chord to reach the ears of God

Helas! (Lines prefixed to his Poems, Paris edition, 1903)

And yet, and yet,

These Christs that die upon the barricades,

God knows it I am with them, in some ways

Sonnet to Liberty Not that I Love Thy Children

CORNELIUS WHURR

c 1845

What lasting joys the man attend
Who has a polished female friend

The Accomplished Female Friend

GEORGE JOHN WHYTE-
MELVILLE

1821-1878

Then drink, puppy, drink, and let ev'ry puppy drink,
That is old enough to lap and to swallow,
For he'll grow into a hound, so we'll pass the bottle
round,

And merrily we'll whoop and we'll holla

Drink, Puppy, Drink, chorus

The swallows are making them ready to fly,

Wheeling out on a windy sky

Goodbye, Summer, goodbye, goodbye

Goodbye, Summer

Wrap me up in my tarpaulin jacket,

And say a poor buffer lies low,

And six stalwart lancers shall carry me,

With steps solemn, mournful, and slow

The Tarpaulin Jacket

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

1855-1919

Laugh, and the world laughs with you,

Weep, and you weep alone,

For the sad old earth must borrow its mirth,

But has trouble enough of its own

Solitude

So many gods, so many creeds,

So many paths that wind and wind,

While just the art of being kind

Is all the sad world needs

The World's Need

All her bright golden hair
Tarnished with rust,
She that was young and fair
Fallen to dust *Requiescat*

O Singer of Persephone!
In the dim meadows desolate
Dost thou remember Sicily? *Theocritus*

Art never expresses anything but itself
The Decay of Lying (1891), p 43

Really, if the lower orders don't set us a good
example, what on earth is the use of them?

Importance of Being Earnest, Act I
In married life three is company and two none *Ib*

Confirmed and secret Bunburyist *Ib*

I have invented an invaluable permanent invalid
called Bunbury, in order that I may be able to go
down into the country whenever I choose *Ib*

To lose one parent, Mr Worthing, may be regarded as a
misfortune, to lose both looks like carelessness *Ib*

All women become like their mothers That is their
tragedy No man does That's his *Ib*

The chapter on the Fall of the Ruppee you may omit
It is somewhat too sensational *Ib* Act II

On an occasion of this kind it becomes more than a
moral duty to speak one's mind It becomes a
pleasure *Ib*

Meredith is a prose Browning, and so is Browning
He used poetry as a medium for writing in prose
The Critic as Artist Part I Intentions

A little sincerity is a dangerous thing, and a great deal
of it is absolutely fatal. *Ib* 2

Ah! don't say that you agree with me When people
agree with me I always feel that I must be wrong *Ib*

As long as war is regarded as wicked, it will always
have its fascination When it is looked upon as
vulgar, it will cease to be popular *Ib*

There is no sin except stupidity *Ib*

Many a woman has a past, but I am told that she has
at least a dozen, and that they all fit

Lady Windermere's Fan Act I
There is nothing in the whole world so unbecoming
to a woman as a Nonconformist conscience *Ib* Act III

CECIL GRAHAM

What is a cynic?

LORD DARLINGTON

A man who knows the price of everything and the
value of nothing *Ib*

DUMBY

Experience is the name every one gives to their
mistakes

CECIL GRAHAM

One shouldn't commit any

DUMBY

Life would be very dull without them *Ib*

There is no such thing as a moral or an immoral book
Books are well written, or badly written
Picture of Dorian Gray, preface

The moral life of man forms part of the subject-
matter of the artist, but the morality of art consists
in the perfect use of an imperfect medium *Ib*

There is only one thing in the world worse than being
talked about, and that is not being talked about *Ib* ch 1.

A man cannot be too careful in the choice of his
enemies *Ib*

The only way to get rid of a temptation is to yield
to it *Ib* ch 2

A cigarette is the perfect type of a perfect pleasure
It is exquisite, and it leaves one unsatisfied What
more can one want? *Ib* ch 6

It is better to be beautiful than to be good But
it is better to be good than to be ugly *Ib* ch 17

Anybody can be good in the country *Ib* ch. 19

As for the virtuous poor, one can pity them, of course,
but one cannot possibly admire them

Soul of Man under Socialism

Democracy means simply the bludgeoning of the
people by the people for the people *Ib*

MRS ALLONBY

They say, Lady Hunstanton, that when good Ameri-
cans die they go to Paris

LADY HUNSTANTON

Indeed? And when bad Americans die, where do
they go to?

LORD ILLINGWORTH

Oh, they go to America
A Woman of No Importance (1893), Act I

The youth of America is their oldest tradition It
has been going on now for three hundred years *Ib*

One should never trust a woman who tells one her
real age A woman who would tell one that,
would tell one anything *Ib*

LORD ILLINGWORTH

The Book of Life begins with a man and a woman in
a garden

MRS ALLONBY

It ends with Revelations *Ib*.

GERALD

I suppose society is wonderfully delightful!

LORD ILLINGWORTH

To be in it is merely a bore But to be out of it
simply a tragedy *Ib* Act III

You should study the Peerage, Gerald It is the
best thing in fiction the English have ever done *Ib*

Children begin by loving their parents, as they grow
older they judge them, sometimes they forgive them
Picture of Dorian Gray, ch 5

A thing is not necessarily true because a man dies
for it

Sebastian Melmoth (1904), p 12 *Oscariana*
(1910), p 8

(*At the New York Custom House*)

I have nothing to declare except my genius
F Harris, *Oscar Wilde* (1918), p 75.

a

JOHN WILKES

(*A huge fee [for an operation] was mentioned*)
 'Ah, well, then,' said Oscar, 'I suppose that I shall
 have to die beyond my means'.
R H Sherard, Life of Oscar Wilde (1906),
 p 421.

JOHN WILKES

1727-1797

The chapter of accidents is the longest chapter in the
 book

*Attributed to John Wilkes by Southey in The
 Doctor (1837), vol iv, p 166*

WILLIAM WILKIE

1721-1772

[His] labour for his pains

Fables The Boy and the Rainbow, ad fin

EMMA HART WILLARD

1787-1870

Rocked in the cradle of the deep

Song

WILLIAM III OF ENGLAND

1650-1702

I will die in the last ditch

Hume, History of Great Britain, vol II, 1757,
 p 226 Charles II, ch 3

Every bullet has its billet

John Wesley, Journal, 6 June, 1765

SIR CHARLES HANBURY
WILLIAMS

1708-1759

Dear Betty, come, give me sweet kisses,

For sweeter no girl ever gave

But why in the midst of our blisses,

Do you ask me how many I'd have?

I'm not to be stinted in pleasure,

Then prithee, dear Betty, be kind,

For as I love thee beyond measure,

To numbers I'll not be confin'd

A Ballad in Imitation of Martial, Lib 6, Ep 34
Works (1822), vol I, p 111

HARRY WILLIAMS and
JACK JUDGE

It's a long way to Tipperary, it's a long way to go,
 It's a long way to Tipperary, to the sweetest girl I
 know!

Good-bye Piccadilly, Farewell Leicester Square,

It's a long, long way to Tipperary, But my heart's
 right there!

It's A Long Way to Tipperary
Chorus claimed by Alice Smythe B Jay
Written in 1908 See N Y Times, 20 Sept
1907

JOHN WILSON

b

In the shade of the old apple tree

Title of Song

I'm afraid to come home in the dark

Title of Song.

ISAAC WILLIAMS

1802-1865

Disposer Supreme,
 And Judge of the earth

Hymns translated from the Parisian Breviary
 (1839), p 271

NATHANIEL PARKER

WILLIS

1806-1867

At present there is no distinction among the upper
 ten thousand of the city

Necessity for a Promenade Drive

W. G WILLS

19th cent

I'll sing thee songs of Araby,
 And tales of wild Cashmere,
 Wild tales to cheat thee of a sigh,
 Or charm thee to a tear

'Lalla Rookh'

D. EARDLEY WILMOT

contemp.

It's a corner of heaven itself,

Though it's only a tumble-down nest,

But with love brooding there, why, no place can
 compare,

With my little grey home in the west

My Little Grey Home

JOHN WILSON

1785-1854

See CHRISTOPHER NORTH

JOHN WILSON

d. 1889.

Oh for a book and a shady nook,

Either in door or out,

With the green leaves whispering overhead,

Or the street cries all about

Where I may read all at my ease,

Both of the new and old,

For a jolly good book whereon to look,

Is better to me than gold

Lanes written as a motto to a second-hand
books catalogue Lubbock, Pleasures of Life,
ed 1887, p 48

THOMAS WOODROW WILSON

1856-1924

There is such a thing as a man being too proud to
fight *Address at Philadelphia, 10 May 1915*

We have stood apart, studiously neutral
Message to Congress, 7 Dec 1915

The world must be made safe for democracy
Address to Congress, 2 April 1917

It is indispensable that the governments associated
against Germany should know beyond a peradventure
with whom they are dealing
Note to Germany, 14 Oct 1918

ARTHUR WIMPERIS

1874-

Gilbert, the Filbert,
The Colonel of the Knuts

Gilbert, the Filbert

ROBERT CHARLES WINTHROP

1809-1894

A Star for every State, and a State for every Star
Speech on Boston Common, 27 Aug 1862

GEORGE WITHER

1588-1667

Shall I, wasting in despair,
Die because a woman's fair?
Or make pale my cheeks with care,
'Cause another's rosy are?
Be she fairer than the day,
Or the flow'ry meads in May,
If she be not so to me,
What care I how fair she be

Sonnet

I loved a lass, a fair one,
As fair as e'er was seen,
She was indeed a rare one,
Another Sheba queen

I Loved a Lass, a Fair One

CHARLES WOLFE

1791-1823

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corse to the rampart we hurried
The Burial of Sir John Moore at Corunna, 1

We buried him darkly at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning *Ib 11*

But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him *Ib 111*

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow,
But we steadfastly gazed on the face that was dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow *Ib 1v.*
We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone—
But we left him alone with his glory *Ib viii.*

JAMES WOLFE

1727-1759

[The General . . . repeated nearly the whole of Gray's
Elegy . . . adding, as he concluded, that] he would
prefer being the author of that poem to the glory
of beating the French to-morrow

J Playfair, *Biogr Acc of J Robinson in Trans-*
actions R Soc Edinb 1814, vii 499

Now, God be praised, I will die in peace
Dying words J Knox, Historical Journal of
Campaigns, 1757-60 Published 1769 Ed
1914, vol 11, p 114

THOMAS WOLSEY, CARDINAL

1475?-1530

Father Abbot, I am come to lay my bones amongst
you
Cavendish, *Negotiations of Thomas Woolsey,*
1641, p 108

Had I but served God as diligently as I have served
the King, he would not have given me over in my
gray hairs *Ib p 113*

J T. WOOD

Wait till the clouds roll by, Jenny,
Wait till the clouds roll by,
Jenny, my own true loved one,
Wait till the clouds roll by
Wait Till the Clouds Roll By.

VIRGINIA WOOLF

contemp

A Room of One's Own *Title of Book*

ELIZABETH WORDSWORTH

1840-1932

If all the good people were clever,
And all clever people were good,
The world would be nicer than ever
We thought that it possibly could

But somehow, 'tis seldom or never
The two hit it off as they should,
The good are so harsh to the clever,
The clever so rude to the good!

St Christopher and Other Poems Good and
Clever

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

1770-1850

Where art thou, my beloved Son,
Where art thou, worse to me than dead?
The Affliction of Margaret.

To keep
An incommunicable sleep. *Ib*
My apprehensions come in crowds;
I dread the rustling of the grass,
The very shadows of the clouds
Have power to shake me as they pass *Ib*

Lady of the Mere,
Sole-sitting by the shores of old romance
A Narrow Girdle of Rough Stones and Crags

And three times to the child I said,
'Why, Edward, tell me why?' *Anecdote for Fathers*

A Poet!—He hath put his heart to school
Miscellaneous Sonnets, xxvii A Poet!—He Hath Put

'At Kilve there was no weather-cock,
And that's the reason why' *Ib*

A slumber did my spirit seal;
I had no human fears.
She seemed a thing that could not feel
The touch of earthly years

No motion has she now, no force;
She neither hears nor sees,
Rolled round in earth's diurnal course,
With rocks, and stones, and trees
A Slumber did My Spirit Seal

Action is transitory,—a step, a blow,
The motion of a muscle, this way or that—
'Tis done, and in the after-vacancy
We wonder at ourselves like men betrayed.
Suffering is permanent, obscure and dark,
And shares the nature of infinity
The Borderers, III. 1539

Love had he found in huts where poor men lie,
His daily teachers had been woods and rills,
The silence that is in the starry sky,
The sleep that is among the lonely hills
Song at the Feast of Brougham Castle

But ne'er to a seductive lay
Let faith be given,
Nor deem that 'light which leads astray
Is light from Heaven' *To the Sons of Burns*

The best of what we do and are
Just God, forgive!
*Memorials of a Tour in Scotland, 1803 III
Thoughts near Burns' Residence*

Sweet childish days, that were as long
As twenty days are now
To a Butterfly I've Watched You Now

I, with many a fear
For my dear country, many heartfelt sighs,
'Mongst men who do not love her, linger here
*Poems Dedicated to National Independence
pt I, 1 Near Calais, Aug 1802 Fair Star of
Evening*

Jones! as from Calais southward you and I
Went pacing side by side
*Ib III Composed near Calais, on the Road to
Ardes.*

Isis and Cam, to patient science dear!
*Ib No 42 Cathedrals, etc Open your Gates,
ye Everlasting Piles!*

To be a Prodigal's favourite,—then, worse truth,
A Miser's pensioner,—behold our lot!
O Man, that from thy fair and shining youth
Age might but take the things Youth needed not!
The Small Celandine There is a Flower

There's a flower that shall be mine,
'Tis the little celandine
To the Small Celandine Pansies, Lilies

Pleasures newly found are sweet
When they lie about our feet
February last, my heart
First at sight of thee was glad,
All unheard of as thou art,
Thou must needs, I think have had,
Celandine! and long ago,
Praise of which I nothing know
To the Same Flower Pleasures Newly Found

Small service is true service while it lasts
Of humblest friends, bright creature! scorn not one
The daisy, by the shadow that it casts,
Protects the lingering dewdrop from the sun
To a Child Written in her Album

O blithe new-comer! I have heard,
I hear thee and rejoice
O Cuckoo! Shall I call thee bird,
Or but a wandering voice?
To the Cuckoo O Blithe New-comer!

Thrice welcome, darling of the Spring! *Ib*
'Tis the still hour of thinking, feeling, loving
On a High Part of the Coast of Cumberland

Thou unassuming common-place
Of Nature, with that homely face,
And yet with something of a grace
Which love makes for thee
*To the Same Flower [Daisy] With Little Here
To Do*

Off on the dappled turf at ease
I sit, and play with similes,
Loose type of things through all degrees *Ib*
Degenerate Douglas! Oh, the unworthy lord!
*Memorials of a Tour in Scotland, 1803. XII
Sonnet Degenerate Douglas!*

A brotherhood of venerable trees *Ib*
I thought of Thee, my partner and my guide,
As being past away—Vain sympathies!
For, backward, Duddon! as I cast my eyes,
I see what was, and is, and will abide,
Still glides the Stream, and shall for ever glide,
The Form remains, the Function never dies
The River Duddon, xxiv After-Thought

Enough, if something from our hands have power
To live, and act, and serve the future hour,
And if, as toward the silent tomb we go,
Through love, through hope, and faith's transcendent dower,
We feel that we are greater than we know *Ib*

Stern daughter of the voice of God!
O Duty! if that name thou love
Who art a light to guide, a rod
To check the erring and reprove *Ode to Duty*
But thee I now will serve more strictly, if I may *Ib.*

Me this unchartered freedom tires,
I feel the weight of chance-desires
My hopes no more must change their name,
I long for a repose that ever is the same *Ib*

Thou dost preserve the stars from wrong,
And the most ancient heavens, through Thee, are fresh
and strong *Ib*

Give unto me, made lowly wise,
The spirit of self-sacrifice,
The confidence of reason give,
And in the light of truth thy Bondman let me live! *Ib*

Thine is the tranquil hour, purpureal Eve!
But long as god-like wish, or hope divine,
Informs my spirit, ne'er can I believe
That this magnificence is wholly thine!
—From worlds not quickened by the sun
A portion of the gift is won,
An intermingling of Heaven's pomp is spread
On ground which British shepherds tread
*Composed upon an Evening of Extraordinary
Splendour*

Not in the lucid intervals of life
That come but as a curse to party strife
*Evening Voluntaries, iv Not in the Lucid
Intervals*

By grace divine,
Not otherwise, O Nature, we are thine *Ib*
On Man, on Nature, and on Human Life,
Musing in solitude *The Excursion, preface 1 1*

Joy in widest commonalty spread *Ib 1 18*

The Mind of Man—
My haunt, and the main region of my song *Ib 1 40*

The discerning intellect of Man,
When wedded to this goodly universe
In love and holy passion, shall find these
A simple produce of the common day *Ib 1 52*
A metropolitan temple in the hearts
Of mighty Poets *Ib 1 86*

Oh! many are the Poets that are sown
By Nature, men endowed with highest gifts,
The vision and the faculty divine,
Yet wanting the accomplishment of verse *Ib bk 1, 1 77*

What soul was his, when, from the naked top
Of some bold headland, he beheld the sun
Rise up, and bathe the world in light! *Ib 1 198*
The imperfect offices of prayer and praise *Ib 1 216*

That mighty orb of song
The divine Milton *Ib 1 249*

The good die first,
And they whose hearts are dry as summer dust
Burn to the socket *Ib 1 500*
The intellectual power, through words and things,
Went sounding on, a dim and perilous way! *Ib bk 11, 1 700*

Society became my glittering bride,
And airy hopes my children *Ib 1 735*

'Tis a thing impossible, to frame
Conceptions equal to the soul's desires,
And the most difficult of tasks to keep
Heights which the soul is competent to gain. *Ib bk 1v, 1 136.*

And that unless above himself he can
Erect himself, how poor a thing is man *Ib 1 330*

As fast as a musician scatters sounds
Out of an instrument *Ib 1 524*

We live by admiration, hope, and love,
And even as these are well and wisely fixed,
In dignity of being we ascend *Ib 1 763*

I have seen
A curious child, who dwelt upon a tract
Of inland ground, applying to his ear
The convolutions of a smooth-lipped shell,
To which, in silence hushed, his very soul
Listened intently, and his countenance soon
Brightened with joy, for from within were heard
Murmurings, whereby the monitor expressed
Mysterious union with its native sea *Ib 1 1132*

Spires whose 'silent fingers point to heaven'
*Ib bk vi, 1 19 Quoting Coleridge, The
Friend, sec 1, No 14*

The head and mighty paramount of truths,—
Immortal life, in never-fading worlds,
For mortal creatures, conquered and secured
Ib bk vi, 1 85

Amid the groves, under the shadowy hills,
The generations are prepared, the pangs,
The internal pangs, are ready, the dread strife
Of poor humanity's afflicted will
Struggling in vain with ruthless destiny *Ib 1 553*

A man of hope and forward-looking mind
Ib bk vii, 1 276

A man he seems of cheerful yesterdays
And confident to-morrows *Ib 1 557*

'To every Form of being is assigned',
'Thus calmly spoke the venerable Sage,
'An active Principle' *Ib bk 1x, 1 1*

Spirit that knows no insulated spot,
No chasm, no solitude, from link to link
It circulates, the Soul of all the worlds *Ib 1 13*

And hear the mighty stream of tendency
Uttering, for elevation of our thought,
A clear sonorous voice, inaudible
To the vast multitude. *Ib 1 87*

The primal duties shine aloft like stars,
The charities that soothe, and heal, and bless,
Are scattered at the feet of man, like flowers
Ib 1 238

Nor less I deem that there are Powers
Which of themselves our minds impress,
That we can feed this mind of ours
In a wise passiveness *Expostulation and Reply*

Think you mid all this mighty sum
Of things for ever speaking,
That nothing of itself will come,
But we must still be seeking? *Ib*

How nourished there through that long time
He knows who gave that love sublime *Fidelity*

'What is good for a bootless bene?'
With these dark words begins my tale,
And their meaning is, whence can comfort spring
When prayer is of no avail? *The Force of Prayer.*

My eyes are dim with childish tears,
My heart is idly stirred,
For the same sound is in my ears
Which in those days I heard *The Fountain*

The wiser mind
Mourns less for what age takes away
Than what it leaves behind *Ib*

And often, glad no more,
We wear a face of joy because
We have been glad of yore *Ib*

A power is passing from the earth
To breathless Nature's dark abyss,
But when the great and good depart,
What is it more than this—

That Man, who is from God sent forth,
Doth yet again to God return?—
Such ebb and flow must ever be,
Then wherefore should we mourn?
Lines on the Expected Dissolution of Mr Fox

Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive,
But to be young was very heaven!
French Revolution, as it Appeared to Enthusiasts,
and The Prelude, bk xi, l 108

Sets
The budding rose above the rose full blown
Ib and The Prelude, bk xi, l 121

And homeless near a thousand homes I stood,
And near a thousand tables pined and wanted food
Guilt and Sorrow, xli

Who is the happy Warrior? Who is he
That every man in arms should wish to be?
It is the generous spirit, who, when brought
Among the tasks of real life, hath wrought
Upon the plan that pleased his childish thought
Whose high endeavours are an inward light
That makes the path before him always bright
Who, with a natural instinct to discern
What knowledge can perform, is diligent to learn
Character of the Happy Warrior

Who, doomed to go in company with Pain,
And Fear, and Bloodshed, miserable train!
Turns his necessity to glorious gain,
In face of these doth exercise a power
Which is our human nature's highest dower,
Controls them and subdues, transmutes, bereaves
Of their bad influence, and their good receives *Ib*

More skilful in self-knowledge, even more pure,
As tempted more, more able to endure,
As more exposed to suffering and distress,
Thence also, more alive to tenderness *Ib*
And in himself possess his own desire. *Ib*

And therefore does not stoop, nor lie in wait
For wealth, or honours, or for worldly state *Ib*

Whose powers shed round him in the common strife,
Or mild concerns of ordinary life,
A constant influence, a peculiar grace,
But who if he be called upon to face

Some awful moment to which Heaven has joined
Great issues, good or bad for human kind,
Is happy as a lover, and attuned
With sudden brightness, like a man inspired,
And, through the heat of conflict, keeps the law
In calmness made, and sees what he foresaw *Ib.*

'Tis, finally, the Man, who, lifted high,
Conspicuous object in a Nation's eye,
Or left unthought of in obscurity,—
Who, with a toward or untoward lot,
Prosperous or adverse, to his wish or not—
Plays, in the many games of life, that one
Where what he most doth value must be won
Whom neither shape of danger can dismay,
Nor thought of tender happiness betray *Ib*

The moving accident is not my trade,
To freeze the blood I have no ready arts
'Tis my delight, alone in summer shade,
To pipe a simple song for thinking hearts
Hart-leap Well, pt 2, l 1

The Being that is in the clouds and air,
That is in the green leaves among the groves,
Maintains a deep and reverential care
For the unoffending creatures whom he loves
Ib l 165

Never to blend our pleasure or our pride
With sorrow of the meanest thing that feels.
Ib l 179

High is our calling, friend! Creative Art
(Whether the instrument of words she use,
Or pencil pregnant with ethereal hues),
Demands the service of a mind and heart,
Though sensitive, yet, in their weakest part,
Heroically fashioned
Miscellaneous Sonnets, III To B R Haydon
High is our Calling, Friend!

Sweet Highland Girl, a very shower
Of beauty is thy earthly dower
Memorials of a Tour in Scotland, 1830 vi To
a Highland Girl.

The rapt one, of the godlike forehead,
The heaven-eyed creature sleeps in earth.
And Lamb, the frolic and the gentle,
Has vanished from his lonely hearth
Extempore Effusion upon the Death of James Hogg

How fast has brother followed brother,
From sunshine to the sunless land! *Ib*

Him whom you love, your Idiot Boy
The Idiot Boy

And as her mind grew worse and worse,
Her body—it grew better *Ib*

Wisdom and Spirit of the Universe!
Thou Soul that art the Eternity of thought!
And giv'st to forms and images a breath
And everlasting motion!
Influence of Natural Objects, and The Prelude,
bk i, l 401

A grandeur in the beatings of the heart *Ib.*

All shod with steel
We hissed along the polished ice, in games
Confederate. *Ib and The Prelude, bk i, l 414.*

With the din
Smitten, the precipices rang aloud,
The leafless trees and every icy rag
Tinkled like iron, while far-distant hills
Into the tumult sent an alien sound
Of melancholy

Leaving the tumultuous throng
To cut across the reflex of a star,
Image, that flying still before me, gleamed
Upon the glassy plain

Yet still the solitary cliffs
Wheeled by me—even as if the earth had rolled
With visible motion her diurnal round!
Ib and *The Prelude*, bk 1, l. 458

There was a time when meadow, grove, and stream,
The earth, and every common sight,
To me did seem
Apparelled in celestial light,
The glory and the freshness of a dream
It is not now as it hath been of yore,—
Turn wheresoe'er I may,
By night or day,
The things which I have seen I now can see no more
Ode Intimations of Immortality, 1

The rainbow comes and goes,
And lovely is the rose,
The moon doth with delight
Look round her when the heavens are bare,
Waters on a starry night
Are beautiful and fair,
The sunshine is a glorious birth
But yet I know, where'er I go,
That there hath passed away a glory from the earth
Ib 11
And while the young lambs bound
As to the tabor's sound *Ib* 111

A timely utterance gave that thought relief,
And I again am strong *Ib*
The winds come to me from the fields of sleep *Ib*
Shout round me, let me hear thy shouts, thou happy
Shepherd-boy *Ib*
And the babe leaps up on his mother's arm *Ib* 14

—But there's a tree, of many, one
A single field which I have looked upon,
Both of them speak of something that is gone
The pansy at my feet
Doth the same tale repeat
Whither is fled the visionary gleam?
Where is it now, the glory and the dream? *Ib*

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting
The Soul that rises with us, our life's Star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar
Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God, who is our home
Heaven lies about us in our infancy!
Shades of the prison-house begin to close
Upon the growing boy,
But he beholds the light, and whence it flows,
He sees it in his joy,

The youth, who daily farther from the east
Must travel, still is Nature's priest,
And by the vision splendid
Is on his way attended,
At length the man perceives it die away,
And fade into the light of common day. *Ib* v.

Behold the child among his new-born blisses,
A six years' darling of a pigmy size!
See, where 'mid work of his own hand he lies,
Fretted by sallies of his mother's kisses,
With light upon him from his father's eyes! *Ib* vii.

As if his whole vocation
Were endless imitation *Ib*.

Thou, whose exterior semblance doth belie
Thy soul's immensity *Ib* viii.

Thou Eye among the blind,
That, deaf and silent, read'st the eternal deep
Haunted for ever by the eternal mind *Ib*.

Thou, over whom thy immortality
Broods like the day, a master o'er a slave *Ib*

Provoke
The years to bring the inevitable yoke *Ib*

And custom lie upon thee with a weight,
Heavy as frost, and deep almost as life! *Ib*

O joy! that in our embers
Is something that doth live,
That nature yet remembers
What was so fugitive!
The thought of our past years in me doth breed
Perpetual benediction *Ib* ix

Not for these I raise
The song of thanks and praise,
But for those obstinate questionings
Of sense and outward things,
Fallings from us, vanishings,
Blank misgivings of a creature
Moving about in worlds not realised,
High instincts before which our mortal nature
Did tremble like a guilty thing surprised
But for those first affections,
Those shadowy recollections,
Which, be they what they may,
Are yet the fountain-light of all our day,
Are yet a master-light of all our seeing *Ib*.

Our noisy years seem moments in the being
Of the eternal Silence truths that wake,
To perish never
Which neither listlessness, nor mad endeavour,
Nor Man nor Boy,
Nor all that is at enmity with joy,
Can utterly abolish or destroy!
Hence in a season of calm weather
Though inland far we be,
Our souls have sight of that immortal sea
Which brought us hither,
Can in a moment travel thither,
And see the children sport upon the shore,
And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore. *Ib*

Though nothing can bring back the hour
Of splendour in the grass, of glory in the flower,
We will grieve not, rather find
Strength in what remains behind,
In the primal sympathy
Which having been must ever be,

In the soothing thoughts that spring
Out of human suffering,
In the faith that looks through death,
In years that bring the philosophic mind.

Intimations of Immortality, x.

And O, ye fountains, meadows, hills and groves,
Forbode not any severing of our loves!
Yet in my heart of hearts I feel your might,
I only have relinquished one delight
To live beneath your more habitual sway *Ib xi.*

The innocent brightness of a new-born day
Is lovely yet,

The clouds that gather round the setting sun
Do take a sober colouring from an eye
That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality,
Another race hath been, and other palms are won.
Thanks to the human heart by which we live,
Thanks to its tenderness, its joys, and fears,

To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears *Ib.*

It is a beauteous evening, calm and free,
The holy time is quiet as a nun,
Breathless with adoration, the broad sun
Is sinking down in its tranquillity,
The gentleness of heaven broods o'er the Sea,
Listen! the mighty Being is awake,
And doth with his eternal motion make
A sound like thunder—everlastingly
Dear Child! dear Girl! that walkest with me here
If thou appear untouched by solemn thought,
Thy nature is not therefore less divine
Thou liest in Abraham's bosom all the year,
And worshipp'st at the temple's inner shrine,
God being with thee when we know it not

Miscellaneous Sonnets, xxx It is a Beauteous Evening.

It is not to be thought of that the Flood
Of British freedom, which, to the open sea
Of the world's praise, from dark antiquity
Hath flowed, 'with pomp of waters, unwithstood'

National Independence and Liberty. xvi It is not to be thought of

In our halls is hung
Armoury of the invincible Knights of old
We must be free or die, who speak the tongue
That Shakespeare spake, the faith and morals hold
Which Milton held—In everything we are sprung
Of Earth's first blood, have titles manifold. *Ib*

I travelled among unknown men
In lands beyond the sea,
Nor, England! did I know till then
What love I bore to thee

I Travelled among Unknown Men

I wandered lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host, of golden daffodils,
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze

I Wandered Lonely as a Cloud

Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the milky way *Ib*
A poet could not but be gay,
In such a jocund company
I gazed—and gazed—but little thought
What wealth to me the show had brought

For oft, when on my couch I lie
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude,
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils *Ib.*

Poetry is the spontaneous overflow of powerful feelings
it takes its origin from emotion recollected in
tranquility *Lyrical Ballads Preface*

Vanguard of Liberty, ye men of Kent
National Independence and Liberty, xxiii To the Men of Kent Vanguard of Liberty.

Give all thou canst, high Heaven rejects the lore
Of nicely-calculated less or more
Ecclesiastical Sonnets, xlii King's College Chapel Tax not the Royal Saint

Where light and shade repose, where music dwells
Lingering—and wandering on as loth to die,
Like thoughts whose very sweetness yieldeth proof
That they were born for immortality *Ib*

They dreamt not of a perishable home
Who thus could build
Ib xlv Continued They Dreamt not of a Perishable Home

The gods approve
The depth, and not the tumult, of the soul
Laodamia, l 74

Of all that is most beauteous—imaged there
In happier beauty, more pellucid streams,
An ampler ether, a diviner air,
And fields invested with purpureal gleams *Ib l 103.*

Milton! thou shouldst be living at this hour:
England hath need of thee, she is a fen
Of stagnant waters
National Independence and Liberty xiv National Milton! thou shouldst

Thy soul was like a star, and dwelt apart;
Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the sea.
Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free,
So didst thou travel on life's common way
In cheerful godliness, and yet thy heart
The lowliest duties on herself did lay. *Ib*

Plain living and high thinking are no more
The homely beauty of the good old cause
Is gone, our peace, our fearful innocence,
And pure religion breathing household laws
Ib xliii Written in London. O Friend! I Know Not

I chanced to see at break of day
The solitary child *Lucy Gray*

No mate, no comrade Lucy knew;
She dwelt on a wild moor,
The sweetest thing that ever grew
Beside a human door! *Ib*

And sings a solitary song
That whistles in the wind *Ib*

The cattle are grazing,
Their heads never raising,
There are forty feeding like one! *Written in March.*

Like an army defeated
The snow hath retreated. *Ib*

Meantime Luke began
To slacken in his duty, and at length,
He in the dissolute city gave himself
To evil courses *Michael*, l 442

Many and many a day he thither went,
And never lifted up a single stone *Ib* l 465

Most sweet it is with unuplifted eyes
To pace the ground, if path there be or none,
While a fair region round the traveller lies,
Which he forbears again to look upon
Most Sweet It Is

My heart leaps up when I behold
A rainbow in the sky
So was it when my life began,
So is it now I am a man,
So be it when I shall grow old,
Or let me die!
The Child is father of the Man,
And I could wish my days to be
Bound each to each by natural piety
My Heart Leaps Up.

From low to high doth dissolution climb
Ecclesiastical Sonnets, xxiv *Mutability From Low to High*

The unimaginable touch of time *Ib*

Soft is the music that would charm for ever,
The flower of sweetest smell is shy and lowly
Miscellaneous Sonnets, ix *Not Love, not War*

Another year!—another deadly blow!
Another mighty Empire overthrown!
And we are left, or shall be left, alone
National Independence and Liberty, xxvii
November Another Year!

We shall exult, if they who rule the land
Be men who hold its many blessings dear,
Wise, upright, valiant, not a servile band,
Who are to judge of danger which they fear,
And honour which they do not understand *Ib*

Nuns fret not at their convent's narrow room,
And hermits are contented with their cells
Miscellaneous Sonnets, pt 1, 1 *Nuns Fret Not*

The weight of too much liberty *Ib*

There is a spirit in the woods *Nutting*

But Thy most dreaded instrument
In working out a pure intent,
Is man,—arrayed for mutual slaughter,
Yea, Carnage is Thy daughter
Ib xlv *Ode* (1815), l 106 *Imagination Ne'er Before Content*

O dearer far than light and life are dear
To — O *Dearer Far than Life*

I heard a Stock-dove sing or say
His homely tale, this very day,
His voice was buried among trees,
Yet to be come-at by the breeze
He did not cease, but cooed—and cooed,
And somewhat pensively he wooed.
He sang of love, with quiet blending,
Slow to begin, and never ending;
Of serious faith, and inward glee,
That was the song,—the song for me!
O Nightingale! Thou Surely Art

Ye sacred Nurseries of blooming Youth!
Ib pt iii, 11 *Oxford Ye Sacred Nurseries*.

A genial hearth, a hospitable board,
And a refined rusticity
Ib pt iii, No 18 *Pastoral Character A Genial Hearth*

The light that never was, on sea or land,
The consecration, and the poet's dream
Elegiac Stanzas Suggested by a Picture of Peele Castle in a Storm

A deep distress hath humanized my soul *Ib*
Farewell, farewell the heart that lives alone,
Housed in a dream, at distance from the Kind! *Ib*

But welcome fortitude, and patient cheer,
And frequent sights of what is to be borne!
Such sights, or worse, as are before me here —
Not without hope we suffer and we mourn *Ib*
I am not one who oft or much delight
To season my fireside with personal talk

Sweetest melodies
Are those that are by distance made more sweet *Personal Talk*, 1 *Ib* 11

Dreams, books, are each a world, and books, we know,
Are a substantial world, both pure and good
Round these, with tendrils strong as flesh and blood,
Our pastime and our happiness will grow. *Ib* 11

The gentle lady married to the Moor,
And heavenly Una with her milk-white lamb. *Ib*
Oh! might my name be numbered among theirs *Ib* 1v

There's something in a flying horse,
There's something in a huge balloon
Peter Bell, prologue, l 1

Full twenty times was Peter feared
For once that Peter was respected *Ib* pt. 1, l 204

A primrose by a river's brim
A yellow primrose was to him,
And it was nothing more. *Ib* l 249

He gave a groan, and then another,
Of that which went before the brother,
And then he gave a third. *Ib* l 443

Is it a party in a parlour?
Cramm'd just as they on earth were cramm'd—
Some sipping punch, some sipping tea,
But, as you by their faces see,
All silent and all damned! *Ib* pt. ii, l 516

The dew was falling fast, the stars began to blink,
I heard a voice, it said, 'Drink, pretty creature,
drink!' *The Pet Lamb*

Art thou a Man of purple cheer?
A rosy Man, right plump to see? *A Poet's Epitaph*.

A fingering slave,
One that would peep and botanize
Upon his mother's grave?

A reasoning, self-sufficing thing,
An intellectual All-in-all! *Ib*.

But who is He, with modest looks,
And clad in homely russet brown?
He murmurs near the running brooks
A music sweeter than their own

He is retired as noontide dew,
Or fountain in a noon-day grove,
And you must love him, ere to you
He will seem worthy of your love

Impulses of deeper birth
Have come to him in solitude

In common things that round us lie
Some random truths he can impart,—
The harvest of a quiet eye,
That broods and sleeps on his own heart

But he is weak, both Man and Boy,
Hath been an idler in the land,
Contented if he might enjoy
The things which others understand

Weak as is a breaking wave

My soul
Once more made trial of her strength, nor lacked
Aeolian visitations *The Prelude*, bk 1, l 94

Feels immediately some hollow thought
Hang like an interdict upon her hopes *Ib* 1 259.

Unprofitably travelling towards the grave *Ib* 1 267

Made one long bathing of a summer's day *Ib* 1. 290

Fair seed-time had my soul, and I grew up
Fostered alike by beauty and by fear *Ib* 1 301

When the deed was done
I heard among the solitary hills
Low breathings coming after me, and sounds
Of undistinguishable motion, steps
Almost as silent as the turf they trod *Ib* 1 321

Though mean
Our object and inglorious, yet the end
Was not ignoble *Ib* 1 328

With what strange utterance did the loud dry wind
Blow through my ear! the sky seemed not a sky
Of earth—and with what motion moved the clouds!
Ib 1 337

Dust as we are, the immortal spirit grows
Like harmony in music, there is a dark
Inscrutable workmanship that reconciles
Discordant elements, makes them cling together
In one society *Ib* 1 340

The grim shape
Towered up between me and the stars, and still,
For so it seemed, with purpose of its own
And measured motion like a living thing,
Strode after me *Ib* 1 382
Unknown modes of being *Ib* 1 393

Huge and mighty forms that do not live
Like living men, moved slowly through the mind
By day, and were a trouble to my dreams
Ib 1 398

Not with the mean and vulgar works of man,
But with high objects, with enduring things
Ib 1 408

Strife too humble to be named in verse
Ib 1 513

Ib The self-sufficing power of Solitude. *Ib* bk 11, l 77

A prop
To our infirmity *Ib* 1 214

Ib Thence did I drink the visionary power,
And deem not profitless those fleeting moods
Of shadowy exultation *Ib* 1 311

Ib The soul,
Remembering how she felt, but what she felt
Remembering not, retains an obscure sense
Of possible sublimity *Ib* 1 315

Where the statue stood
Of Newton, with his prism and silent face,
The marble index of a mind forever
Voyaging through strange seas of thought alone
Ib bk 11, l 61.

Sweet Spenser, moving through his clouded heaven
With the moon's beauty and the moon's soft pace,
I called him Brother, Englishman, and Friend!
Ib 1 280

Here and there
Slight shocks of young love-liking interspersed.
Ib bk 11, l 316

Bond unknown to me
Was given, that I should be, else sinning greatly,
A dedicated spirit *Ib* 1 335

A day
Spent in a round of strenuous idleness *Ib* 1 377.

That uncertain heaven, received
Into the bosom of the steady lake *Ib* bk 11, l 387

Visionary power
Attends the motions of the viewless winds,
Embodied in the mystery of words *Ib* 1 595

Present themselves as objects recognized,
In flashes, and with glory not their own
Ib 1 604.

Whether we be young or old,
Our destiny, our being's heart and home,
Is with infinitude, and only there,
With hope it is, hope that can never die,
Effort, and expectation, and desire,
And something evermore about to be
Ib bk 11, l 603

We were brothers all
In honour, as in one community,
Scholars and gentlemen *Ib* bk 11, l 227

In the People was my trust,
And in the virtues which mine eyes had seen
Ib bk 11, l 11

The dupe of folly, or the slave of crime
Ib 1 320

Not in Utopia—subterranean fields,—
Or some secreted island, Heaven knows where!
But in the very world, which is the world
Of all of us,—the place where, in the end
We find our happiness, or not at all! *Ib* 1 140

There is
One great society alone on earth
The noble living and the noble dead *Ib* 1 393

A sensitive being, a *creative* soul
The Prelude, bk. xii, l 207.

Oh! mystery of man, from what a depth
 Proceed thy honours I am lost, but see
 In simple childhood something of the base
 On which thy greatness stands *Ib* l 272

Animate an hour of vacant ease *Ib* l. 335
 Sorrow, that is not sorrow, but delight,
 And miserable love, that is not pain
 To hear of, for the glory that redounds
 Therefrom to human kind, and what we are
Ib bk xiii, l 246.

Imagination, which, in truth,
 Is but another name for absolute power
 And clearest insight, amplitude of mind,
 And Reason in her most exalted mood
Ib bk xiv, l 190

Prophets of Nature, we to them will speak
 A lasting inspiration, sanctified
 By reason, blest by faith what we have loved,
 Others will love, and we will teach them how,
 Instruct them how the mind of man becomes
 A thousand times more beautiful than the earth
 On which he dwells, above this frame of things
 (Which, 'mid all revolution in the hopes
 And fears of men, doth still remain unchanged)
 In beauty exalted, as it is itself
 Of quality and fabric more divine *Ib* l 444

Art thou the bird whom man loves best,
 The pious bird with the scarlet breast,
 Our little English robin?
The Redbreast Chasing the Butterfly

Love him, or leave him alone! *Ib*

Habit rules the unreflecting herd.
Ecclesiastical Sonnets, xxviii *Reflections Grant*
that by this Unsparing Hurricane

There was a roaring in the wind all night
Resolution and Independence, 1

As high as we have mounted in delight
 In our dejection do we sink as low *Ib* iv

But how can he expect that others should
 Build for him, sow for him, and at his call
 Love him, who for himself will take no heed at all?
Ib vi

I thought of Chatterton, the marvellous boy,
 The sleepless soul, that perished in his pride;
 Of him who walked in glory and in joy,
 Following his plough, along the mountain side
 By our own spirits are we deified
 We poets in our youth begin in gladness,
 But thereof comes in the end despondency and mad-
 ness *Ib* vii.

The oldest man he seemed that ever wore grey hairs
Ib viii

As a huge stone is sometimes seen to lie
 Couched on the bald top of an eminence. *Ib* ix

Like a sea-beast crawled forth, that on a shelf
 Of rock or sand reposest, there to sun itself *Ib*.

That heareth not the loud winds when they call,
 And moveth all together, if it moves at all. *Ib* xi.

Choice words, and measured phrase, above the reach
 Of ordinary men, a stately speech,
 Such as grave livers do in Scotland use. *Ib* xiv.
 And mighty poets in their misery dead. *Ib* xvii.
 'How is it that you live, and what is it you do?' *Ib*.

The good old rule
 Sufficeth them, the simple plan,
 That they should take, who have the power,
 And they should keep who can
Memorials of a Tour in Scotland, 1803 xi *Rob*
Roy's Grave

Scorn not the Sonnet, Critic, you have frowned,
 Mindless of its just honours, with this key
 Shakespeare unlocked his heart
Miscellaneous Sonnets, pt ii, 1 *Scorn Not the*
Sonnet

And when a damp
 Fell round the path of Milton, in his hand
 The Thing became a trumpet, whence he blew
 Soul-animating strains,—alas! too few *Ib*.

She dwelt among the untrodden ways
 Beside the springs of Dove,
 A maid whom there were none to praise
 And very few to love

A violet by a mossy stone
 Half hidden from the eye!
 Fair as a star, when only one
 Is shining in the sky

She lived unknown, and few could know
 When Lucy ceased to be,
 But she is in her grave, and, oh,
 The difference to me!

She Dwelt Among the Untrodden Ways.

She was a phantom of delight
 When first she gleamed upon my sight,
 A lovely apparition, sent
 To be a moment's ornament,
 Her eyes as stars of twilight fair,
 Like twilight's, too, her dusky hair,
 But all things else about her drawn
 From May-time and the cheerful dawn,
 A dancing shape, an image gay,
 To haunt, to startle, and waylay

She was a Phantom of Delight

I saw her upon nearer view,
 A spirit, yet a woman too!
 Her household motions light and free,
 And steps of virgin liberty,
 A countenance in which did meet
 Sweet records, promises as sweet,
 A creature not too bright or good
 For human nature's daily food,
 For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
 Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles *Ib*.

And now I see with eye serene,
 The very pulse of the machine,
 A being breathing thoughtful breath,
 A traveller betwixt life and death,
 The reason firm, the temperate will,
 Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill,
 A perfect woman, nobly planned,
 To warn, to comfort, and command,
 And yet a spirit still, and bright
 With something of angelic light. *Ib*.

The world is too much with us, late and soon,
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers
Little we see in Nature that is ours,
We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon!
The Sea that bares her bosom to the moon,
The winds that will be howling at all hours,
And are up-gathered now like sleeping flowers,
For this, for everything, we are out of tune,
It moves us not, Great God! I'd rather be
A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn,
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn,
Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea,
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathed horn
Ib xxxiii The World is Too Much with Us

The swan on still St Mary's Lake
Float double, swan and shadow!
*Memorials of a Tour in Scotland, 1803 xiii
Yarrow Unvisited*

But thou, that didst appear so fair
To fond imagination,
Dost rival in the light of day
Her delicate creation
*Memorials of a Tour in Scotland, 1814 Yarrow
Visited*

Like,—but oh how different!
Yes, it was the Mountain Echo

Fear and trembling Hope,
Silence and Foresight, Death the Skeleton
And Time the Shadow *Yew Trees*

Thou, while thy babes around thee cling,
Shalt show us how divine a thing
A woman may be made *To a Young Lady*

But an old age, serene and bright,
And lovely as a Lapland night,
Shall lead thee to thy grave *Ib*

HENRY CLAY WORK

1832-1884

Bring the good old bugle, boys, we'll sing another
song,
Sing it with a spirit that will start the world along,
Sing it as we used to sing it—fifty thousand strong,
As we were marching through Georgia
Marching Through Georgia

'Hurrah! hurrah! we bring the Jubilee!
Hurrah! hurrah! the flag that makes you free!
So we sang the chorus from Atlanta to the sea,
As we were marching through Georgia *Ib Chorus*

SIR HENRY WOTTON

1568-1639

An ambassador is an honest man sent to lie abroad for
the good of his country
*Written in the Album of Christopher Fleck-
more (1604)*

How happy is he born and taught
That serveth not another's will,
Whose armour is his honest thought,
And simple truth his utmost skill!
Character of a Happy Life, 1

Who God doth late and early pray
More of his grace than gifts to lend,
And entertains the harmless day
With a religious book, or friend *Ib v*

This man is freed from servile bands,
Of hope to rise, or fear to fall —
Lord of himself, though not of lands,
And having nothing, yet hath all *Ib vi*

He first deceas'd, she for a little tri'd
To live without him lik'd it not, and di'd
Death of Sir Albertus Morton's Wife

You meaner beauties of the night,
That poorly satisfy our eyes,
More by your number, than your light,
You common people of the skies,
What are you when the moon shall rise?
On His Mistress, the Queen of Bohemia

SIR CHRISTOPHER WREN

1632-1723

Si monumentum requiris, circumspecte
If you would see his monument look around
*Inscription over the interior of the North Door
in St Paul's Cathedral, London Written by
Wren's son*

SIR THOMAS WYATT

1503?-1542

Blame not my lute! for he must sound
Of this and that as liketh me *The Lute Obeys, 1*

And wilt thou leave me thus?
Say nay, say nay, for shame! *An Appeal*

Forget not yet the tried intent
Of such a truth as I have meant,
My great travail so gladly spent
Forget not yet! *Steadfastness*

They flee from me, that sometime did me seek
Remembrance

My lute, awake! perform the last
Labour that thou and I shall waste,
The end that I have now begun,
For when this song is sung and past,
My lute, be still, for I have done *To His Lute.*

WILLIAM WYCHERLEY

1640?-1716

Fw! madam, do you think me so ill bred as to love a
husband? *Love in a Wood, III, iv*

Nay, you had both felt his desperate deadly daunting
dagger —there are your d's for you!
Gentleman Dancing-Master, Act v

Go to your business, I say, pleasure, whilst I go to
my pleasure, business *Country Wife, Act II*

QUAINT
With sharp invectives—
WIDOW
Alias, Billingsgate *Plain Dealer, Act III.*

WYNTOUN'S CHRONICLE

Quhen Alysander oure kyng wes dede,
That Scotland led in luv and le,
Away wes sons of ale and brede,
Of wyne and wax, of gamyn and gle
Oure gold wes changyd into lede,
Cryst, borne into virgynyte,
Succour Scotland, and remede,
That stad is in perplexyte
From Andrew Wyntoun's 'Cronykyl', vol. 1,
p. 401, ed. 1795 (the edition used by Scott)
and in the edition of 1872, vol. II, p. 266

WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS

1865-1939

A line will take us hours may be,
Yet if it does not seem a moment's thought,
Our stitching and unstitching has been naught
Adam's Curse

O heart, be at peace, because
Nor knave nor dolt can break
What's not for their applause,
Being for a woman's sake

Against Unworthy Praise

When I was young,
I had not given a penny for a song
Did not the poet sing it with such airs
That one believed he had a sword upstairs
All Things Can Tempt Me

The phantom, Beauty, in a mist of tears
Anashuya and Vijaya

The old priest Peter Gilligan
Was weary night and day,
For half his flock were in their beds,
Or under green sods lay.
Ballad of Father Gilligan

He Who is wrapped in purple robes,
With planets in His care,
Had pity on the least of things
Asleep upon a chair
Ib

The years like great black oxen tread the world,
And God the herdsman goads them on behind,
And I am broken by their passing feet
The Countess Cathleen, Act IV

The Light of Lights
Looks always on the motive, not the deed,
The Shadow of Shadows on the deed alone
Ib

God's laughing in Heaven
To see you so good
A Cradle Song

Down by the salley gardens my love and I did meet,
She passed the salley gardens with little snow-white
feet
She bid me take love easy, as the leaves grow on the
tree,
But I, being young and foolish, with her would not
agree

In a field by the river my love and I did stand,
And on my leaning shoulder she laid her snow-white
hand
She bid me take life easy, as the grass grows on the
weirs,
But I was young and foolish, and now am full of tears
Down by the Salley Gardens

She was more beautiful than thy first love,
This lady by the trees
A Dream of Death.

He found the unpersuadable justice
Ego Dominus Tuus

The coarse-bred son of a livery stable keeper (Keats)
Ib

We who are old, old and gay
O so old!
Thousands of years, thousands of years,
If all were told
A Faery Song

But weigh this song with the great and their pride,
I made it out of a mouthful of air,
Their children's children shall say they have lied
He Thinks of Those who have Spoken Evil of
his Beloved

Had I the heavens' embroidered cloths,
Enwrought with golden and silver light,
The blue and the dim and the dark cloths
Of night and light and the half-light,
I would spread the cloths under your feet.
But I, being poor, have only my dreams,
I have spread my dreams under your feet,
Tread softly, because you tread on my dreams
He Wishes for the Cloths of Heaven

I mourn for that most lovely thing, and yet God's
will be done
I knew a phoenix in my youth, so let them have their
day
His Phoenix

Out-worn heart, in a time out-worn,
Come clear of the nets of wrong and right,
Laugh, heart, again in the grey twilight,
Sigh, heart, again in the dew of the morn
Into the Twilight

And God stands winding His lonely horn,
And time and the world are ever in flight,
And love is less kind than the grey twilight,
And hope is less dear than the dew of the morn
Ib

All the wild witches, those most noble ladies,
For all their broom-sticks and their tears,
Their angry tears, are gone
Lines Written in Dejection

Never give all the heart, for love
Will hardly seem worth thinking of
To passionate women if it seem
Certain, and they never dream
That it fades out from kiss to kiss
Never Give All the Heart

Why, what could she have done, being what she is?
Was there another Troy for her to burn?
No Second Troy

To shake their wicked sides at youth
Restraining reckless middle-age?
On hearing that the Students of our new Univer-
sity have joined the Agitation against Immoral
Literature

Was it for this the wild geese spread
The grey wing upon every tide,
For this that all that blood was shed,
For this Edward Fitzgerald died,
And Robert Emmet and Wolfe Tone,
All that delirium of the brave?
Romantic Ireland's dead and gone,
It's with O'Leary in the grave
September 1913.

For the good are always the merry,
Save by an evil chance,
And the merry love the fiddle,
And the merry love to dance

The Fiddler of Dooney

When I play on my fiddle in Dooney
Folk dance like a wave of the sea

Ib.

One that is ever kind said yesterday
'Your well-beloved's hair has threads of grey,
And little shadows come about her eyes'

The Folly of Being Comforted

Time can but make her beauty over again
Because of that great nobleness of hers
The fire that stirs about her, when she stirs,
Burns but more clearly O she had not these ways
When all the wild summer was in her gaze

Ib

O heart! O heart! if she'd but turn her head,
You'd know the folly of being comforted

Ib

The little fox murmured,
'O what of the world's bane'
The sun was laughing sweetly,
The moon plucked at his rein,
But the little red fox murmured,
'O do not pluck at his rein,
He is riding to the townland
That is the world's bane'

The Happy Townland

The host is riding from Knocknarcra
And over the grave of Clooth-na-Bare,
Caolte tossing his burning hair,
And Niamh calling Away, come away

The Hosting of the Sidhe

Who holds the world between His bill and made us
strong or weak

Is an undying moorfowl, and He lives beyond the
sky

The rains are from His dripping wings, the moon-
beams from His eye

The Indian upon God

Who made the world and ruleth it, He hangeth on
a stalk,

For I am in His image made, and all this tinkling
tide

Is but a sliding drop of rain between His petals wide

Ib

The Stamper of the Skies,
He is a gentle roebuck, for how else, I pray, could He
Conceive a thing so sad and soft, a gentle thing like
me?

Ib

Who made the grass and made the worms and made
my feathers gay,

He is a monstrous peacock, and He waveth all the
night

His languid tail above us, lit with myriad spots of
light

Ib

I will arise and go now, and go to Innisfree,
And a small cabin build there, of clay and wattles
made:

Nine bean-rows will I have there, a hive for the
honey-bee,

And live alone in the bee-loud glade

And I shall have some peace there, for peace comes
dropping slow,

Dropping from the veils of the morning to where
the cricket sings,

There midnight's all a-glimmer, and noon a purple
glow,

And evening full of the linnet's wings

I will arise and go now, for always night and day
I hear lake water lapping with low sounds by the
shore,

While I stand on the roadway, or on the pavements
gray

I hear it in the deep heart's core

The Lake Isle of Innisfree.

The wind blows out of the gates of the day,

The wind blows over the lonely of heart,

And the lonely of heart is withered away

The Land of Heart's Desire.

The land of faery,

Where nobody gets old and godly and grave,

Where nobody gets old and crafty and wise,

Where nobody gets old and bitter of tongue.

Ib

Of a land where even the old are fair,

And even the wise are merry of tongue

Ib

Land of Heart's Desire,

Where beauty has no ebb, decay no flood,

But joy is wisdom, Time an endless song

Ib

All things uncemely and broken, all things worn out
and old,

The cry of a child by the roadway, the creak of a
lumbering cart,

The heavy steps of the ploughman, splashing the
wintry mould,

Are wronging your image that blossoms a rose in
the deeps of my heart

The wrong of unshapely things is a wrong too great to
be told,

I hunger to build them anew and sit on a green knoll
apart,

With the earth and the sky and the water, re-made,
like a casket of gold,

For my dreams of your image that blossoms a rose in
the deeps of my heart

The Lover Tells of the Rose in his Heart

When I was a boy with never a crack in my heart

The Meditation of the Old Fishermen

I heard the old, old men say,

'All that's beautiful drifts away

Like the waters'

The Old Men Admiring Themselves in the Water

A pity beyond all telling

Is hid in the heart of love.

The Pity of Love

Rose of all Roses, Rose of all the World!

The Rose of Battle.

Who dreamed that beauty passes like a dream?

For these red lips, with all their mournful pride,

Mournful that no new wonder may betide,

Troy passed away in one high funeral gleam,

And Usna's children died.

We and the labouring world are passing by

Amid men's souls, that waver and give place

Like the pale waters in their wintry race,

Under the passing stars, foam of the sky,

Lives on this lonely face

Bow down, archangels, in your dim abode,

Before you were, or any hearts to beat,
Weary and kind one linger'd by His seat,
He made the world to be a grassy road
Before her wandering feet *The Rose of the World*

Far off, most secret, and inviolate Rose,
Enfold me in my hours of hours *The Secret Rose*

A woman of so shining loveliness
That men threshed corn at midnight by a tress *Ib*

When shall the stars be blown about the sky,
Like the sparks blown out of a smithy, and die?
Surely thine hour has come, thy great wind blows,
Far-off, most sweet, and inviolate Rose? *Ib*

It is love that I am seeking for,
But of a beautiful, unheard-of kind
'That is not in the world' *The Shadowy Waters*

Do you not know
How great a wrong it is to let one's thought
Wander a moment when one is in love? *Ib*

Bend lower, O king, that I may crown you with it
O flower of the branch, O bird among the leaves,
O silver fish that my two hands have taken
Out of the running stream, O morning star,
Trembling in the blue heavens like a white fawn
Upon the misty border of the wood,
Bend lower, that I may cover you with my hair,
For we will gaze upon this world no longer *Ib*

And pluck till time and times are done
The silver apples of the moon
The golden apples of the sun
The Song of Wandering Ængus

The brawling of a sparrow in the eaves,
The brilliant moon and all the milky sky,
And all that famous harmony of leaves,
Had blotted out man's image and his cry

A girl arose that had red mournful lips
And seemed the greatness of the world in tears,
Doomed like Odysseus and the labouring ships
And proud as Priam murdered with his peers,

Arose, and on the instant clamorous eaves,
A climbing moon upon an empty sky,
And all that lamentation of the leaves,
Could but compose man's image and his cry
The Sorrow of Love

And the loud chaunting of the unquiet leaves
Are shaken with earth's old and weary cry
The Sorrow of Love (1893 version)

Come away, O human child!
To the waters and the wild
With a faery, hand in hand,
For the world's more full of weeping than you can
understand *The Stolen Child*

Nor know that what disturbs our blood
Is but its longing for the tomb *The Wheel*

I would that we were, my beloved, white birds on the
foam of the seal *The White Birds*

But was there ever dog that praised his fleas?
*To a Poet, who would have me praise certain
bad Poets, Imitators of his and mine*

I know what wages beauty gives,
How hard a life her servant lives,
Yet praise the winters gone

There is not a fool can call me friend,
And I may dine at journey's end
With Landor and with Donne. *To a Young Beauty.*

Know, that I would accounted be
True brother of a company
That sang, to sweeten Ireland's wrong,
Ballad and story, rann and song,
Nor be I any less of them,
Because the red-rose-bordered hem
Of her, whose history began
Before God made the angelic clan,
Trails all about the written page
To Ireland in the Coming Times

For the elemental creatures go
About my table to and fro *Ib*

Ah, faeries, dancing under the moon,
A Druid land, a Druid tune! *Ib*

Red Rose, Proud Rose, sad Rose of all my days!
To the Rose upon the Rood of Time

Eternal beauty wandering on her way *Ib*
All changed, changed utterly
A terrible beauty is born *Under Saturn*

Dwell in the house of the Fenians, be they in flames
or at feast *The Wanderings of Oisín, bk. 111*

When you are old and gray and full of sleep,
And nodding by the fire, take down this book,
And slowly read, and dream of the soft look
Your eyes had once, and of their shadows deep,
How many loved your moments of glad grace,
And loved your beauty with love false or true,
But one man loved the pilgrim soul in you,
And loved the sorrows of your grieving face,
And bending down beside the glowing bars,
Murmurs, a little sadly, how Love fled
And paced upon the mountains overhead
And hid his face amid a crowd of stars
When you are Old

ANDREW YOUNG

1807-1889

There is a happy land,
Far, far away,
Where Saints in glory stand,
Bright, bright as day
*Hymn There is a Happy Land C. H. Bate-
man's Sacred Song Book, 1843*

EDWARD YOUNG

1683-1765

Be wise with speed,
A fool at forty is a fool indeed
Love of Fame, Sat. 11, l. 281
For who does nothing with a better grace?
Ib. Sat. 14, l. 86
For ever most divinely in the wrong
Ib. Sat. 16, l. 106.

For her own breakfast she'll project a scheme,
Nor take her tea without a stratagem. *Ib. l. 187*

One to destroy, is murder by the law,
 And gibbets keep the lifted hand in awe,
 To murder thousands, takes a specious name,
 War's glorious art, and gives immortal fame
Ib Sat vii, l 55

How commentators each dark passage shun,
 And hold their farthing candle to the sun
Ib l 97.

Tir'd Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep!
 He, like the world, his ready visit pays
 Where fortune smiles, the wretched he forsakes
The Complaint Night Thoughts, Night i, l 1

Night, sable goddess! from her ebony throne
 In rayless majesty, now stretches forth
 Her leaden sceptre o'er a slumbering world
Ib l 18

Be wise to-day, 'tis madness to defer *Ib l 390*

Procrastination is the thief of time *Ib l 393*

Of man's miraculous mistakes, this bears
 The palm, 'That all men are about to live'
Ib l 399

At thirty man suspects himself a fool,
 Knows it at forty, and reforms his plan,
 At fifty chides his infamous delay,
 Pushes his prudent purpose to resolve,
 In all the magnanimity of thought
 Resolves, and re-resolves, then dies the same
Ib l 417

All men think all men mortal, but themselves
Ib. l 724

Man wants but little, nor that little, long,
Ib Night iv, l 118.

A God all mercy, is a God unjust *Ib l 233*

To know the world, not love her, is thy point,
 She gives but little, nor that little, long
Ib Night viii, l 1276.

Devotion! daughter of astronomy!
 An undevout astronomer is mad
Ib Night ix, l 769

Life is the desert, life the solitude,
 Death joins us to the great majority
The Revenge, Act iv

Accept a miracle, instead of wit,
 See two dull lines, with Stanhope's pencil writ
Written with Lord Chesterfield's Diamond Pencil
Spence, Anecdotes, 1820, p 378

You are so witty, profligate, and thin,
 At once we think thee Milton, Death, and Sin.
Epigram on Voltaire

ISRAEL ZANGWILL

1864-1926

Scratch the Christian and you find the pagan—
 spoiled *Children of the Ghetto, bk ii, ch 6.*

America is God's Crucible, the great Melting-Pot
 where all the races of Europe are melting and re-
 forming! . . . God is making the American
The Melting Pot, Act I.

THE BOOK OF COMMON PRAYER

The two extremes, of too much stiffness in refusing,
and of too much easiness in admitting any variation
The Preface

There was never any thing by the wit of man so well
devised, or so sure established, which in continuance
of time hath not been corrupted
Ib Concerning the Service of the Church

A table of the Moveable Feasts
Section Heading in Introductory Pages, p xxxi

Dearly beloved brethren, the Scripture moveth us in
sundry places to acknowledge and confess our
 manifold sins and wickedness
Morning Prayer. Priest's Opening Exhortation

We should not dissemble nor cloke them *Ib*

When we assemble and meet together *Ib*

Those things which are requisite and necessary, as
well for the body as the soul *Ib*

We have erred, and strayed from thy ways like lost
sheep *Ib General Confession*

We have left undone those things which we ought to
have done, And we have done those things which
we ought not to have done, And there is no health
in us *Ib*

A godly, righteous, and sober life *Ib*

And forgive us our trespasses, As we forgive them
that trespass against us *Ib The Lord's Prayer*

As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be:
world without end Amen *Ib Gloria*

Lord God of Sabaoth *Ib Te Deum Laudamus*

An infinite Majesty *Ib*

The sharpness of death *Ib*

The noble army of martyrs *Ib*

O Lord, in thee have I trusted let me never be
confounded *Ib*

O all ye Works of the Lord, bless ye the Lord. praise
him, and magnify him for ever *Ib Benedicite*

O all ye Green Things upon the Earth, bless ye the
Lord praise him, and magnify him for ever *Ib*

O ye Whales, and all that move in the Waters *Ib*

O Ananias, Azarias, and Misael, bless ye the Lord
praise him, and magnify him for ever *Ib*

Give peace in our time, O Lord
Because there is none other that fighteth for us, but
only thou, O God *Ib Versicles*

The author of peace and lover of concord, in know-
ledge of whom standeth our eternal life, whose
service is perfect freedom
Ib Second Collect, for Peace.

Neither run into any kind of danger
Ib Thrd Collect, for Grace

In Quires and Places where they sing
Ib Rubric after Thrd Collect

Grant him in health and wealth long to live
Ib. A Prayer for the King's Majesty

The fountain of all goodness
Ib. Prayer for the Royal Family.

Almighty and everlasting God, who alone workest
great marvels, Send down upon our Bishops, and
Curates, and all Congregations committed to their
charge, the healthful Spirit of thy grace
Ib Prayer for the Clergy and People

The continual dew of thy blessing *Ib*

With one accord to make our common supplications
unto thee *Ib Prayer of St Chrysostom*

When two or three are gathered together in thy Name
thou wilt grant their requests *Ib*

From whom all holy desires, all good counsels, and
all just works do proceed.
Evening Prayer Second Collect

That peace which the world cannot give *Ib*

Lighten our darkness, we beseech thee, O Lord, and
by thy great mercy defend us from all perils and
dangers of this night *Ib Thrd Collect*

Whosoever will be saved before all things it is
necessary that he hold the Catholick Faith

Which Faith except every one do keep whole and
undefiled: without doubt he shall perish ever-
lastingly *Athanasian Creed*

Neither confounding the Persons nor dividing the
Substance *Ib*

As also there are not three incomprehensibles, nor
three uncreated but one uncreated, and one in-
comprehensible *Ib*

Not three Gods: but one God. *Ib*

Of a reasonable soul and human flesh subsisting *Ib*

Not by conversion of the Godhead into flesh but by
taking of the Manhood into God *Ib*

Have mercy upon us miserable sinners *The Litany.*

Neither take thou vengeance of our sins *Ib*

The crafts and assaults of the devil *Ib*

Envy, hatred, and malice, and all uncharitableness *Ib*

Deceits of the world, the flesh, and the devil *Ib*

From battle and murder, and from sudden death *Ib.*

Hardness of heart, and contempt of thy Word and
Commandment *Ib.*

Agony and bloody Sweat *Ib*

In the hour of death, and in the day of judgement *Ib*

All Bishops, Priests, and Deacons *Ib.*

- Unity, peace, and concord *Ib*
 To bring forth the fruits of the Spirit *Ib*
 To strengthen such as do stand, and to comfort and help the weak-hearted, and to raise up them that fall, and finally to beat down Satan under our feet *Ib*
 All that are in danger, necessity, and tribulation. *Ib*
 All that travel by land or by water, all women labouring of child, all sick persons, and young children, and to shew thy pity upon all prisoners and captives *Ib*
 The fatherless children, and widows *Ib*
 Our enemies, persecutors, and slanderers *Ib*
 The kindly fruits of the earth, so as in due time we may enjoy them *Ib*
 Our sins, negligences, and ignorances *Ib*
 The sighing of a contrite heart *Ib First Collect*
 The craft and subtilty of the devil or man *Ib*
 We have heard with our ears, and our fathers have declared unto us, the noble works that thou didst in their days, and in the old time before them
Ib Sentences after the First Collect
 Turn from us all those evils that we most righteously have deserved *Ib Second Collect*
 Tied and bound with the chain of our sins
Prayers and Thanksgivings, upon Several Occasions 'O God, whose nature and property'
 Our Mediator and Advocate *Ib*
 Our most religious and gracious King
Ib Prayer for the High Court of Parliament.
 The safety, honour, and welfare of our Sovereign, and his Dominions *Ib*
 All sorts and conditions of men
Ib Prayer for All Conditions of Men.
 All who profess and call themselves Christians *Ib*
 Any ways afflicted, or distressed, in mind, body, or estate *Ib*
 A happy issue out of all their afflictions *Ib*
 Our creation, preservation, and all the blessings of this life
Ib Thanksgivings A General Thanksgiving
 For the means of grace, and for the hope of glory *Ib*
 The former and the latter rain *Ib For Rain.*
 Cast away the works of darkness, and put upon us the armour of light, now in the time of this mortal life.
Collects 1st Sunday in Advent
 Hear them, read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest them.
Ib 2nd Sunday in Advent.
 An acceptable people in thy sight
Ib 3rd Sunday in Advent
 Sore let and hindered in running the race
Ib 4th Sunday in Advent
 Children by adoption and grace *Ib Christmas Day*
- The glory that shall be revealed
Ib St Stephen's Day.
 That they may both perceive and know what things they ought to do, and also may have grace and power faithfully to fulfil the same
Ib 1st Sunday after Epiphany
 Grant us thy peace all the days of our life
Ib 2nd Sunday after Epiphany
 By reason of the frailty of our nature we cannot always stand upright *Ib 4th Sunday after Epiphany*
 That most excellent gift of charity.
Ib Quinquagesima Sunday
 All evil thoughts which may assault and hurt the soul
Ib 2nd Sunday in Lent
 Jews, Turks, Infidels, and Hereticks.
Ib Good Friday Thrd Collect
 Thy special grace preventing us *Ib Easter Day*
 The leaven of malice and wickedness.
Ib 1st Sunday after Easter
 Those things that are contrary to their profession.
Ib 3rd Sunday after Easter
 The unruly wills and affections of sinful men.
Ib 4th Sunday after Easter
 The sundry and manifold changes of the world. *Ib*
 To have a right judgement in all things
Ib Monday in Whitsun-Week
 The weakness of our mortal nature.
Ib 1st Sunday after Trmty
 We may so pass through things temporal, that we finally lose not the things eternal
Ib 4th Sunday after Trmty
 Such good things as pass man's understanding
Ib 6th Sunday after Trmty
 The author and giver of all good things
Ib 7th Sunday after Trmty.
 Running the way of thy commandments
Ib 11th Sunday after Trmty
 Those things whereof our conscience is afraid
Ib 12th Sunday after Trmty
 Increase of faith, hope, and charity
Ib 14th Sunday after Trmty.
 Because the frailty of man without thee cannot but fall
Ib 15th Sunday after Trmty
 Serve thee with a quiet mind
Ib 21st Sunday after Trmty
 Thy household the Church
Ib 22nd Sunday after Trmty
 Stir up, we beseech thee, O Lord, the wills of thy faithful people, that they, plenteously bringing forth the fruit of good works, may of thee be plenteously rewarded
Ib 25th Sunday after Trmty
 Carried away with every blast of vain doctrine
Ib St Mark's Day
 Whom truly to know is everlasting life.
Ib St Philip and St James's Day

Constantly speak the truth, boldly rebuke vice, and patiently suffer for the truth's sake

Ib St John the Baptist's Day

Ordained and constituted the services of Angels and men in a wonderful order

Ib St Michael and All Angels

Who hast knit together thine elect in one communion and fellowship, in the mystical body of thy Son

Ib All Saints' Day

An open and notorious evil liver

Holy Communion Introductory Rubric

Truly repented and amended his former naughty life

Ib

A fair white linen cloth.

Ib

Unto whom all hearts be open, all desires known, and from whom no secrets are hid

Ib Collect for Purity

Thou shalt have none other gods but me

Ib 1st Commandment

Incline our hearts to keep this law

Response to Commandments

Thou shalt not make to thyself any graven image, nor the likeness of any thing that is in heaven above, or in the earth beneath, or in the water under the earth Thou shalt not bow down to them, nor worship them for I the Lord thy God am a jealous God, and visit the sins of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation

Ib 2nd Commandment

Thou shalt not take the Name of the Lord thy God in vain

Ib 3rd Commandment

Remember that thou keep holy the Sabbath-day Six days shalt thou labour, and do all that thou hast to do, but the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God.

Ib 4th Commandment.

The stranger that is within thy gates

Ib

In six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day

Ib

Honour thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee

Ib 5th Commandment

Thou shalt do no murder

Ib 6th Commandment

Thou shalt not commit adultery

Ib 7th Commandment

Thou shalt not steal.

Ib 8th Commandment

Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbour

Ib 9th Commandment

Thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's wife, nor his servant, nor his maid, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor any thing that is his

Ib 10th Commandment

All things visible and invisible.

Nicene Creed

The Lord and giver of life.

Ib

Who spake by the Prophets.

Ib

One Catholick and Apostolick Church.

Ib

In a decent bason to be provided by the Parish

Ib Rubric before the Prayer for the Church Militant

The whole state of Christ's Church militant here in earth

Ib Prayer for the Church Militant

The spirit of truth, unity, and concord

Ib

Live in unity and godly love

Ib

Truly and indifferently minister justice

Ib.

Thy true and lively Word

Ib

All them, who in this transitory life are in trouble, sorrow, need, sickness, or any other adversity

Ib

Departed this life in thy faith and fear

Ib

Discreet and learned Minister of God's Word

Ib First Exhortation

Ghostly counsel and advice

Ib

We eat and drink our own damnation

Ib Third Exhortation

Ye that do truly and earnestly repent you of your sins, and are in love and charity with your neighbours, and intend to lead a new life

Ib The Invitation

Meekly kneeling upon your knees

Ib

The burden of them is intolerable

Ib General Confession

Hear what comfortable words

Ib Comfortable Words

It is meet and right so to do

Ib Versicles

Therefore with Angels and Archangels, and with all the company of heaven

Ib Hymn of Praise

Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of hosts, heaven and earth are full of thy glory Glory be to thee, O Lord most High

Ib

By the operation of the Holy Ghost

Ib Proper Preface for Christmas Day

A full, perfect, and sufficient sacrifice, oblation, and satisfaction

Ib Prayer of Consecration

Who, in the same night that he was betrayed

Ib

This our bounden duty and service

Ib Prayer of Oblation, 1

Not weighing our merits, but pardoning our offences

Ib

The mystical body of thy Son, which is the blessed company of all faithful people

Ib 2

Heirs through hope of thy everlasting kingdom

Ib

The peace of God, which passeth all understanding

Ib The Blessing

Be amongst you and remain with you always

Ib

All the changes and chances of this mortal life

Ib Collects after the Offertory, 1

Prevent us, O Lord, in all our doings

Ib 4

All our works begun, continued, and ended in thee

Ib

Those things, which for our unworthiness we dare not, and for our blindness we cannot ask

Ib 5

For that were Idolatry, to be abhorred of all faithful Christians

Ib. Black Rubric

In the vulgar tongue

Publick Baptism of Infants Introductory Rubric, 1

All this I stedfastly believe. *Ib. Vow of Faith*
 Grant that the old Adam in this Child may be so
 buried, that the new man may be raised up in him
Ib. Invocation of Blessing on the Child
 The faith of Christ crucified
Ib. Reception and Dedication of the Child
 Dead unto sin, and living unto righteousness
Ib. Thanksgiving
 Crucify the old man *Ib*
 Ministration of Baptism to Such as are of Riper
 Years *Title*
 Put on Christ
Ministration of Baptism to Such as are of Riper
Years Final Exhortation
 What is your name?
 N or M *The Catechism*
 A member of Christ, the child of God, and an in-
 heritor of the kingdom of heaven *Ib*
 What did your Godfathers and Godmothers then for
 you? *Ib*
 Renounce the devil and all his works, the poms and
 vanity of this wicked world, and all the sinful lusts
 of the flesh *Ib*
 Believe all the Articles of the Christian Faith *Ib*
 Yes verily, and by God's help so I will *Ib*
 Rehearse the Articles of thy Belief *Ib*
 My duty towards God, and my duty towards my
 Neighbour *Ib*
 To love him as myself, and to do to all men, as I
 would they should do unto me *Ib*
 Governors, teachers, spiritual pastors and masters
Ib
 To keep my hands from picking and stealing, and my
 tongue from evil speaking, lying and slandering
Ib
 To learn and labour truly to get mine own living, and
 to do my duty in that state of life, unto which it
 shall please God to call me *Ib*
 My good child, know this *Ib*
 Amen, So be it *Ib*
 Two only, as generally necessary to salvation, that is
 to say, Baptism, and the Supper of the Lord *Ib*
 An outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual
 grace *Ib*
 In their Mother Tongue *Ib. Final Rubric*
 Confirmation, or laying on of hands *Title*
 Being now come to the years of discretion
Confirmation.
 Ratify and confirm the same *Ib*
 Thy manifold gifts of grace *Ib.*
 If any of you know cause, or just impediment, why
 these two persons should not be joined together in
 holy Matrimony, ye are to declare it. This is the
 first time of asking
Solemnization of Matrimony. The Banns

Here in the sight of God, and in the face of this
 congregation. *Ib. Exhortation*
 Brute beasts that have no understanding *Ib*
 First, it was ordained for the procreation of children
Ib
 A remedy against sin *Ib*
 Such persons as have not the gift of continency *Ib*
 Let him now speak, or else hereafter for ever hold his
 peace *Ib*
 Wilt thou have this woman to thy wedded wife, to
 live together after God's ordinance in the holy
 estate of Matrimony? *Ib. Betrothal*
 Forsaking all other, keep thee only unto her, so long
 as ye both shall live *Ib*
 To have and to hold from this day forward, for better
 for worse, for richer for poorer, in sickness and in
 health, to love and to cherish, till death us do part,
 according to God's holy ordinance, and thereto I
 plight thee my troth *Ib*
 To love, cherish, and to obey *Ib*
 With this Ring I thee wed, with my body I thee
 worship, and with all my worldly goods I thee
 endow *Ib. The Wedding*
 This Ring given and received *Ib. The Prayer*
 Those whom God hath joined together let no man
 put asunder *Ib*
 Consented together in holy wedlock
Ib. Priest's Declaration
 Peace be to this house *Visitation of the Sick*
 Unto God's gracious mercy and protection we com-
 mit thee *Ib.*
 The inner man *Ib*
 Against the hour of death *Ib.*
 Laid violent hands upon themselves
Burial of the Dead Introductory Rubric.
 Man that is born of a woman hath but a short time to
 live, and is full of misery *Ib. First Anthem*
 In the midst of life we are in death *Ib*
 Suffer us not, at our last hour, for any pains of death,
 to fall from thee *Ib*
 We therefore commit his body to the ground, earth
 to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust, in sure and
 certain hope of the Resurrection to eternal life *Ib*
 Sat in the seat of the scornful *Psalms, 1 1*
 He shall be like a tree planted by the water-side *Ib. 3*
 Why do the heathen so furiously rage together and
 why do the people imagine a vain thing? *Ib 11 1*
 Let us break their bonds asunder and cast away their
 cords from us *Ib 3*
 The Lord shall have them in derision. *Ib 4.*
 Thou shalt bruise them with a rod of iron and break
 them in pieces like a potter's vessel *Ib 9*
 Kiss the Son, lest he be angry. *Ib. 12.*
 Stand in awe, and sin not commune with your own
 heart, and in your chamber, and be still. *Ib 14 4*

- There be many that say Who will shew us any good? *Psalms iv 6*
- Lord, lift thou up the light of thy countenance upon us *Ib 7.*
- The Lord will abhor both the bloodthirsty and deceitful man *Ib v 6*
- Make thy way plain before my face *Ib 8*
- Their throat is an open sepulchre they flatter with their tongue *Ib 10*
- Let them perish through their own imaginations *Ib 11*
- God is a righteous Judge, strong, and patient and God is provoked every day *Ib vii 12*
- Out of the mouth of very babes and sucklings hast thou ordained strength, because of thine enemies that thou mightest still the enemy and the avenger *Ib. viii 2.*
- For I will consider thy heavens, even the works of thy fingers the moon and the stars, which thou hast ordained *Ib 3*
- What is man, that thou art mindful of him and the son of man, that thou visitest him?
- Thou madest him lower than the angels to crown him with glory and worship *Ib 4*
- The fowls of the air, and the fishes of the sea and whatsoever walketh through the paths of the seas *Ib 8*
- O thou enemy, destructions are come to a perpetual end *Ib ix 6*
- Their memorial is perished with them *Ib*
- Up, Lord, and let not man have the upper hand *Ib 19*
- That the heathen may know themselves to be but men *Ib 20*
- In the Lord put I my trust how say ye then to my soul, that she should flee as a bird unto the hill? *Ib xi 1*
- That they may privily shoot at them which are true of heart *Ib 2*
- For the foundations will be cast down and what hath the righteous done? *Ib 3*
- They do but flatter with their lips, and dissemble in their double heart *Ib xii 2*
- The fool hath said in his heart there is no God *Ib xiv 1*
- There is none that doeth good, no not one *Ib 2*
- They are altogether become abominable *Ib 4*
- Lord, who shall dwell in thy tabernacle or who shall rest upon thy holy hill?
- Even he, that leadeth an uncorrupt life and doeth the thing which is right, and speaketh the truth from his heart
- He that hath used no deceit in his tongue, nor done evil to his neighbour and hath not slandered his neighbour
- He that setteth not by himself, but is lowly in his own eyes and maketh much of them that fear the Lord
- He that sweareth unto his neighbour, and disappointeth him not though it were to his own hindrance.
- He that hath not given his money upon usury nor taken reward against the innocent
- Whoso doeth these things shall never fall *Ib xv*
- Thou shalt maintain my lot
- The lot is fallen unto me in a fair ground yea, I have a goodly heritage *Ib xvi 6*
- For why? thou shalt not leave my soul in hell neither shalt thou suffer thy Holy One to see corruption
- Thou shalt shew me the path of life, in thy presence is the fulness of joy and at thy right hand there is pleasure for evermore *Ib 11*
- Keep me as the apple of an eye hide me under the shadow of thy wings *Ib xvii 8*
- Thou also shalt light my candle the Lord my God shalt make my darkness to be light *Ib. xviii 28*
- With the help of my God I shall leap over the wall *Ib 29*
- A people whom I have not known shall serve me *Ib 44*
- The heavens declare the glory of God and the firmament sheweth his handiwork
- One day telleth another and one night certifieth another
- There is neither speech nor language but their voices are heard among them
- Their sound is gone out into all lands and their words into the ends of the world
- In them hath he set a tabernacle for the sun which cometh forth as a bridegroom out of his chamber, and rejoiceth as a giant to run his course
- It goeth forth from the uttermost part of the heaven, and runneth about unto the end of it again and there is nothing hid from the heat thereof *Ib. xix 1.*
- More to be desired are they than gold, yea, than much fine gold sweeter also than honey, and the honey-comb *Ib 10*
- Who can tell how oft he offendeth O cleanse thou me from my secret faults
- Keep thy servant also from presumptuous sins, lest they get the dominion over me so shall I be undefiled, and innocent from the great offence
- Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation of my heart be always acceptable in thy sight, O Lord my strength, and my redeemer *Ib 12*
- The Lord hear thee in the day of trouble the name of the God of Jacob defend thee,
- Send thee help from the sanctuary and strengthen thee out of Sion *Ib xx 1*
- Grant thee thy heart's desire and fulfil all thy mind *Ib 4.*
- Some put their trust in chariots, and some in horses but we will remember the name of the Lord our God
- They are brought down and fallen but we are risen, and stand upright *Ib 7*
- Thou hast given him his heart's desire and hast not denied him the request of his lips *Ib xxi 2.*

He asked life of thee, and thou gavest him a long life
even for ever and ever. *Psalms xxi 4.*

And imagined such a device as they are not able to
perform *Ib 11*

My God, my God, look upon me, why hast thou forsaken me and art so far from my health, and the voice of my complaint?

Oh my God, I cry in the day-time, but thou hearest not and in the night-season also I take no rest
And thou continuest holy O thou worship of Israel *Ib xxii 1*

But as for me, I am a worm, and no man *Ib 6*

All they that see me laugh me to scorn they shoot out their lips, and shake their heads, saying,

He trusted in God, that he would deliver him let him deliver him, if he will have him *Ib 7*

Many oxen are come about me fat bulls of Basan close me in on every side *Ib 12*

For many dogs are come about me *Ib 16*

They pierced my hands and my feet, I may tell all my bones they stand staring and looking upon me
They part my garments among them and cast lots upon my vesture *Ib 17*

Deliver my soul from the sword my darling from the power of the dog

Save me from the lion's mouth thou hast heard me also from the horns of the unicorns *Ib 20*

For he hath not despised, nor abhorred, the low estate of the poor *Ib 24*

All they that go down into the dust shall kneel before him and no man hath quickened his own soul *Ib. 30*

The Lord is my shepherd therefore can I lack nothing

He shall feed me in a green pasture and lead me forth beside the waters of comfort

He shall convert my soul and bring me forth in the paths of righteousness, for his name's sake

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil for thou art with me, thy rod and thy staff comfort me

Thou shalt prepare a table before me against them that trouble me thou hast anointed my head with oil, and my cup shall be full.

But thy loving-kindness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever *Ib xxiii*

The earth is the Lord's, and all that therein is the compass of the world, and they that dwell therein *Ib xxiv 1*

Lift up your heads, O ye gates, and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors and the King of Glory shall come in *Ib 7*

Who is the King of Glory: even the Lord of hosts, he is the King of Glory. *Ib 10*

O remember not the sins and offences of my youth *Ib. xxv 6*

The sorrows of my heart are enlarged. *Ib 16*

Deliver Israel, O God out of all his troubles. *Ib. 21.*

Examine me, O Lord, and prove me try out my reins and my heart *Ib xxvi 2*

I will wash my hands in innocency, O Lord and so will I go to thine altar *Ib 6*

Lord, I have loved the habitation of thy house and the place where thine honour dwelleth

O shut not up my soul with the sinners nor my life with the blood-thirsty *Ib 8*

The Lord is my light, and my salvation, whom then shall I fear the Lord is the strength of my life, of whom then shall I be afraid? *Ib xxvii 1*

When my father and my mother forsake me the Lord taketh me up *Ib 12*

I should utterly have fainted but that I believe verily to see the goodness of the Lord in the land of the living *Ib 15*

The voice of the Lord maketh the hinds to bring forth young, and discovereth the thick bushes *Ib xxiv 8*

The Lord sitteth above the water-flood and the Lord remaineth a King for ever *Ib 9*

Give thanks unto him for a remembrance of his holiness

For his wrath endureth but the twinkling of an eye, and in his pleasure is life heaviness may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning *Ib xxx 4*

What profit is there in my blood when I go down to the pit?

Shall the dust give thanks unto thee, or shall it declare thy truth? *Ib 9*

Into thy hands I commend my spirit *Ib xxxi 6*

But hast set my feet in a large room. *Ib 9*

I am clean forgotten as a dead man out of mind. *Ib 14*

Thanks be to the Lord for he hath shewed me marvellous great kindness in a strong city *Ib 23*

For while I held my tongue my bones consumed away through my daily complaining *Ib xxxii 3*

For this shall every one that is godly make his prayer unto thee, in a time when thou mayest be found but in the great water-floods they shall not come nigh him *Ib. 7*

Thou shalt compass me about with songs of deliverance *Ib 8*

Be ye not like to horse and mule, which have no understanding whose mouths must be held with bit and bridle, lest they fall upon thee *Ib 10*

Rejoice in the Lord, O ye righteous for it becometh well the just to be thankful

Praise the Lord with harp sing praises unto him with the lute, and instrument of ten strings

Sing unto the Lord a new song sing praises lustily unto him with a good courage *Ib xxxiii 1*

The Lord bringeth the counsel of the heathen to nought and maketh the devices of the people to be of none effect, and casteth out the counsels of princes *Ib 10.*

There is no king that can be saved by the multitude
of an host neither is any mighty man delivered by
much strength

A horse is counted but a vain thing to save a man
neither shall he deliver any man by his great
strength *Psalms xxxiii 15*

O taste, and see, how gracious the Lord is blessed is
the man that trusteth in him

O fear the Lord, ye that are his saints for they that
fear him lack nothing

The lions do lack, and suffer hunger but they who
seek the Lord shall want no manner of thing that
is good *Ib xxxiv 8*

What man is he that lusteth to live and would fain
see good days? *Ib 12*

Eschew evil, and do good seek peace, and ensue it
Ib 14

Fret not thyself because of the ungodly *Ib xxxvii 1*

He shall make thy righteousness as clear as the light
and thy just dealing as the noonday *Ib*

I have been young, and now am old and yet never
saw I the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging
their bread *Ib 25*

I myself have seen the ungodly in great power and
flourishing like a green bay-tree

I went by, and lo, he was gone I sought him, but his
place could no where be found

Keep innocency, and take heed unto the thing that is
right for that shall bring a man peace at the last
Ib 36

Lord, thou knowest all my desire and my groaning
is not hid from thee *Ib xxxviii 9*

I held my tongue, and spake nothing I kept silence,
yea, even from good words, but it was pain and
grief to me

My heart was hot within me, and while I was thus
musing the fire kindled, and at the last I spake with
my tongue,

Lord, let me know mine end, and the number of my
days that I may be certified how long I have to
live *Ib xxxix 3*

Mine age is even as nothing in respect of thee and
verily every man living is altogether vanity

For man walketh in a vain shadow, and disquieteth
himself in vain he heapeth up riches, and cannot
tell who shall gather them *Ib 6*

Thou makest his beauty to consume away, like as it
were a moth fretting a garment every man there-
fore is but vanity *Ib 12*

For I am a stranger with thee and a sojourner, as all
my fathers were

O spare me a little, that I may recover my strength
before I go hence, and be no more seen *Ib 14*

I waited patiently for the Lord and he inclined unto
me, and heard my calling

He brought me also out of the horrible pit, out of the
mire and clay and set my feet upon the rock, and
ordered my goings *Ib. xl 1*

Burnt-offerings, and sacrifice for sin, hast thou not
required then said I, Lo, I come

In the volume of the book it is written of me, that I
should fulfil thy will, O my God *Ib 9*

Thou art my helper and redeemer make no long
tarrying, O my God *Ib 21*

Yea, mine own familiar friend hath lifted up his
heel against me *Ib xli 9 [Bible Version]*

Like as the hart desireth the water-brooks so longeth
my soul after thee, O God *Ib xlii 1.*

Why art thou so full of heaviness, O my soul and
why art thou so disquieted within me? *Ib 6*

The little hill of Hermon *Ib 8*

One deep calleth another, because of the noise of the
water-pipes all thy waves and storms are gone
over me *Ib 9.*

While mine enemies that trouble me cast me in the
teeth *Ib 12.*

My heart is inditing of a good matter I speak of the
things which I have made unto the King
My tongue is the pen of a ready writer. *Ib xlv. 1.*

Gird thee with thy sword upon thy thigh, O thou
most Mighty according to thy worship and
renown

Good luck have thou with thine honour * ride on,
because of the word of truth, of meekness, and
righteousness, and thy right hand shall teach thee
terrible things *Ib 4*

Kings' daughters were among thy honourable women
upon thy right hand did stand the queen in a ves-
ture of gold, wrought about with divers colours

Hearken, O daughter, and consider, incline thine
ear forget also thine own people, and thy father's
house

So shall the King have pleasure in thy beauty *Ib 10*

And the daughter of Tyre shall be there with a gift.
Ib 13.

The King's daughter is all glorious within her
clothing is of wrought gold

She shall be brought unto the King in raiment of
needlework the virgins that be her fellows shall
bear her company, and shall be brought unto thee
Ib 14

Instead of thy fathers thou shalt have children whom
thou mayest make princes in all lands *Ib 17*

God is our hope and strength a very present help in
trouble

Therefore will we not fear, though the earth be
moved and though the hills be carried into the
midst of the sea *Ib xlv. 1*

God is in the midst of her, therefore shall she not be
removed God shall help her, and that right early
The heathen make much ado, and the kingdoms are
moved but God hath shewed his voice, and the
earth shall melt away *Ib 5*

He maketh wars to cease in all the world he breaketh
the bow, and knappeth the spear in sunder, and
burneth the chariots in the fire

Be still then, and know that I am God *Ib 9*

He shall subdue the people under us and the nations
under our feet. *Ib xlviii 3*

God is gone up with a merry noise and the Lord with
the sound of the trumpet. *Ib 5*

For God is the King of all the earth sing ye praises
with understanding *Psalms xlvii 7*

For lo, the kings of the earth are gathered and gone
by together

They marvelled to see such things they were
astonished, and suddenly cast down. *Ib xlviii 3*

Thou shalt break the ships of the sea through the
east-wind *Ib 6*

Walk about Sion, and go round about her and tell
the towers thereof

Mark well her bulwarks, set up her houses that ye
may tell them that come after

For this God is our God for ever and ever he shall
be our guide unto death *Ib 11*

And yet they think that their houses shall continue
for ever and that their dwelling-places shall endure
from one generation to another, and call the lands
after their own names *Ib xlix 11*

He shall follow the generation of his fathers and shall
never see light

Man being in honour hath no understanding but is
compared unto the beasts that perish *Ib 19*

For all the beasts of the forest are mine and so are
the cattle upon a thousand hills *Ib 1 10*

Thinkest thou that I will eat bulls' flesh and drink
the blood of goats? *Ib 13*

When thou sawest a thief, thou consentedst unto him
and hast been partaker with the adulterers *Ib 18*

O consider this, ye that forget God *Ib 22*

For I acknowledge my faults and my sin is ever
before me

Against thee only have I sinned, and done this evil in
thy sight *Ib li 3*

Behold, I was shapen in wickedness, and in sin hath
my mother conceived me

But lo, thou requestest truth in the inward parts and
shalt make me to understand wisdom secretly

Thou shalt purge me with hyssop, and I shall be
clean thou shalt wash me, and I shall be whiter
than snow

Thou shalt make me hear of joy and gladness that
the bones which thou hast broken may rejoice *Ib 5*

Make me a clean heart, O God and renew a right
spirit within me

Cast me not away from thy presence and take not thy
holy spirit from me

O give me the comfort of thy help again and stablish
me with thy free spirit

Then shall I teach thy ways unto the wicked and
sinners shall be converted unto thee

Deliver me from blood-guiltiness, O God *Ib 10*

For thou desirest no sacrifice, else would I give it
thee but thou delightest not in burnt-offerings

The sacrifice of God is a troubled spirit a broken
and contrite heart, O God, shalt thou not despise

O be favourable and gracious unto Sion build thou
the walls of Jerusalem *Ib 16*

Then shall they offer young bullocks upon thine altar
Ib 19

My guide, and mine own familiar friend
We took sweet counsel together and walked in the
house of God as friends *Ib lv. 14*

His words were smoother than oil and yet be they
very words *Ib 22.*

All that they imagine is to do me evil
They hold all together, and keep themselves close
Ib lvi 5

Thou tellest my flittings, put my tears into thy bottle
are not these things noted in thy book? *Ib 8*

For thou hast delivered my soul from death, and my
feet from falling that I may walk before God in
the light of the living *Ib 13*

Under the shadow of thy wings shall be my refuge,
until this tyranny be overpast *Ib lvii 1*

God shall send forth his mercy and truth my soul is
among lions

And I lie even among the children of men, that are
set on fire whose teeth are spears and arrows, and
their tongue a sharp sword

Set up thyself, O God, above the heavens and thy
glory above all the earth

They have laid a net for my feet, and pressed down
my soul they have digged a pit before me and are
fallen into the midst of it themselves. *Ib 4*

Awake up, my glory, awake, lute and harp I myself
will awake right early. *Ib 9*

Even like the deaf adder that stoppeth her ears
Which refuseth to hear the voice of the charmer
charm he never so wisely. *Ib lviii 4*

Let them consume away like a snail, and be like the
untimely fruit of a woman and let them not see the
sun

Or ever your pots be made hot with thorns so let
indignation vex him, even as a thing that is raw
Ib 7

They grin like a dog, and run about through the city
Ib lix 6

God hath spoken in his holiness, I will rejoice, and
divide Sichem and mete out the valley of Succoth

Gilead is mine, and Manasses is mine, Ephraim also
is the strength of my head, Judah is my law-giver

Moab is my wash-pot, over Edom will I cast out my
shoe Philistia, be thou glad of me

Who will lead me into the strong city who will bring
me into Edom? *Ib lx 6*

As for the children of men, they are but vanity the
children of men are deceitful upon the weights
they are altogether lighter than vanity itself

O trust not in wrong and robbery, give not yourselves
unto vanity if riches increase, set not your heart
upon them

God spake once, and twice I have also heard the same
that power belongeth unto God,

And that thou, Lord, art merciful for thou rewardest
every man according to his work *Ib lxi 9*

My soul thirsteth for thee, my flesh also longeth after
thee in a barren and dry land where no water is
Ib lxii 2

Have I not remembered thee in my bed and though
upon thee when I was waking? *Ib 7*

Thou that hearest the prayer unto thee shall all flesh
come *Ib lxv 3*

Thou that art the hope of all the ends of the earth,
and of them that remain in the broad sea
Who in his strength setteth fast the mountains . and
is girded about with power
Who stilleth the raging of the sea and the noise of
his waves, and the madness of the people

Psalms, lxxv 5

Thou that makest the outgoings of the morning and
evening to praise thee

Ib 8

Thou waterest her furrows, thou sendest rain into the
little valleys thereof thou makest it soft with the
drops of rain, and bleesest the increase of it

Thou crownest the year with thy goodness . and thy
clouds drop fatness

They shall drop upon the dwellings of the wilderness
and the little hills shall rejoice on every side

The fold shall be full of sheep : the valleys also shall
stand so thick with corn, that they shall laugh and
sing

Ib 11.

Who holdeth our soul in life and suffereth not our
feet to slip

For thou, O God, hast proved us thou also hast tried
us, like as silver is tried

Ib lxxvi 8

God be merciful unto us, and bless us and shew us
the light of his countenance, and be merciful unto
us

That thy way may be known upon earth thy saving
health among all nations

Ib lxxvii 1.

Then shall the earth bring forth her increase and
God, even our own God, shall give us his blessing

Ib 6

Let God arise, and let his enemies be scattered let
them also that hate him flee before him

Like as the smoke vanisheth, so shalt thou drive them
away and like as wax melteth at the fire, so let the
ungodly perish at the presence of God

Ib lxxviii 1

O sing unto God, and sing praises unto his Name
magnify him that rideth upon the heavens, as it
were upon an horse, praise him in his Name JAH,
and rejoice before him

He is a Father of the fatherless, and defendeth the
cause of the widows even God in his holy habita-
tion

He is the God that maketh men to be of one mind in an
house, and bringeth the prisoners out of captivity :
but letteth the runagates continue in scarceness

O God, when thou wentest forth before the people
when thou wentest through the wilderness,

The earth shook, and the heavens dropped at the
presence of God

Ib 4

Thou, O God, sentest a gracious rain upon thine
inheritance and refreshedst it when it was weary

Ib 9

The Lord gave the word great was the company of
the preachers

Kings with their armies did flee, and were dis-
comfited and they of the household divided the
spoil

Though ye have lien among the pots, yet shall ye be
as the wings of a dove that is covered with silver
wings, and her feathers like gold

When the Almighty scattered kings for their sake
then were they as white as snow in Salmon

As the hill of Basan, so is God's hill even an high
hill, as the hill of Basan

Why hop ye so, ye high hills? this is God's hill, in the
which it pleaseth him to dwell

Ib 11

The chariots of God are twenty thousand, even thou-
sands of angels

Ib 17

Thou art gone up on high, thou hast led captivity
captive, and receivdest gifts for men

Ib 18

God shall wound the head of his enemies and the
hairy scalp of such a one as goeth on still in his
wickedness.

Ib 21

That thy foot may be dipped in the blood of thine
enemies and that the tongue of the dogs may be
red through the same

Ib 23

The singers go before, the minstrels follow after in
the midst are the damsels playing on the timbrels

Ib 25

There is little Benjamin their ruler, and the princes of
Judah their counsel

Ib 27

When he hath scattered the people that delight in
war

Ib 30

Lo, he doth send out his voice, yea, and that a mighty
voice

Ib 33

I paid them the things that I never took God, thou
knowest my simpleness

Ib lxxix 5

The zeal of thine house hath even eaten me up

Ib 9.

They that sit in the gate speak against me and the
drunkards make songs upon me.

Ib 12

I looked for some to have pity on me, but there was
no man, neither found I any to comfort me

They gave me gall to eat and when I was thirsty they
gave me vinegar to drink

Ib 21

Let them for their reward be soon brought to shame
that cry over me, There, there

Ib lxx 2

I am become as it were a monster unto many

Ib lxxi 6

Give the King thy judgments, O God and thy
righteousness unto the King's son

Ib lxxii 1

The mountains also shall bring peace and the little
hills righteousness unto the people

Ib 3.

He shall come down like the rain into a fleece of wool
even as the drops that water the earth.

Ib 6

His enemies shall lick the dust

The kings of Tharsis and of the isles shall give pre-
sents the kings of Arabia and Saba shall bring
gifts

All kings shall fall down before him all nations shall
do him service

Ib 9

Therefore fall the people unto them and thereout
suck they no small advantage

Tush, they say how should God perceive it is there
knowledge in the Most High?

Ib lxxiii. 10

Then thought I to understand this but it was too
hard for me

Until I went into the sanctuary of God then under-
stood I the end of these men

Ib 15

O deliver not the soul of thy turtle-dove unto the
multitude of the enemies

Ib lxxiv 20

The earth is weak, and all the inhabitants thereof :
I bear up the pillars of it *Psalms lxxv 4*

For promotion cometh neither from the east, nor from the west nor yet from the south. *Ib 7*

For in the hand of the Lord there is a cup, and the wine is red it is full mixed, and he poureth out of the same *Ib 9*

I have considered the days of old and the years that are past *Ib lxxvii 5*

A faithless and stubborn generation. *Ib lxxviii 9*

Who being harnessed, and carrying bows, turned themselves back in the day of battle. *Ib 10*

So man did eat angels' food *Ib 26*

Starting aside like a broken bow. *Ib 58*

So the Lord awaked as one out of sleep and like a giant refreshed with wine

He smote his enemies in the hinder parts and put them to a perpetual shame. *Ib 66.*

Thou feedest them with the bread of tears. *Ib lxxx. 5.*

I proved thee also at the waters of strife *Ib lxxxi. 8.*

They will not be learned nor understand, but walk on still in darkness all the foundations of the earth are out of course *Ib lxxxii 5*

O how amiable are thy dwellings thou Lord of hosts! My soul hath a desire and longing to enter into the courts of the Lord : my heart and my flesh rejoice in the living God

Yea, the sparrow hath found her an house, and the swallow a nest where she may lay her young even thy altars, O Lord of hosts, my King and my God. *Ib lxxxiv. 1.*

Who going through the vale of misery use it for a well and the pools are filled with water

They will go from strength to strength *Ib 6*

For one day in thy courts is better than a thousand I had rather be a doorkeeper in the house of my God than to dwell in the tents of ungodliness *Ib 10*

Lord, thou art become gracious unto thy land thou hast turned away the captivity of Jacob *Ib lxxxv 1*

Mercy and truth are met together righteousness and peace have kissed each other.

Truth shall flourish out of the earth and righteousness hath looked down from heaven. *Ib 10*

Righteousness shall go before him and he shall direct his going in the way *Ib 13*

The congregations of naughty men have sought after my soul *Ib lxxxvi 14*

Show some token upon me for good, that they who hate me may see it, and be ashamed *Ib 17*

Her foundations are upon the holy hills the Lord loveth the gates of Sion more than all the dwellings of Jacob

Very excellent things are spoken of thee thou city of God

I will think upon Rahab and Babylon : with them that know me. *Ib. lxxxvii. 1.*

The singers also and trumpeters shall he rehearse all my fresh springs shall be in thee. *Ib. 7.*

Lord, thou hast been our refuge from one generation to another

Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever the earth and the world were made thou art God from everlasting, and world without end

Thou turnest man to destruction again thou sayest, Come again, ye children of men

For a thousand years in thy sight are but as yesterday seeing that is past as a watch in the night

As soon as thou scatterest them they are even as a sleep and fade away suddenly like the grass

In the morning it is green, and groweth up but in the evening it is cut down, dried up, and withered *Ib xc*

For when thou art angry all our days are gone we bring our years to an end, as it were a tale that is told.

The days of our age are threescore years and ten, and though men be so strong that they come to fourscore years yet is their strength then but labour and sorrow, so soon passeth it away, and we are gone. *Ib 9*

Prosper thou the work of our hands upon us, O prosper thou our handy-work. *Ib 17*

For he shall deliver thee from the snare of the hunter and from the noisome pestilence

He shall defend thee under his wings, and thou shalt be safe under his feathers his faithfulness and truth shall be thy shield and buckler

Thou shalt not be afraid for any terror by night nor for the arrow that flieth by day

For the pestilence that walketh in darkness nor for the sickness that destroyeth in the noon-day

A thousand shall fall beside thee, and ten thousand at thy right hand but it shall not come nigh thee. *Ib xc1 3.*

There shall no evil happen unto thee neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling

For he shall give his angels charge over thee to keep thee in all thy ways

They shall bear thee in their hands that thou hurt not thy foot against a stone *Ib 10.*

An unwise man doth not well consider this and a fool doth not understand it *Ib xcii. 6*

They also shall bring forth more fruit in their age and shall be fat and well-liking *Ib 13*

The Lord is King, and hath put on glorious apparel the Lord hath put on his apparel, and girded himself with strength

He hath made the round world so sure that it cannot be moved *Ib xciii 1*

The floods are risen, O Lord, the floods have lift up their voice the floods lift up their waves

The waves of the sea are mighty, and rage horribly but yet the Lord, who dwelleth on high, is mightier *Ib 9*

He that planted the ear, shall he not hear or he that made the eye, shall he not see? *Ib xciv 9*

Shew ourselves glad in him with psalms *Ib. xciv 2*

In his hand are all the corners of the earth : and the strength of the hills is his also

The sea is his, and he made it and his hands prepared the dry land. *Ib 4*

The Lord is King, the earth may be glad thereof yea,
the multitude of the isles may be glad thereof

Psalms xcvi 1.

With trumpets also, and shawms O shew yourselves
joyful before the Lord the King *Ib xcvi 7*

The Lord is King, be the people never so impatient
he sitteth between the cherubims, be the earth
never so unquiet *Ib xcix 1*

Whoso hath also a proud look and high stomach
I will not suffer him *Ib ci 7.*

I am become like a pelican in the wilderness and like
an owl that is in the desert

I have watched, and am even as it were a sparrow
that sitteth alone upon the house-top *Ib cii 6*

They shall perish, but thou shalt endure they shall
all wax old as doth a garment,

And as a vesture shalt thou change them, and they
shall be changed but thou art the same, and thy
years shall not fail *Ib 26*

Praise the Lord, O my soul and forget not all his
benefits *Ib ciii 2.*

Who satisfieth thy mouth with good things making
thee young and lusty as an eagle *Ib 5.*

He will not away be chiding neither keepeth he his
anger for ever *Ib 9*

For look how high the heaven is in comparison of the
earth so great is his mercy also toward them that
fear him

Look how wide also the east is from the west so far
hath he set our sins from us

Yea, like as a father pitieth his own children even so
is the Lord merciful unto them that fear him *Ib 11*

The days of man are but as grass for he flourisheth
as a flower of the field

For as soon as the wind goeth over it, it is gone and
the place thereof shall know it no more *Ib 15*

Who layeth the beams of his chambers in the waters
and maketh the clouds his chariot, and walketh
upon the wings of the wind

He maketh his angels spirits and his ministers a
flaming fire

He laid the foundations of the earth that it never
should move at any time

Thou coverest it with the deep like as with a gar-
ment the waters stand in the hills

At thy rebuke they flee at the voice of thy thunder
they are afraid

They go up as high as the hills, and down to the
valleys beneath even unto the place which thou
hast appointed for them

Thou hast set them their bounds which they shall not
pass neither turn again to cover the earth

He sendeth the springs into the rivers which run
among the hills

All beasts of the field drink thereof and the wild
asses quench their thirst

Beside them shall the fowls of the air have their
habitation and sing among the branches *Ib civ 3.*

Wine that maketh glad the heart of man and oil to
make him a cheerful countenance, and bread to
strengthen man's heart

The trees of the Lord also are full of sap even the
cedars of Libanus which he hath planted *Ib 15*

Wherein the birds make their nests and the fir-trees
are a dwelling for the stork

The high hills are a refuge for the wild goats and so
are the stony rocks for the conies

He appointed the moon for certain seasons and the
sun knoweth his going down

Thou makest darkness that it may be night wherein
all the beasts of the forest do move

The lions roaring after their prey do seek their meat
from God

The sun ariseth, and they get them away together
and lay them down in their dens

Man goeth forth to his work, and to his labour until
the evening *Ib 17.*

So is the great and wide sea also wherein are things
creeping innumerable, both small and great beasts

There go the ships, and there is that Leviathan:
whom thou hast made to take his pasture therein

These wait all upon thee that thou mayest give them
their meat in due season. *Ib 25*

Whose feet they hurt in the stocks the iron entered
into his soul *Ib cv 18*

Wonders in the land of Ham *Ib 27*

Went a-whoring with their own inventions
Ib cvi 38

Hungry and thirsty their soul fainted in them
So they cried unto the Lord in their trouble and he

delivered them from their distress

He led them forth by the right way that they might
go to the city where they dwelt

O that men would therefore praise the Lord for his
goodness and declare the wonders that he doeth
for the children of men!

For he satisfieth the empty soul and filleth the
hungry soul with goodness

Such as sit in darkness, and in the shadow of death
being fast bound in misery and iron

Because they rebelled against the words of the Lord
and lightly regarded the counsel of the most
Highest *Ib cvii 5.*

Their soul abhorred all manner of meat and they
were even hard at death's door *Ib 18*

They that go down to the sea in ships and occupy
their business in great waters,

These men see the works of the Lord and his won-
ders in the deep *Ib 23*

They reel to and fro, and stagger like a drunken man
and are at their wit's end

So when they cry unto the Lord in their trouble he
delivereth them from their distress *Ib 27*

Then are they glad, because they are at rest and so
he bringeth them unto the haven where they
would be *Ib 30*

Again, he maketh the wilderness a standing water.
and water-springs of a dry ground *Ib 35.*

And again, when they are minished, and brought low
through oppression, through any plague, or trouble
Ib 39

Whoso is wise will ponder these things. *Ib 43.*

The Lord said unto my Lord Sit thou on my right hand, until I make thine enemies thy footstool

Psalms cx 1.

The Lord sware, and will not repent : Thou art a priest for ever after the order of Melchisedech

Ib 4

The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom a good understanding have all they that do thereafter, the praise of it endureth for ever

Ib cxl 10

A good man is merciful, and lendeth

Ib cxli 5

He hath dispersed abroad, and given to the poor

Ib 9

He maketh the barren woman to keep house and to be a joyful mother of children

Ib cxliii 8

They have mouths, and speak not eyes have they, and see not

They have ears, and hear not noses have they, and smell not

They have hands, and handle not, feet have they, and walk not neither speak they through their throat

Ib cxv 5

The snares of death compassed me round about and the pains of death gat hold upon me

Ib cxvi. 3

And why? thou hast delivered my soul from death mine eyes from tears, and my feet from falling

Ib 8

I said in my haste, All men are liars

Ib 10

The voice of joy and health is in the dwellings of the righteous the right hand of the Lord bringeth mighty things to pass

Ib cxviii 15

The right hand of the Lord hath the pre-eminence

Ib 16

I shall not die, but live and declare the works of the Lord

Ib 17

The same stone which the builders refused is become the head-stone in the corner

Ib 22

Blessed be he that cometh in the Name of the Lord we have wished you good luck, ye that are of the house of the Lord

Ib 26

Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way even by ruling himself after thy word

Ib cxli 9

Make me to go in the path of thy commandments : for therein is my desire

Ib 35

O turn away mine eyes, lest they behold vanity and quicken thou me in thy law

Ib. 37.

In the house of my pilgrimage

Ib 54

The law of thy mouth is dearer unto me . than thousands of gold and silver

Ib 72

For I am become like a bottle in the smoke

Ib 83

I see that all things come to an end but thy commandment is exceeding broad

Ib. 96

I have more understanding than my teachers : for thy testimonies are my study

I am wiser than the aged . because I keep thy commandments.

Ib. 99

Thy word is a lantern unto my feet and a light unto my paths.

I have sworn, and am stedfastly purposed to keep thy righteous judgements

Ib 105

O establish me according to thy word

Ib 116

Princes have persecuted me without a cause

Ib 161

What reward shall be given or done unto thee, thou false tongue even mighty and sharp arrows, with hot burning coals

Woe is me, that I am constrained to dwell with Mesech and to have my habitation among the tents of Kedar.

Ib cxx 3

I labour for peace, but when I speak unto them thereof they make them ready to battle

Ib 6

I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills . from whence cometh my help

Ib cxxi 1

He will not suffer my foot to be moved and he that keepeth this will not sleep.

Ib 3

The Lord himself is thy keeper the Lord is thy defence upon thy right hand,

So that the sun shall not burn thee by day neither the moon by night

Ib 5

The Lord shall preserve thy going out, and thy coming in from this time forth for evermore

Ib 8

I was glad when they said unto me we will go into the house of the Lord

Ib cxxii 1

O pray for the peace of Jerusalem they shall prosper that love thee

Peace be within thy walls and plenteousness within thy palaces

For my brethren and companions' sakes I will wish thee prosperity

Yea, because of the house of the Lord our God I will seek to do thee good

Ib 6

Our soul is escaped even as a bird out of the snare of the fowler the snare is broken, and we are delivered

Ib cxxiv 6

The hills stand about Jerusalem even so standeth the Lord round about his people, from this time forth for evermore

For the rod of the ungodly cometh not into the lot of the righteous let the righteous put their hand unto wickedness

Ib cxxv. 2.

Turn our captivity, O Lord as the rivers in the south They that sow in tears shall reap in joy

He that now goeth on his way weeping, and beareth forth good seed shall doubtless come again with joy, and bring his sheaves with him

Ib cxxvi 5

Except the Lord build the house their labour is but lost that build it

Except the Lord keep the city the watchman waketh but in vain

It is but lost labour that ye haste to rise up early, and so late take rest, and eat the bread of carefulness for so he giveth his beloved sleep

Lo, children and the fruit of the womb are an heritage and gift that cometh of the Lord

Like as the arrows in the hand of the giant even so are the young children

Happy is the man that hath his quiver full of them they shall not be ashamed when they speak with their enemies in the gate

Ib cxxvii. 1

Thy wife shall be as the fruitful vine : upon the walls
of thine house

Thy children like the olive-branches round about thy
table. *Psalm cxxviii 3*

The plowers plowed upon my back and made long
furrows. *Ib cxxix 3.*

Out of the deep have I called unto thee, O Lord
Lord, hear my voice *Ib. cxxx. 1*

If thou, Lord, wilt be extreme to mark what is done
amiss · O Lord, who may abide it? *Ib 3*

My soul fleeth unto the Lord . before the morning
watch, I say, before the morning watch *Ib 6*

Lord, I am not high-minded I have no proud looks
I do not exercise myself in great matters which are
too high for me

But I refrain my soul, and keep it low, like as a child
that is weaned from his mother yea, my soul is
even like a weaned child *Ib cxxx1 1*

Lord, remember David and all his trouble
Ib cxxxii 1

Behold, how good and joyful a thing it is brethren,
to dwell together in unity!

It is like the precious ointment upon the head that
ran down unto the beard even unto Aaron's
beard, and went down to the skirts of his clothing
Ib cxxxiii 1

His mercy endureth for ever *Ib cxxxvi 1*

By the waters of Babylon we sat down and wept
when we remembered thee, O Sion

As for our harps, we hanged them up upon the trees
that are therein

For they that led us away captive required of us then
a song, and melody, in our heaviness Sing us one
of the songs of Sion

How shall we sing the Lord's song in a strange
land?

If I forget thee, O Jerusalem let my right hand
forget her cunning

If I do not remember thee, let my tongue cleave to
the roof of my mouth yea, if I prefer not Jerusalem
in my mirth *Ib cxxxvii. 1.*

How they said, Down with it, down with it, even to
the ground

O daughter of Babylon, wasted with misery yea,
happy shall he be that rewardeth thee, as thou hast
served us

Blessed shall he be that taketh thy children · and
throweth them against the stones *Ib 7*

O Lord, thou hast searched me out, and known me
thou knowest my down-sitting, and mine up-
rising, thou understandest my thoughts long
before *Ib cxxxix 1*

Such knowledge is too wonderful and excellent for
me · I cannot attain unto it *Ib 5*

If I take the wings of the morning and remain in the
uttermost parts of the sea,

Even there also shall thy hand lead me and thy right
hand shall hold me

If I say, Peradventure the darkness shall cover me :
then shall my night be turned to day.

Yea, the darkness is no darkness with thee, but the
night is as clear as the day, the darkness and the
light to thee are both alike. *Ib. 8.*

I will give thanks unto thee, for I am fearfully and
wonderfully made. *Ib 13*

And in thy book were all my members written
Ib. 15

Thou hast covered my head in the day of battle
Ib cxl 7

Let the lifting up of my hands be an evening sacrifice
Set a watch, O Lord, before my mouth and keep the
door of my lips. *Ib cxli 2*

Let the righteous rather smite me friendly · and re-
prove me.

But let not their precious balms break my head
Ib 5

Let the ungodly fall into their own nets together and
let me ever escape them *Ib 11*

That our sons may grow up as the young plants and
that our daughters may be as the polished corners
of the temple. *Ib cxliv 12.*

That our oxen may be strong to labour, that there be
no decay no leading into captivity, and no com-
plaining in our streets *Ib 14*

The Lord is gracious, and merciful long-suffering,
and of great goodness. *Ib cxlv. 8*

O put not your trust in princes, nor in any child of
man for there is no help in them

For when the breath of man goeth forth he shall turn
again to his earth and then all his thoughts perish
Ib cxlvi 2

The Lord careth for the strangers, he defendeth the
fatherless and widow as for the way of the un-
godly, he turneth it upside down *Ib 9*

Yea, a joyful and pleasant thing it is to be thankful
The Lord doth build up Jerusalem and gather
together the outcasts of Israel

He healeth those that are broken in heart and giveth
medicine to heal their sickness

He telleth the number of the stars · and calleth them
all by their names *Ib cxlvii 1*

He hath no pleasure in the strength of an horse ·
neither delighteth he in any man's legs *Ib. 10.*

He giveth snow like wool and scattereth the hoar-
frost like ashes *Ib 16.*

Praise the Lord upon earth · ye dragons and all deeps,
Fire and hail, snow and vapours · wind and storm
fulfilling his word. *Ib cxlviii 7*

Young men and maidens, old men and children,
praise the name of the Lord for his name only is
excellent, and his praise above heaven and earth.
Ib 12

Let the praises of God be in their mouth and a two-
edged sword in their hands. *Ib cxlix. 6*

To bind their kings in chains : and their nobles with
links of iron. *Ib 8.*

Praise him upon the well-tuned cymbals · praise him
upon the loud cymbals.

Let every thing that hath breath praise the Lord
Ib cl 5

Such as pass on the seas upon their lawful occasions
*Forms of Prayer to be Used at Sea. 'O Eternal
Lord God'*

We therefore commit his body to the deep, to be
turned into corruption, looking for the resurrection
of the body (when the Sea shall give up her dead)
Ib At the Burial of their Dead at Sea.

Come, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire,
And lighten with celestial fire
Thou the anointing Spirit art,
Who dost thy seven-fold gifts impart
Ordering of Priests Veni, Creator Spiritus

Enable with perpetual light
The dulness of our blinded sight *Ib*

Anoint and cheer our soiled face
With the abundance of thy grace,
Keep far our foes, give peace at home
Where thou art guide, no ill can come *Ib*

Cheerfully for conscience sake
*Accession Service Almighty God, who rulest
over all the kingdoms*

We will see there shall be due Execution upon them
Articles of Religion His Majesty's Declaration

All things necessary to salvation
Ib Of the Sufficiency of the Holy Scriptures

As the Pelagians do vainly talk
Ib Of Original Sin, 1x

Of Works of Supererogation *Title of Article xiv*
Man is very far gone from original righteousness. *Ib.*

Fond thing vainly invented *Ib xxii Of Purgatory.*

Understanded of the people
Ib xxiv Of Speaking in the Congregation

The corrupt following of the Apostles
Ib xxv Of the Sacraments

Reserved, carried about, lifted up, or worshipped
Ib xxviii Of the Lord's Supper

Blasphemous fables, and dangerous deceits
Ib xxxi Of the One Oblation

The Bishop of Rome hath no jurisdiction in this
Realm of England *Ib xxxvii Of the Bishop of Rome*

It is lawful for Christian men, at the commandment
of the Magistrate, to wear weapons, and serve in
the wars *Ib*

As certain Anabaptists do falsely boast.
Ib xxxviii Of Christian Men's Goods

Table of Kindred and Affinity *Title.*

A Man may not marry his Grandmother
Table of Kindred.

THE HOLY BIBLE

THE OLD TESTAMENT

Upon the setting of that bright <i>Occidental Star</i> , Queen <i>Elizabeth</i> of most happy memory <i>Holy Bible, Authorized Translation, Preface</i>	And they sewed fig leaves together, and made themselves aprons
The appearance of Your Majesty, as of the <i>Sun</i> in his strength <i>Ib</i>	And they heard the voice of the Lord God walking in the garden in the cool of the day <i>Ib 7</i>
In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth	The woman whom thou gavest to be with me, she gave me of the tree, and I did eat <i>Ib 12</i>
And the earth was without form, and void, and darkness was upon the face of the deep And the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters	What is this that thou hast done? <i>Ib 13</i>
And God said, Let there be light and there was light <i>Genesis 1 1</i>	The serpent beguiled me, and I did eat. <i>Ib</i>
And the evening and the morning were the first day <i>Ib 5</i>	It shall bruise thy head, and thou shalt bruise his heel <i>Ib 15.</i>
And God saw that it was good <i>Ib 10</i>	In sorrow thou shalt bring forth children <i>Ib 16</i>
And God made two great lights, the greater light to rule the day, and the lesser light to rule the night he made the stars also <i>Ib 16</i>	In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread <i>Ib 19</i>
And God said, Let us make man in our image, after our likeness <i>Ib 26</i>	For dust thou art, and unto dust thou shalt return <i>Ib</i>
Dominion over every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth <i>Ib</i>	The mother of all living <i>Ib 20</i>
Male and female created he them <i>Ib 27.</i>	Am I my brother's keeper? <i>Ib iv 9</i>
Be fruitful, and multiply, and replenish the earth, and subdue it and have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over every living thing that moveth upon the earth <i>Ib 28</i>	The voice of thy brother's blood crieth unto me from the ground <i>Ib 10</i>
But there went up a mist from the earth, and watered the whole face of the ground <i>Ib ii 6</i>	My punishment is greater than I can bear <i>Ib 13</i>
And the Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life, and man became a living soul	Dwelt in the land of Nod <i>Ib 16</i>
And the Lord God planted a garden eastward in Eden <i>Ib 7</i>	The father of such as dwell in tents <i>Ib 20</i>
The tree of life also in the midst of the garden <i>Ib 9</i>	And Enoch walked with God and he was not for God took him <i>Ib v 24.</i>
But of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, thou shalt not eat of it for in the day that thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die <i>Ib 17</i>	And Noah begat Shem, Ham, and Japheth <i>Ib 32</i>
It is not good that the man should be alone <i>Ib 18</i>	There were giants in the earth in those days <i>Ib vi 4.</i>
The Lord God brought them unto Adam to see what he would call them <i>Ib</i>	Mighty men which were of old, men of renown. <i>Ib.</i>
And the Lord God caused a deep sleep to fall upon Adam, and he slept and he took one of his ribs, and closed up the flesh instead thereof,	But the dove found no rest for the sole of her foot <i>Ib viii 9</i>
And the rib, which the Lord God had taken from man, made he a woman <i>Ib 21</i>	For the imagination of man's heart is evil from his youth <i>Ib 21</i>
Bone of my bones, and flesh of my flesh <i>Ib 23</i>	While the earth remaineth, seedtime and harvest, and cold and heat, and summer and winter, and day and night shall not cease <i>Ib 22</i>
Therefore shall a man leave his father and his mother, and shall cleave unto his wife and they shall be one flesh <i>Ib 24</i>	At the hand of every man's brother will I require the life of man <i>Ib ix 5</i>
Now the serpent was more subtil than any beast of the field <i>Ib. iii 1</i>	Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed <i>Ib 6</i>
Ye shall be as gods, knowing good and evil. <i>Ib. 5</i>	I do set my bow in the cloud <i>Ib 13</i>
	Even as Nimrod the mighty hunter before the Lord <i>Ib x 9</i>
	Let there be no strife, I pray thee, between thee and me for we be brethren <i>Ib xiii 8.</i>
	An horror of great darkness fell upon him <i>Ib xv 12.</i>
	In good old age <i>Ib 15.</i>
	His hand will be against every man, and every man's hand against him. <i>Ib xvi 12</i>

- Old and well stricken in age. *Genesis xviii 11.*
 And the Lord said unto Abraham, Wherefore did Sarah laugh? *Ib 13*
 Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right? *Ib 25*
 But his wife looked back from behind him, and she became a pillar of salt *Ib xix 26*
 Take now thy son, thine only son Isaac, whom thou lovest. *Ib xxii 2*
 My son, God will provide himself a lamb *Ib 8*
 Behold behind him a ram caught in a thicket by his horns *Ib 13*
 Esau was a cunning hunter, a man of the field, and Jacob was a plain man, dwelling in tents *Ib xxv 27*
 And he sold his birthright unto Jacob *Ib 33*
 Behold, Esau my brother is a hairy man, and I am a smooth man *Ib xxvii. 11.*
 The voice is Jacob's voice, but the hands are the hands of Esau. *Ib 22.*
 Thy brother came with subtilty, and hath taken away thy blessing *Ib 35*
 And he dreamed, and behold a ladder set up on the earth, and the top of it reached to heaven: and behold the angels of God ascending and descending on it *Ib xxviii 12.*
 Surely the Lord is in this place, and I knew it not *Ib 16.*
 This is none other but the house of God, and this is the gate of heaven *Ib 17*
 And Jacob served seven years for Rachel; and they seemed unto him but a few years, for the love he had to her *Ib. xxix 20*
 A troop cometh and she called his name Gad *Ib xxx 11.*
 Mizpah, for he said, The Lord watch between me and thee, when we are absent one from another *Ib xxxi 49*
 There wrestled a man with him until the breaking of the day.
 And when he saw that he prevailed not against him, he touched the hollow of his thigh, and the hollow of Jacob's thigh was out of joint, as he wrestled with him *Ib xxxii 24*
 I will not let thee go, except thou bless me *Ib 26.*
 For I have seen God face to face, and my life is preserved *Ib 30*
 Now Israel loved Joseph more than all his children, because he was the son of his old age, and he made him a coat of many colours. *Ib xxxvii 3*
 Behold, your sheaves stood round about, and made obeisance to my sheaf *Ib 7.*
 Behold, this dreamer cometh *Ib 19.*
 Some evil beast hath devoured him. *Ib 20*
 And she caught him by his garment, saying, Lie with me, and he left his garment in her hand, and fled *Ib xxxix. 12.*
- And the lean and the ill-favoured kine did eat up the first seven fat kine *Ib xli 20*
 And the thin ears devoured the seven good ears *Ib 24*
 Jacob saw that there was corn in Egypt *Ib xlii 1*
 Ye are spies, to see the nakedness of the land ye are come *Ib 9*
 Bring down my grey hairs with sorrow to the grave *Ib 38*
 Benjamin's mess was five times so much as any of their's *Ib xliii 34*
 Ye shall eat of the fat of the land *Ib xlv 18*
 See that ye fall not out by the way *Ib 24*
 Few and evil have the years of my life been *Ib xlvii 9*
 Unstable as water, thou shalt not excel *Ib xlix 4*
 Issachar is a strong ass couching down between two burdens *Ib 14*
 Unto the utmost bound of the everlasting hills *Ib 26*
 Now there arose up a new king over Egypt, which knew not Joseph *Exodus 1. 8*
 She took for him an ark of bulrushes, and daubed it with slime. *Ib ii 3*
 Who made thee a prince and a judge over us? *Ib. 14*
 I have been a stranger in a strange land. *Ib 22.*
 Behold, the bush burned with fire, and the bush was not consumed. *Ib iii. 2.*
 Put off thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground *Ib 5*
 And Moses hid his face; for he was afraid to look upon God *Ib. 6.*
 A land flowing with milk and honey, unto the place of the Canaanites, and the Hittites, and the Amorites, and the Perizzites, and the Hivites, and the Jebusites *Ib. 8*
 I AM THAT I AM. *Ib. 14*
 The Lord God of your fathers, the God of Abraham, the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob *Ib 15*
 But I am slow of speech, and of a slow tongue *Ib iv. 10*
 I know not the Lord, neither will I let Israel go. *Ib v 2*
 My signs and wonders in the land of Egypt *Ib vii. 3*
 Aaron's rod swallowed up their rods
 And he hardened Pharaoh's heart, that he hearkened not *Ib 12*
 A boil breaking forth with blains *Ib. ix. 10*
 Darkness which may be felt *Ib x 21*
 Your lamb shall be without blemish *Ib. xii. 5*
 Roast with fire, and unleavened bread, and with bitter herbs they shall eat it
 Eat not of it raw, nor sodden at all with water, but roast with fire, his head with his legs, and with the appurtenances thereof *Ib. 8.*

With your loins girded, your shoes on your feet, and your staff in your hand, and ye shall eat it in haste, it is the Lord's passover

For I will pass through the land of Egypt this night, and will smite all the firstborn in the land of Egypt, both man and beast *Exodus xii 11*

And there was a great cry in Egypt *Ib 30*

And they spoiled the Egyptians *Ib 36*

And the Lord went before them by day in a pillar of a cloud, to lead them the way, and by night in a pillar of fire, to give them light *Ib xiii 21*

The Lord is a man of war *Ib xv 3*

Would to God we had died by the hand of the Lord in the land of Egypt, when we sat by the fleshpots, and when we did eat bread to the full *Ib xvi 3*

But let not God speak with us, lest we die *Ib xxi*

Life for life,

Eye for eye, tooth for tooth, hand for hand, foot for foot,

Burning for burning, wound for wound, stripe for stripe *Ib xxi 23*

Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live. *Ib xxii 18*

Thou shalt not see a kid in his mother's milk *Ib xxiii 19*

The Urim and the Thummim *Ib xxviii 30*

And the people sat down to eat and to drink, and rose up to play *Ib xxxii 6*

If not, blot me, I pray thee, out of thy book which thou hast written *Ib 32*

A stiff-necked people *Ib xxxiii 3*

Joshua the son of Nun *Ib 11*

There shall no man see me, and live *Ib 20*

Let him go for a scapegoat into the wilderness. *Leviticus xvi. 10*

The Lord bless thee, and keep thee
The Lord make his face shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee

The Lord lift up his countenance upon thee, and give thee peace *Numbers vi 24*

Would God that all the Lord's people were prophets. *Ib. xi 29*

Now the man Moses was very meek, above all the men which were upon the face of the earth *Ib xii 3.*

Sent to spy out the land *Ib. xiii. 16.*

The giants, the sons of Anak *Ib. 33*

Hear now, ye rebels, must we fetch you water out of this rock? *Ib xx 10*

Smote him with the edge of the sword *Ib xxi 24*

He whom thou blessest is blessed, and he whom thou cursest is cursed. *Ib xxii 6*

Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his! *Ib xxiii 10*

God is not a man, that he should lie *Ib 19*

I called thee to curse mine enemies, and, behold, thou hast altogether blessed them these three times *Ib xxiv 10*

Be sure your sin will find you out *Ib xxxii 23.*

I call heaven and earth to witness against you this day *Deuteronomy iv. 26.*

Man doth not live by bread only, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of the Lord doth man live *Ib viii 3*

A dreamer of dreams *Ib xiii 1*

The wife of thy bosom *Ib 6*

Thou shalt not muzzle the ox when he treadeth out the corn *Ib. xxv 4*

Cursed be he that removeth his neighbour's landmark *Ib xxvii 17*

In the morning thou shalt say, Would God it were even! and at even thou shalt say, Would God it were morning! *Ib xxviii 67*

The secret things belong unto the Lord our God *Ib xxix 29*

I have set before you life and death, blessing and cursing, therefore choose life, that both thou and thy seed may live *Ib xxx 19*

In the waste howling wilderness *Ib xxxii 10*

Jeshurun waxed fat, and kicked *Ib 15*

As thy days, so shall thy strength be *Ib xxxiii 25.*

The eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms *Ib 27*

No man knoweth of his sepulchre unto this day *Ib xxxiv 6*

As I was with Moses, so I will be with thee. I will not fail thee, nor forsake thee *Joshua i 5*

Be strong and of a good courage be not afraid, neither be thou dismayed for the Lord thy God is with thee, whithersoever thou goest *Ib 9*

This line of scarlet thread *Ib 11 18*

All the Israelites passed over on dry ground *Ib 11 17*

When the people heard the sound of the trumpet, and the people shouted with a great shout, that the wall fell down flat, so that the people went up into the city *Ib vi 20.*

Hewers of wood and drawers of water *Ib ix 21.*

Sun, stand thou still upon Gibeon, and thou Moon, in the valley of Ajalon *Ib x 12*

Is not this written in the book of Jasher? *Ib 13*

I am going the way of all the earth *Ib xxxiii 14.*

He delivered them into the hands of the spoilers *Judges 11 14*

Then Jael, Heber's wife, took a nail of the tent, and took an hammer in her hand, and went softly unto him, and smote the nail into his temples, and fastened it into the ground for he was fast asleep and weary *Ib 14 21.*

I arose a mother in Israel *Ib v 7*

The stars in their courses fought against Sisera *Ib 20.*

She brought forth butter in a lordly dish *Ib 25.*

At her feet he bowed, he fell, he lay down

Judges v 27

The mother of Sisera looked out at a window, and cried through the lattice, Why is his chariot so long in coming? why tarry the wheels of his chariot?

Ib 28

Have they not divided the prey, to every man a damsel or two?

Ib 30

Is not the gleanings of the grapes of Ephraim better than the vintage of Abi-ezer?

Ib viii 2

Faint, yet pursuing

Ib 4

Out of the eater came forth meat, and out of the strong came forth sweetness

Ib xiv. 14.

If ye had not plowed with my heifer, ye had not found out my riddle

Ib 18

He smote them hip and thigh

Ib xv 8

The Philistines be upon thee, Samson

Ib xvi 9

He wist not that the Lord was departed from him

Ib 20

He did grind in the prison house

Ib 21

From Dan even to Beer-sheba

Ib. xx. 1

The people arose as one man

Ib 8

Intreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee: for whither thou goest, I will go, and where thou lodgest, I will lodge: thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God

Where thou diest, will I die, and there will I be buried: the Lord do so to me, and more also, if ought but death part thee and me

Ruth 1 16

Girded with a linen ephod

1 Samuel 11 18.

The Lord called Samuel and he answered, Here am I.

Ib iii 4

Here am I, for thou calledst me: And he said, I called not, lie down again

Ib 5

Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth.

Ib. 9

The ears of every one that heareth it shall tingle.

Ib. 11.

Quit yourselves like men

Ib iv. 9.

He fell from off the seat backward by the side of the gate, and his neck brake

Ib 18.

Ichabod, saying, The glory is departed from Israel

Ib. 21.

Is Saul also among the prophets?

Ib. x. 11

God save the king

Ib 24.

A man after his own heart

Ib xiii. 14.

I did but taste a little honey with the end of the rod that was in mine hand, and, lo, I must die

Ib. xiv 43

What meaneth then this bleating of the sheep in mine ears, and the lowing of the oxen which I hear?

Ib xv 14

To obey is better than sacrifice, and to hearken than the fat of rams

For rebellion is as the sin of witchcraft.

Ib 22

Agag came unto him delicately: And Agag said, Surely the bitterness of death is past

Ib. 32

For the Lord seeth not as man seeth: for man looketh on the outward appearance, but the Lord looketh on the heart

Ib xvi. 7

Now he was ruddy, and withal of a beautiful countenance, and goodly to look to

Ib 12

I know thy pride, and the naughtiness of thine heart

Ib xvii 28

Let no man's heart fail because of him [Goliath].

Ib 32

Go, and the Lord be with thee

Ib 37

Five smooth stones out of the brook

Ib 40

Am I a dog, that thou comest to me with staves?

Ib 43

Saul hath slain his thousands, and David his ten thousands

Ib xviii 7

And Jonathan gave his artillery unto the lad

Ib xx. 40

As saith the proverb of the Ancients, Wickedness proceedeth from the wicked

Ib xxiv 13

I have played the fool

Ib xxvi. 21

The beauty of Israel is slain upon thy high places: how are the mighty fallen!

Tell it not in Gath, publish it not in the streets of Askelon, lest the daughters of the Philistines rejoice, lest the daughters of the uncircumcised triumph

Ye mountains of Gilboa, let there be no dew, neither let there be rain, upon you, nor fields of offerings: for there the shield of the mighty is vilely cast away

2 Samuel 1. 19

Saul and Jonathan were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their death they were not divided: they were swifter than eagles, they were stronger than lions

Ye daughters of Israel, weep over Saul, who clothed you in scarlet, with other delights, who put on ornaments of gold upon your apparel

How are the mighty fallen in the midst of the battle! O Jonathan, thou wast slain in thy high places

I am distressed for thee, my brother Jonathan: very pleasant hast thou been unto me: thy love to me was wonderful, passing the love of women.

How are the mighty fallen, and the weapons of war perished

Ib 23.

Smote him under the fifth rib.

Ib 11 23

Set ye Uriah in the forefront of the hottest battle.

Ib xi 15

The poor man had nothing, save one little ewe lamb.

Ib. xii. 3.

Thou art the man

Ib 7

As water spilt on the ground, which cannot be gathered up again

Ib xiv 14

Come out, come out, thou bloody man, thou son of Belial

Ib xvi 17.

Would God I had died for thee, O Absalom, my son, my son!

Ib xviii 33

- The sweet psalmist of Israel *2 Samuel* xxiii 1
 Went in jeopardy of their lives *Ib* 17
 I have somewhat to say unto thee And she said, Say on *1 Kings* ii 14
 A proverb and a byword among all people *Ib* ix 7
 And when the queen of Sheba had seen all Solomon's wisdom there was no more spirit in her *Ib* x 4
 Behold, the half was not told me *Ib* 7
 Ivory, and apes, and peacocks *Ib* 22
 But King Solomon loved many strange women *Ib* xi 1
 My little finger shall be thicker than my father's loins *Ib* xii 10
 My father hath chastised you with whips, but I will chastise you with scorpions *Ib* 11
 To your tents, O Israel now see to thine own house, David *Ib* 16
 He slept with his fathers *Ib* xiv 20
 Nevertheless in the time of his old age he was diseased in his feet *Ib* xv 23
 He went and dwelt by the brook Cherith, that is before Jordan
 And the ravens brought him bread and flesh in the morning, and bread and flesh in the evening, and he drank of the brook *Ib* xvii 5
 An handful of meal in a barrel, and a little oil in a jar *Ib* 12
 How long halt ye between two opinions? *Ib* xviii 21.
 He is talking, or he is pursuing, or he is in a journey, or peradventure he sleepeth, and must be awaked *Ib* 27
 There is a sound of abundance of rain *Ib* 41
 There ariseth a little cloud out of the sea, like a man's hand *Ib* 44
 He girded up his loins, and ran before Ahab *Ib* 46
 Sat down under a juniper tree *Ib* xix 4
 But the Lord was not in the wind and after the wind an earthquake but the Lord was not in the earthquake And after the earthquake a fire but the Lord was not in the fire and after the fire a still small voice *Ib* 11
 And it shall come to pass, that him that escapeth the sword of Hazeel shall Jehu slay and him that escapeth from the sword of Jehu shall Elisha slay *Ib* 17
 Elijah passed by him, and cast his mantle upon him *Ib* 19
 Let not him that girdeth on his harness boast himself as he that putteth it off *Ib* xx 11
 Hast thou found me, O mine enemy? *Ib* xxi 20
 I saw all Israel scattered upon the hills, as sheep that have not a shepherd *Ib* xxii. 17
- Feed him with bread of affliction and with water of affliction, until I come in peace.
 And Micaiah said, if thou return at all in peace, the Lord hath not spoken by me *Ib* 27
 And a certain man drew a bow at a venture, and smote the king of Israel between the joints of his harness *Ib* 34.
 The chariot of Israel, and the horsemen thereof *2 Kings* ii 12
 The spirit of Elijah doth rest upon Elisha *Ib* 15
 Go up, thou bald head *Ib* 23
 Is it well with the child? And she answered, It is well *Ib* iv 26
 There is death in the pot *Ib* 40
 He shall know that there is a prophet in Israel *Ib* v 8
 Are not Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus, better than all the waters of Israel? *Ib* 12
 I bow myself in the house of Rimmon *Ib* 18.
 Whence comest thou, Gehazi? *Ib* 25.
 Is thy servant a dog, that he should do this great thing? *Ib* viii 13.
 Is it peace? And Jehu said, What hast thou to do with peace? turn thou behind me *Ib* ix 18.
 The driving is like the driving of Jehu, the son of Nimshi for he driveth furiously *Ib* 20
 She painted her face, and tired her head and looked out at a window *Ib* 30.
 Had Zimri peace, who slew his master? *Ib* 31.
 Who is on my side? who? *Ib* 32.
 And he said, Throw her down So they threw her down *Ib* 33
 They found no more of her than the skull, and the feet, and the palms of her hands, *Ib* 35
 Thou trustest upon the staff of this bruised reed, this Egypt, on which if a man lean, it will go into his hand, and pierce it *Ib* xviii 21
 He died in a good old age, full of days, riches, and honour *1 Chronicles* xix 28
 Every one with one of his hands wrought in the work, and with the other hand held a weapon *Nehemiah* iv 17.
 The man whom the king delighteth to honour *Ester* vi 9
 Behold also the gallows fifty cubits high *Ib* vii 9
 The sons of God came to present themselves before the Lord, and Satan came also among them
 And the Lord said unto Satan, Whence comest thou? Then Satan answered the Lord, and said, From going to and fro in the earth, and from walking up and down in it *Job* i 6
 Doth Job fear God for naught? *Ib* 9
 The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord *Ib* 21.

All that a man hath will he give for his life *Job* 11 4
 And he took him a potsherd to scrape himself withal *Ib* 8
 Curse God, and die *Ib* 9
 Let the day perish wherein I was born, and the night
 in which it was said, There is a man child con-
 ceived *Ib* 11 3
 There the wicked cease from troubling, and there the
 weary be at rest *Ib* 17
 Wherefore is light given to him that is in misery, and
 life unto the bitter in soul? *Ib* 20
 Then a spirit passed before my face the hair of my
 flesh stood up *Ib* 14 15
 Shall mortal man be more just than God? shall a man
 be more pure than his maker? *Ib* 17.
 Man is born unto trouble, as the sparks fly upward *Ib* v 7
 He taketh the wise in their own craftiness. *Ib*. 13
 My days are swifter than a weaver's shuttle *Ib* vii 6
 He shall return no more to his house, neither shall
 his place know him any more. *Ib*. 10
 The land of darkness and the shadow of death *Ib* x 21
 A land where the light is as darkness *Ib* 22
 Canst thou by searching find out God? *Ib*. xi 7.
 No doubt but ye are the people, and wisdom shall die
 with you *Ib*. xii 2
 With the ancient is wisdom, and in length of days
 understanding *Ib* 12
 Man that is born of a woman is of few days, and full
 of trouble *Ib* xiv 1
 Miserable comforters are ye all *Ib* xvi 2
 The king of terrors. *Ib* xviii 14
 I am escaped with the skin of my teeth *Ib* xix 20
 Oh that my words were now written! oh that they
 were printed in a book! *Ib* 23
 I know that my redeemer liveth, and that he shall
 stand at the latter day upon the earth
 And though after my skin worms destroy this body,
 yet in my flesh shall I see God *Ib* 25
 Seeing the root of the matter is found in me *Ib* 28
 The price of wisdom is above rubies *Ib* xxviii 18
 I was eyes to the blind, and feet was I to the lame *Ib* xxix 15
 The house appointed for all living *Ib*. xxx 23
 My desire is that mine adversary had written a
 book *Ib* xxxi 35
 Great men are not always wise *Ib*. xxxii
 One among a thousand *Ib* xxxiii 23.
 Far be it from God, that he should do wickedness *Ib* xxxiv 10
 For I am full of matter, the spirit within me con-
 straineth me *Ib* 18

He multiplieth words without knowledge *Ib* xxxv 16.
 Who is this that darkeneth counsel by words without
 knowledge? *Ib* xxxviii 2
 Gird up now thy loins like a man *Ib* 3
 Where wast thou when I laid the foundations of the
 earth? declare, if thou hast understanding *Ib* 4
 When the morning stars sang together, and all the
 sons of God shouted for joy *Ib* 7
 Hitherto shalt thou come, but no further and here
 shall thy proud waves be stayed *Ib* 11
 Hast thou entered into the springs of the sea? or hast
 thou walked in the search of the depths? *Ib* 16
 Hath the rain a father? or who hath begotten the drops
 of dew? *Ib* 28
 Canst thou bind the sweet influences of Pleiades, or
 loose the bands of Orion? *Ib* 31
 Canst thou guide Arcturus with his sons? *Ib* 32
 He paweth in the valley, and rejoiceth in his strength
 he goeth on to meet the armed men *Ib* xxxix 21.
 He swalloweth the ground with fierceness and rage
 neither believeth he that it is the sound of the
 trumpet
 He saith among the trumpets, Ha, ha, and he smelleth
 the battle afar off, the thunder of the captains, and
 the shouting *Ib* 24.
 Behold now behemoth, which I made with thee, he
 eateth grass as an ox *Ib* xl 15
 Canst thou draw out Leviathan with an hook? *Ib* xli 1
 Wilt thou play with him as with a bird? or wilt thou
 bind him for thy maidens? *Ib* 5
 Hard as a piece of the nether millstone. *Ib* 24
 He maketh the deep to boil like a pot *Ib* 31.
 I have heard of thee by the hearing of the ear, but now
 mine eye seeth thee *Ib* xlii 5
 So the Lord blessed the latter end of Job more than
 his beginning *Ib* 12
 My son, if sinners entice thee, consent thou not
Proverbs 1 10
 Surely in vain the net is spread in the sight of any
 bird *Ib* 17
 Wisdom crieth without, she uttereth her voice in the
 streets *Ib* 20
 Length of days is in her right hand, and in her left
 hand riches and honour. *Ib* 11 16.
 Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths
 are peace *Ib* 17
 Wisdom is the principal thing, therefore get wisdom,
 and with all thy getting get understanding. *Ib* iv 7
 The path of the just is as the shining light, that
 shineth more and more unto the perfect day *Ib* 18
 For the lips of a strange woman drop as an honey-
 comb, and her mouth is smoother than oil
 But her end is bitter as wormwood, sharp as a two-
 edged sword *Ib* v 3

- Go to the ant, thou sluggard, consider her ways, and be wise *Proverbs vi 6*
- Yet a little sleep, a little slumber, a little folding of the hands to sleep *Ib 10*
- So shall thy poverty come as one that travelleth, and thy want as an armed man *Ib 11*
- Neither let her take thee with her eyelids *Ib 25*
- Can a man take fire in his bosom, and his clothes not be burned? *Ib 27*
- Come, let us take our fill of love, until the morning let us solace ourselves with loves
- For the goodman is not at home, he is gone a long journey *Ib vii 18*
- As an ox goeth to the slaughter *Ib 22*
- Wisdom is better than rubies. *Ib viii 11*
- Stolen waters are sweet, and bread eaten in secret is pleasant *Ib ix 17*
- A wise son maketh a glad father but a foolish son is the heaviness of his mother *Ib x 1*
- The destruction of the poor is their poverty. *Ib 15*
- In the multitude of counsellors there is safety *Ib xi 14*
- He that is surety for a stranger shall smart for it *Ib 15*
- As a jewel of gold in a swine's snout, so is a fair woman which is without discretion *Ib 22*
- A virtuous woman is a crown to her husband *Ib xii 4*
- A righteous man regardeth the life of his beast, but the tender mercies of the wicked are cruel *Ib 10*
- Hope deferred maketh the heart sick *Ib xiii 12*
- The way of transgressors is hard *Ib 15*
- The desire accomplished is sweet to the soul *Ib 19*
- He that spareth his rod hateth his son *Ib 24*
- The heart knoweth his own bitterness, and a stranger doth not intermeddle with his joy *Ib xiv 10*
- In all labour there is profit *Ib 23*
- Righteousness exalteth a nation *Ib 34*
- A soft answer turneth away wrath *Ib xv 1*
- A merry heart maketh a cheerful countenance *Ib 13*
- Better is a dinner of herbs where love is, than a stalled ox and hatred therewith. *Ib 17*
- A word spoken in due season, how good is it! *Ib 23*
- Pride goeth before destruction, and an haughty spirit before a fall *Ib xvi 18*
- The hoary head is a crown of glory. *Ib 31*
- He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty, and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city *Ib 32*
- He that repeateth a matter separateth very friends *Ib xvii. 9.*
- He that begetteth a fool doeth it to his sorrow *Ib 21*
- A merry heart doeth good like a medicine *Ib 22*
- A wounded spirit who can bear? *Ib xviii 14*
- There is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother *Ib 24*
- Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging *Ib xx 1*
- Every fool will be meddling *Ib. 3*
- Even a child is known by his doings *Ib 1*
- The hearing ear, and the seeing eye *Ib 12*
- It is naught, it is naught, saith the buyer but when he is gone his way, then he boasteth *Ib xx 14*
- It is better to dwell in a corner of the housetop than with a brawling woman in a wide house *Ib xxi 9*
- A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches *Ib. xxii 1*
- Train up a child in the way he should go and when he is old, he will not depart from it *Ib 6*
- Riches certainly make themselves wings *Ib xxiii, 5*
- Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth his colour in the cup, . . . at the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder. *Ib 31*
- The heart of kings is unsearchable. *Ib. xxv 3*
- A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in pictures of silver *Ib 11.*
- Heap coals of fire upon his head *Ib 22*
- As cold waters to a thirsty soul, so is good news from a far country *Ib 25.*
- As the bird by wandering, as the swallow by flying, so the curse causeless shall not come *Ib xxvi. 2*
- Answer a fool according to his folly. *Ib 5*
- As a dog returneth to his vomit, so a fool returneth to his folly. *Ib 11*
- Seest thou a man wise in his own conceit? There is more hope of a fool than of him *Ib 12*
- The slothful man saith, There is a lion in the way a lion is in the streets *Ib 13*
- The sluggard is wiser in his own conceit than seven men that can render a reason *Ib 16*
- Boast not thyself of to morrow, for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth *Ib. xxvii 1*
- Open rebuke is better than secret love *Ib 5*
- Faithful are the wounds of a friend *Ib 6*
- A continual dropping in a very rainy day and a contentious woman are alike *Ib 15*
- Iron sharpeneth iron so a man sharpeneth the countenance of his friend *Ib 17*
- Though thou shouldst bray a fool in a mortar among wheat with a pestle, yet will not his foolishness depart from him *Ib 22*
- The wicked flee when no man pursueth, but the righteous are bold as a lion *Ib. xxviii 1*
- He that maketh haste to be rich shall not be innocent *Ib 20*

A fool uttereth all his mind. *Proverbs xxix 11.*
 Where there is no vision, the people perish. *Ib 18.*
 The horseleech hath two daughters, crying, Give, give *Ib xxx 15*
 There are three things that are never satisfied, yea, four things say not, It is enough.
 The grave, and the barren womb, the earth that is not filled with water, and the fire that saith not, It is enough *Ib 15*
 The way of an eagle in the air, the way of a serpent upon a rock, the way of a ship in the midst of the sea, and the way of a man with a maid *Ib 19*
 Who can find a virtuous woman? for her price is above rubies *Ib xxxi 10*
 Her children arise up, and call her blessed *Ib 28*
 All the rivers run into the sea, yet the sea is not full *Ecclesiastes 1. 7*
 Vanity of vanities, saith the Preacher, vanity of vanities, all is vanity.
 What profit hath a man of all his labour which he taketh under the sun?
 One generation passeth away, and another generation cometh. *Ib. 2.*
 All things are full of labour; man cannot utter it: the eye is not satisfied with seeing, nor the ear filled with hearing
 The thing that hath been, it is that which shall be, and that which is done is that which shall be done and there is no new thing under the sun. *Ib 8*
 All is vanity and vexation of spirit *Ib 14*
 He that increaseth knowledge increaseth sorrow *Ib 18*
 Wisdom excelleth folly, as far as light excelleth darkness. *Ib. 11. 13.*
 One event happeneth to them all *Ib 14*
 To every thing there is a season, and a time to every purpose under the heaven
 A time to be born, and a time to die *Ib 11. 1*
 Wherefore I praised the dead which are already dead more than the living which are yet alive. *Ib 14. 2*
 A threefold cord is not quickly broken *Ib. 12*
 God is in heaven, and thou upon earth: therefore let thy words be few. *Ib v 2*
 Better is it that thou shouldst not vow, than that thou shouldst vow and not pay. *Ib 5*
 The sleep of a labouring man is sweet *Ib 12.*
 A good name is better than precious ointment and the day of death than the day of one's birth.
 It is better to go to the house of mourning than to go to the house of feasting *Ib vii 1*
 As the crackling of thorns under a pot, so is the laughter of a fool *Ib 6*
 Better is the end of a thing than the beginning thereof *Ib 8*
 Say not thou, What is the cause that the former days were better than these? for thou dost not inquire wisely concerning this. *Ib 10*

In the day of prosperity be joyful, but in the day of adversity consider *Ib 14*
 Be not righteous over much *Ib 16*
 One man among a thousand have I found, but a woman among all those have I not found *Ib 28*
 God hath made man upright, but they have sought out many inventions *Ib 29*
 There is no discharge in that war. *Ib viii 8*
 A man hath no better thing under the sun, than to eat, and to drink, and to be merry. *Ib 15*
 A living dog is better than a dead lion *Ib ix 4*
 Go thy way, eat thy bread with joy, and drink thy wine with a merry heart, for God now accepteth thy works *Ib 7*
 Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might, for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom, in the grave, whither thou goest *Ib 10*
 The race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong *Ib 11*
 Dead flies cause the ointment of the apothecary to send forth a stinking savour. *Ib x 1.*
 He that diggeth a pit shall fall into it *Ib 8*
 Wine maketh merry but money answereth all things *Ib 19*
 For a bird of the air shall carry the voice, and that which hath wings shall tell the matter *Ib 20*
 Cast thy bread upon the waters for thou shalt find it after many days *Ib xi 1*
 In the place where the tree falleth, there it shall be *Ib 3*
 He that observeth the wind shall not sow, and he that regardeth the clouds shall not reap. *Ib 4*
 In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand *Ib 6*
 Truly the light is sweet, and a pleasant thing it is for the eyes to behold the sun *Ib. 7*
 Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth, and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth. *Ib 9*
 Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them;
 While the sun, or the light, or the moon, or the stars, be not darkened, nor the clouds return after the rain
 In the day when the keepers of the house shall tremble, and the strong men shall bow themselves, and the grinders cease because they are few, and those that look out of the windows be darkened,
 And the doors shall be shut in the streets, when the sound of the grinding is low, and he shall rise up at the voice of the bird, and all the daughters of musick shall be brought low,
 Also when they shall be afraid of that which is high, and fears shall be in the way, and the almond tree shall flourish, and the grasshopper shall be a burden, and desire shall fail because man goeth to

his long home, and the mourners go about the streets
 Or ever the silver cord be loosed, or the golden bowl
 be broken, or the pitcher be broken at the fountain,
 or the wheel broken at the cistern
 Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was and
 the spirit shall return unto God who gave it.

Ecclesiastes xii 1.

The words of the wise are as goads *Ib* 11
 Of making many books there is no end, and much
 study is a weariness of the flesh *Ib* 12
 Fear God, and keep his commandments for this is
 the whole duty of man
 For God shall bring every work into judgment, with
 every secret thing, whether it be good, or whether
 it be evil *Ib* 13

The song of songs, which is Solomon's
 Let him kiss me with the kisses of his mouth for
 thy love is better than wine

The Song of Solomon, i 1

Thy name is an ointment poured forth, therefore do
 the virgins love thee *Ib* 3

I am black, but comely, O ye daughters of Jerusalem,
 as the tents of Kedar, as the curtains of Jerusalem
Ib 5

Tell me, O thou whom my soul loveth, where thou
 feedest, where thou makest thy flock to rest at
 noon *Ib* 7

O thou fairest among women *Ib* 8

A bundle of myrrh is my well beloved unto me, he
 shall lie all night betwixt my breasts *Ib* 13

I am the rose of Sharon, and the lily of the valleys
Ib ii 1

His banner over me was love *Ib* 4

Stay me with flagons, comfort me with apples for I
 am sick of love

His left hand is under my head, and his right hand
 doth embrace me *Ib* 5

Rise up, my love, my fair one, and come away
 For, lo! the winter is past, the rain is over and gone,
 The flowers appear on the earth the time of the
 singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle
 is heard in our land *Ib* 10

Take us the foxes, the little foxes, that spoil the vines
Ib 15

My beloved is mine, and I am his he feedeth among
 the lilies

Until the day break, and the shadows flee away
Ib 16

By night on my bed I sought him whom my soul
 loveth *Ib* iii 1.

Behold, thou art fair, my love, behold, thou art fair,
 thou hast doves' eyes within thy locks: thy hair is
 as a flock of goats, that appear from mount Gilead

Thy teeth are like a flock of sheep that are even shorn,
 which came up from the washing, whereof every
 one bear twins, and none is barren among them

Thy lips are like a thread of scarlet, and thy speech is
 comely thy temples are like a piece of a pome-
 granate within thy locks

Thy neck is like the tower of David builded for an
 armoury, whereon there hang a thousand bucklers,
 all shields of mighty men.

Thy breasts are like two young roes that are twins,
 which feed among the lilies *Ib* iv 1

Thou art all fair, my love, there is no spot in thee
Ib 7

A garden inclosed is my sister, my spouse, a spring
 shut up, a fountain scaled *Ib* 12

Awake, O north wind, and come, thou south, blow
 upon my garden, that the spices thereof may flow
 out Let my beloved come into his garden, and
 eat his pleasant fruits *Ib* 16

I sleep, but my heart waketh it is the voice of my
 beloved that knocketh, saying, Open to me, my
 sister, my love, my dove, my undefiled *Ib* v 2

My beloved put in his hand by the hole of the door,
 and my bowels were moved for him *Ib* 4

I opened to my beloved, but my beloved had with-
 drawn himself *Ib* 6

The watchmen that went about the city found me,
 they smote me, they wounded me, the keepers of
 the walls took away my veil from me

I charge you, O daughters of Jerusalem, if ye find
 my beloved, that ye tell him, that I am sick of love
 What is thy beloved more than another beloved, O
 thou fairest among women? *Ib* 7

My beloved is white and ruddy, the chiefest among
 ten thousand *Ib* 10

His hands are as gold rings set with the beryl his
 belly is as bright ivory overlaid with sapphires
 His legs are as pillars of marble, set upon sockets of
 fine gold his countenance is as Lebanon, excellent
 as the cedars

His mouth is most sweet yea, he is altogether lovely
 This is my beloved, and this is my friend, O daughters
 of Jerusalem *Ib* 14

Who is she that looketh forth as the morning, fair as
 the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army
 with banners? *Ib* vi. 10

Return, return, O Shulamite, return, return, that we
 may look upon thee *Ib* 13

How beautiful are thy feet with shoes, O prince's
 daughter! *Ib* vii 1

Thy navel is like a round goblet, which wanteth not
 liquor thy belly is like an heap of wheat set about
 with lilies *Ib* 2

Thy neck is as a tower of ivory, thine eyes like the
 fishpools in Heshbon, by the gate of Bath-rabbim
 thy nose is as the tower of Lebanon which looketh
 towards Damascus *Ib* 4

Like the best wine, for my beloved, that goeth down
 sweetly, causing the lips of those that are asleep
 to speak *Ib* 9

O that thou wert as my brother, that sucked the
 breasts of my mother! when I should find thee
 without, I would kiss thee, yea, I should not be
 despised

I would lead thee, and bring thee into my mother's
 house *Ib* viii. 1.

Who is this that cometh up from the wilderness,
leaning upon her beloved? I raised thee up under
the apple tree there thy mother brought thee
forth there she brought thee forth that bare thee
Set me as a seal upon thine heart, as a seal upon thine
arm for love is strong as death, jealousy is cruel
as the grave. *The Song of Solomon viii 5.*

Many waters cannot quench love, neither can the
floods drown it if a man would give all the sub-
stance of his house for love, it would be utterly
contemned *Ib 7*

We have a little sister, and she hath no breasts. *Ib 8*

Make haste, my beloved, and be thou like to a roe or
to a young hart upon the mountain of spices
Ib 14

The ox knoweth his owner, and the ass his master's
crib *Isaiah 1 3*

The whole head is sick, and the whole heart faint
Ib 5

As a lodge in a garden of cucumbers *Ib 8*

Bring no more vain oblations, incense is an abomina-
tion unto me, the new moons and sabbaths, the
calling of assemblies, I cannot away with *Ib 13*

Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as
snow *Ib 18*

They shall beat their swords into plowshares, and
their spears into pruninghooks, nation shall not
lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn
war any more *Ib 11 4*

Cease ye from man, whose breath is in his nostrils
Ib 22

The stay and the staff, the whole stay of bread, and
the whole stay of water *Ib 11 1*

Grind the faces of the poor. *Ib 15*

Walk with stretched forth necks and wanton eyes,
walking and mincing as they go, and making a
tinkling with their feet *Ib 16*

In that day seven women shall take hold of one man
Ib 14 1

My wellbeloved hath a vineyard in a very fruitful hill
Ib 5 1

And he looked that it should bring forth grapes, and
it brought forth wild grapes *Ib 2*

And he looked for judgment, but behold oppression,
for righteousness, but behold a cry. *Ib 7*

Woe unto them that join house to house, that lay
field to field, till there be no place *Ib 8*

Woe unto them that rise up early in the morning,
that they may follow strong drink *Ib 11*

Woe, woe unto them that draw iniquity with cords
of vanity, and sin as it were with a cart rope
Ib 18

Woe unto them that call evil good, and good evil
Ib 20

For all this his anger is not turned away, but his hand
is stretched out still *Ib 25*

In the year that king Uzziah died I saw also the Lord

sitting upon a throne, high and lifted up, and his
train filled the temple

Above it stood the seraphims each one had six wings,
with twain he covered his face, and with twain he
covered his feet, and with twain he did fly

And one cried unto another, and said, Holy, holy,
holy, is the Lord of hosts the whole earth is full
of his glory.

And the posts of the door moved at the voice of him
that cried, and the house was filled with smoke

Then said I, Woe is me! for I am undone, because
I am a man of unclean lips, and I dwell in the
midst of a people of unclean lips *Ib vi 1*

Whom shall I send, and who will go for us? Then
said I, Here am I, send me *Ib 8*

Make the heart of this people fat, and make their ears
heavy, and shut their eyes, lest they see with their
eyes, and hear with their ears, and understand with
their heart, and convert, and be healed *Ib 10*

Then said I, Lord, how long? *Ib 11*

Behold, a virgin shall conceive, and bear a son, and
shall call his name Immanuel.

Butter and honey shall he eat, that he may know how
to refuse the evil, and choose the good *Ib vii 14*

For a stone of stumbling and for a rock of offence
Ib viii 14

The people that walked in darkness have seen a great
light they that dwell in the land of the shadow of
death, upon them hath the light shined.

Thou hast multiplied the nation, and not increased
the joy they joy before thee according to the joy
in harvest, and as men rejoice when they divide
the spoil *Ib ix 2*

For every battle of the warrior is with confused noise,
and garments rolled in blood *Ib 5*

For unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given
and the government shall be upon his shoulder
and his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor,
The mighty God, The everlasting Father, The
Prince of Peace

Of the increase of his government and peace there
shall be no end *Ib 6*

The zeal of the Lord of hosts will perform this
Ib 7

And there shall come forth a rod out of the stem of
Jesse, and a Branch shall grow out of his roots

And the spirit of the Lord shall rest upon him, the
spirit of wisdom and understanding, the spirit of
counsel and might, the spirit of knowledge and of
the fear of the Lord *Ib xi 1*

The wolf also shall dwell with the lamb, and the
leopard shall lie down with the kid, and the calf
and the young lion and the fatling together, and
a little child shall lead them *Ib 7*

And the lion shall eat straw like the ox
And the sucking child shall play on the hole of the asp,
and the weaned child shall put his hand on the
cockatrice' den

They shall not hurt nor destroy in all my holy moun-
tain for the earth shall be full of the knowledge of
the Lord, as the waters cover the sea *Ib 7.*

Dragons in their pleasant palaces. *Ib. xiii 22*

Hell from beneath is moved for thee to meet thee at thy coming *Isaiah xiv 9*

How art thou fallen from heaven, O Lucifer, son of the morning! *Ib. 12*

I will also make it a possession for the bitter, and pools of water and I will sweep it with the besom of destruction *Ib. 23*

And in mercy shall the throne be established *Ib xvi 5*

The burden of the desert of the sea *Ib xxi. 1*

Watchman, what of the night? Watchman, what of the night?

The watchman said, The morning cometh, and also the night *Ib. 11*

Let us eat and drink, for to morrow we shall die *Ib. xxii 13*

Fasten him as a nail in a sure place *Ib 23*

Whose merchants are princes *Ib xxiii 8*

Howl, ye ships of Tarshish *Ib 14*

A feast of fat things, a feast of wines on the lees *Ib xxv. 6*

We have as it were brought forth wind *Ib xxvi 18*

For precept must be upon precept, precept upon precept, line upon line, line upon line, here a little, and there a little *Ib xxviii 10*

We have made a covenant with death, and with hell are we at an agreement *Ib 15*

They are drunken, but not with wine *Ib xxix. 9*

Their strength is to sit still *Ib xxx. 7.*

Now go, write it before them in a table, and note it in a book *Ib 8*

Speak unto us smooth things, prophesy deceits *Ib 10*

In quietness and in confidence shall be your strength. *Ib 15*

One thousand shall flee at the rebuke of one *Ib 17.*

This is the way, walk ye in it *Ib 21*

And a man shall be as an hiding place from the wind, and a covert from the tempest, as rivers of water in a dry place, as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land *Ib xxxii 2*

The liberal deviseth liberal things *Ib 8*

An habitation of dragons, and a court for owls *Ib xxxiv 13*

The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them, and the desert shall rejoice, and blossom as the rose *Ib xxxv 1.*

Strengthen ye the weak hands, and confirm the feeble knees *Ib 3*

Then shall the lame man leap up as an hart, and the tongue of the dumb sing for in the wilderness shall waters break out, and streams in the desert. *Ib 6*

The wayfaring men, though fools, shall not err therein *Ib 8*

Sorrow and sighing shall flee away *Ib 10.*

Set thine house in order *Ib xxxviii 1*

I shall go softly all my years in the bitterness of my soul. *Ib 15*

Comfort ye, comfort ye my people, saith your God Speak ye comfortably to Jerusalem, and cry unto her, that her warfare is accomplished *Ib. xl 1.*

The voice of him that crieth in the wilderness, Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make straight in the desert a highway for our God

Every valley shall be exalted, and every mountain and hill shall be made low and the crooked shall be made straight, and the rough places plain

And the glory of the Lord shall be revealed, and all flesh shall be revealed together for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it *Ib 3*

The voice said, Cry And he said, What shall I cry? All flesh is grass, and all the goodness thereof is as the flower of the field

The grass withereth, the flower fadeth because the spirit of the Lord bloweth upon it surely the people is grass *Ib 6*

He shall feed his flock like a shepherd he shall gather the lambs with his arm, and carry them in his bosom, and shall gently lead those that are with young *Ib 11.*

The nations are as a drop of a bucket, and are counted as the small dust of the balance behold, he taketh up the isles as a very little thing *Ib. 15.*

Have ye not known? hath it not been told you from the beginning? *Ib 21*

But they that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength they shall mount up with wings as eagles they shall run, and not be weary they shall walk, and not faint *Ib 31.*

A bruised reed shall he not break, and the smoking flax shall he not quench *Ib xlii 3*

He warmeth himself, and saith, Aha, I am warm, I have seen the fire *Ib xliv 16*

Shall the clay say to him that fashioneth it, What makest thou? *Ib xlv 9.*

Verily thou art a God that hidest thyself *Ib 15*

I have chosen thee in the furnace of affliction *Ib xlviii 10.*

O that thou hadst hearkened to my commandments! then had thy peace been as a river, and thy righteousness as the waves of the sea *Ib 18*

There is no peace, saith the Lord, unto the wicked *Ib 22*

How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace, that bringeth good tidings of good, that publisheth salvation, that saith unto Zion, Thy God reigneth! *Ib lii 7*

For they shall see eye to eye, when the Lord shall bring again Zion

Break forth into joy, sing together, ye waste places of Jerusalem for the Lord hath comforted his people, he hath redeemed Jerusalem *Ib 9*

Who hath believed our report? and to whom is the arm of the Lord revealed? *Ib liii. 1*

He hath no form nor comeliness, and when we shall see him, there is no beauty that we should desire him. He is despised and rejected of men, a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief: and we hid as it were our faces from him, he was despised, and we esteemed him not.

Surely he hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows. *Isaiah liii 2.*

But he was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities: the chastisement of our peace was upon him, and with his stripes we are healed.

All we like sheep have gone astray, we have turned every one to his own way, and the Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all.

He was oppressed, and he was afflicted, yet he opened not his mouth: he is brought as a lamb to the slaughter, and as a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so he openeth not his mouth. *Ib 5*

He was cut off out of the land of the living. *Ib 8*

He was numbered with the transgressors, and he bare the sins of many, and made intercession for the transgressors. *Ib 12*

Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money, come ye, buy and eat, yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price.

Wherefore do ye spend money for that which is not bread? and your labour for that which satisfieth not? *Ib. lv. 1.*

Seek ye the Lord while he may be found, call ye upon him while he is near. *Ib 6.*

For my thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways, saith the Lord. *Ib 8*

Instead of the thorn shall come up the fir tree, and instead of the brier shall come up the myrtle tree. *Ib 13*

I will give them an everlasting name, that shall not be cut off. *Ib lvi 5*

Peace to him that is far off, and to him that is near. *Ib lvii 19*

Is it such a fast that I have chosen? a day for a man to afflict his soul? *Ib lviii 5*

Is not this the fast that I have chosen? to loose the bands of wickedness, to undo the heavy burdens, and to let the oppressed go free, and that ye break every yoke? *Ib 6*

Then shall thy light break forth as the morning, and thine health shall spring forth speedily. *Ib 8*

They make haste to shed innocent blood. *Ib liv 7*

Arise, shine, for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee. *Ib lx 1*

A little one shall become a thousand, and a small one a strong nation. *Ib 22*

The spirit of the Lord is upon me. *Ib lxi 1*

To bind up the broken-hearted, to proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound,

To proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord, and the day of vengeance of our God, to comfort all that mourn. *Ib*

To give unto them beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness. *Ib 3*

Who is this that cometh from Edom, with dyed garments from Bozrah? *Ib lxiii 1*

I have trodden the winepress alone. *Ib 3*

In all their affliction he was afflicted. *Ib 9*

All our righteousnesses are as filthy rags, and we all do fade as a leaf. *Ib lxiv 6*

For, behold, I create new heavens and a new earth. *Ib lxv 17*

As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you. *Ib lxvi 13*

They were as fed horses in the morning: every one neighed after his neighbour's wife. *Jeremiah v 8*

This people hath a revolting and a rebellious heart. *Ib 23*

The prophets prophesy falsely, and the priests bear rule by their means, and my people love to have it so: and what will ye do in the end thereof? *Ib 31*

Saying, Peace, peace, when there is no peace. *Ib vi 14*

Do they provoke me to anger? saith the Lord: do they not provoke themselves to the confusion of their own faces? *Ib vii 19*

The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and we are not saved. *Ib viii 20*

Is there no balm in Gilead? *Ib 22*

Can the Ethiopian change his skin, or the leopard his spots? *Ib xiii 23*

A man of strife and a man of contention. *Ib xv 10*

The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked. *Ib xvi 9*

As the partridge sitteth on eggs, and hatcheth them not. *Ib 11*

And seekest thou great things for thyself? seek them not. *Ib xlv 5*

Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by? behold, and see if there be any sorrow like unto my sorrow. *Lamentations 1 12*

The wormwood and the gall. *Ib iii 19*

It is good for a man that he bear the yoke in his youth. *Ib 27*

He giveth his cheek to him that smuteth him. *Ib 30*

As if a wheel had been in the midst of a wheel. *Ezekiel x 10.*

As is the mother, so is her daughter. *Ib xvi 44*

The fathers have eaten sour grapes, and the children's teeth are set on edge. *Ib xviii 2.*

When the wicked man turneth away from his wickedness that he hath committed, and doeth that which is lawful and right, he shall save his soul alive. *Ib 27*

The king of Babylon stood at the parting of the way.
Ezekiel xxi 21

She doted upon the Assyrians her neighbours, captains and rulers clothed most gorgeously, horsemen riding upon horses, all of them desirable young men
Ib xxiii 12

The valley which was full of bones
Ib xxxviii 1

Can these bones live?
Ib 3

The image that Nebuchadnezzar the king had set up
Daniel iii 3

The sound of the cornet, flute, harp, sackbut, psalter, dulcimer, and all kinds of musick
Ib 5

Cast into the midst of a burning fiery furnace
Ib 6

We are not careful to answer thee in this matter
Ib 16

Commanded that they should heat the furnace one seven times more than it was wont to be heated
Ib 19

Then these men were bound in their coats, their hosen, and their hats, and their other garments, and were cast into the midst of the burning fiery furnace
Ib 21

Shadrach, Meshach, and Abed-nego, ye servants of the most high God, come forth, and come hither
Ib 26

MENE, MENE, TEKEL, UPHARSIN.
This is the interpretation of the thing MENE, God hath numbered the kingdom, and finished it
TEKEL, Thou art weighed in the balances, and art found wanting
PERES, Thy kingdom is divided, and given to the Medes and Persians
Ib v 25

The Ancient of days
Ib vii 9

O Daniel, a man greatly beloved
Ib x 11

Many shall run to and fro, and knowledge shall be increased
Ib xii 4

They have sown the wind, and they shall reap the whirlwind
Hosea viii 7

Ye have plowed wickedness, ye have reaped iniquity
Ib x 13

I drew them with bands of love
Ib xi 4

I have multiplied visions, and used similitudes
Ib xii 10

That which the palmerworm hath left hath the locust eaten
Joel i 4

I will restore to you the years that the locust hath eaten
Ib ii 25

And it shall come to pass afterwards, that I will pour out my spirit upon all flesh, and your sons and your daughters shall prophesy, your old men shall dream dreams, your young men shall see visions
Ib 28

Multitudes in the valley of decision.
Ib. iii. 14.

Can two walk together, except they be agreed?
Amos iii 3

A firebrand plucked from the burning.
Ib iv. 11.

Woe to them that are at ease in Zion
Ib vi 1

The Lord stood upon a wall made by a plumbline, with a plumbline in his hand.
And the Lord said unto me, Amos, what seest thou?
And I said, A plumbline
Ib vii 7

Come, and let us cast lots, that we may know for whose cause this evil is upon us. So they cast lots, and the lot fell upon Jonah
Jonah 1 7

Jonah was in the belly of the fish three days and three nights
Ib 17

They shall sit every man under his vine and under his fig tree
Micah iv 4

But thou, Beth-lehem Ephratah, though thou be little among the thousands of Judah
Ib. v 2

Write the vision, and make it plain upon tables, that he may run that readeth it.
Habakkuk ii 2

Your fathers, where are they? And the prophets, do they live for ever?
Zechariah 1 5

For who hath despised the day of small things?
Ib iv 10

Turn ye to the stronghold, ye prisoners of hope
Ib ix 12

I was wounded in the house of my friends
Ib xiii 6

Have we not all one father? hath not one God created us?
Malachi ii 10

But unto you that fear my name shall the Sun of righteousness arise with healing in his wings
Ib. iv 2.

THE NEW TESTAMENT

There came wise men from the east to Jerusalem, Saying, Where is he that is born King of the Jews? for we have seen his star in the east, and are come to worship him
St Matthew ii 1

They presented unto him their gifts, gold, and frankincense, and myrrh
Ib 11

They departed into their own country another way.
Ib 12

Rachel weeping for her children, and would not be comforted, because they are not
Ib 18

Repent ye: for the kingdom of heaven is at hand
Ib iii 2.

The voice of one crying in the wilderness, Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make his paths straight
Ib 3

Raiment of camel's hair, and a leathern girdle about his loins, and his meat was locusts and wild honey
Ib 4

O generation of vipers, who hath warned you to flee from the wrath to come?
Ib 7

And now also the axe is laid unto the root of the trees
Ib. 10.

Suffer it to be so now for thus it becometh us to fulfil all righteousness.
Ib. 15.

This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased
Ib 17

Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God

St Matthew iv 4.

Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God *Ib 7*

The devil taketh him up into an exceeding high mountain, and sheweth him all the kingdoms of the world, and the glory of them. *Ib 8*

Angels came and ministered unto him *Ib 11*

Fishers of men *Ib 19*

Blessed are the poor in spirit for their's is the kingdom of heaven

Blessed are they that mourn for they shall be comforted

Blessed are the meek for they shall inherit the earth

Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness for they shall be filled

Blessed are the merciful for they shall obtain mercy

Blessed are the pure in heart for they shall see God

Blessed are the peacemakers for they shall be called the children of God *Ib v. 3*

Ye are the salt of the earth but if the salt have lost his savour, wherewith shall it be salted? *Ib 13*

Ye are the light of the world A city that is set on a hill cannot be hid *Ib 14*

Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works *Ib 16*

Think not that I am come to destroy the law, or the prophets I am come not to destroy, but to fulfil *Ib 17*

Except your righteousness exceed the righteousness of the scribes and Pharisees *Ib 20*

Whosoever shall say, Thou fool, shall be in danger of hell fire *Ib 22*

Agree with thine adversary quickly, whiles thou art in the way with him *Ib 25*

Till thou hast paid the uttermost farthing *Ib 26*

Swear not at all, neither by heaven, for it is God's throne

Nor by the earth, for it is his footstool *Ib 34*

Let your communication be, Yea, yea, Nay, nay *Ib 37*

Resist not evil but whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also *Ib 39*

Whosoever shall compel thee to go a mile, go with him twain *Ib 41.*

He maketh his sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust. *Ib. 45.*

Do not even the publicans the same? *Ib 46*

Be ye therefore perfect *Ib 48*

When thou doest alms, let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth *Ib vi 3*

Use not vain repetitions, as the heathen do for they think they shall be heard for their much speaking *Ib. 7*

After this manner therefore pray ye: Our Father which art in heaven, Hallowed be thy name.

Thy kingdom come Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven

Give us this day our daily bread

And forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors

And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever Amen *Ib. 9*

Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal *Ib 19*

Lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven *Ib 20*

Where your treasure is, there will your heart be also *Ib 21*

If therefore the light that is in thee be darkness, how great is that darkness! *Ib 23*

No man can serve two masters. *Ib 24*

Ye cannot serve God and mammon *Ib 24*

Is not the life more than meat, and the body than raiment?

Behold the fowls of the air for they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns. *Ib 25*

Which of you by taking thought can add one cubit unto his stature? *Ib 27*

Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow, they toil not, neither do they spin

And yet I say unto you, That even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these. *Ib 28*

Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you *Ib 33*

Take therefore no thought for the morrow, for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof. *Ib 34*

Judge not, that ye be not judged. *Ib vii 1*

Why beholdest thou the mote that is in thy brother's eye, but considerest not the beam that is in thine own eye? *Ib 3*

Neither cast ye your pearls before swine. *Ib 6*

Ask, and it shall be given you, seek, and ye shall find, knock, and it shall be opened unto you *Ib 7*

Every one that asketh receiveth, and he that seeketh findeth *Ib 8.*

Or what man is there of you, whom if his son ask bread, will he give him a stone? *Ib 9*

Therefore all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them for this is the law and the prophets *Ib 12*

Wide is the gate and broad is the way that leadeth to destruction, and many there be that go in thereat *Ib 13*

Strait is the gate, and narrow is the way which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it. *Ib 14*

Beware of false prophets, which come to you in sheep's clothing, but inwardly they are ravening wolves. *Ib 15*

Do men gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles? *Ib 16*

By their fruits ye shall know them

St Matthew vii 20

And great was the fall of it *Ib 27*

For he taught them as one having authority, and not as the scribes *Ib 29*

Lord, I am not worthy that thou shouldest come under my roof *Ib viii 8*

I am a man under authority, having soldiers under me: and I say to this man, Go, and he goeth, and to another, Come, and he cometh, and to my servant, Do this, and he doeth it *Ib 9*

I have not found so great faith, no, not in Israel *Ib 10*

But the children of the kingdom shall be cast out into outer darkness there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth. *Ib 12*

The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of man hath not where to lay his head *Ib 20*

Let the dead bury their dead. *Ib. 22.*

The whole herd ran violently down a steep place into the sea, and perished in the waters *Ib 32.*

Sitting at the receipt of custom. *Ib ix 9*

Why eateth your master with publicans and sinners? *Ib 11*

They that be whole need not a physician, but they that are sick *Ib 12*

I am not come to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance *Ib 13*

Can the children of the bridechamber mourn, as long as the bridegroom is with them? *Ib 15*

Neither do men put new wine into old bottles *Ib 17*

The maid is not dead, but sleepeth *Ib 24*

He casteth out devils through the prince of the devils *Ib. 34*

The harvest truly is plenteous, but the labourers are few *Ib 37*

Go rather to the lost sheep of the house of Israel *Ib x. 6*

Freely ye have received, freely give *Ib. 8*

When ye depart out of that house or city, shake off the dust of your feet. *Ib. 14*

Be ye therefore wise as serpents, and harmless as doves *Ib 16*

He that endureth to the end shall be saved *Ib 22*

The disciple is not above his master, nor the servant above his lord *Ib 24*

Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? and one of them shall not fall on the ground without your Father *Ib 29*

The very hairs of your head are all numbered *Ib 30*

Fear ye not therefore, ye are of more value than many sparrows *Ib 31.*

I came not to send peace, but a sword *Ib 34*

A man's foes shall be they of his own household

Ib 36.

He that findeth his life shall lose it and he that loseth his life for my sake shall find it *Ib 39*

Whosoever shall give to drink unto one of these little ones a cup of cold water only *Ib 42*

Art thou he that should come, or do we look for another? *Ib xi 3*

What went ye out into the wilderness to see? A reed shaken with the wind?

But what went ye out for to see? A man clothed in soft raiment? . . .

But what went ye out for to see? A prophet? yea, I say unto you, and more than a prophet. *Ib. 7*

The kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force. *Ib 12*

We have piped unto you, and ye have not danced *Ib. 17.*

Wisdom is justified of her children *Ib 19*

Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.

Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me, for I am meek and lowly in heart and ye shall find rest unto your souls

For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light. *Ib. 28*

He that is not with me is against me. *Ib. xii 30.*

The blasphemy against the Holy Ghost shall not be forgiven unto men. *Ib 31.*

The tree is known by his fruit *Ib. 33.*

Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh. *Ib 34.*

Every idle word that men shall speak, they shall give account thereof in the day of judgment *Ib 36.*

An evil and adulterous generation seeketh after a sign. *Ib 39*

Behold, a greater than Solomon is here *Ib. 42.*

Empty, swept, and garnished. *Ib 44.*

Then goeth he and taketh with himself seven other spirits more wicked than himself, and they enter in and dwell there and the last state of that man is worse than the first. *Ib 45.*

Behold my mother and my brethren! *Ib. 49.*

Some seeds fell by the wayside *Ib. xiii. 4.*

Because they had no root, they withered away *Ib. 7.*

But other fell into good ground, and brought forth fruit, some an hundredfold, some sixtyfold, some thirtyfold *Ib. 8*

The care of this world, and the deceitfulness of riches *Ib. 22*

His enemy came and sowed tares *Ib 25*

An enemy hath done this. *Ib 28*

Let both grow together until the harvest *Ib 30*

The kingdom of heaven is like to a grain of mustard seed. *Ib 31.*

- So that the fowls of the air come and lodge in the branches thereof. *St. Matthew xiii 32.*
- A pearl of great price. *Ib 4*
- An householder which bringeth forth out of his treasure things new and old. *Ib. 52*
- Is not this the carpenter's son? *Ib. 55.*
- A prophet is not without honour, save in his own country and in his own house *Ib. 57*
- They took up of the fragments that remained twelve baskets full *Ib xiv. 20*
- In the fourth watch of the night Jesus went unto them, walking on the sea *Ib. 25*
- Be of good cheer it is I, be not afraid *Ib 27*
- O thou of little faith, wherefore didst thou doubt? *Ib. 31*
- Not that which goeth into the mouth defileth a man, but that which cometh out of the mouth, this defileth a man. *Ib xv. 11*
- They be blind leaders of the blind And if the blind lead the blind, both shall fall into the ditch *Ib 14*
- The dogs eat of the crumbs which fall from their masters' table *Ib. 27*
- When it is evening, ye say it will be fair weather for the sky is red *Ib xvi. 2*
- The signs of the times *Ib 3*
- Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it *Ib 18*
- Get thee behind me, Satan *Ib 23*
- What is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? *Ib xvi 26*
- It is good for us to be here *Ib xvii 4*
- If ye have faith as a grain of mustard seed, ye shall say unto this mountain, Remove hence to yonder place, and it shall remove. *Ib 20*
- Become as little children *Ib xviii 3*
- But whoso shall offend one of these little ones which believe in me, it were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and that he were drowned in the midst of the sea *Ib 6*
- It must needs be that offences come, but woe to that man by whom the offence cometh! *Ib 7*
- If thine eye offend thee, pluck it out, and cast it from thee it is better for thee to enter into life with one eye, rather than having two eyes to be cast into hell fire *Ib 9*
- For where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them. *Ib. 20*
- Until seventy times seven *Ib 22*
- Lord, have patience with me, and I will pay thee all *Ib. 26.*
- Pay me that thou owest *Ib 28.*
- What therefore God hath joined together, let not man put asunder *Ib. xix 6*
- Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself *Ib 19.*
- If thou wilt be perfect, go and sell that thou hast, and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven *Ib 21*
- He went away sorrowful for he had great possessions *Ib 22*
- It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God *Ib 24*
- With men this is impossible but with God all things are possible *Ib 26*
- But many that are first shall be last, and the last shall be first *Ib. 30*
- Why stand ye here all the day idle? *Ib xx 6*
- Borne the burden and heat of the day. *Ib 12*
- I will give unto this last, even as unto thee
- Is it not lawful for me to do what I will with mine own? *Ib 14*
- My house shall be called the house of prayer, but ye have made it a den of thieves. *Ib xxi 13*
- For many are called, but few are chosen *Ib xxii 14*
- Whose is this image and superscription? *Ib 20*
- Render therefore unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's *Ib 21*
- Last of all the woman died also, *Ib 27.*
- For in the resurrection they neither marry, nor are given in marriage. *Ib 30*
- They make broad their phylacteries, and enlarge the borders of their garments,
- And love the uppermost rooms at feasts, and the chief seats in the synagogues. *Ib xxiii 5*
- Whosoever shall exalt himself shall be abased, and he that shall humble himself shall be exalted *Ib 12*
- Woe unto you, for ye pay tithe of mint and anise and cummin *Ib 23*
- Blind guides, which strain at a gnat, and swallow a camel *Ib 24*
- Whited sepulchres, which indeed appear beautiful outward, but are within full of dead men's bones. *Ib 27*
- O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets and stonest them which are sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not! *Ib 37.*
- Wars and rumours of wars *Ib xxiv 6*
- But the end is not yet *Ib*
- For nation shall rise against nation, and kingdom against kingdom *Ib 7*
- Abomination of desolation *Ib 15*
- Whosoever the carcase is, there will the eagles be gathered together *Ib 28*
- Eating and drinking, marrying and giving in marriage *Ib 38.*

- One shall be taken, and the other left.
St Matthew xxiv 40
- Well done, thou good and faithful servant
Ib xxv 21
- Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.
Ib
- Lord, I knew thee that thou art an hard man, reaping
where thou hast not sown, and gathering where
thou hast not straved
Ib 24
- Unto every one that hath shall be given, and he shall
have abundance, but from him that hath not shall
be taken away even that which he hath
Ib 29
- I was a stranger, and ye took me in
Naked, and ye clothed me I was sick, and ye visited
me. I was in prison, and ye came unto me
Ib 35
- Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these
my brethren, ye have done it unto me
Ib 40
- A woman having an alabaster box of very precious
ointment
Ib xxvi. 7.
- To what purpose is this waste?
Ib 8
- What will ye give me, and I will deliver him unto
you? And they covenanted with him for thirty
pieces of silver
Ib 15
- It had been good for that man if he had not been
born.
Ib 24
- This night, before the cock crow, thou shalt deny me
thrice.
Ib 34
- Though I should die with thee, yet will I not deny
thee
Ib 35
- If it be possible, let this cup pass from me
Ib 39
- What, could ye not watch with me one hour?
Ib 40
- The spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak
Ib 41
- Hail, master, and kissed him.
Ib 49.
- Friend, wherefore art thou come?
Ib 50
- All they that take the sword shall perish with the
sword
Ib 52
- Thy speech bewrayeth thee
Then began he to curse and to swear, saying, I know
not the man And immediately the cock crew
Ib 73
- Have thou nothing to do with that just man
Ib xxvii 19
- He took water, and washed his hands before the
multitude, saying, I am innocent of the blood of
this just person see ye to it.
Ib 24
- His blood be on us, and on our children
Ib 25
- He saved others, himself he cannot save
Ib 42
- Eli, Eli, lama sabachthani? My God, my God, why
hast thou forsaken me?
Ib 46
- Simon's wife's mother
St Mark i. 30
- The sabbath was made for man, and not man for the
sabbath
Ib. ii. 27
- If a house be divided against itself, that house cannot
stand
Ib iii 25
- He that hath ears to hear, let him hear
Ib iv 9
- With what measure ye mete, it shall be measured unto
you
Ib 24
- My name is Legion for we are many
Ib v. 9
- Clothed, and in his right mind
Ib. 15
- My little daughter lieth at the point of death
Ib 23
- Had suffered many things of many physicians, and
had spent all that she had, and was nothing bettered
but rather grew worse
Ib 26
- Knowing in himself that virtue had gone out of him
Ib 30
- I see men as trees, walking
Ib viii 24
- For what shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the
whole world, and lose his own soul?
Ib 36
- Where their worm dieth not, and the fire is not
quenched
Ib. ix 44
- Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid
them not for of such is the kingdom of God
Ib x 14
- Which devour widows' houses, and for a pretence
make long prayers
Ib xii 40
- And there came a certain poor widow, and she threw
in two mites
Ib 42
- Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to
every creature
Ib. xvi 15
- It seemed good to me also to write unto thee most
excellent Theophilus
St Luke i 3
- To turn the hearts of the disobedient to the wisdom
of the just.
Ib 17.
- Hail, thou that art highly favoured, the Lord is with
thee blessed art thou among women
Ib 28
- My soul doth magnify the Lord,
And my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour
For he hath regarded the low estate of his handmaiden
for, behold, from henceforth all generations shall
call me blessed
Ib 46
- He hath shewed strength with his arm, he hath scat-
tered the proud in the imagination of their hearts
He hath put down the mighty from their seats, and
hath exalted them of low degree
He hath filled the hungry with good things, and the
rich he hath sent empty away
Ib 51
- To give light to them that sit in darkness and in the
shadow of death, to guide our feet into the way of
peace
Ib 70
- And it came to pass in those days, that there went
out a decree from Cæsar Augustus, that all the
world should be taxed
Ib ii 1
- Because there was no room for them in the inn
Ib 7
- And, lo, the angel of the Lord shone upon them, and
the glory of the Lord shone round about them
and they were sore afraid
Ib 9
- Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good
will toward men.
Ib 14.
- Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace,
according to thy word
Ib. 29.

Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business? *St. Luke 11 49*

Jesus increased in wisdom and stature, and in favour with God and man *Ib 52*

Be content with your wages. *Ib 111 14*

Shewed unto him all the kingdoms of the world in a moment of time *Ib 114 5*

Physician, heal thyself *Ib 23*

Many widows were in Israel in the days of Elias but unto none of them was Elias sent. *Ib 25*

Master, we have toiled all the night, and have taken nothing nevertheless at thy word I will let down the net *Ib v 5*

Woe unto you, when all men shall speak well of you! *Ib vi 26*

Judge not, and ye shall not be judged *Ib 37*

Give, and it shall be given unto you, good measure, pressed down, and shaken together, and running over, shall men give unto your bosom *Ib 38*

The only son of his mother, and she was a widow *Ib vii 12*

Simon, I have somewhat to say unto thee. And he saith, Master, say on *Ib 40*

Peace be to this house *Ib x 5*

For the labourer is worthy of his hire. *Ib 7*

I beheld Satan as lightning fall from heaven. *Ib 18*

I thank thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, that thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes even so, Father, for so it seemed good in thy sight *Ib 21*

For I tell you, that many prophets and kings have desired to see those things which you see, and have not seen them, and to hear those things which ye hear, and have not heard them. *Ib 24*

Fell among thieves *Ib 30*

He passed by on the other side *Ib 31.*

He took out two pence and gave them to the host *Ib 35*

Whatsoever thou spendest more, when I come again I will repay thee *Ib 35*

Go, and do thou likewise *Ib 37*

But Martha was cumbered about much serving *Ib 40*

But one thing is needful, and Mary hath chosen that good part which shall not be taken away from her *Ib 42*

When a strong man armed keepeth his palace, his goods are in peace *Ib xi 21*

All his armour wherein he trusted *Ib 22*

He that is not with me is against me *Ib 23*

Take heed therefore that the light which is in thee be not darkness. *Ib 35*

Woe unto you, lawyers! for ye have taken away the key of knowledge. *Ib 52.*

Are not five sparrows sold for two farthings, and not one of them is forgotten before God? *Ib xii 6*

Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years, take thine ease, eat, drink, and be merry. *Ib 19.*

Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee *Ib 20.*

Let your loins be girded about, and your lights burning *Ib 35*

But he that knew not, and did commit things worthy of stripes, shall be beaten with few stripes *Ib 48*

Cut it down, why cumbereth it the ground? *Ib xiii 7*

Begin with shame to take the lower room *Ib xiv 9*

Friend, go up higher *Ib 10.*

For whosoever exalteth himself shall be abased, and he that humbleth himself shall be exalted *Ib 11*

They all with one consent began to make excuse. *Ib 18.*

I pray thee have me excused *Ib*

I have married a wife, and therefore I cannot come *Ib 20.*

The poor, and the maimed, and the halt, and the blind *Ib 21*

Go out into the highways and hedges, and compel them to come in *Ib 23*

Leave the ninety and nine in the wilderness. *Ib xv 4*

Rejoice with me, for I have found my sheep which was lost *Ib 6*

Joy shall be in heaven over one sinner that repenteth more than over ninety and nine just persons, which need no repentance *Ib 7*

Wasted his substance with riotous living. *Ib 13.*

He fain would have filled his belly with the husks that the swine did eat and no man gave unto him.

And when he came to himself, he said, How many hired servants of my father's have bread enough and to spare, and I perish with hunger!

I will arise and go to my father, and will say unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven, and before thee, And am no more worthy to be called thy son make me as one of thy hired servants *Ib 16*

Bring hither the fatted calf, and kill it *Ib 23*

This my son was dead, and is alive again, he was lost and is found *Ib 24*

Which hath devoured thy living with harlots *Ib 30*

I cannot dig, to beg I am ashamed *Ib. xvi 3*

Take thy bill, and sit down quickly, and write fifty *Ib 6*

And the lord commended the unjust steward, because he had done wisely, for the children of this world are in their generation wiser than the children of light *Ib 8*

Make to yourselves friends of the mammon of unrighteousness *Ib 9*

He that is faithful in that which is least is faithful also in much *St. Luke xvi 10*

There was a certain rich man, which was clothed in purple and fine linen, and fared sumptuously every day *Ib. 19*

The crumbs which fell from the rich man's table *Ib. 21*

Carried by the angels into Abraham's bosom *Ib. 22*

Between us and you there is a great gulf fixed *Ib. 26*

It were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and he cast into the sea *Ib. xvii 2*

Say, we are unprofitable servants we have done that which was our duty to do *Ib. 10*

Were there not ten cleansed? but where are the nine? *Ib. 17*

The kingdom of God is within you *Ib. 21*

Remember Lot's wife *Ib. 32*

Men ought always to pray, and not to faint *Ib. xviii 1*

God, I thank thee, that I am not as other men are *Ib. 11*

God be merciful to me a sinner *Ib. 13*

How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom of God *Ib. 24.*

Have thou authority over ten cities *Ib. xix 17*

Out of thine own mouth will I judge thee *Ib. 22*

Thou knewest that I was an austere man *Ib. 22.*

If these should hold their peace, the stones would immediately cry out *Ib. 40*

And when they heard it, they said, God forbid *Ib. xx 16*

In your patience possess ye your souls *Ib. xxi 19*

He shall shew you a large upper room furnished *Ib. xxii 12*

I am among you as he that serveth *Ib. 27*

Nevertheless, not my will, but thine, be done *Ib. 42*

And the Lord turned, and looked upon Peter *Ib. 61*

For if they do these things in a green tree, what shall be done in the dry? *Ib. xxiii 31*

Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do *Ib. 34*

Lord, remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom *Ib. 42*

To day thou shalt be with me in paradise *Ib. 43*

Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit *Ib. 46*

He was a good man, and a just *Ib. 50*

Why seek ye the living with the dead? *Ib. xxiv 5*

Their words seemed to them as idle tales *Ib. 11*

Did not our hearts burn within us, while he talked with us by the way? *Ib. 32*

He was known of them in breaking of bread *Ib. 35*

A piece of broiled fish, and of an honeycomb. *Ib. 42.*

In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God *St. John 1. 1.*

All things were made by him, and without him was not any thing made that was made. *Ib. 3.*

And the light shined in darkness, and the darkness comprehended it not *Ib. 5.*

There was a man sent from God, whose name was John *Ib. 6.*

The true light, which lighteth every man that cometh into the world *Ib. 9.*

He came unto his own, and his own received him not *Ib. 11*

And the Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us, (and we beheld his glory, the glory as of the only begotten of the Father,) full of grace and truth *Ib. 14*

No man hath seen God at any time *Ib. 18.*

Who coming after me is preferred before me, whose shoe's latchet I am not worthy to unloose *Ib. 27.*

Can there any good thing come out of Nazareth? *Ib. 46.*

Behold an Israelite indeed, in whom is no guile *Ib. 47*

Woman, what have I to do with thee? mine hour is not yet come *Ib. 11. 4.*

When he had made a scourge of small cords, he drove them all out of the temple *Ib. 15.*

The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, and whither it goeth. *Ib. iii 8.*

How can these things be? *Ib. 9.*

God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on him should not perish, but have everlasting life *Ib. 16.*

Men loved darkness rather than light, because their deeds were evil. *Ib. 19.*

The friend of the bridegroom . . . rejoiceth greatly because of the bridegroom's voice *Ib. 29.*

He must increase, but I must decrease. *Ib. 30.*

God is a Spirit and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth. *Ib. iv 24.*

They are white already unto harvest. *Ib. 35*

Other men laboured, and ye are entered into their labours *Ib. 38*

Rise, take up thy bed, and walk *Ib. v 8.*

Passed from death unto life *Ib. 24.*

He was a burning and a shining light. *Ib. 35*

Search the scriptures *Ib. 39*

What are they among so many? *Ib. vi 9*

Gather up the fragments that remain, that nothing be lost *Ib. 12.*

Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out *Ib. 37.*

It is the spirit that quickeneth. *St John vi 63*
 Never man spake like this man *Ib vii 46*
 Are ye also deceived? *Ib 47*
 He that is without sin among you, let him first cast
 a stone at her *Ib viii 7*
 Neither do I condemn thee go, and sin no more
Ib 11
 The truth shall make you free *Ib 32*
 Ye are of your father the devil *Ib 44*
 There is no truth in him *Ib*
 He is a liar, and the father of it. *Ib*
 Which of you convinceth me of sin? *Ib 46*
 The night cometh when no man can work *Ib ix 4*
 He is of age, he shall speak for himself *Ib 21*
 One thing I know, that, whereas I was blind, now
 I see *Ib 25*
 I am the door *Ib x 9*
 The good shepherd giveth his life for his sheep.
Ib. 11
 The hireling fleeth, because he is an hireling, and
 careth not for the sheep. *Ib. 13*
 Other sheep I have, which are not of this fold *Ib 16*
 I am the resurrection, and the life *Ib xi 25*
 Jesus wept *Ib 35*
 It is expedient for us, that one man should die for the
 people. *Ib 50*
 Why was not this ointment sold for three hundred
 pence, and given to the poor? *Ib xii 5*
 The poor always ye have with you. *Ib 8*
 Sir, we would see Jesus *Ib 21*
 Walk while ye have the light, lest darkness come upon
 you *Ib 35*
 Lord, dost thou wash my feet? *Ib xiii 6*
 Now there was leaning on Jesus' bosom one of his
 disciples, whom Jesus loved *Ib 23*
 That thou doest, do quickly *Ib 27*
 Let not your heart be troubled ye believe in God,
 believe also in me *Ib xiv 1*
 In my father's house are many mansions *Ib 2*
 I go to prepare a place for you *Ib*
 I am the way, the truth, and the life no man cometh
 unto the Father, but by me *Ib 6*
 Lord, show us the Father, and it sufficeth us *Ib 8*
 Have I been so long time with you, and yet hast thou
 not known me, Philip? *Ib 9*
 Judas saith unto him, not Iscariot *Ib. 22*
 Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay
 down his life for his friends *Ib xv 13*
 Ye have not chosen me, but I have chosen you *Ib 26*
 It is expedient for you that I go away for if I go not
 away, the Comforter will not come unto you *Ib xvi 7*

I have yet many things to say unto you, but ye cannot
 bear them now *Ib 12*
 A little while, and ye shall not see me and again, a
 little while, and ye shall see me, because I go to the
 Father *Ib 16*
 Do ye now believe? *Ib 31.*
 In the world ye shall have tribulation but be of good
 cheer, I have overcome the world *Ib 33.*
 The son of perdition *Ib xvii 12.*
 Put up thy sword into the sheath *Ib xviii 11.*
 Answerest thou the high priest so? *Ib 22*
 Pilate saith unto him, What is truth? *Ib 38.*
 Now Barabbas was a robber. *Ib 40.*
 Behold the man *Ib xix 5.*
 What I have written I have written. *Ib 22*
 Woman, behold thy son! .. *Ib 26.*
 Behold thy mother. *Ib 28*
 I thirst *Ib 28*
 It is finished *Ib 30*
 A new sepulchre, wherein was never man yet laid.
Ib 41
 The first day of the week cometh Mary Magdalene
 early, when it was yet dark, unto the sepulchre, and
 seeth the stone taken away from the sepulchre.
Ib xx 1.
 So they ran together, and the other disciple did
 outrun Peter, and came first to the sepulchre *Ib 4*
 She, supposing him to be the gardener. *Ib. 15*
 She turned herself and saith unto him, Rabboni.
Ib 16
 Touch me not *Ib. 17*
 Except I shall see in his hands the print of the nails,
 and put my finger into the print of the nails, and
 thrust my hand into his side, I will not believe
Ib 25.
 Be not faithless, but believing. *Ib. 27.*
 Thomas, because thou hast seen me, thou hast be-
 lieved blessed are they that have not seen, and yet
 have believed *Ib 29*
 Simon Peter saith unto them, I go a fishing
Ib xxi 3
 Children, have ye any meat? *Ib 5*
 Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me more than these?
Ib 15
 Feed my lambs *Ib 15*
 Feed my sheep *Ib. 16*
 Lord, thou knowest all things, thou knowest that I
 love thee *Ib. 17*
 When thou wast young, thou girdest thyself, and
 walkedst whither thou wouldest but when thou
 shalt be old, thou shalt stretch forth thy hands, and
 another shall gird thee, and carry thee whither thou
 wouldest not *Ib 18.*
 The disciple whom Jesus loved *Ib 20*

What shall this man do?
 Jesus saith unto him, If I will that he tarry till I come,
 what is that to thee? *St. John* xxi 21.

The former treatise have I made, O Theophilus
The Acts of the Apostles 1 1

Ye men of Galilee, why stand ye gazing up into
 heaven? *Ib* 11

His bishoprick let another take *Ib* 20

A rushing mighty wind *Ib* 11 2

Cloven tongues like as of fire *Ib* 3

Parthians, and Medes, and Elamites, and the dwellers
 in Mesopotamia, and in Judæa, and Cappadocia,
 in Pontus, and Asia,

Phrygia, and Pamphylia, in Egypt, and in the parts
 of Libya about Cyrene, and strangers of Rome,
 Jews and proselytes,

Cretes and Arabians, we do hear them speak in our
 tongues the wonderful works of God *Ib* 9

Silver and gold have I none, but such as I have give
 I thee. *Ib* iii 6

I wot that through ignorance ye did it *Ib* 17

They took knowledge of them that they had been
 with Jesus *Ib* iv 13

Barnabas, . the son of consolation *Ib* 36

We ought to obey God rather than men *Ib* v 29

If this counsel or this work be of men, it will come to
 nought

But if it be of God, ye cannot overthrow it, lest
 haply ye be found to fight against God *Ib* 38

It is not reason that we should leave the word of God,
 and serve tables *Ib* vi 2

The witnesses laid down their clothes at a young
 man's feet, whose name was Saul. *Ib* vii 58

Saul was consenting unto his death *Ib* viii 1

Thy money perish with thee. *Ib* 20

Thou hast neither part nor lot in this matter *Ib* 21

In the gall of bitterness, and in the bond of iniquity
Ib 23

Understandest thou what thou redest? . .
 How can I, except some man should guide me? *Ib* 30

Breathing out threatenings and slaughter *Ib* ix 1

Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me? *Ib* 4

It is hard for thee to kick against the pricks *Ib* 5

The street which is called Straight *Ib* 11

Full of good works *Ib* 36

One Simon a tanner *Ib* 43

As it had been a great sheet knit at the four corners,
 and let down to the earth *Ib* x 11

What God hath cleansed, that call not thou common
Ib 15

God is no respecter of persons *Ib* 34

It is the voice of a god, and not of a man
Ib xii 22

He was eaten of worms, and gave up the ghost
Ib 23

The gods are come down to us in the likeness of men.
Ib xiv 11

We also are men of like passions with you. *Ib* 15

Come over into Macedonia, and help us
Ib xvi 9

Lydia, a seller of purple, of the city of Thyatira
Ib 14

A certain damsel possessed with a spirit of divination
Ib 16.

Certain lewd fellows of the baser sort *Ib* xvii 5

These that have turned the world upside down.
Ib 6.

What will this babbler say? *Ib* 18

For all the Athenians and strangers which were there
 spent their time in nothing else, but either to tell,
 or to hear some new thing. *Ib* 21

Ye men of Athens, I perceive that in all things ye are
 too superstitious For as I passed by, and beheld
 your devotions, I found an altar with this inscrip-
 tion, TO THE UNKNOWN GOD Whom therefore ye
 ignorantly worship, him declare I unto you
Ib 23

For in him we live, and move, and have our being
Ib 28.

As certain also of your own poets have said *Ib*

Gallio cared for none of those things *Ib* xviii 17.

Mighty in the scriptures *Ib* 24

We have not so much as heard whether there be any
 Holy Ghost *Ib* xix 2

Demetrius, a silversmith *Ib* 24

Some therefore cried one thing, and some another
 for the assembly was confused, and the more part
 knew not wherefore they were come together
Ib 32

All with one voice about the space of two hours cried
 out, Great is Diana of the Ephesians *Ib* 34

For we are in danger to be called in question for this
 day's uproar *Ib* 42

I go bound in the spirit unto Jerusalem *Ib* xx 22

It is more blessed to give than to receive *Ib* 35

A citizen of no mean city *Ib* xxi 39

Brought up in this city at the feet of Gamaliel
Ib xxii 3

And the chief captain answered, With a great sum
 obtained I this freedom And Paul said, But I was
 free born *Ib* 28

God shall smite thee, thou whited wall *Ib* xxiii. 3.

Revilest thou God's high priest? *Ib* 4

I am a Pharisee, the son of a Pharisee *Ib* 6.

A conscience void of offence toward God, and toward
 men *Ib* xxiv. 16.

I appeal unto Cæsar *Ib* xxv 11.

Hast thou appealed unto Caesar? Unto Caesar shalt thou go
The Acts of the Apostles xxv. 12.

I think myself happy, king Agrippa *Ib xxvi 2*

After the most straitest sect of our religion I lived a Pharisee *Ib 5*

Paul, thou art beside thyself, much learning doth make thee mad *Ib 24*

Words of truth and soberness *Ib 25.*

For this thing was not done in a corner *Ib 26*

Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian *Ib 28*

I would to God, that not only thou, but also all that hear me this day, were both almost, and altogether such as I am, except these bonds *Ib 29*

They used helps, undergirding the ship *Ib xxvii 17*

They cast four anchors out of the stern, and wished for the day *Ib 29*

Without ceasing I make mention of you always in my prayers.

The Epistle of Paul to the Romans, 1 9

The just shall live by faith. *Ib 17*

Worshipped and served the creature more than the Creator *Ib 25*

Patient continuance in well doing *Ib 11 7*

For there is no respect of persons with God *Ib 11*

These . are a law unto themselves *Ib 14*

Let God be true, but every man a liar *Ib 11 4*

Let us do evil, that good may come *Ib 8*

For all have sinned, and come short of the glory of God *Ib 23*

For where no law is, there is no transgression *Ib 14 15*

Who against hope believed in hope *Ib 18*

Hope maketh not ashamed *Ib v 5*

Where sin abounded, grace did much more abound *Ib 20*

Shall we continue in sin, that grace may abound? *Ib vi 1*

We also should walk in newness of life *Ib 4*

Christ being raised from the dead dieth no more, death hath no more dominion over him

For in that he died, he died unto sin once but in that he liveth, he liveth unto God. *Ib 9*

The wages of sin is death *Ib. 23.*

Is the law sin? God forbid Nay, I had not known sin, but by the law. *Ib. vii 7.*

Now then it is no more I that do it, but sin that dwelleth in me *Ib. 17*

For the good that I would I do not, but the evil which I would not, that I do. *Ib. 19*

I find then a law, that, when I would do good, evil is present with me *Ib 21.*

O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death? *Ib. 24.*

They that are after the flesh do mind the things of the flesh, but they that are after the Spirit the things of the Spirit

For to be carnally minded is death *Ib viii 5.*

For ye have not received the spirit of bondage again to fear, but ye have received the Spirit of adoption, whereby we cry, Abba, Father *Ib 15*

We are the children of God And if children, then heirs, heirs of God, and joint-heirs with Christ *Ib 16.*

For we know that the whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain together until now *Ib 22*

All things work together for good to them that love God *Ib 28*

If God be for us, who can be against us? *Ib 31*

For I am persuaded, that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come,

Nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Jesus Christ our Lord. *Ib 38.*

I could wish that myself were accursed from Christ for my brethren, my kinsmen according to the flesh *Ib ix 3.*

Hath not the potter power over the clay, of the same lump to make one vessel unto honour, and another unto dishonour? *Ib 21*

A zeal of God, but not according to knowledge. *Ib x 2.*

I beseech you therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God *Ib xii 1*

Let love be without dissimulation *Ib 9*

Be kindly affectioned one to another with brotherly love in honour preferring one another, Not slothful in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord *Ib 10*

Given to hospitality *Ib 13.*

Rejoice with them that do rejoice, and weep with them that weep *Ib 15*

Mind not high things, but condescend to men of low estate Be not wise in your conceits *Ib 16*

Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord. *Ib 19.*

Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good. *Ib 21.*

Let every soul be subject unto the higher powers. *Ib xiii 1.*

The powers that be are ordained of God. *Ib.*

For rulers are not a terror to good works, but to the evil *Ib. 3.*

Render therefore to all their dues tribute to whom tribute is due, custom to whom custom, fear to whom fear, honour to whom honour

Owe no man anything, but to love one another for he that loveth another hath fulfilled the law. *Ib. 7.*

Love is the fulfilling of the law. *Ib. 10.*

Now it is high time to awake out of sleep: for now is our salvation nearer than when we believed.

The night is far spent, the day is at hand let us therefore cast off the works of darkness, and let us put on the armour of light *Romans xiii. 11*

Make not provision for the flesh, to fulfil the lusts thereof *Ib. 14.*

Doubtful disputations *Ib. xiv. 1*

Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind *Ib. 5*

We then that are strong ought to bear the infirmities of the weak, and not to please ourselves *Ib. xv. 1*

Salute one another with an holy kiss *Ib. xvi. 16*

The foolishness of preaching
First Epistle of Paul to the Corinthians 1. 21

God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise, and God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty. *Ib. 27*

I determined not to know any thing among you, save Jesus Christ, and him crucified *Ib. 11. 2*

I have planted, Apollos watered, but God gave the increase *Ib. 111. 6*

Every man's work shall be made manifest *Ib. 13*

Stewards of the mysteries of God *Ib. iv. 1*

A spectacle unto the world, and to angels *Ib. 9*

Absent in body, but present in spirit *Ib. v. 3*

Know ye not that a little leaven leaveneth the whole lump? *Ib. 6*

Christ our passover is sacrificed for us
Therefore let us keep the feast, not with the old leaven, neither with the leaven of malice and wickedness, but with the unleavened bread of sincerity and truth *Ib. 7*

Your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost *Ib. vi. 19*

It is better to marry than to burn *Ib. vii. 9*

The unbelieving husband is sanctified by the wife *Ib. 14*

The fashion of this world passeth away. *Ib. 31*

Knowledge puffeth up, but charity edifieth. *Ib. viii. 1*

Who goeth a warfare any time at his own charges? who planteth a vineyard, and eateth not of the fruit thereof? *Ib. ix. 7*

I am made all things to all men. *Ib. 22*

Know ye not that they which run in a race run all, but one receiveth the prize? *Ib. 24*

Now they do it to obtain a corruptible crown, but we an incorruptible.

I therefore so run, not as uncertainly so fight I, not as one that beateth the air:

But I keep under my body, and bring it into subjection lest that by any means, when I have preached to others, I myself should be a castaway. *Ib. 25*

Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall.

There hath no temptation taken you but such as is common to man but God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able, but will with the temptation also make a way to escape, that ye may be able to bear it *Ib. x. 12.*

All things are lawful for me, but all things are not expedient *Ib. 23.*

For the earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof *Ib. 26*

Whether therefore ye eat, or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God *Ib. 31*

If a woman have long hair, it is a glory to her *Ib. xi. 15*

Now there are diversities of gifts, but the same Spirit *Ib. xii. 4*

Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal *Ib. xiii. 1*

Though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing

And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing

Charity suffereth long, and is kind, charity envieth not, charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, Doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil,

Rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth, Beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things

Charity never faileth but whether there be prophecies, they shall fail, whether there be tongues, they shall cease, whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away

For we know in part, and we prophesy in part *Ib. 2.*

When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child but when I became a man, I put away childish things

For now we see through a glass, darkly, but then face to face now I know in part, but then shall I know even as also I am known

And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three, but the greatest of these is charity *Ib. 11.*

If the trumpet give an uncertain sound, who shall prepare himself to the battle? *Ib. xiv. 8*

Let your women keep silence in the churches for it is not permitted unto them to speak *Ib. 34*

If they will learn any thing, let them ask their husbands at home for it is a shame for women to speak in the church. *Ib. 35.*

Let all things be done decently and in order *Ib. 40*

Last of all he was seen of me also, as of one born out of due time

For I am the least of the apostles, that am not meet to be called an apostle, because I persecuted the church of God

But by the grace of God I am what I am *Ib. xv. 8*

I laboured more abundantly than they all yet not I, but the grace of God which was with me. *Ib. 10*

We are of all men most miserable. *Ib. 19.*

But now is Christ risen from the dead, and become
the firstfruits of them that slept.

For since by man came death, by man came also the
resurrection of the dead

For as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be
made alive *1 Corinthians xv 20*

The last enemy that shall be destroyed is death *Ib 26*

If after the manner of men I have fought with beasts
at Ephesus *Ib 32*

Let us eat and drink, for to morrow we die *Ib*

Evil communications corrupt good manners *Ib 33*

One star differeth from another star in glory *Ib 41*

It is sown in corruption, it is raised in incorruption
Ib 42.

The first man is of the earth, earthy *Ib 47.*

Behold, I shew you a mystery, We shall not all sleep,
but we shall all be changed,

In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last
trump *Ib 51.*

For this corruptible must put on incorruption, and
this mortal must put on immortality *Ib 53*

O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy
victory? *Ib 55*

Quit you like men, be strong. *Ib xvi. 13.*

Let him be Anathema Maran-atha *Ib 22*

Fleshy tables of the heart
Second Epistle of Paul to the Corinthians iii 3

Not of the letter, but of the spirit, for the letter killeth,
but the spirit giveth life *Ib 6*

We have this treasure in earthen vessels *Ib iv 7*

An house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens
Ib v 1.

We walk by faith, not by sight *Ib. 7*

The love of Christ constraineth us *Ib 14.*

Now is the accepted time *Ib vi 2*

By honour and dishonour, by evil report and good
report *Ib 8*

As having nothing, and yet possessing all things
Ib 10

Without were fightings, within were fears
Ib vii 5

God loveth a cheerful giver *Ib ix 7*

For ye suffer fools gladly, seeing ye yourselves are
wise *Ib xi 19*

Are they Hebrews? so am I Are they Israelites? so
am I Are they the seed of Abraham? so am I
Are they ministers of Christ? (I speak as a fool) I am
more *Ib 22.*

Five times received I forty stripes save one *Ib 24*

In perils in the city, in perils in the wilderness, in
perils in the sea, in perils among false brethren
Ib 26.

Whether in the body, I cannot tell; or whether out of
the body, I cannot tell. God knoweth. *Ib. xii 2.*

There was given to me a thorn in the flesh, the
messenger of Satan to buffet me *Ib 7.*

My strength is made perfect in weakness. *Ib 9.*

In the mouth of two or three witnesses shall every
word be established *Ib xiii 1*

The right hands of fellowship
Epistle of Paul to the Galatians ii 9

O foolish Galatians, who hath bewitched you?
Ib iii 1.

Weak and beggarly elements *Ib iv 9*

Which things are an allegory. *Ib 24*

Ye are fallen from grace *Ib v 4*

For the flesh lusteth against the Spirit, and the Spirit
against the flesh so that ye cannot do the things
that ye wou'd *Ib 17*

But the fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, long-
suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith,
Meekness, temperance *Ib 22*

Be not deceived, God is not mocked for whatsoever
a man soweth, that shall he also reap *Ib vi 7*

Let us not be weary in well doing for in due season
we shall reap, if we faint not *Ib 9*

Ye see how large a letter I have written unto you with
mine own hand. *Ib 11.*

You hath he quickened, who were dead in trespasses
and sins *Epistle of Paul to the Ephesians ii. 1*

Middle wall of partition. *Ib. 14*

Preached peace to you which were afar off, and to
them that were nigh *Ib 17*

The unsearchable riches of Christ *Ib iii. 8*

To be strengthened with might by his Spirit in the
inner man *Ib 16.*

The love of Christ, which passeth knowledge. *Ib. 19.*

Him that is able to do exceeding abundantly above all
that we ask or think. *Ib 20.*

Worthy of the vocation wherewith ye are called,
Ib iv 1.

Carried about with every wind of doctrine. *Ib. 14.*

We are members one of another *Ib 25*

Be ye angry, and sin not let not the sun go down
upon your wrath. *Ib. 26*

Nor foolish talking, nor jesting, which are not con-
venient *Ib. v. 4.*

Let no man deceive you with vain words for because
of these things cometh the wrath of God upon the
children of disobedience *Ib 6.*

Redeeming the time, because the days are evil *Ib 16.*

Psalms and hymns and spiritual songs *Ib 19.*

Wives, submit yourselves unto your own husbands,
as unto the Lord *Ib 22*

The first commandment with promise *Ib. vi. 2*

Ye fathers, provoke not your children to wrath.
Ib. 4.

Not with eyeservice, as menpleasers	<i>Ephesians</i> vi 6	Luke, the beloved physician	<i>Ib</i> 14.
Put on the whole armour of God	<i>Ib</i> 11.	Labour of love	
For we wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places		<i>First Epistle of Paul to the Thessalonians</i> 1 3.	
Wherefore take unto you the whole armour of God, that ye may be able to withstand in the evil day, and having done all, to stand	<i>Ib</i> 12	Study to be quiet, and to do your own business	<i>Ib</i> iv 11.
Your feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace	<i>Ib</i> 15	Pray without ceasing.	<i>Ib</i> v. 17.
The shield of faith, wherewith ye shall be able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked	<i>Ib</i> 16	Prove all things, hold fast that which is good.	<i>Ib</i> 21
For me to live is Christ, and to die is gain		If any would not work, neither should he eat	
<i>Epistle of Paul to the Philippians</i> 1 21		<i>Second Epistle of Paul to the Thessalonians</i> iii 10	
Having a desire to depart, and to be with Christ, which is far better	<i>Ib</i> 23	Be not weary in well doing.	<i>Ib</i> 13
But made himself of no reputation, and took upon him the form of a servant, and was made in the likeness of men	<i>Ib</i> 11 7	Fables and endless genealogies	
Given him a name which is above every name		<i>First Epistle of Paul to Timothy</i> 1 4	
That at the name of Jesus every knee should bow	<i>Ib</i> 9	I did it ignorantly in unbelief	<i>Ib</i> 13
Work out your own salvation with fear and trembling	<i>Ib</i> 12	Sinners, of whom I am chief	<i>Ib</i> 15.
An Hebrew of the Hebrews, as touching the law, a Pharisee	<i>Ib</i> iii 5	If a man desire the office of a bishop, he desireth a good work	<i>Ib</i> iii 1.
But what things were gain to me, those I counted loss for Christ	<i>Ib</i> 7	Not greedy of filthy lucre	<i>Ib</i> 3.
If by any means I might attain unto the resurrection of the dead	<i>Ib</i> 11	For every creature of God is good, and nothing to be refused, if it be received with thanksgiving.	<i>Ib</i> iv 4
Forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before,	<i>Ib</i> 13	Old wives' fables	<i>Ib</i> 7.
I press toward the mark	<i>Ib</i> 13	Worse than an infidel	<i>Ib</i> v. 8
Whose God is their belly, and whose glory is in their shame	<i>Ib</i> 19	Tattlers also and busybodies, speaking things which they ought not.	<i>Ib</i> 13
Rejoice in the Lord alway and again I say, Rejoice	<i>Ib</i> iv 4	Drink no longer water, but use a little wine for thy stomach's sake and thine often infirmities	<i>Ib</i> 23.
The peace of God, which passeth all understanding	<i>Ib</i> 7	For we brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we can carry nothing out	<i>Ib</i> vi 7
Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report, if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things	<i>Ib</i> 8	The love of money is the root of all evil	<i>Ib</i> 10
I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me	<i>Ib</i> 13	Fight the good fight of faith, lay hold on eternal life	<i>Ib</i> 12
Touch not, taste not, handle not		Rich in good works	<i>Ib</i> 18.
<i>Epistle of Paul to the Colossians</i> 11 21		Science falsely so called.	<i>Ib</i> 20
Set your affection on things above, not on things on the earth	<i>Ib</i> iii 2	For God hath not given us the spirit of fear, but of power, and of love, and of a sound mind	
Where there is neither Greek nor Jew, circumcision nor uncircumcision, Barbarian, Scythian, bond nor free but Christ is all, and in all	<i>Ib</i> 11	<i>Second Epistle of Paul to Timothy</i> 1 7	
Husbands, love your wives, and be not bitter against them	<i>Ib</i> 19	Hold fast the form of sound words	<i>Ib</i> 13
Let your speech be alway with grace, seasoned with salt.	<i>Ib</i> iv 6	From a child thou hast known the holy scriptures	<i>Ib</i> iii 15
		Be instant in season, out of season	<i>Ib</i> iv 2.
		I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith	<i>Ib</i> 7.
		For Demas hath forsaken me, having loved this present world	<i>Ib</i> 10
		Only Luke is with me	<i>Ib</i> 11
		Alexander the coppersmith did me much evil the Lord reward him according to his works	<i>Ib</i> 14
		Unto the pure all things are pure	
		<i>Epistle of Paul to Titus</i> 1 15	
		Being such an one as Paul the aged, and now also a prisoner of Jesus Christ	
		<i>Epistle of Paul to Philemon</i> 9.	

a	HOLY BIBLE	b
At sundry times and in divers manners <i>Epistles of Paul to the Hebrews</i> 1	Superfluity of naughtiness	<i>Ib</i> 21
The brightness of his glory, and the express image of his person <i>Ib</i> 3.	Be ye doers of the word, and not hearers only <i>Ib</i> 22	
For the word of God is quick, and powerful, and sharper than any twoedged sword, piercing even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit <i>Ib</i> iv 12	If any be a hearer of the word, and not a doer, he is like unto a man beholding his natural face in a glass For he beholdeth himself, and goeth his way, and straightway forgetteth what manner of man he was <i>Ib</i> 23	
They crucify to themselves the Son of God afresh, and put him to an open shame <i>Ib</i> vi 6	If any man among you seem to be religious, and brideth not his tongue, but deceiveth his own heart, this man's religion is vain Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this, To visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world <i>Ib</i> 26	
Without shedding of blood is no remission <i>Ib</i> ix 22	Faith without works is dead <i>Ib</i> ii 20	
Nor forsaking the assembling of ourselves together, as the manner of some is. <i>Ib</i> x 25	How great a matter a little fire kindleth! <i>Ib</i> iii 5.	
It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God <i>Ib</i> 31	The tongue can no man tame, it is an unruly evil <i>Ib</i> 8	
Faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen <i>Ib</i> xi 1	Doth a fountain send forth at the same place sweet water and bitter? <i>Ib</i> 11	
For he looked for a city which hath foundations <i>Ib</i> 10	This wisdom descendeth not from above, but is earthly, sensual, devilish <i>Ib</i> 15	
These all died in faith <i>Ib</i> 13	Resist the devil, and he will flee from you <i>Ib</i> iv 7	
Esteeming the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures in Egypt <i>Ib</i> 26	For what is your life? It is even a vapour, that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away <i>Ib</i> 14	
Of whom the world was not worthy <i>Ib</i> 38	Ye have heard of the patience of Job <i>Ib</i> v 11	
Wherefore seeing we also are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, let us lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset us, and let us run with patience the race that is set before us, Looking unto Jesus the author and finisher of our faith <i>Ib</i> xii 1.	Let your yea be yea, and your nay, nay <i>Ib</i> 12	
Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth <i>Ib</i> 6	Whom having not seen, ye love <i>First Epistle General of Peter</i> 1 8	
He found no place of repentance, though he sought it carefully with tears <i>Ib</i> 17	All flesh is as grass, and all the glory of man as the flower of grass The grass withereth, and the flower thereof falleth away <i>Ib</i> 24.	
The spirits of just men made perfect <i>Ib</i> 23	As newborn babes, desire the sincere milk of the word. <i>Ib</i> ii 2	
Let brotherly love continue Be not forgetful to entertain strangers for thereby some have entertained angels unawares <i>Ib</i> xiii 1	But ye are a chosen generation, a royal priesthood, an holy nation, a peculiar people <i>Ib</i> 9	
Jesus Christ the same yesterday, and to day, and for ever <i>Ib</i> 8	Abstain from fleshly lusts, which war against the soul <i>Ib</i> 11	
For here have we no continuing city, but we seek one to come <i>Ib</i> 14	Honour all men Love the brotherhood Fear God. Honour the king <i>Ib</i> 17	
To do good and to communicate forget not <i>Ib</i> 16	For what glory is it, if, when ye be buffeted for your faults, ye shall take it patiently? but if, when ye do well, and suffer for it, ye take it patiently, this is acceptable with God <i>Ib</i> 20	
Let patience have her perfect work <i>General Epistle of James</i> 1 4	The Shepherd and Bishop of your souls <i>Ib</i> 25	
If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not. <i>Ib</i> 5	Ornament of a meek and quiet spirit <i>Ib</i> iii 4	
Blessed is the man that endureth temptation; for when he is tried, he shall receive the crown of life <i>Ib</i> 12	Giving honour unto the wife, as unto the weaker vessel <i>Ib</i> 7	
Every good gift and every perfect gift is from above, and cometh down from the Father of lights, with whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning. <i>Ib</i> 17	Not rendering evil for evil, or railing for railing but contrariwise blessing <i>Ib</i> 9.	
Be swift to hear, slow to speak, slow to wrath For the wrath of man worketh not the righteousness of God <i>Ib</i> 19.	The end of all things is at hand <i>Ib</i> iv 7	
	Charity shall cover the multitude of sins <i>Ib</i> 8	

Be sober, be vigilant; because your adversary the devil, as a roaring lion, walketh about, seeking whom he may devour *1 Peter v. 8.*

And the day star arise in your hearts.

Second Epistle General of Peter 1 19

Not afraid to speak evil of dignities. *Ib. 11. 10.*

The dog is turned to his own vomit again. *Ib. 22*

If we say that we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us

First Epistle General of John 1 8

But whoso hath this world's good, and seeth his brother have need, and shutteth up his bowels of compassion from him, how dwelleth the love of God in him? *Ib. 11. 17*

He that loveth not knoweth not God; for God is love. *Ib. 14. 8.*

No man hath seen God at any time. *Ib. 12.*

There is no fear in love; but perfect love casteth out fear. *Ib. 18.*

If a man say, I love God, and hateth his brother, he is a liar for he that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen? *Ib. 20.*

The elder unto the elect lady

Second Epistle of John 1.

Yet Michael the archangel, when contending with the devil he disputed about the body of Moses, durst not bring against him a railing accusation

General Epistle of Jude 9.

Spots in your feasts of charity. *Ib. 12.*

Clouds they are without water, carried about of winds. *Ib.*

Raging waves of the sea, foaming out their own shame, wandering stars, to whom is reserved the blackness of darkness for ever. *Ib. 13.*

John to the seven churches which are in Asia Grace be unto you, and peace, from him which is, and which was, and which is to come

The Revelation of St John the Divine 1 4.

Behold, he cometh with clouds, and every eye shall see him, and they also which pierced him: and all kindreds of the earth shall wail because of him. Even so, Amen

I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the ending, saith the Lord *Ib. 7*

I John, who also am your brother, and companion in tribulation, and in the kingdom and patience of Jesus Christ, was in the isle that is called Patmos, for the word of God, and for the testimony of Jesus Christ

I was in the spirit on the Lord's day, and heard behind me a great voice, as of a trumpet. *Ib. 9*

What thou seest, write in a book, and send it unto the seven churches which are in Asia *Ib. 11.*

Being turned, I saw seven golden candlesticks. *Ib. 12*

Clothed with a garment down to the foot, and girt about the paps with a golden girdle. *Ib. 13.*

His head and his hairs were white like wool, as white as snow, and his eyes were as a flame of fire, And his feet like unto fine brass, as if they burned in a furnace, and his voice as the sound of many waters

And he had in his right hand seven stars and out of his mouth went a sharp twoedged sword and his countenance was as the sun shineth in his strength And when I saw him, I fell at his feet as dead. *Ib. 14.*

I am he that liveth, and was dead, and, behold, I am alive for evermore, Amen, and have the keys of hell and of death *Ib. 18.*

I have somewhat against thee, because thou hast left thy first love. *Ib. 11 4.*

Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life. *Ib. 10*

I will give him a white stone, and in the stone a new name written, which no man knoweth saving he that receiveth it *Ib. 17*

I will not blot out his name out of the book of life *Ib. 11 5*

I will write upon him my new name. *Ib. 12*

I know thy works, that thou art neither cold nor hot I would thou wert cold or hot

So then because thou art lukewarm, and neither cold nor hot, I will spue thee out of my mouth. *Ib. 15*

Behold, I stand at the door, and knock *Ib. 20*

And he that sat was to look upon like a jasper and a sardine stone and there was a rainbow round about the throne, in sight like unto an emerald *Ib. 14 3*

And before the throne there was a sea of glass like unto crystal and in the midst of the throne, and round about the throne, were four beasts full of eyes before and behind. *Ib. 6.*

They were full of eyes within and they rest not day and night, saying, Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty, which was, and is, and is to come *Ib. 8.*

Thou hast created all things, and for thy pleasure they are and were created. *Ib. 11*

Who is worthy to open the book, and to loose the seals thereof? *Ib. v 2*

A Lamb as it had been slain, having seven horns and seven eyes. *Ib. 6*

Golden vials full of odours, which are the prayers of saints *Ib. 8.*

He went forth conquering, and to conquer *Ib. vi 2*

A measure of wheat for a penny, and three measures of barley for a penny, and see thou hurt not the oil and the wine *Ib. 6.*

And I looked, and behold a pale horse and his name that sat on him was Death *Ib. 8*

How long, O Lord, holy and true, dost thou not judge and avenge our blood on them that dwell on the earth? *Ib. 10.*

And the stars of heaven fell unto the earth, even as a fig-tree casteth her untimely figs, when she is shaken of a mighty wind. *Ib. 13.*

Said to the mountains and rocks, Fall on us, and hide us from the face of him that sitteth on the throne, and from the wrath of the Lamb *Revelation vi 16.*

A great multitude, which no man could number, of all nations, and kindreds, and people, and tongues *Ib vii 9.*

And all the angels stood round about the throne, and about the elders and the four beasts, and fell before the throne on their faces, and worshipped God *Ib 11.*

And one of the elders answered, saying unto me, What are these which are arrayed in white robes? and whence came they? *Ib 13*

These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. *Ib 14.*

They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more, neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat. *Ib. 16.*

God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes *Ib 17.*

There was silence in heaven about the space of half an hour *Ib viii 1.*

And the name of the star is called Wormwood *Ib 11.*

Those men which have not the seal of God in their foreheads. *Ib ix 4.*

And in those days shall men seek death, and shall not find it, and shall desire to die, and death shall flee from them *Ib 6.*

And there were stings in their tails. *Ib. 10.*

It was in my mouth sweet as honey and as soon as I had eaten it, my belly was bitter *Ib x 10*

The kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of our Lord, and of his Christ *Ib xi 15.*

And there appeared a great wonder in heaven, a woman clothed with the sun, and the moon under her feet, and upon her head a crown of twelve stars. *Ib xii 1.*

And there was war in heaven Michael and his angels fought against the dragon, and the dragon fought and his angels *Ib 7.*

The devil is come down unto you, having great wrath, because he knoweth that he hath but a short time *Ib. 12.*

A time, and times, and half a time *Ib. 14*

Who is like unto the beast? who is able to make war with him? *Ib xiii 4.*

And that no man might buy or sell, save he that had the mark, or the name of the beast, or the number of his name *Ib 17.*

The number of the beast for it is the number of a man, and his number is Six hundred threescore and six *Ib 18.*

They sung as it were a new song and no man could learn that song but the hundred and forty and four thousand, which were redeemed from the earth. *Ib xiv. 3.*

And in their mouth was found no guile for they are without fault before the throne of God *Ib 5*

Babylon is fallen, is fallen, that great city. *Ib. 8.*

And the smoke of their torment ascendeth up for ever and ever: and they have no rest day nor night, who worship the beast and his image. *Ib 11*

Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours, and their works do follow them. *Ib. 13*

And I saw as it were a sea of glass mingled with fire. *Ib xv. 2*

Behold, I come as a thief. *Ib xvi 15*

And he gathered them together into a place called in the Hebrew tongue Armageddon *Ib 16*

I will shew unto thee the judgment of the great whore that sitteth upon many waters *Ib xvii 1*

MYSTERY, BABYLON THE GREAT, THE MOTHER OF HARLOTS AND ABOMINATIONS OF THE EARTH

And I saw the woman drunken with the blood of the saints *Ib 5.*

And a mighty angel took up a stone like a great millstone, and cast it into the sea, saying, Thus with violence shall that great city Babylon be thrown down, and shall be found no more at all, *Ib xviii 21*

Blessed are they which are called unto the marriage supper of the Lamb. *Ib xix 9.*

And I fell at his feet to worship him And he said unto me, See thou do it not I am thy fellow-servant *Ib. 10.*

And I saw heaven opened, and behold a white horse, and he that sat upon him was called Faithful and True *Ib. 11.*

And he hath on his vesture and on his thigh a name written, KING OF KINGS, AND LORD OF LORDS *Ib 16.*

The key of the bottomless pit *Ib xx 1.*

And he laid hold on the dragon, that old serpent, which is the Devil, and Satan, and bound him a thousand years *Ib. 2.*

On such the second death hath no power *Ib 6*

And I saw a great white throne. *Ib 11.*

And I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God, and the books were opened *Ib 12*

And the sea gave up the dead which were in it *Ib 13*

And I saw a new heaven and a new earth for the first heaven and the first earth were passed away, and there was no more sea

And I John saw the holy city, new Jerusalem, coming down from God out of heaven, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband *Ib xxi. 1.*

And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes, and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain for the former things are passed away

And he that sat upon the throne said, Behold, I make all things new And he said unto me, Write for these words are true and faithful *Ib 4*

I will give unto him that is athirst of the fountain of the water of life freely. *Ib. 6.*

The city was pure gold, like unto clear glass
Revelation xxi. 18.
 The first foundation was jasper, the second, sapphire;
 the third, a chalcedony, the fourth, an emerald,
 The fifth, sardonyx, the sixth, sardius, the seventh,
 chrysolite, the eighth, beryl, the ninth, a topaz,
 the tenth, a chrysoprasus, the eleventh, a jacinth,
 the twelfth, an amethyst *Ib* 19.
 The twelve gates were twelve pearls. *Ib* 21.
 The street of the city was pure gold. *Ib*
 And I saw no temple therein *Ib* 22
 And the city had no need of the sun, neither of the
 moon, to shine in it for the glory of God did
 lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof *Ib* 23
 And he shewed me a pure river of water of life, clear
 as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and
 of the Lamb *Ib* xxii 1.
 And the leaves of the tree were for the healing of the
 nations *Ib* 2.

He that is unjust, let him be unjust still and he which
 is filthy, let him be filthy still and he that is right-
 eous, let him be righteous still and he that is holy,
 let him be holy still
 And, behold, I come quickly *Ib* 11.
 Whosoever loveth and maketh a lie. *Ib* 15
 I am the root and the offspring of David, and the
 bright and morning star
 And the Spirit and the bride say, Come And let him
 that heareth say, Come And let him that is athirst
 come And whosoever will, let him take the water
 of life freely *Ib* 16.
 If any man shall add unto these things, God shall add
 unto him the plagues that are written in this book
Ib 18
 God shall take away his part out of the book of life,
 and out of the holy city, and from the things which
 are written in this book *Ib* 19
 Amen Even so, come, Lord Jesus. *Ib* 20.

APOCRYPHA

The first wrote, Wine is the strongest
 The second wrote, The king is strongest
 The third wrote, Women are strongest but above all
 things Truth beareth away the victory
1 Esdras iii 10
 Great is Truth, and mighty above all things *Ib* iv 41
 I shall light a candle of understanding in thine heart.
2 Esdras xiv 25
 The holy spirit of discipline.
The Wisdom of Solomon 1 5
 The ear of jealousy heareth all things *Ib* 10
 But the souls of the righteous are in the hand of God,
 and there shall no torment touch them
 In the sight of the unwise they seemed to die and
 their departure is taken for misery,
 And their going from us to be utter destruction but
 they are in peace
 For though they be punished in the sight of men, yet
 is their hope full of immortality
 And having been a little chastised, they shall be
 greatly rewarded for God proved them, and found
 them worthy for himself *Ib* iii 1
 And in the time of their visitation they shall shine,
 and run to and fro like sparks among the stubble
Ib 7
 Even so we in like manner, as soon as we were born,
 began to draw to our end *Ib* v 13
 Passeth away as the remembrance of a guest that
 tarrieth but a day *Ib* 14.
 O Lord, thou lover of souls *Ib* xi 26
 For men, serving either calamity or tyranny, did
 ascribe unto stones and stocks the incommunicable
 name *Ib* xiv 21.
 Be not curious in unnecessary matters for more
 things are shewed unto thee than men understand
Ecclesiasticus iii. 23

Be not ignorant of any thing in a great matter or a
 small. *Ib* v 15.
 A faithful friend is the medicine of life *Ib* vi 16.
 Miss not the discourse of the elders. *Ib* viii 9.
 Open not thine heart to every man *Ib* 19
 Give not thy soul unto a woman *Ib* ix 2
 Forsake not an old friend, for the new is not com-
 parable to him a new friend is as new wine, when
 it is old, thou shalt drink it with pleasure *Ib* 10
 Judge none blessed before his death *Ib* xi 28
 He that toucheth pitch shall be defiled therewith
Ib xiii 1
 For how agree the kettle and the earthen pot together?
Ib 2
 They received the use of the five operations of the
 Lord, and in the sixth place he imparted them
 understanding, and in the seventh speech, an
 interpreter of the cogitations thereof *Ib* xvii 5
 Be not made a beggar by banquetting upon borrowing
Ib xviii 33
 He that contemneth small things shall fall by little
 and little *Ib* xix 1
 All wickedness is but little to the wickedness of a
 woman *Ib* xxv 19
 Neither [give] a wicked woman liberty to gad abroad
Ib 25
 The stroke of the tongue breaketh the bones
 Many have fallen by the edge of the sword but not so
 many as have fallen by the tongue *Ib* xxviii 17.
 Envy and wrath shorten the life. *Ib* xxx 24.
 Leave off first for manners' sake *Ib* xxxi 17
 Let thy speech be short, comprehending much in few
 words. *Ib* xxxii. 8

a**HOLY BIBLE****b**

Leave not a stain in thine honour *Ib xxxiii 22*
 For of the most High cometh healing *Ib xxxviii 2*
 Let us now praise famous men, and our fathers that
 begat us. *Ib xlii 1.*
 Such as did bear rule in their kingdoms *Ib 3.*
 Such as found out musical tunes, and recited verses
 in writing
 Rich men furnished with ability, living peaceably in
 their habitations *Ib 5*

There be of them, that have left a name behind them
 Ib 8
 And some there be, which have no memorial *Ib 9*
 Their bodies are buried in peace, but their name
 liveth for evermore *Ib 14*
 It is a foolish thing to make a long prologue, and to
 be short in the story itself *2 Maccabees ii 32.*
 When he was at the last gasp *Ib vii 9*
 It was an holy and good thought *Ib xii 45*

ENGLISH LITERATURE

ANONYMOUS

A beast, but a just beast.

Of Dr Temple, Headmaster of Rugby, 1857-69.

Adam

Had 'em *On the Antiquity of Microbes* [Said to be
the shortest poem]

All present and correct

*King's Regulations (Army) Report of the
Orderly Sergeant to the Officer of the Day*

All quiet along the Potomac

*Originated in the American Civil War. Attr. to
General McClellan*

Always welcome, keep it handy,

Grant's Morella Cherry Brandy. *Advertisement.*

An old Soldier of the Queen's,

And the Queen's old Soldier

*Merry Drollery, 1661-9 An Old Soldier of
The Queen's Oxford Book of 17th Cent Verse*

An old song made by an aged old pate,

Of an old worshipful gentleman who had a great
estate *The Old Courtier*

A precedent embalms a principle

*Attr. to William Scott, Baron Stowell, in an
Opinion, while Advocate-General, 1788.*

A rainbow in the morning

Is the Shepherd's warning,

But a rainbow at night

Is the Shepherd's delight *Old Weather Rhyme*

Are we downhearted? No!

*Expression much used by British soldiers in War
of 1914-18, probably based on remark of Joseph
Chamberlain, q v*

As I sat on a sunny bank,

On Christmas Day in the morning,

I spied three ships come sailing by

*Carol As I Sat on a Sunny Bank Oxford
Book of Carols*

As Joseph was a-walking,

He heard an angel sing

'This night shall be born

Our heavenly king'

As Joseph was a-walking Oxford Book of Carols.

He neither shall be clothed

In purple nor in pall,

But all in fair linen

As were babies all

He neither shall be rock'd

In silver nor in gold,

But in a wooden cradle

That rocks on the mould. *Ib.*

A swarm of bees in May

Is worth a load of hay,

A swarm of bees in June

Is worth a silver spoon,

A swarm of bees in July

Is not worth a fly

Old Rhyme.

A very gallant gentleman.

*Epitaph on Capt Oates (1880-1912), inscribed
by A Cherry-Garrard and Surgeon Atkinson
on the cross marking the approximate place of his
death Being almost crippled, he walked to his
death in a blizzard to enable his companions to
proceed faster on their journey.*

A willing foe and sea room

*Naval toast in the time of Nelson Beckett, A
Few Naval Customs, Expressions, Traditions,
and Superstitions*

Begone, dull care! I prithee begone from me!

Begone, dull care, you and I shall never agree

Begone Dull Care

Be happy while y'er leevin,

For y'er a lang time deid

*Scottish Motto for a house Notes and Queries,
7 Dec 1901, p. 469*

Between the stirrup and the ground

I mercy ask'd, I mercy found

*Camden's Remains Epitaph on a wicked man
killed by a fall from his horse*

Born 1820, still going strong

Advertisement for Johnny Walker Whiskey

Bovril prevents that sinking feeling *Advertisement.*

Christmas is coming, the geese are getting fat,

Please to put a penny in the old man's hat,

If you haven't got a penny, a ha'penny will do,

If you haven't got a ha'penny, God bless you!

Beggar's Rhyme

Come, landlord, fill the flowing bowl

Until it doth run over .

For to-night we'll merry be,

To-morrow we'll be sober

*Come, Landlord, Fill the Flowing Bowl Oxford
Song Book.*

Come lasses and lads, get leave of your dads,

And away to the Maypole hie,

For every he has got him a she,

And the fiddler's standing by

For Willie shall dance with Jane,

And Johnny has got his Joan,

To trip it, trip it, trip it, trip it, trip it up and down

Come Lasses and Lads Oxford Song Book

Confound their politics

Frustrate their knavish tricks *God Save the King*

Cuccu, cuccu, well sings thou, cuccu

Ne swike thou never nu,

Sing cuccu, nu, sing cuccu,

Sing cuccu, sing cuccu, nu! *Cuckoo Song, c. 1250.*

Dear Sir, Your astonishment's odd

I am always about in the Quad.

And that's why the tree

Will continue to be,

Since observed by Yours faithfully, God.

*Reply to limerick on Idealism, "There was once
a man who said "God . . ." q v.*

Defence, not defiance

Motto of the Volunteers Movement, in 1859.

Deprive mankind of their hope of eternal damnation.

Attr. to Lord Westbury.

Dollar Diplomacy.

Term applied to Secretary Knox's activities in securing opportunities for the investment of American capital abroad, particularly in Latin America and China. See Harper's Weekly, April 23rd, 1910, p. 8.

Dr Brighton

Advertisement

Dr Williams' pink pills for pale people

Advertisement.

Early one morning, just as the sun was rising,

I heard a maid sing in the valley below

'Oh, don't deceive me, Oh, never leave me!

How could you use a poor maiden so?'

Song Early One Morning

Esau selleth his birthright for a mess of pottage.

Genevan Bible chapter heading to Genesis ch 25

An intelligent Russian once remarked to us, 'Every country has its own constitution, ours is absolutism moderated by assassination'

Georg Herbert, Count Munster, Political Sketches of the State of Europe, 1814-1867, ed 1868, p. 19.

Every minute dies a man,

And one and one-sixteenth is born.

Parody by a Statistician of Tennyson's Vision of Sin, pt 1v, st 9.

For he must be somebody's son.

Title of Music Hall Song

God be in my head,
And in my understanding,

God be in my eyes,
And in my looking,

God be in my mouth,
And in my speaking,

God be in my heart,
And in my thinking,

God be at my end,
And at my departing

Sarum Missal

God rest you merry, gentlemen,
Let nothing you dismay

Carol God Rest You Merry Oxford Book of Carols

O tidings of comfort and joy.

Id

God save great George our King

Harmoniana Anglicana The Gentleman's Magazine, October 1745

Good-morning! Have you used Pears' Soap?

Advertisement

Great Chatham with his sabre drawn

Stood waiting for Sir Richard Strachan,

Sir Richard, longing to be at 'em,

Stood waiting for the Earl of Chatham

At Walcheren, 1809

Great God, what do I see and hear?

The end of things created

Great God, What do I see Collyer's Hymns Partly Collected and Partly Original, 1812.

Greensleeves was all my joy,

Greensleeves was my delight,

Greensleeves was my heart of gold,

And who but Lady Greensleeves?

A new Courtly Sonnet of the Lady Greensleeves, to the new tune of 'Greensleeves'. From 'A Handful of Pleasant Delites' (1584)

Ha-ha-ha, you and me,

Little brown jug, don't I love thee

The Little Brown Jug Oxford Song Book.

Here lies Fred,

Who was alive and is dead

Had it been his father,

I had much rather,

Had it been his brother,

Still better than another,

Had it been his sister,

No one would have mused her;

Had it been the whole generation,

Still better for the nation

But since 'tis only Fred,

Who was alive and is dead,—

'There's no more to be said

Horace Walpole, Memoirs of George II (1882),

vol 1, p 504.

Here's a health to all those that we love,

Here's a health to all those that love us,

Here's a health to all those that love them that love those

That love them that love those that love us

Old Toast.

Here we come a-wassailing

Old Song.

Here we come gathering nuts in May

Nuts in May,

On a cold and frosty morning.

Children's Song.

He talked shop like a tenth muse.

Of Gladstone's Budget speeches G W E.

Russell's Collections and Recollections, ch 12

He that fights and runs away

May live to fight another day

Musarum Deliciae, collected by Sir John Memmes and Dr James Smith, 1656.

He won't be happy till he gets it

Advertisement for Wright's Coal Tar Soap.

Hierusalem, my happy home,

When shall I come to thee?

When shall my sorrows have an end,

Thy joys when shall I see?

Hierusalem See Songs of Praise Discussed

Homoea touches the spot

Advertisement

I expect to pass through this world but once Any good therefore that I can do, or any kindness that

I can show to any fellow creature, let me do it now

Let me not defer or neglect it, for I shall not pass this way again

Attr. to many people, probably most reliably to Stephen Grellet Canon Jepson postively claimed it for Emerson Attributed to Edward Courtenay, owing to the resemblance of the Earl's epithet See Literary World, March 15th, 1905.

I feel no pain dear mother now

But oh, I am so dry!

O take me to a brewery

And leave me there to die

C Fox-Smith's Book of Shanties, 1927.

If the Lord Chancellor only knew a little law he
would know something of everything
Of Lord Brougham G W E Russell's Collections and Recollections, ch 11

I know two things about the horse,
And one of them is rather coarse

The Week-End Book

In Dublin's fair city, where girls are so pretty,
I first set my eyes on sweet Molly Malone,
As she wheel'd her wheelbarrow through streets
broad and narrow,
Crying, Cockles and mussels! alive, alive, oh!
Cockles and Mussels Oxford Song Book

In good King Charles' golden days,
When loyalty no harm meant,
A furious High-Churchman I was,
And so I gain'd preferment
Unto my flock I daily preach'd,
Kings are by God appointed,
And damned are those who dare resist,
Or touch the Lord's Anointed
And this is law, I will maintain,
Unto my dying day, Sir,
That whatsoever King shall reign,
I will be the Vicar of Bray, Sir!
The Vicar of Bray Brit Musical Miscellany
(1734), 1

The Church of Rome I found would suit
Full well my constitution *Ib*

I turned the cat in pan again,
And swore to him allegiance *Ib*

When George in pudding time came o'er,
And moderate men look'd big, Sir *Ib*

I saw my lady weep,
And Sorrow proud to be exalted so
In those fair eyes where all perfections keep
Her face was full of woe,
But such a woe, believe me, as wins more hearts,
Than Mirth can do with her enticing parts
Songs set by John Dowland, 111 Oxford Book of
16th Cent Verse

I saw three ships a-sailing there,
—A-sailing there, a-sailing there,
Jesu, Mary and Joseph they bare
On Christ's Sunday at morn.

Joseph did whistle and Mary did sing,
—Mary did sing, Mary did sing,
And all the bells on earth did ring
For joy Our Lord was born

O they sail'd in to Bethlchem!
—To Bethlchem, to Bethlchem,
Saint Michael was the steresman,
Saint John sate in the horn
I saw three ships Oxford Book of Carols

I sing of a maiden
That is makeless,
King of all kings
To her son she ches
Carol I Sing of a Maiden Oxford Book of
Carols

He came all so still
Where His mother was,
As dew in April
That falleth on the grass *Ib*

Mother and maiden
Was never none but shel
Well may such a lady
God's mother be *Ib.*

The children of Lord Lytton organized a charade
The scene displayed a Crusader knight returning
from the wars At his gate he was welcomed by his
wife to whom he recounted his triumphs and the
number of heathen he had slain His wife, pointing
to a row of dolls of various sizes, replied with
pride, 'And I too, my lord, have not been idle'
G W E Russell's *Collections and Recollections*,
ch 31

It's a long time between drinks
The Governor of South Carolina required the
return of a fugitive slave The Governor of
North Carolina hesitated because of powerful
friends of the fugitive He gave a banquet to his
official brother The Governor of South Carolina
in a speech demanded the return of the slave and
ended with 'What do you say?' The Governor
of North Carolina replied as above

It is good to be merry and wise,
It is good to be honest and true,
It is best to be off with the old love,
Before you are on with the new
Songs of England and Scotland London,
1835, vol 11, p 73

It's love, it's love that makes the world go round
Chansons Nationales et Populaires de France,
vol 11, p 180

I wish I were single again *I Married a Wife*
Jesus Christ is risen to-day,
Our triumphant holy day,
Who did once upon the cross
Suffer to redeem our loss
Hallelujah!
Jesus Christ is Risen To-day From a Latin Hymn of
the 15th Century Translator unknown

He was a wight of high renown,
And thou's but of low degree
It's pride that puts this country down
Man, put thy old cloak about thee!
The Old Cloak Oxford Book of 16th Cent.
Verse

Like a fine old English gentleman,
All of the olden time
The Fine Old English Gentleman Oxford Song
Book

The newly-elected mayor who said that during
his year of office he should lay aside all his political
prepossessions and be, 'like Caesar's wife, all things
to all men'
G W E Russell's *Collections and Recollections*,
ch 29

Love me little, love me long,
Is the burden of my song
Love me Little, Love me Long (1569-70)

March winds and April showers
Bringeth vo'th May flowers

West Somerset Word-Book, ed Frederick
Thomas Elworthy (1886) March

Miss Buss and Miss Beale
Cupid's darts do not feel
Miss Beale and Miss Buss
They are not like us

*Of the Principal and Vice-Principal of the
Ladies' College, Cheltenham, Nineteenth Cen-
tury*

Monday's child is fair of face,
Tuesday's child is full of grace,
Wednesday's child is full of woe,
Thursday's child has far to go,
Friday's child is loving and giving,
Saturday's child works hard for its living,
And a child that's born on the Sabbath day
Is fair and wise and good and gay

Bray, *Traditions of Devon*, II 288

Most Gracious Queen, we thee implore
To go away and sin no more,
But if that effort be too great,
To go away at any rate

*Epigram on Queen Caroline, 1820 Quoted in
Lord Colchester's Diary, Nov. 15, 1820, sent to
him by Francis Burton*

My Love in her attire doth show her wit,
It doth so well become her
For every season she hath dressings fit,
For winter, spring, and summer

No beauty she doth miss,
When all her robes are on,
But beauty's self she is,

When all her robes are gone *Madrigal*

O God, if there be a God, save my soul, if I have a
soul! *Quoted in Newman's Apologia*

O God, for as much as without Thee
We are not enabled to doubt Thee,
Help us all by Thy grace

To convince the whole race
It knows nothing whatever about Thee
*Attr to R A Knox Langford Reed, The
Limerick Book*

Oh, Shenandoah, I long to hear you
Away, you rolling river,
Oh Shenandoah, I long to hear you
Away, I'm bound to go
'Cross the wide Missouri *Oxford Song Book.*

Oh! the oak, and the ash, and the bonny ivy-tree,
They flourish at home in my own country
O The Oak and The Ash Oxford Song Book

Oh, 'tis my delight on a shining night, in the season
of the year *The Poacher Oxford Song Book*

Oh, 'twas in the broad Atlantic,
'Mid the equinoctial gales,
That a young fellow fell overboard
Among the sharks and whales
And down he went like a streak of light,
So quickly down went he,
Until he came to a mer-ma-id

At the bottom of the deep blue sea
Singing, Rule Britannia, Britannia, rule the waves!

Britons never, never shall be mar-ri-ed to a
mer-ma-id

At the bottom of the deep blue sea
*Oh! 'Twas in the Broad Atlantic Oxford Song
Book*

Oh! where is my boy to-night?
The boy who was bravest of all
Oh! Where is My Boy To-night?

Old soldiers never die,
They only fade away!
War Song of the British Soldiers, 1914-18

Once a clergyman always a clergyman
Attr ruling in trial of Horne Tooke

One Friday morn when we set sail,
And our ship not far from land,
We there did espy a fair pretty maid,
With a comb and a glass in her hand.
While the raging seas did roar,
And the stormy winds did blow,
And we jolly sailor-boys were all up aloft
And the land-lubbers lying down below

The Mermaid Oxford Song Book

O No John! No John! No John! No!
O No, John Oxford Song Book

On Waterloo's ensanguined plain
Full many a gallant man was slain,
But none, by bullet or by shot,
Fell half so flat as Walter Scott

On Scott's 'Field of Waterloo', 1815

O Paddy dear, an' did ye hear the news that's goin'
round?

The shamrock is by law forbid to grow on Irish
ground!

No more St Patrick's Day we'll keep, his colour can't
be seen,

For there's a cruel law agin the wearin' o' the Green!
I met wid Napper Tandy, and he took me by the
hand,

And he said, 'How's poor ould Ireland, and how does
she stand?'
She's the most disthressful country that iver yet was
seen,

For they're hangin' men an' women there for the
wearin' o' the Green

*The Wearin' o' the Green (Famous street
ballad, later added to by Boucicault)*

'O where are you going to, my pretty maid?'

The Rio Grande. Oxford Song Book

'My face is my fortune, kind sir' she said *Ib.*

'Nobody asked you, kind sir' she said. *Ib*

O ye'll tak' the high road, and I'll tak' the low road,
And I'll be in Scotland afore ye,
But me and my true love will never meet again,

On the bonnie, bonnie banks o' Loch Lomon'
The Bonnie Banks o' Loch Lomon'

But the broken heart it kens nae second spring again,
'Tho' the wae'fu' may cease frae their greeting *Ib*

Please her the best you may,

She looks another way

Alas and well a day!

Phyllida flouts me

*The Disdainful Shepherdess Oxford Book
of 16th Cent Verse*

But she did all disdain,
And threw them back again,
Therefore it's flat and plain
 Phyllida flouts me *ib*

Raise the stone, and there thou shalt find me, cleave
the wood and there am I
 Oxyrhynchus Sayings of Christ Sayings of Our
 Lord, Logion 5, l 23 (1897), p 12

Religion is the opium of the people
 Translation of sentence by Karl Marx in *Kritik*
 der Hegelschen Rechtsphilosophie, Introduction:
 'Die Religion ist das Opium des Volkes'

Remember the Maine!
 Slogan of the Spanish-American War.

She has kilted her coats o' green satin,
She has kilted them up to the knee,
And she's aff wi' Lord Ronald Macdonald,
His bride and his darling to be *Lizzy Lindsay*

Will ye gang wi' me, Lizzy Lindsay,
Will ye gang to the Highlands wi' me?
Will ye gang wi' me, Lizzy Lindsay,
My bride and my darling to be? *ib*

Since first I saw your face, I resolved to honour and
renown ye,
If now I be disdained, I wish my heart had never
known ye
What? I that loved and you that liked, shall we begin
to wrangle?
No, no, no, my heart is fast, and cannot disentangle
 Songs set by Thomas Ford, 11 Oxford Book of
 16th Cent Verse

So I wish him joy where'er he dwell,
That first found out the leather bottel
 The Leather Bottel

Some talk of Alexander, and some of Hercules,
Of Hector and Lysander, and such great names as
these,
But of all the world's brave heroes, there's none that
can compare
With a tow, row, row, row, row, row, for the British
Grenadier *The British Grenadiers*

Spheres of reverence
 'Spheres of action', found in Earl Granville's
 letter to Count Munster, April 29, 1885 Herts-
 let's Map of Africa by Treaty, 3rd edn, p 868

Sumer is icumen in,
Lhude sing cucu!
Groweth sed, and bloweth med,
And springth the wude nu *Cuckoo Song, c 1250*

That Kruschen feeling
 Advertisement for Kruschen Salts

That schoolgirl complexion
 Advertisement for Palmolive Soap

That we spent, we had
That we gave, we have
That we left, we lost
 Epitaph of the Earl of Devonshire, quoted by
 Spenser in The Shepherd's Calendar, Maye,
 l 7

The animals went in one by one,
There's one more river to cross
 One More River. Oxford Song Book

The animals went in four by four,
The big hippopotamus stuck in the door *ib*

The Campbells are comin', oho, oho
 The Campbells are Comin' Oxford Song Book.

The children in Holland take pleasure in making
What the children in England take pleasure in break-
ing *Nursery Rhyme.*

The girl I left behind me
 Title of song, c 1759. Oxford Song Book

The Glorious First of June
 Page-heading in Sir William Laird Clowes'
 The Royal Navy a History (1899), vol iv,
 p 225 Taken from explanatory pamphlet
 accompanying Cleveley's prints of the action
 'Two prints representing the Glorious and
 Memorable Action of the First of June 1794'

The holly and the ivy,
When they are both full grown,
Of all the trees that are in the wood,
The holly bears the crown
The rising of the sun
And the running of the deer,
The playing of the merry organ,
Sweet singing in the choir
 The Holly and the Ivy Oxford Book of Carols

The King over the Water
 Jacobite Toast, 18th Cent.

The nature of God is a circle of which the centre
is everywhere and the circumference is nowhere
 Origin unknown, said to have been traced to a lost
 treatise of Empedocles Quoted in the Roman de
 la Rose, and by S Bonaventura in Itinerarius
 Mentis in Deum, cap v ad fin

Then he kissed her cold corpus
A thousand times o'er,
He called her his Dinah—
'Though she was no more!
He swallowed the pison
Like a true lover brave,
And Vilkins and his Dinah
Lie a-buried in one grave
 Vilkins and his Dinah, vi John Ashton's
 Modern Street Ballads, 1888, p 100

The noble Duke of York,
He had ten thousand men,
He marched them up to the top of the hill,
And he marched them down again
And when they were up, they were up,
And when they were down, they were down,
And when they were only half way up,
They were neither up nor down
 The Noble Duke of York

There is a lady sweet and kind,
Was never face so pleased my mind,
I did but see her passing by,
And yet I love her till I die
 Attr to Herrick in the Scottish Students' Song-Book
 Found on back of leaf 53 of 'Popish Kingdome or
 reigne of Antichrist', in Latin verse by Thomas
 Naogeorgus, and Englished by Barnabe Googe
 Printed 1570. See Notes and Queries, S. IX.
 x. 427.

There is a tavern in the town,
 And there my dear love sits him down,
 And drinks his wine 'mid laughter free,
 And never, never thinks of me
 Fare thee well, for I must leave thee,
 Do not let this parting grieve thee,
 And remember that the best of friends must part.
 Adieu, adieu, kind friends, adieu, adieu, adieu,
 I can no longer stay with you
 I'll hang my harp on a weeping willow-tree,
 And may the world go well with thee
There is a Tavern in the Town Oxford Song Book

There's nae luck about the house,
 There's nae luck at a',
 There's nae luck about the house
 When our gudeman's awa'
The Mariner's Wife

There was an old Fellow of Trinity,
 A Doctor well versed in Divinity,
 But he took to free-thinking,
 And then to deep drinking,
 And so had to leave the vicinity
Limerick in 'The Light Green' Magazine, Oxford, late 90's G W E Russell's Collections and Recollections, ch 28.

There was an old man of Boulogne,
 Who sang a most topical song
 It wasn't the words
 Which frightened the birds,
 But the horrible double entendre
Langford Reed, The Limerick Book, p 51.

There was a young lady named Bright
 Who would travel much faster than light
 She started one day
 In the relative way,
 And came back the previous night
Relativity The Week-End Book

There was a young lady of Kent,
 Who said that she knew what it meant
 When men asked her to dine,
 Gave her cocktails and wine,
 She knew what it meant—but she went!
Langford Reed, The Limerick Book, p 49

There was a young lady of Riga,
 Who went for a ride on a tiger,
 They returned from the ride
 With the lady inside,
 And a smile on the face of the tiger. *Ib p. 103.*

There was a young man of Devizes,
 Whose ears were of different sizes,
 The one that was small
 Was no use at all,
 But the other won several prizes
Attr to R A Knox Langford Reed, The Limerick Book, p 81

There was a young man who said, 'Damn!
 At last I've found out that I am—
 A creature that moves
 In determinate grooves,
 In fact not a bus but a tram'
Ib p 43.

There was once a man who said 'God
 Must think it exceedingly odd

If he finds that this tree
 Continues to be
 When there's no one about in the Quad'
Attr to R A Knox Langford Reed, The Limerick Book Idealism For the answer, see 'Dear Sir, Your astonishment's odd'.

The Sun himself cannot forget
 His fellow traveller.
On Sir Francis Drake Wit's Recreations (1640), Epigrams, No 146

They come as a boon and a blessing to men,
 The Pickwick, the Owl, and the Waverley pen
Advertisement.

'Tis bad enough in man or woman
 To steal a goose from off a common;
 But surely he's without excuse
 Who steals a common from the goose
Epigram in Carey's Commonplace Book of Epigrams

We don't want to fight, but, by Jingo, if we do,
 We won't go to the front ourselves, but we'll send the
 mild Hindoo
1878 parody, on hearing that Indian troops were being sent to Malta to help the English G W E Russell's Collections and Recollections, ch 28

Weep you no more, sad fountains;
 What need you flow so fast?
Songs set by John Dowland, viii Oxford Book of 16th Cent Verse

'Well, what sort of sport has Lord — had?'
 'Oh, the young Sahib shot divinely, but God was very
 merciful to the birds'
G W E Russell's Collections and Recollections, ch 30

Were I as base as is the lowly plain,
 And you (my Love) as high as Heaven above
 Sonnet *Attr to Joshua Sylvester. Oxford Book of 16th Cent Verse*

Western wind, when wilt thou blow,
 The small rain down can rain?
 Christ, if my love were in my arms
 And I in my bed again!
Oxford Book of 16th Cent Verse.

What did you do in the Great War, daddy?
Recruiting placard, 1914-1918

What is an epigram? a dwarfish whole,
 Its body brevity, and wit its soul
 Brander Matthews' *American Epigrams. Harper's Mag, Nov, 1903*

What shall we do with the drunken sailor?
 Early in the morning?
 Hoo-ray and up she rises
 Early in the morning
What shall we do with the Drunken Sailor? Oxford Song Book

When Adam dived, and Eve span,
 Who was then a gentleman?
Text of Ball's revolutionary sermon at Blackheath in Wat Tyler's Rebellion 1381 See J R Green, Short Hist (1893), II 484

When Johnny Comes Marching Home Again
Title of Song Oxford Song Book.

When Molly smiles beneath her cow,
I feel my heart—I can't tell how

When Molly smiles, 1732

Where is the man who has the power and skill
To stem the torrent of a woman's will?
For if she will, she will, you may depend on't,
And if she won't, she won't, so there's an end on't
From the Pillar Erected on the Mount in the
Dane John Fuld, Canterbury Examiner, 31
May 1829

Where's George? Gone to Lyonch
Advertisement for Lyons' lunches

While lading butter from their separate tubs
Stubbs butters Freeman, Freeman butters Stubbs
Couplet of unknown authorship familiar in the
late nineteenth century

Whilst Adam slept, Eve from his side arose
Strange his first sleep should be his last repose
The Consequence

'Who killed Cock Robin?'
'I', said the Sparrow,
'With my bow and arrow,
I killed Cock Robin'
All the birds of the air fell a-sighing and a-sobbing,
When they heard of the death of poor Cock Robin
'Who saw him die?'
'I', said the Fly,
'With my little eye,
I saw him die'
Nursery Rhyme

Who passes by this road so late?
Compagnon de la Majolaine!
Who passes by this road so late?
Always gay!
Of all the king's knights 'tis the flower,
Compagnon de la Majolaine,
Of all the king's knights 'tis the flower,
Always gay!
Old French Song quoted by Dickens, Little
Dorrit, ch 1

Will you hear a Spanish lady
How she woo'd an Englishman?
Garments gay and rich as may be,
Decked with jewels had she on
The Spanish Lady's Love
Within the meaning of the Act *The Betting Act*

Woo'd and married and a',
Woo'd and married and a',
Was she nae very weel aff,
Was woo'd and married and a'
Woo'd and Married and a'

Workers of the world, unite!
Common form of 'Working men of all countries, unite!' This is the English Translation (1888) by Samuel Moore, revised by Engels, of 'Proletarian aller Länder, vereinigen Euch!' which concludes 'The Communist Manifesto' (1848), by Marx and Engels, and is quoted as the final words of the programme of the Communist International (1928) Another common form is 'Proletarians of the world, unite!'

Worth a guinea a box
Advertisement for Beecham's Pills
You ought to see me on Sunday
Advertisement for Knight's Castille Soap

I am the Dean of Christ Church, Sir
This is my wife, pray look at her
She is the Broad, I am the High,
We are the University
The Masque of Balliol, an unpublished masque composed by and current among members of Balliol College in the late 1870's
The first couplet was unofficially altered to

I am the Dean, and this is Mrs Liddell,
She is the first and I the second fiddle
I am a most superior person,
My name is George Nathaniel Curzon. *Ib.*
My face is pink, my hair is sleek,
I dine at Blenheim once a week
Ib (A later addition)

I am rather tall and stately,
And I care not very greatly
What you say, or what you do
I'm Mackail,—and who are you? *Ib*
First come I, my name is Jowett
There is no knowledge but I know it
I am Master of this college
What I don't know isn't knowledge
Probably group product of Balliol undergraduates in the late 1870's

BALLADS

True Thomas lay on Huntlie bank,
A ferlie he spied wi' his e'e,
And there he saw a ladye bright
Come riding down by the Eildon Tree
The Oxford Book of Ballads Thomas the Rhymer.
True Thomas he pu'd aff his cap,
And louted low down on his knee. *Ib*
She's mounted on her milk-white steed,
She's ta'en true Thomas up behind *Ib*
That is the Road to fair Elfland,
Where thou and I this night maun gae. *Ib*
It was mirk, mirk night, there was nae starlight,
They waded thro' red blude to the knee;
For a' the blude that's shed on the earth
Runs through the springs o' that countrie. *Ib.*

And till seven years were gane and past,
True Thomas on earth was never seen *Ib.*
And she has kilted her green kirtle
A little abune her knee,
And she has braided her yellow hair
A little abune her bree *Ib Tam Lan v*
About the dead hour of the night
She heard the bridles ring,
And Janet was as glad at that
As any earthly thing *Ib xli.*
There were twa sisters sat in a bour,
Binnorie, O Binnorie!
There came a knight to be their wooer,
By the bonnie mildams o' Binnorie. Ib. Binnorie.

Clerk Saunders and may Margaret
Walk'd owe yon garden green,
And deep and heavy was the love
That fell thir twa between.

'A bed, a bed,' Clerk Saunders said,
'A bed for you and me!'

'Fye na, fye na,' said may Margaret,
'Till anes we married be!' *Ib Clerk Saunders*

There's nae room at my head, Marg'ret,
There's nae room at my feet,

My bed it is fu' lowly now,
Among the hungry worms I sleep

She hadna sail'd a league, a league,
A league but barely three,
Till grim, grim grew his countenance
And gurlly grew the sea

'What hills are yon, yon pleasant hills,
'The sun shines sweetly on?'—
'O yon are the hills o' Heaven,' he said,
'Where you will never won'

Ib The Daemon Lover

He strack the top-mast wi' his hand,
'The fore-mast wi' his knee,
And he brake that gallant ship in twain,
And sank her in the sea

It fell about the Martinmass,
When nights are lang and mirk,
The carline wife's three sons came hame,
And their hats were o' the birk

It neither grew in dike nor ditch,
Nor yet in any shough,
But at the gates o' Paradise
'That birk grew fair enough

Ib The Wife of Usher's Well

This ae night, this ae night,
—Every night and alle,
Fire and fleet¹ and candle-lighte,
And Chrste receive thy saule

Ib Lyke-Wake Dirge

¹ = floor Other readings are 'sleet' and 'salt'

From Brig o' Dread when thou may'st pass,
—Every night and alle,
To Purgatory fire thou com'st at last,
And Chrste receive thy saule

If ever thou gavest meat or drink,
—Every night and alle,
The fire sall never make thee shrink,
And Chrste receive thy saule

Ib

The wind doth blow to-day, my love,
And a few small drops of rain,
I never had but one true love,
In cold grave she was lain

Ib The Unquiet Grave

True lovers I can get many an one,
But a father I can never get mair

Ib The Douglas Tragedy

O he's gart build a bonny ship,
'To sail on the salt sea,
The mast was o' the beaten gold,
'The sails o' cramoisie.

Ib The Lass of Lochroyan.

O well's me o' my gay goss-hawk,
That he can speak and flee!

He'll carry a letter to my love,
Bringing another back to me

Ib The Gay Goshawk

'What gat ye to your dinner, Lord Randal, my Son?
'What gat ye to your dinner, my handsome young
man?'

'I gat eels boil'd in broo', mother, make my bed soon,
For I'm weary wi' hunting, and fain wald lie down',
Ib Lord Randal

As I was walking all alane,
I heard twa corbies¹ making a mane.
The tane unto the tither did say,
'Where sall we gang and dine the day?'

Ib.

'—In behint yon auld fail² dyke
I wot there lies a new-slain knight,
And naeboddy kens that he lies there
But his hawk, his hound, and his lady fair

'His hound is to the hunting gane,
His hawk to fetch the wild-fowl hame,
His lady's ta'en anither mate,
So we may make our dinner sweet

'Ye'll sit on his white hause-bane,³
And I'll pike out his bonny blue e'en
Wi' ae lock o' his gowd'n hair
We'll theeke⁴ our nest when it grows bare'

Ib The Twa Corbies

¹ corbies = ravens
² hause = neck

³ fail = turf
⁴ theeke = thatch

There were three ravens sat on a tree,
They were as black as they might be,
The one of them said to his make,
'Where shall we our breakfast take?'

Ib The Three Ravens

Down there comes a fallow doe
As great with young as she might goe
She lifted up his bloody head
And kist his wounds that were so red

Ib.

She buried him before the prime,
She was dead herself ere evensong time
God send every gentleman
Such hounds, such hawks, and such a leman!

Ib.

For in my mind, of all mankind
I love but you alone

Ib The Nut Brown Maid.

For I must to the greenwood go
Alone, a banished man

Ib

The king sits in Dunfermline town
Drinking the blude-red wine

Ib Sir Patrick Spens.

Our king has writt'n a braid letter,
And seal'd it with his hand,
And sent it to Sir Patrick Spens,
Was walking on the strand.

'To Noroway, to Noroway,
'To Noroway o'er the faem,
'The king's daughter o' Noroway,
'Is thou must bring her hame'

The first word that Sir Patrick read
So loud, loud laugh'd he,
The neist word that Sir Patrick read
The tear blind'd his e'e.

Ib.

'I saw the new moon late yestreen
 Wi' the auld moon in her arm,
 And if we gang to sea, master,
 I fear we'll come to harm'
 Go fetch a web o' the silken clath,
 Another o' the twine,
 And wap¹ them into our ship's side,
 And let nae the sea come in

Ib Sir Patrick Spens

¹ wap = wrap

O laith, laith were our gude Scots lords
 To wat their cork-heel'd shoon,
 But lang or a' the play was play'd
 They wat their hats aboon

O lang, lang may the ladies sit,
 Wi' their fans into their hand,
 Before they see Sir Patrick Spens
 Come sailing to the strand!

And lang, lang may the maidens sit
 Wi' their gowd kames in their hair,
 A-waiting for their ain dear loves!
 For them they'll see nae mair.

Half-owre, half-owre to Aberdour,
 'Tis fifty fathoms deep,
 And there lies gude Sir Patrick Spens,
 Wi' the Scots lords at his feet!

Marie Hamilton's to the kirk gane
 Wi' ribbons on her breast,
 The King thought mair o' Marie Hamilton
 Than he listen'd to the priest

Ib The Queen's Mair

Yestreen the Queen had four Maries,
 The night she'll hae but three,
 There was Marie Seaton, and Marie Beaton,
 And Marie Carmichael, and me.

O little did my mother ken,
 The day she cradled me,
 The lands I was to travel in
 Or the death I was to die!

And when we came through Glasgow toun,
 We were a comely sight to see,
 My gude lord in the black velvet,
 And I mysel' in cramasie

Ib Jamie Douglas

O waly, waly, up the bank,
 And waly, waly, doun the brae,
 And waly, waly, yon burn-side,
 Where I and my Love went to gae!

I lean'd my back unto an aik,
 I thocht it was a trustie tree;
 But first it bow'd and syne it brake—
 Sae my true love did lichtle me.

O waly, waly, gin love be bonnie
 A little time while it is new!
 But when 'tis auld it waxeth cauld,
 And fades awa' like morning dew.

O wherefore should I busk my heid,
 Or wherefore should I kame my hair?
 For my true Love has me forsook,
 And says he'll never lo'e me mair.

Ib

But had I wist, before I kist,
 That love had been sae ill to win,
 I had lock'd my heart in a case o' gowd,
 And pinn'd it wi' a siller pin

And O! if my young babe were born,
 And set upon the nurse's knee,
 And I mysel' were dead and gane,
 And the green grass growing over me!

Ib

O come ye here to fight, young lord,
 Or come ye here to play?
 Or come ye here to drink good wine
 Upon the weddin'-day?

Ib Katharine Johnstone.

Ye Highlands and ye Lawlands,
 O where hae ye been?
 They hae slain the Earl of Murray,
 And hae laid him on the green

Ib.

Ib The Bonny Earl of Murray.

He was a braw gallant,
 And he rid at the ring,
 And the bonny Earl of Murray,
 O he might hae been a king!

Ib.

He was a braw gallant,
 And he play'd at the gluvie,
 And the bonny Earl of Murray,
 O he was the Queen's luvie!

O lang will his Lady
 Look owre the Castle Downe,
 Ere she see the Earl of Murray
 Come sounding through the town!

Ib

Ib

'Let me have length and breadth enough,
 And under my head a sod,
 That they may say when I am dead,
 —Here lies bold Robin Hood!

Ib. The Death of Robin Hood.

It fell about the Lammass tide
 When husbands win their hay,
 The doughty Douglas bound him to ride
 In England to take a prey

Ib

Ib The Battle of Otterburn, 1

My wound is deep I am fain to sleep,
 Take thou the vaward of me,
 And hide me by the bracken bush
 Grows on yonder lily-lee

Ib

Ib lvi.

The Percy out of Northumberland,
 An avow to God made he
 That he would hunt in the mountains
 Of Cheviot within days three,
 In the maugre of doughty Douglas,
 And all that e'er with him be

Ib Chevy Chase, 1 1

This began on a Monday at morn,
 In Cheviot the hills so hye,
 The child may rue that is unborn,
 It was the more pitye.

Ib 1v

'But I hae dream'd a dreary dream,
 Beyond the Isle of Sky,
 I saw a dead man win a fight,
 And I think that man was I'

Ib [xix in the Scottish version, but not included in the Oxford Book version]

For Witherington my heart was woe
 That ever he slain should be
 For when both his legs were hewn in two
 Yet he kneel'd and fought on his knee

Ib 11. 1.

'God have mercy on his soul,' said King Harry,
 'Good Lord, if thy will it be!
 I've a hundred captains in England,' he said,
 'As good as ever was he
 But Percy, an I brook my life,
 Thy death well quit shall be' *Ib* lviii.
 Jesu Christ! our bales¹ bete,²
 And to the bliss us bring!
 This was the Hunting of the Cheviot
 God send us all good ending! *Ib* lxi

¹ bales = woes² bete = better, relieve

A ship I have got in the North Country
 And she goes by the name of the *Golden Vanty*,
 O I fear she will be taken by a Spanish Ga-la-lee,
 As she sails by the Low-lands low
Ib The Golden Vanty

He bored with his augur, he bored once and twice,
 And some were playing cards, and some were playing
 dice,

When the water flowed in it dazzled their eyes,
 And she sank by the Lowlands low
 So the Cabin-boy did swim all to the larboard side,
 Saying 'Captain! take me in, I am drifting with the
 tide!'

'I will shoot you! I will kill you!' the cruel Captain
 cried,

'You may sink by the Low-lands low' *Ib*

Then they laid him on the deck, and he closed his eyes
 and died,

As they sailed by the Low-lands low *Ib*.

O is my basnet a widow's curch?
 Or my lance a wand of the willow-tree?

Or my arm a lady's lily hand,
 That an English lord should lightly me!

Ib Kinmont Wilhe, x

He is either himself a devil frae hell,
 Or else his mother a witch maun be,

I wadna have ridden that wan water
 For a' the gowd in Christentie. *Ib* xlv

I wish I were where Helen lies,
 Night and day on me she cries,

O that I were where Helen lies,
 On fair Kirkconnell lea! *Ib Helen of Kirkconnell*

Lady Nancy she died out of pure, pure grief,
 Lord Lovel he died out of sorrow *Ib Lord Lovel*

All the trees they are so high,
 The leaves they are so green,

The day is past and gone, sweet-heart,
 That you and I have seen

It is cold winter's night,
 You and I must bide alone

Whilst my pretty lad is young
 And is growing *Ib The Trees so High*

In Scarlet town, where I was born,
 There was a fair maid dwellin',

Made every youth cry *Well-a-way!*
 Her name was Barbara Allen

All in the merry month of May,
 When green buds they were swellin',

Young Jemmy Grove on his death-bed lay,
 For love of Barbara Allen

Ib Barbara Allen's Cruelty

So slowly, slowly rase she up,
 And slowly she came nigh him,

And when she drew the curtain by—
 'Young man, I think you're dyin'!' *Ib*

'O mother, mother, make my bed,
 O make it saft and narrow
 My love has died for me to-day,
 I'll die for him to-morrow' *Ib*.

'Farewell,' she said, 'ye virgins all,
 And shun the fault I fell in
 Henceforth take warning by the fall
 Of cruel Barbara Allen' *Ib*.

And the Lowlands o' Holland has twin'd my love and
 me *Ib The Lowlands o' Holland*

'O haud your tongue, my daughter dear, be still and
 be content,

There are mair lads in Galloway, ye neen nae sair
 lament'

'O there is none in Gallow, there's none at a' for me,
 For I never loved a love but one, and he's drown'd in
 the sea' *Ib*

There was a youth, and a well-beloved youth,
 And he was an esquire's son,

He loved the bailiff's daughter dear,
 That lived in Islington *Ib The Bailiff's Daughter of Islington*

But when his friends did understand
 His fond and foolish mind,

They sent him up to fair London,
 An apprentice for to bind. *Ib*

She stept to him, as red as any rose,
 And took him by the bridle-ring

'I pray you, kind sir, give me one penny,
 To ease my weary limb.'

'I prithee, sweetheart, canst thou tell me,
 Where that thou wast born?'

'At Islington, kind sir,' said she,
 'Where I have had many a scorn'

'I prithee, sweetheart, canst thou tell me
 Whether thou dost know

'The bailiff's daughter of Islington?'
 'She's dead, sir, long ago'

'Then will I sell my goodly steed,
 My saddle and my bow,

I will into some far country,
 Where no man doth me know'

'O stay, O stay, thou goodly youth!
 She's alive, she is not dead,

Hie she standeth by thy side,
 And is ready to be thy bride' *Ib*

When captains courageous, whom death could not
 daunt,

Did march to the siege of the city of Gaunt,
 They mustered their soldiers by two and by three,

And the foremost in battle was Mary Ambree
Mary Ambree.

'Tom Pearse, Tom Pearse, lend me your grey mare,
 All along, down along, out along, lee.

For I want for to go to Widdicombe Fair,
 Wi' Bill Brewer, Jan Stewer, Peter Gurney, Peter

Davey, Dan'l Whiddon, Harry Hawk,
 Old Uncle Tom Cobbleigh and all

Old Uncle Tom Cobbleigh and all' *Ib Widdicombe Fair*

But ne'er a word wad ane o' them speak,
 For barring of the door *Ib Get Up and Bar the Door.*

Goodman, you've spoken the foremost word!
 Get up and bar the door. *Ib*

NURSERY RHYMES

- Old King Cole
Was a merry old soul,
And a merry old soul was he,
He called for his pipe,
He called for his bowl,
And he called for his fiddlers three
*Nursery Rhymes Collected by James Orchard
Halliwell (Phillipps), 1*
- I had a little nut-tree, nothing would it bear
But a silver nutmeg and a golden pear,
The king of Spain's daughter came to visit me,
And all because of my little nut tree *Ib. 5.*
- The King of France went up the hill,
With twenty thousand men,
The King of France came down the hill,
And ne'er went up again *Ib. 8*
- Please to remember
The Fifth of November,
Gunpowder treason and plot,
I know no reason
Why gunpowder treason
Should ever be forgot *Ib. 13*
- A was an apple-pie,
B bit it,
C cut it *Ib. 33.*
- One, two,
Buckle my shoe,
Three, four,
Shut the door,
Five, six,
Pick up sticks
Seven, eight,
Lay them straight,
Nine, ten,
A good fat hen *Ib. 35*
- Pat-a-cake, pat-a-cake baker's man!
So I will, master, as fast as I can
Pat, and prick it, and mark it with T,
Put in the oven for Tony and me *Ib. 36*
- Taffy was a Welshman, Taffy was a thief,
Taffy came to my house and stole a piece of beef
I went to Taffy's house, Taffy was not at home,
Taffy came to my house and stole a marrow-bone
I went to Taffy's house, Taffy was not in,
Taffy came to my house and stole a silver pin
I went to Taffy's house, Taffy was in bed,
I took up a poker and flung it at his head *Ib. 42*
- Little Jack Horner sat in the corner,
Eating a Christmas pie
He put in his thumb, and he took out a plum,
And said, 'What a good boy am I!' *Ib. 43*
- There was a crooked man, and he went a crooked mile,
He found a crooked shpence against a crooked stile
He bought a crooked cat, which caught a crooked mouse,
And they all lived together in a little crooked house *Ib. 46*
- The lion and the unicorn
Were fighting for the crown,
The lion beat the unicorn
All round about the town
- Some gave them white bread,
And some gave them brown,
Some gave them plum-cake,
And sent them out of town *Ib. 56*
- Three wise men of Gotham
Went to sea in a bowl
And if the bowl had been stronger,
My song would have been longer *Ib. 59*
- Tom, Tom, the piper's son,
Stole a pig, and away he run!
The pig was cat, and Tom was beat,
And Tom went roaring down the street *Ib. 61.*
- Simple Simon met a pieman
Going to the fair
Says Simple Simon to the pieman,
'Let me taste your ware' *Ib. 63*
- The Queen of Hearts
She made some tarts,
All on a summer's day
The Knave of Hearts
He stole the tarts,
And took them clean away *Ib. 65.*
- Solomon Grundy,
Born on a Monday,
Christened on a Tuesday,
Married on a Wednesday,
Took ill on Thursday,
Worse on Friday,
Died on Saturday,
Buried on Sunday
This is the end
Of Solomon Grundy *Ib. 67*
- They that wash on Monday
Have all the week to dry,
'They that wash on Tuesday
Are not so much awry,
'They that wash on Wednesday
Are not so much to blame,
'They that wash on Thursday
Wash for shame,
'They that wash on Friday,
Wash in need,
And they that wash on Saturday,
Oh! they're sluts indeed *Ib. 73*
- He that would thrive
Must rise at five,
He that hath thriven
May lie till seven *Ib. 76*
- See a pin and pick it up,
All the day you'll have good luck,
See a pin and let it lay,
Bad luck you'll have all the day! *Ib. 77.*
- When the wind is in the east,
'Tis neither good for man nor beast,
When the wind is in the north,
The skilful fisher goes not forth,
When the wind is in the south,
It blows the bait in the fishes' mouth;
When the wind is in the west,
Then 'tis at the very best *Ib. 79.*

- Cross patch,
Draw the latch,
Sit by the fire and spin
Take a cup,
And drink it up,
Then call your neighbours in
Cry, baby, cry,
Put your finger in your eye,
And tell your mother it wasn't I
Mistress Mary, quite contrary,
How does your garden grow?
With cockle shells, and silver bells,
And mussels all a row
Tell tale, tit!
Your tongue shall be split,
And all the dogs in the town
Shall have a little bit
Multiplication is vexation,
Division is as bad,
The Rule of Three doth puzzle me,
And Practice drives me mad
Thirty days hath September,
April, June, and November,
February has twenty-eight alone,
All the rest have thirty-one,
Excepting leap-year, that's the time
When February's days are twenty-nine
Three blind mice, see how they run!
They all ran after a farmer's wife,
Who cut off their tails with the carving-knife,
Did you ever see such fools in your life?
Three blind mice
If I'd as much money as I could spend,
I never would cry old chairs to mend,
Cry chairs to mend, old chairs to mend,
I never would cry old chairs to mend
The fox jumped up on a moonlight night
Tom he was a piper's son,
He learned to play when he was young,
But all the tunes that he could play,
Was 'Over the hills and far away'
London bridge is broken down,
Dance o'er my lady lee
The north wind doth blow,
And we shall have snow,
And what will poor robin do then?
Poor thing!
He'll sit in a barn,
And to keep himself warm,
Will hide his head under his wing
Poor thing!
Little Bo-Peep has lost her sheep,
And can't tell where to find them,
Let them alone, and they'll come home,
And bring their tails behind them.
Sing a song of sixpence,
A bag full of rye,
Four and twenty blackbirds,
Baked in a pie,
When the pie was opened,
The birds began to sing,
Was not that a dainty dish
To set before the king?
- The king was in his counting-house
Counting out his money,
The queen was in the parlour
Eating bread and honey,
The maid was in the garden
Hanging out the clothes,
There came a little blackbird,
And snapt off her nose
As I was going to St Ives,
I met a man with seven wives,
Every wife had seven sacks,
Every sack had seven cats,
Every cat had seven kits,
Kits, cats, sacks, and wives,
How many were there going to St Ives?
Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall,
Humpty Dumpty had a great fall,
Three score men and three score more
Cannot place Humpty Dumpty as he was before
Pease-porridge hot, pease-porridge cold,
Pease-porridge in the pot, nine days old
King Charles walked and talked
Half an hour after his head was cut off
Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled pepper,
A peck of pickled pepper Peter Piper picked,
If Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled pepper,
Where's the peck of pickled pepper that Peter Piper
picked?
Lark a mercy on me, this is none of ill
There was an old woman who lived in a shoe,
She had so many children she didn't know what to do,
She gave them some broth without any bread,
She whipped them all well and put them to bed
Old Mother Hubbard
Went to the cupboard,
To get her poor dog a bone,
But when she came there
The cupboard was bare,
And so the poor dog had none
Gay go up and gay go down,
To ring the bells of London town
Oranges and lemons
Say the bells of St Clement's
When will you pay me?
Say the bells at Old Bailey
When I grow rich,
Say the bells at Shoreditch
Here comes a candle to light you to bed,
And here comes a chopper to chop off your head.
See, saw, Margery Daw,
Sold her bed and lay upon straw,
Was not she a dirty slut,
To sell her bed and lie in the dirt!
Ride a cock-horse to Banbury-cross,
To see an old lady ride upon a white horse,
Rings on her fingers, and bells on her toes,
And so she makes music wherever she goes
This pig went to market,
This pig stayed at home,
This pig had a bit of meat,
And this pig had none,
This pig said, Wee, wee, wee!
I can't find my way home.

- Hickory, Dickory, Dock,
The mouse ran up the clock,
The clock struck one,
The mouse was gone;
O, U, T, spells out!
- Ib.* 226.
- How many miles is it to Babylon?—
Threescore miles and ten
Can I get there by candle-light?—
Yes, and back again!
If you are nimble and light,
You may get there by candle-light
- Ib.* 230
- The man in the wilderness asked me,
How many strawberries grow in the sea?
I answered him, as I thought good,
As many as red herrings grew in the wood
- Ib.* 259
- Bye, baby bunting,
Daddy's gone a-hunting,
To get a little hare's skin
To wrap a baby bunting in
- Ib.* 274
- Ding, dong, bell,
Pussy's in the well!
Who put her in?
Little Tommy Lin
- Ib.* 283
- Cock a doodle doo!
My dame has lost her shoe,
My master's lost his fiddling-stick,
And don't know what to do.
- Ib.* 285.
- Hey! diddle-diddle,
The cat and the fiddle,
The cow jumped over the moon,
The little dog laughed
To see such craft,
While the dish ran after the spoon
- Ib.* 301.
- Jack Sprat could eat no fat,
His wife could eat no lean,
And so, between them both, you see,
They licked the platter clean
- Ib.* 327.
- Rowley Poley, pudding and pie,
Kissed the girls and made them cry,
When the girls began to cry,
Rowley Poley ran away
- Ib.* 347
- Four and twenty tailors went to kill a snail,
The best man among them durst not touch her tail
She put out her horns like a little Kyloe cow,
Run, tailors, run, or she'll kill you all e'en now
- Ib.* 359
- Pussy cat, pussy cat, where have you been?
I've been up to London to look at the queen
Pussy cat, pussy cat, what did you there?
I frightened a little mouse under the chair
- Ib.* 362
- Hickety, pickety, my black hen,
She lays eggs for gentlemen,
Gentlemen come every day
To see what my black hen doth lay
- Ib.* 373
- Lady-cow, lady-cow, fly thy way home,
Thy house is on fire, thy children all gone,
All but one that ligs under a stone,
Ply thee home, lady-cow, ere it be gone
- Ib.* 380
- This is the farmer sowing his corn,
'That kept the cock that crowed in the morn,
That waked the priest all shaven and shorn,
That married the man all tattered and torn,
That kissed the maiden all forlorn,
That milked the cow with the crumpled horn,
- That tossed the dog,
That worried the cat,
That killed the rat,
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built
- Ib.* 398.
- Goosey goosey gander,
Whither shall I wander?
Up stairs, down stairs,
And in my lady's chamber,
There I met an old man
That would not say his prayers,
I took him by the left leg,
And threw him down stairs
- Ib.* 414.
- What are little boys made of, made of?
What are little boys made of?
Snaps and snails, and puppy-dogs' tails,
And that's what little boys are made of, made of
What are little girls made of, made of, made of?
What are little girls made of?
Sugar and spice, and all that's nice,
And that's what little girls are made of, made of
- Ib.* 416.
- Who comes here?
A grenadier
What do you want?
A pot of beer
Where is your money?
I've forgot
Get you gone,
You drunken sot!
- Ib.* 420.
- Bah, bah, black sheep,
Have you any wool?
Yes, marry, have I,
Three bags full—
One for my master,
And one for my dame,
But none for the little boy
Who cries in the lane.
- Ib.* 440
- Daffy-down-dilly has come up to town,
In a yellow petticoat, and a green gown.
- Ib.* 444.
- Little Tom Tucker
Sings for his supper,
What shall he eat?
White bread and butter.
How shall he eat it
Without e'er a knife?
How will he be married
Without e'er a wife?
- Ib.* 446.
- Come, let's to bed,
Says Sleepy-head,
Tarry a while, says Slow;
Put on the pot,
Says Greedy-gut,
Let's sup before we go.
- Ib.* 447.
- When I was a little boy, I had but little wit,
It is some time to go, and I've no more yet,
Nor ever ever shall, until that I die,
For the longer I live, the more fool am I
- Ib.* 455.
- Rain, rain, go away,
Come again another day,
Little Arthur wants to play
- Ib.* 457
- Girls and boys come out to play,
The moon doth shine as bright as day
- Ib.* 466.

Little boy blue, come blow up your horn,
The sheep's in the meadow, the cow's in the corn,
Where's the little boy that looks after the sheep?
He's under the haystack fast asleep.
Will you wake him? No, not I,
For if I do, he'll be sure to cry *Ib* 468
Little Polly Flinders
Sate among the cinders,

Warming her pretty little toes
Her mother came and caught her,
And whipped her little daughter
For spoiling her nice new clothes. *Ib* 486.

One a penny, two a penny, hot cross-buns,
If your daughters do not like them, give them to your
sons. *Ib* 494.

PUNCH

Advice to persons about to marry—"Don't"
Punch, vol viii, p 1 1845

You pays your money and you takes your choice
Ib vol x, p 16 1846

The Half-Way House to Rome, Oxford
Ib vol xvi, p 36 1849

What is better than presence of mind in a railway
accident? Absence of body
Ib vol xvi, p 231 1849

Never do to-day what you can put off till to-morrow
Ib vol xvii, p 241 1849

The cow with the iron tail
Ib vol xxii, p 13 1850

No bread 'Then bring me some toast!
Ib vol xxii, p 18 1852

A confiseur in the Rue St Denis at Paris has just
invented a new Cordial for the special use of the
English-French armies in Turkey, to which he has
given the name of 'Entente Cordial'
Ib vol xxvi, p 76 1854

Who's 'im, Bill?
A stranger!
'Eave 'arf a brick at 'im *Ib* vol xxvi, p 82 1854

What is Matter?—Never mind
What is Mind?—No matter
Ib vol xxix, p 19 1855

'Peccavi—I've Scinde' wrote Lord Ellen so proud
More briefly Dalhousie wrote—'Voor—I've Oude'
Ib vol xxx, p 141 1856

It ain't the 'unting as 'urts 'un, it's the 'ammer,
'ammer, 'ammer along the 'ard 'igh road
Ib vol xxx, p 218 1856

O 'ill tak zum o' that in a moog
Ib vol xxxvii, p 156 1859

I see it's written by a lady, and I want a book that my
daughters may read. Give me something else
Ib vol liii, p 252 1867

Mun, a had na' been the-erre abune two hours when
—bang—went saxpence!!! *Ib* vol liv, p 235. 1868.

Cats is 'dogs' and rabbits is 'dogs' and so's parrots,
but this 'ere "Tortus" is an insect, and there ain't no
charge for it. *Ib* vol lv, p 155 1869

Nothink for nothink 'ere, and precious little for six-
pence *Ib* vol lvii, p 152. 1869

Sure, the next train has gone ten minutes ago
Ib vol lx, p 206 1871

I may've 'ad too mush, but I 'aven't 'ad enough
Ib vol lxiii, p 72 1872

It appears the Americans have taken umbrage
The deuce they have! Whereabouts is that?
Ib vol lxiii, p 189 1872

Go directly—see what she's doing, and tell her she
mustn't *Ib* vol lxiii, p 202 1872

There was one poor tiger that hadn't got a Christian
Ib vol lxviii, p 143 1875

It's worse than wicked, my dear, it's vulgar
Ib Almanac 1876

What did you take out of the bag, Mamma? I only
got sixpence *Ib* vol lxx, p 139 1876

'Is Life worth living?" he suspects it is, in a great
measure, a question of the Liver
Ib vol lxxiii, p 207 1877

I never read books—I write them
Ib vol lxxiv, p 210 1878

I am not hungry, but thank goodness, I am greedy
Ib vol lxxv, p 290 1878

BISHOP
Who is it that sees and hears all I do, and before
whom even I am but as a crushed worm?

PAGE
The Missus, my Lord!
Ib vol lxxix, p 63 1880

Ah whiles hae ma doobts about the meenister
Ib vol lxxix, p 275 1880

I used your soap two years ago, since then I have used
no other *Ib* vol lxxxvi, p 197 1884

What sort of a doctor is he?
'Oh, well, I don't know very much about his ability,
but he's got a very good bedside manner!
Ib vol lxxxvi, p 121 1884

Don't look at me, Sir, with—ah—in that tone of
voice *Ib* vol lxxxvii, p 38. 1884

Oh yes! I'm sure he's not so fond of me as at first
He's away so much, neglects me dreadfully, and
he's so cross when he comes home. What shall
I do?

Feed the brute! *Ib* vol lxxxviii, p 206 1886.

Hi! James—let loose the Gorgonzola!

Ib vol xcvi, p 82. 1889.

Nearly all our best men are dead! Carlyle, Tennyson,
Browning, George Eliot!—I'm not feeling very
well myself.

Ib vol civ, p. 210 1893

Botticelli isn't a wine, you Juggins! Botticelli's a
cheese!

Ib vol cvi, p 270 1894

I'm afraid you've got a bad egg, Mr Jones

Oh no, my Lord, I assure you! Parts of it are
excellent!

Ib vol civ, p 222 1895.

Do you know, Carter, that I can actually write my
name in the dust on the table?

Faith, Mum, that's more than I can do Sure there's
nothing like education, after all

Ib vol cxlii, p 142 1902.

Look here, Steward, if this is coffee, I want tea, but
if this is tea, then I wish for coffee

Ib vol cxliii, p. 44 1902

We must gie it up, Alfred

What, gie up gowff?

Nae, nae, mon Gie up the meenistry

Ib vol cxxvi, p 117 1904.

LATIN QUOTATIONS

PETER ABELARD

1079-1142

O quanta qualia sunt illa sabbata,
Quae semper celebrat superna curia

O what their joy and their glory must be,
Those endless sabbaths the blessed ones see!
Hymnus Parachtensis Trans by Neale in
Hymnal Noted, 1858

THOMAS A KEMPIS

1380-1471

Opto magis sentire compunctionem quam scire eius
definitionem

I had rather feel compunction, than understand
the definition thereof
Imitatio Christi, ch 1, § iii Trans by Anthony
Hoskins

Sic transit gloria mundi

O, how quickly doth the glory of the world pass
away! *Ib* ch 3, § vi

Passione interdum movemur et zelum putamus

We are sometimes moved with passion, and we
think it to be zeal Quoted in *ib* ch 5, § 1.

Multo tutius est stare in subiectione quam in prae-
latura

It is much safer to obey, than to govern
Ib ch 9, § 1

Si libenter crucem portas portabit te

If thou bear the Cross cheerfully, it will bear thee
Ib ch 12, § v

Nunquam sis ex toto otiosus, sed aut legens, aut
scribens, aut orans, aut meditans, aut aliquid utili-
tatis pro communi laborans

Never be entirely idle but either be reading, or
writing, or praying, or meditating, or endeavour-
ing something for the public good
Ib ch 19, § iv.

Utinam per unam diem essemus bene conversati in
hoc mundo

O that we had spent but one day in this world
thoroughly well! *Ib* ch 23, § ii

ALCUIN

735-804

Vox populi, vox dei

The voice of the people is the voice of God
Letter to Charlemagne, A D 800 *Works, Epis.*
127.

ST. AMBROSE

c 340-397

Si fueris Romae, Romano vivito more;
Si fueris alibi, vivito sicut ibi

If you are at Rome live in the Roman style, if you
are elsewhere live as they live elsewhere
Quoted by Jeremy Taylor, *Ductor Dubitantum*,
i 1 5

ST AUGUSTINE

354-430

Fecisti nos ad te et inquietum est cor nostrum, donec
requiescat in te

Thou hast created us for thyself, and our heart
cannot be quieted till it may find repose in thee
Confessions, bk 1, ch 1 Trans by Watts

Et illa erant fercula, in quibus mihi esurienti te
inferebatur sol et luna

And these were the dishes wherein to me, hunger-
starven for thee, they served up the sun and
moon *Ib* bk iii, ch 6

Fieri non potest, ut filius istarum lacrimarum pereat
It is not possible that the son of these tears should
be lost *Ib* ch 12

Da mihi castitatem et continentiam, sed noli modo
GIVE me chastity and continency, but do not give
it yet *Ib* bk viii, ch 7.

Tolle lege, tolle lege

Take up and read, take up and read *Ib* ch 12.

Sero te amavi, pulchritudo tam antiqua et tam nova,
sero te amavi et ecce intus eras et ego foris, et ibi te
quaerebam

Too late came I to love thee, O thou Beauty both
so ancient and so fresh, yet too late came I to
love thee And behold, thou wert within me,
and I out of myself, where I made search for
thee *Ib* bk x, ch 27.

Continentiam iubes da quod iubes et iube quod vis
Thou commandest me continency give me what
thou commandest, and command what thou wilt
Ib ch 29

Securus iudicat orbis terrarum

The verdict of the world is conclusive
Contra Epist Parmen iii 24.

Salus extra ecclesiam non est

No salvation exists outside the church
De Bapt iv, c, xvi, 24, referring back to St
Cyprian's 'Habere non potest Deum patrem
qui ecclesiam non habet matrem' (He cannot
have God for his Father who has not the
church for his mother), *De Cath Eccl Umtate*.
vi.

Audi alteram partem

Hear the other side *De Duabus Annabus*, xiv ii.

Ama et fac quod vis

Love and do what you will

Popular version of St Augustine's 'Dilige et quod vis fac' (Love and do what you will), In Joann vii 8

Roma locuta est, causa finita est

Rome has spoken, the case is concluded
Sermons, Bk 1

De vitis nostris scalam nobis facimus, si vitia ipsa calcamus

We make a ladder of our vices, if we trample those same vices underfoot *Ib iii De Ascensione*

AUGUSTUS CAESAR

63 B C - A D 14

Quintili Vare, legiones redde

Varus, give me back my legions
Suetonius, Divus Augustus, 23.

Urbem . . . excoluit adeo, ut iure sit glorius mar-
moream se relinquere, quam latericiam accepisset
He so improved the city that he justly boasted that
he found it brick and left it marble *Ib 28*

JOSHUA BARNES?

Deus quos vult perdere, dementat prius
Whom God would destroy, He first sends mad
In his ed. of Euripides, Index Prior, s v Deus

ST. BERNARD

1091-1153

Liberavi animam meam.

I have freed my soul *Epistle 371*

CALIGULA

A D 12-41

Utinam populus Romanus unam cervicem haberet!
Would that the Roman people had but one neck!
Suetonius, Life of Caligula, 30

CATO THE ELDER

234-149 B C

Delenda est Carthago

Carthage must be destroyed
Plutarch, Life of Cato

CATULLUS

87-54? B C

Cui dono lepidum novum libellum
Arido modo pumice expolitur?

Here's my small book out, nice and new,
Fresh-bound—whom shall I give it to?
Carmine, 1, trans by Sir W. Marris

Namque tu solebas
Meas esse aliquid putare nugas
To you (Cornelius), who of yore
Upon my trifles set some store

Ib

Plus uno maneant perenne saeclo

May it outlive an hundred year. *Ib.*

Lugete, O Veneres Cupidinesque,
Et quantum est hominum venustiorum.
Passer mortuus est meae puellae,
Passer, deliciae meae puellae.

Come, all ye Loves and Cupids, haste
To mourn, and all ye men of taste,
My lady's sparrow, O, he's sped,
The bird my lady loved is dead! *Ib iii.*

Qui nunc it per iter tenebrososum
Illuc, unde negant redire quenquam
And now he treads the gloomy track
Whence no one, so they say, comes back *Ib.*

Sed haec prius fuere
All this is over now *Ib. iv.*

Vivamus, mea Lesbia, atque amemus,
Rumoresque senum severiorum
Omnes unius aestimemus assis
Soles occidere et redire possunt.
Nobis cum semel occidit brevis lux
Nox est perpetua una dormienda

Lesbia mine, let's live and love!
Give no doir for tattle of
Crabbed old censorious men,
Suns may set and rise again,
But when our short day takes flight
Sleep we must one endless night *Ib. v.*

Da mi basia mille
Kiss me times a thousand o'er *Ib.*

Miser Catulle, desinas ineptire
Forgo your dream, poor fool of love. *Ib viii.*

At tu, Catulle, destinatus obdura
But bide, Catullus, firm and set *Ib.*

Nec meum respectet, ut ante, amorem,
Qui illius culpa cecidit velut prati
Ultimi flos, praetereunte postquam
Tactus aratro est

But ne'er look back again to find my love,
My love, which for her fault has wilted now,
Like meadow flower, upon the marge thereof,
Touched by a passing plough *Ib xi.*

Totum ut te faciant, Fabulle, nasum
To make you nose and only nose *Ib xiii*

O quid solutus est beatus curis?
Cum mens onus reponit, ac peregrino
Labore fessi venimus larem ad nostrum,
Desideratoque acquiescimus lecto
Hoc est quod unum est pro laboribus tantis.
Salve O venusta Sirmio atque hero gaudet,
Gaudete vosque O Lydiae lacus undae,
Ridete quidquid est domi cachinnorum

What joy is like it? to be quit of care
And drop my load, and after weary miles
Come home, and sink upon the bed that so
I used to dream of this one thing is worth
All that long service Hail, sweet Sirmio!
Welcome thy lord with laughter, and give back
Your laughter, waters of the Lydian lake
Laugh, home of mine, with all your maddest mirth
Ib. xxxi.

Quidquid est, ubicumque est,
 Quodcumque agit, renidet hunc habet morbum,
 Neque elegantem, ut arbitror, neque urbanum
 Whate'er the case, where'er he be,
 Or does, he smiles, with him it is a vice,
 And not, I think, a pretty one, nor nice
Carmina, xxxix

Nam risu inepto res ineptior nulla est
 Untimely grinning is the silliest sin *Ib*
 Iam ver egehdos refert tepores
 Now Spring restores the balmy days *Ib xlvi.*

Gratias tibi maximas Catullus
 Agit pessimus omnium poeta,
 Tanto pessimus omnium poeta,
 Quanto tu optimus omnium's patronum
 Catullus gives you warmest thanks,
 And he the worst of poets ranks,
 As much the worst of bards confessed,
 As you of advocates the best *Ib xlix*

Ille mi par esse deo videtur,
 Ille, si fas est, superare divos,
 Qui sedens adversus identidem te
 Spectat et audit
 Dulce ridentem, misero quod omnis
 Eripit sensus mihi

Like to a god he seems to me,
 Above the gods, if so may be,
 Who sitting often close to thee
 May see and hear
 Thy lovely laugh ah, luckless man! *Ib li*

Quid est, Catulle? quid moraris emori?
 How now? why not be quick and die?
 Salaputium disertum!
 He can talk, that little cuss! *Ib liii*

Caeli, Lesbia nostra, Lesbia illa,
 Illa Lesbia, quam Catullus unam
 Plus quam se atque suos amavit omnes,
 Nunc in quadruvis et angiportis
 Glubit magnanimis Remi nepotes
 My Lesbia,—Lesbia, whom once
 Catullus loved of girls alone
 Above himself and all his own—
 Now into lanes and corners runs
 To traffic with proud Remus' sons *Ib lviii*

Torquatus volo parvulus
 Matris e gremio suae
 Porrigens teneras manus,
 Dulce rideat ad patrem
 Semihante labello
 Sit suo similis patri
 Manlio et facile insciis
 Noscitur ab omnibus,
 Et pudicitiam suo
 Matris indicet ore

I'd a wee Torquatus see
 Stretch soft finger-tips
 From his mother's lap, and smile
 Sweetly at his sire the while
 With half-parted lips,
 To his father Manlius so
 Very like, in sooth
 Even strangers him shall know,
 And his face alone shall show
 Forth his mother's truth. *Ib lxi 209*

Vesper adest, iuvenes, consurgite Vesper Olympo
 Expectata diu vix tandem lumina tollit
 Up, lads! 'tis Eve at last to longing eyes
 Upon Olympus Hesper lifts his ray *Ib lxii. 1.*
 Quid datur a divis felici optatus hora?
 What gift hath heaven to match thy happy hour?
Ib 30.

Ut flos in saeptis secretus nascitur hortis,
 Ignotus pecori, nullo contusus aratro,
 Quem mulcent aurae, firmat sol, educat imber;
 Multi illum pueri, multae optavere puellae.
 As grows a flower within a garden close,
 Known to no cattle, by no ploughshare smit,
 Suns give it strength, rain growth, and air repose,
 And many lads and lasses long for it *Ib 39*

Omnia fanda nefanda malo permixta furore,
 Iustificam nobis mentem avertere deorum.
 Then right and wrong confused and all at odds
 Turned from us the just judgment of the gods
Ib lxiv 406

Sed mulier cupido quod dicit amanti,
 In vento et rapida scribere oportet aqua.
 But a woman's sayings to her lover,
 Should be in wind and running water writ *Ib lxx.*
 Desine de quoquam quicquam bene velle mereri,
 Aut alquem fieri posse putare pium
 Cease to expect to win men's gratitude,
 To think that human beings can be grateful.
Ib lxxiii.

Siqua recordanti benefacta priora voluptas
 Est homini
 If it be good to mind each kindly act. *Ib lxxvi.*

Difficile est longum subito deponere amorem.
 'Tis hard to drop at once old-standing love. *Ib.*

Si vitam puriter egi
 If my life be fair *Ib.*

O di, reddite mi hoc pro pietate mea.
 Gods, grant me this thing for my piety. *Ib.*

Chommoda dicebat, si quando commoda vellet
 Dicere
 'Hallowances' said Arnus, (meaning 'allowances')
Ib lxxxiv.

Odi et amo quare id faciam, fortasse requiris
 Nescio, sed fieri sentio et excrucior
 I hate, I love—the cause thereof
 Belike you ask of me
 I do not know, but feel 'tis so,
 And I'm in agony. *Ib lxxxv.*

Si quicquam mutis gratum acceptumve sepulcris
 Accidere a nostro, Calve, dolore potest
 If the dumb grave, my Calvus, can receive
 Aught that is dear or grateful from our grief
Ib xcvi

Multas per gentes et multa per aequora vectus
 Advenio has miseras, frater, ad inferias,
 Ut te postremo donarem munere mortis
 Et mutam nequiquam alloquerer cinerem
 Quandoquidem fortuna mihi tete abstulit ipsum,
 Heu miser indigne frater adempte mihi,

Nunc tamen interea haec prisco quae more parentum
Tradita sunt tristi munere ad inferias,
Accipe fraterno multum manantia fletu,
Atque in perpetuum, frater, ave atque vale

By many lands and over many a wave
I come, my brother, to your piteous grave,
To bring you the last offering in death
And o'er dumb dust expend an idle breath,
For fate has torn your living self from me,
And snatched you, brother, O, how cruelly!
Yet take these gifts, brought as our fathers bade
For sorrow's tribute to the passing shade,
A brother's tears have wet thine o'er and o'er,
And so, my brother, hail, and farewell evermore!
Carmina, c.

At non effugies meos iambos

You shan't evade
These rhymes I've made
Fragments, trans Sir W. Marris

THOMAS OF CELANO

c 1250

Dies hae, dies illa
Solvat saeculum in favilla

Day of wrath, on that day the world shall dissolve
in ashes *Analecta Hymnica, liv, p 269*

CICERO

106-43 B C

Vulgo enim dicitur Iucundi acti labores

For it is commonly said accomplished labours are
pleasant *De Finibus, ii 105*

Id quod est praestantissimum maximeque optabile
omnibus sanis et bonis et beatis, cum dignitate
otium

The thing which is the most outstanding and the
most desirable to all healthy and good and beauti-
ful persons, is comfort with honour
Pro Sexto, xiv 98

Mens cuiusque is est quisque

The mind of each man is the man himself
De Republica, vi 26

In Romuli faece

Among the dregs of Romulus
Ad Atticum, ii 1 8

Spartam nactus es hanc (ex)orna

Sparta is your inheritance be worthy of her
Ib. iv vi 2

Summum bonum

The highest good *De Officiis, i 11 5*

Cedant arma togae, concedant laurea laudi

Let wars yield to peace, laurels to paeans
Ib. i xxii 82.

Nunquam se minus otiosum esse quam cum otiosus,
nec minus solum quam cum solus esset

Never less idle than when wholly idle, nor less
alone than when wholly alone. *Ib. iii 1 1.*

O fortunatam natam me consule Romam!

O happy Rome born when I was consul!
Quoted in *Juvenal, x. 122*

Omnes artes quae ad humanitatem pertinent habent
quoddam commune vinculum et quasi cognatione
quodam inter se continentur

All arts which have anything to do with man have
a common bond and as it were contain within
themselves a certain affinity

Pro Archia, i 11

Haec studia adolescentiam aconunt, senectutem ob-
lectant, secundas res ornant, adversis perfugium
ac solacium praebent, delectant domum, non impe-
diunt foris, pernoctant nobiscum, peregrinantur,
rusticantur

These studies are an impetus to youth, and a de-
light to age, they are an adornment to good
fortune, refuge and relief in trouble, they enrich
private and do not hamper public life, they are
with us by night, they are with us on long
journeys, they are with us in the depths of the
country *Ib. vii xvi*

Oderint, dum metuant

Let them hate so long as they fear
Philippic, i 14 (quoted from the tragedian Accius)

Quod di omen avertant

May the gods avert the omen *Ib. iii xiv 35*

Silent enim leges inter arma

Laws are inoperative in war *Pro Milone, iv xi*

Cui bono

To whose profit *Ib. xii xxiii*

Ne quid res publica detrimenti caperet

Lest any harm should come to the state
Ib. xxvi lxx, quoting the senatorial 'ultimate
decree', beginning 'caveant consules' (let the
consuls see to it)

Quousque tandem abutere, Catilina, patientia nostra?

How long will you abuse our patience, Catiline?
In Catilinam, i 1 1

O tempora, O mores!

O what times, O what habits! *Ib.*

Abiit, excessit, evasit, erupit.

He departed, he withdrew, he went out, he broke
forth *In Catilinam, ii 1 1*

Salus populi suprema est lex

The good of the people is the chief law
De Legibus, iii iii 8

Civis Romanus sum

I am a Roman citizen *In Verrem, v lvii 147*

CONSTANTINE

288?-337

In hoc signo vinces

In this sign shalt thou conquer
*Words of Constantine's vision Eusebius, Life
of Constantine, i 28.*

RENÉ DESCARTES

1596-1650

Cogito, ergo sum

I think, therefore I am
Le Discours de la Méthode

ELIUS DONATUS

fl. 4th cent. A.D.

Huic quid simile sententiae et Comicus ait 'nihil est dictum, quod non est dictum prius' (Terent in *Prolog Eunuchi*) Unde preceptor meus Donatus, cum istum versiculum exponeret Percant, inquit, qui ante nos nostra dixerunt

The same idea is said by the comic poet 'Nothing is said which has not been said before' Whence my teacher Donatus, when he was speaking of that verse, said, 'Confound those who have said our remarks before us'

St. Jerome, *Commentary on Ecclesiastes*, cap. 1
Migne's *Patrologiae Cursus*, xxiii. 390

ENNIUS

239-169 B.C.

Unus homo nobis cunctando restituit rem

One man by delaying saved the state for us

Cicero, *De Senectute*, iv. 10.

Moribus antiquis res stat Romana viresque

The Roman state and manhood stands by ancient customs *Annals*

EUCLID

fl. c. 300 B.C.

Quod erat demonstrandum (tr. from the Greek)

Which was to be proved

VENANTIUS FORTUNATUS

530-609

Vexilla regis prodeunt

Fulget crucis mysterium

The royal banners forward go

The cross shines forth in mystic glow

Durham Rituale Trans. by J. M. Neale

GAIUS

fl. c. A.D. 110-c. 180

Damnosa hereditas

Ruinous inheritance

Inst. ii. 163

GREGORY I

540-604

Responsum est, quod Angli vocarentur At ille 'Bene,' inquit, 'nam et angelicam habent faciem, et talis angelorum in caelis decet esse coheredes'

They answered that they were called Angles 'It is well,' he said, 'for they have the faces of angels, and such should be the co-heirs of the angels in heaven.' Bede, *Historia Ecclesiastica*, ii. 1

GREGORY VII

1020-1085

Dilexi iustitiam et odi iniquitatem, propterea morior in exilio.

I have loved justice and hated iniquity therefore I die in exile Bowden, *Life*, iii, ch. 20.

HADRIAN

A.D. 76-138

Animula vagula blandula,
Hospes comesque corporis,
Quae nunc abibis in loca
Pallidula rigida nudula,
Nec ut soles dabis iocos!

Little soul, wandering, pleasant, guest and companion of the body, into what places wilt thou now go, pale, stiff, naked, nor wilt thou play any longer as thou art wont *To His Soul*

HORACE

65-8 B.C.

Ut turpiter atrum

Desinat in piscem mulier formosa superne

Make what at the top was a beautiful woman have ugly ending in a black fish's tail

Ars Poetica, 4, trans. by Wickham

'Pictoribus atque poetis

Quidlibet audendi semper fuit aequa potestas'

Scimus, et hanc veniam petimusque damusque vicissim.

'Poets and painters,' you say, 'have always had an equal licence in daring invention' We know it this liberty we claim for ourselves and give again to others. *Ib.* 9

Inceptis gravibus plerumque et magna professis

Purpureus, late qui splendeat, unus et alter

Adsutur pannus

Often on a work of grave purpose and high promises is tacked a purple patch or two to give an effect of colour *Ib.* 14

Amphora coepit

Institutur currente rota cur urceus exit?

It was a wine-jar that was to be moulded as the wheel runs round why does it come out a pitcher? *Ib.* 21.

Brevis esse laboro,

Obscurus fio,

It is when I am struggling to be brief that I become unintelligible *Ib.* 25

Dixeris egregie notum si callida verbum

Reddidit iunctura novum.

You may gain the finest effects in language by the skilful setting which makes a well-known word new *Ib.* 47

Multa renascentur quae iam cecidere, cadentque

Quae nunc sunt in honore vocabula, si volet usus,

Quem penes arbitrium est et ius et norma loquendi

Many a term which has fallen from use shall have a second birth, and those shall fall that are now in high honour, if so Usage shall will it, in whose hands is the arbitrament, the right and rule of speech *Ib.* 70.

Grammatici certant et adhuc sub iudice lis est.

Scholars dispute, and the case is still before the courts *Ib.* 78.

Proicit ampullas et sesquipedalia verba

Throws aside his paint-pots and his words a foot
and a half long *Ars Poetica, 97*

Si vis me flere, dolendum est

Primum ipsi tibi

If you wish to draw tears from me, you must first
feel pain yourself *Ib 102*

Servetur ad imum

Qualis ab incepto processerit, et sibi constet

Difficile est proprie communia dicere

See that it [a fresh character in a play] is kept to
the end such as it starts at the beginning and
is self-consistent

It is a hard task to treat what is common in a way
of your own *Ib 126*

Parturient montes, nascetur ridiculus mus.

Mountains will be in labour, the birth will be a
single laughable little mouse *Ib 139*

Dic mihi, Musa, virum, captæ post tempora Troiae

Qui mores hominum multorum vidit et urbis

Of him, my Muse, who, when Troy's ramparts fell,
Saw many cities and men's manners, tell

Ib 141

Non fumum ex fulgore, sed ex fumo dare lucem

Cogitat

His thought is not to give flame first and then
smoke, but from smoke to let light break out

Ib 143

Semper ad eventum festinat et in medias res

Non secus ac notas auditorem rapit

He ever hastens to the issue, and hurries his hearers
into the midst of the story as if they knew it be-
fore *Ib 148*

Difficilis, querulus, laudator temporis acti

Se puero, castigator, censorque minorum

Multa ferunt anni venientes commoda secum,

Multa recedentes adiungunt

Testy, a grumbler, inclined to praise the way the
world went when he was a boy, to play the critic
and censor of the new generation The tide of
years as it rises brings many conveniences, as it
ebbs carries many away *Ib 173*

Ne pueros coram populo Medea trucidet

You will not let Medea slay her boys before the
audience. *Ib 185*

Quodcumque ostendis mihi sic, incredulus odi

Anything that you thus thrust upon my sight, I
discredit and revolt at *Ib 188*

Nec deus intersit, nisi dignus vindice nodus

Inciderit.

Neither should a god intervene, unless a knot be-
falls worthy of his interference *Ib 191*

Vos exemplaria Graeca

Nocturna versate manu, versate diurna

For yourselves, do you thumb well by night and
day Greek models *Ib 268.*

Fungar vice cotis, acutum

Reddere quae ferrum valet exors ipsa secundi

So I will play the part of a whetstone which can
make steel sharp, though it has no power itself of
cutting *Ib 304.*

Grais ingenium, Grais dedit ore rotundo

Musa loqui

It was the Greeks who had at the Muse's hand
the native gift, the Greeks who had the utter-
ance of finished grace *Ib 323*

Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit utile dulci,

Lectorem delectando pariterque monendo

He has gained every vote who has mingled profit
with pleasure by delighting the reader at once
and instructing him *Ib 343*

Indignor quandoque bonus dormitat Homerus

But if Homer, usually good, nods for a moment,
I think it shame *Ib 359*

Ut pictura poesis

As with the painter's work, so with the poet's
Ib 361.

Mediocribus esse poetas

Non homines, non di, non concessere columnae

To poets to be second-rate is a privilege which
neither men, nor gods, nor bookstalls ever al-
lowed *Ib 372*

Tu nihil invita dices faciesve Minerva

You will say nothing, do nothing, unless Minerva
pleases *Ib 385*

Nonumque prematur in annum

Let it be kept quiet till the ninth year *Ib 388*

Solve senescentem mature sanus equum, ne

Pecchet ad extremum ridendus et ilia ducat

Be wise in time, and turn your horse out to grass
when he shows signs of age, lest he end in a ludi-
crous breakdown with straining flanks

Epistles, I 1 8, trans by Wickham

Nullius addictus iurare in verba magistri,

Quo me cumque rapit tempestas, deferor hospes

I am not bound over to swear allegiance to any
master where the wind carries me, I put into
port and make myself at home *Ib 14*

Virtus est vitium fugere, et sapientia prima

Stultitia caruisse

To flee vice is the beginning of virtue, and the be-
ginning of wisdom is to have got rid of folly

Ib 41

Hic murus aeneus esto,

Nil conscire sibi, nulla pallescere culpa

Be this your wall of brass, to have no guilty secrets,
no wrong-doing that makes you turn pale *Ib 60*

Si possis recte, si non, quocumque modo rem

Money by right means if you can, if not, by any
means, money *Ib 66*

Olum quod vulpes aegrotò cauta leoni

Respondit referam 'quia me vestigia terrent,

Omnia te adversum spectantia, nulla retrorsum'

The wary fox in the fable answered the sick lion
'Because I am frightened at seeing that all the
footprints point towards your den and none the
other way' *Ib 73*

Qui quid sit pulchrum, quid turpe, quid utile, quid
non,

Planius ac melius Chrysippo et Crantore dicit

Who shows us what is fair, what is foul, what is
profitable, what not, more plainly and better than
a Chrysippus or a Crantor *Epist, I 11. 3.*

Quidquid delirant reges plectuntur Achivi

For every folly of their princes the Greeks feel the
scourge *Epistles*, I ii 14

Rursus quid virtus et quid sapientia possit

Utile proposuit nobis exemplar Ulixen
Again, of the power of virtue and of wisdom he has
given us a profitable example in Ulysses *Ib* 17

Nos numerus sumus et fruges consumere nati

We are the ciphers, fit for nothing but to eat our
share of earth's fruits *Ib* 27.

Dimidium facti qui coepit habet sapere aude

He who has begun his task has half done it Have
the courage to be wise *Ib* 40

Ira furor brevis est

Anger is a short madness *Ib* 62.

Omnem credere diem tibi diluxisse supremum

Grata superveniet quae non sperabitur hora
Me pinguem et nitidum bene curata cute vides
Cum ridere voles Epicuri de grege porcum

Hold for yourself the belief that each day that
dawns is your last the hour to which you do not
look forward will be a pleasant surprise If you
ask of myself, you will find me, whenever you
want something to laugh at, in good case, fat and
sleek, a true hog of Epicurus' herd *Epis*, I iv. 13

Nil admirari prope res est una, Numici,

Solaque quae possit facere et servare beatum
Nought to admire is perhaps the one and only thing,
Numicius, that can make a man happy and keep
him so *Epis*, I vi 1

Naturam expelles furca, tamen usque recurrit

If you drive nature out with a pitchfork, she will
soon find a way back *Epis*, I x 24

Tamen illic vivere vellem,

Oblitusque meorum obliviscendus et illis
Yet I could find it in my heart to live there, forget-
ting my friends and forgotten by them
Epis, I xi 8

Caelum non animus mutant qui trans mare currunt,

Strenua nos excreet inertia navibus atque
Quadrigris petimus bene vivere Quod petis hic est,
Est Ulubris, animus si te non deficit aequus

They change their sky, not their soul, who run
across the sea We work hard at doing nothing
we seek happiness in yachts and four-horse
coaches What you seek is here—is at Ulubrae—
if an even soul does not fail you. *Ib* 27

Concordia discors

Harmony in discord *Epis*, I xii 19

Principibus placuisse viuis non ultima laus est

Non cuius homini contingit adire Corinthum
To have found favour with leaders of mankind is
not the meanest of glories It is not every one
that can get to Corinth *Epis*, I xvii 35

Et semel emissum volat irrevocabile verbum.

A word once let out of the cage cannot be whistled
back again *Epis*, I xviii 71

Nam tua res agitur, paries cum proximus ardet

It is your own interest that is at stake when your
next neighbour's wall is ablaze *Ib* 84

Tu, dum tua navis in alto est,

Hoc age, ne mutata retrorsum te ferat aura
Oderunt hilarem tristes tristemque iocosum

For yourself, my friend, while your bark is on the
sea, give all heed lest the breeze shift and turn
your course back again The gloomy hate the
cheerful, the mirthful the gloomy *Ib* 87.

Fallentis semita vitae

The untrodden paths of life. *Ib* 103

Sit mihi quod nunc est, etiam minus, et mihi vivam

Quod superest aevi, si quid superesse volunt di,
Sit bona librorum et provisae frugis in annum
Copia, neu flutem dubiae spe pendulus horae.
Sed satis est orare Iovem qui ponit et aufert,
Det vitam, det opes aequum mi animum ipse parabo

Give me what I have, or even less, and therewith
let me live to myself for what remains of life,
if the gods will that anything remain Let me
have a generous supply of books and of food
stored a year ahead, nor let me hang and tremble
on the hope of the uncertain hour Nay, it is
enough to ask Jove, who gives them and takes
them away, that he grant life and subsistence,
a balanced mind I will find for myself *Ib* 107

Prisco si credis, Maecenas docti, Cratino,
Nulla placere diu nec vivere carmina possunt
Quae scribuntur aquae potioribus.

You know, Maecenas, as well as I, that, if you
trust old Cratinus, no poems can please long,
nor live, which are written by water-drinkers
Epis, I xix 1

O imitatores, servum pecus.

O imitators, you slavish herd. *Ib* 19

Graecia capta ferum victorem cepit et artes
Intulit agresti Latio

When Greece had been enslaved she made a slave
of her rough conqueror, and introduced the arts
into Latium, still rude *Epis*, II i 156

Si forte in terris, rideret Democritus

If he were on earth, Democritus would laugh at
the sight *Ib* 194

Atque inter silvas Academae quaerere verum

And seek for truth in the garden of Academus
Epis, II ii 45

Singula de nobis anni praedantur euntes

Years as they pass plunder us of one thing after
another. *Ib* 55.

Multa fero, ut placem genus irritabile vatum

I have to submit to much in order to pacify the
sensitive race of poets *Ib* 102

At qui legitimum cupiet fecisse poema,
Cum tabulis animus censoris sumet honesti.

But the man who shall desire to leave behind him
a poem true to the laws of art, when he takes
his tables to write will take also the spirit of an
honest censor *Ib* 109

Obscurata diu populo bonus eruet atque
 Proferet in lucem speciosa vocabula rerum,
 Quae prisca memorata Catonibus atque Cethegis
 Nunc situs informis premit et deserta vetustas

Phrases of beauty that have been lost to popular
 view he will kindly disinter and bring into the
 light, phrases which, though they were on the
 lips of a Cato and a Cethegus of old time, now
 lie uncouth because out of fashion and disused
 because old. *Epistles*, II II 115

Quid te exempta iuvat spinis de pluribus una?

Vivere si recte nescis, decede peritis
 Lusisti satis, edisti satis atque bibisti
 Tempus abire tibi est

How does it relieve you to pluck one thorn out of
 many? If you do not know how to live aright,
 make way for those who do. You have played
 enough, have eaten and drunk enough. It is time
 for you to leave the scene *Ib* 212

Beatus ille, qui procul negotiis,

Ut prisca gens mortalium,
 Paterna rura bubus exercet suis,
 Solutus omni faenore

Happy the man who far from schemes of business,
 like the early generations of mankind, ploughs
 and ploughs again his ancestral land with oxen
 of his own breeding, with no yoke of usury on
 his neck! *Epodes*, II 1

Maeceas atavis edite regibus,
 O et praesidium et dulce decus meum

Maeceas, in lineage the child of kings, but oh! to
 me, my protector, pride, and joy
Odes, I I 1, trans. by Wickham

Indocilis pauperiem pati.

To be content without wealth he finds too hard
 a lesson *Ib* 18

Quodsi me lyricis vatibus inseres,
 Sublimi feriam sidera vertice.

But if you give me a place among the bards of
 the lyre, I shall lift my head till it strikes the
 stars *Ib* 35

Audiet pugnas vitio parentum
 Rara iuventus

How they fought shall be told to a young genera-
 tion scant in number for their parents' crimes
Odes, I II 23

Animae dimidium meae

The half of my own life *Odes*, I. III 8

Illi robur et aes triplex

Circa pectus erat, qui fragilem truci
 Commisit pelago ratem

Primus.

His heart was mailed in oak and triple brass who
 was the first to commit a frail bark to the rough
 seas. *Ib* 9.

Audax omnia perpeti

Gens humana ruit per vitium nefas

In its boldness to bear and to dare all things, the
 race of man rushes headlong into sin, despite of
 law *Ib* 25.

Nil mortalibus ardui est

No height is too arduous for mortal men. *Ib*. 37

Pallida Mors aequo pulsata pede pauperum tabernas
 Regumque turris

Pale Death with impartial foot knocks at the doors
 of poor men's hovels and of kings' palaces
Odes, I IV. 13.

Vitae summa brevis spem nos vetat incohare longam.

Life's short span forbids us to enter on far-reaching
 hopes. *Ib* 15

Quis multa gracilis te puer in rosa

Perfusus liquidis urget odoribus

Grato, Pyrrha, sub antro?

Cui flavam religas comam,

Simplex munditius?

What delicate stripling is it, Pyrrha, that now,
 steeped in liquid perfumes, is wooing thee on
 the heaped rose-leaves in some pleasant grove?
 For whose eyes dost thou braid those flaxen
 locks, so trim, so simple? *Odes*, I V 1

Nil desperandum Teucro duce et auspice Teucro

No lot is desperate under Teucer's conduct and
 Teucer's star *Odes*, I VII 27

Cras ingens iterabimus aequor

To-morrow we set out once more upon the bound-
 less sea *Ib* 32.

Permitte divi cetera

All else leave to the gods *Odes*, I IX 9

Quid sit futurum cras fuge quaerere et

Quem Fors dierum cumque dabit lucro

Appone

What shall be to-morrow, think not of asking
 Each day that Fortune gives you, be it what it
 may, set down for gain *Ib* 13

Donec virenti canities abest

Morosa

So long as youth is green and testy old age is far
 off *Ib* 17

Tu ne quaesieris, scire nefas

Pray, ask not,—such knowledge is not for us
Odes, I XI 1

Dum loquimur, fugerit invida

Aetas carpe diem, quam minimum credula postero

Even while we speak, Time, the churl, will have
 been running. Snatch the sleeve of to-day, and
 trust as little as you may to to-morrow *Ib* 7

Velut inter ignis

Luna minores

As shines the moon among the lesser fires

Odes, I XII 47

Felices ter et amplius

Quos irrupta tenet copula nec malis

Divulsus querimoniae

Suprema citius solvet amoris die

Thrice happy they, and more than thrice, whom
 an unbroken bond holds fast, and whom love,
 never torn asunder by foolish quarrellings, will
 not loose till life's last day! *Odes*, I XIII 17.

O matre pulchra filia pulchrior

O fairer daughter of a fair mother *Odes*, I XVI 1.

Mater saeva Cupidinum

The impenious mother of Loves *Odes*, I XIX 1.

Integer vitae scelerisque purus

He that is unstained in life and pure from guilt
Odes, I xxii 1

Dulce ridentem Lalagen amabo,
Dulce loquentem

Still shall I love Lalage and her sweet laughter,
Lalage and her sweet prattle *Ib 23*

Quis desiderio sit pudor aut modus
Tam cari capitis?

What shame or measure should there be in grief
for one so dear? *Odes, I xxiv 1*

Multis ille bonis flebilis occidit

Many a good man may weep for his death *Ib 9*

Durum sed levius fit patientia
Quidquid corrigere est nefas

'Tis hard But what may not be altered is made
lighter by patience *Ib 19.*

Parcus deorum cultor et infrequens.

A grudging and infrequent worshipper of the gods.
Odes, I xxxiv 1.

Nunc est bibendum, nunc pede libero
Pulsanda tellus

Now we must drink, now beat the earth with free
step. *Odes, I xxxvii. 1.*

Persicos odi, puer, apparatus

Persian luxury, boy, I hate *Odes, I xxxviii 1*

Mitte sectari, rosa quo locorum
Sera moretur

Cease your efforts to find where the last rose lingers
Ib 3

Incedis per ignis

Suppositos cineri doloso
Treading over fires hidden under a treacherous
crust of ashes *Odes, II 1 7*

Crescit indulgens sibi dirus hydrops

The dread dropsy grows by indulging itself
Odes, II 11 13

Aequam memento rebus in arduis

Servare mentem
Remember when life's path is steep to keep your
mind even *Odes, II 111 1*

Omnes eodem cogimur

We all are driven one road *Ib 25*

Ille terrarum mihi praeter omnis
Angulus ridet

That nook of earth's surface has a smile for me be-
fore all other places. *Odes, II. vi. 13.*

Auream quisquis mediocritatem
Diligit

Whoso loves well the golden mean *Odes, II x 5*

Sperat infestis, metuit secundis
Alteram sortem bene praeparatum
Pectus

The heart that is well forearmed hopes when times
are adverse, and when they are favourable fears,
a change of fortune *Ib 13*

Neque semper arcum

Tendit Apollo
Nor keeps Apollo his bow for ever strung
Ib 19

Eheu fugaces, Postume, Postume,
Labuntur anni

Ah me, Postumus, Postumus, the fleeting years
are slipping by *Odes, II xiv, 1*

Uxor

House and wife of our choice *Ib 21*

Nihil est ab omni
Parte beatum

No lot is happy on all sides *Odes, II xvi 27*

Credite posteri

Believe it, after-years! *Odes, II xix 2*

Compulse clamorem ac sepulchri

Mitte supervacuos honores
Check all cries, and let be the meaningless honours
of the tomb. *Odes, II xx 23*

Odi profanum vulgus et arceo;

Favete linguis, carmina non prius
Audita Musarum sacerdos
Virginibus puerisque canto

I hate the uninitiate crowd and bid them avaunt.
Listen all in silence! Strains unheard before I,
the Muses' microphone, now chant to maidens
and to boys *Odes, III 1 1*

Omne capax movet urna nomen

Every name alike is shaken in her roomy urn *Ib 16.*

Post equitem sedet atra Cura

Black Care mounts on the horseman's pillion
Ib 40

Cur valle permute Sabina
Divitias opesiores?

Why should I exchange my Sabine valley for
wealth which adds to trouble? *Ib. 47*

Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori

To die for fatherland is a sweet thing and be-
coming *Odes, III 11. 13*

Virtus repulsae nescia sordidae

Intaminatis fulget honoribus,
Nec sumit aut ponit securis
Arbitrio popularis aurae.

Virtue, which cannot know the disgrace of rejection,
shines bright with honours that have no stain on
them, nor takes nor resigns the rods at the shift-
ing breath of the people's pleasure. *Ib 17.*

Raro antecedentem scelestum

Deseruit pede Poena claudo.

Rarely has Punishment, though halt of foot, left
the track of the criminal in the way before her
Ib 31.

Iustum et tenacem propositi virum

Non civium ardor prava iubentium,
Non vultus instantis tyranni
Mente quatit solida

The just man and firm of purpose not the heat
of fellow citizens clamouring for what is wrong,
nor presence of threatening tyrant can shake in
his rocklike soul *Odes, III 111. 1.*

Si fractus illabatur orbis,
Impavidum ferient ruinae

If the round sky should crack and fall upon him,
the wreck will strike him fearless still

Odes, III iii 7

Aurum irrepertum et sic melius situm

The gold unfound, and so the better placed *Ib* 49

Non hoc iocosae conveniet lyrae

Quo, Musa, tendis?

This will not suit a mirthful lyre Whither away,
my Muse? *Ib* 69

Auditus an me ludit amabilis
Insania?

Do you hear it? Or is it a delightful madness that
makes sport of me? *Odes*, III iv 5

Non sine dis animosus infans

A brave babe, surely, and some god's special care
Ib 20

Fratresque tendentes opaco

Pelion imposuisse Olympo

The brothers who strove to leave Pelion set on the
top of leafy Olympus *Ib* 51

Vis consilii expers mole ruit sua

Force without mind falls by its own weight
Ib 65

O magna Carthago, probris

Altior Italiae ruinis!

O mighty Carthage, lifted higher for the shameful
downfall of Italy! *Odes*, III v 39

Delicta maiorum immeritus lues

For the sins of your sire, albeit you had no hand
in them, you must suffer *Odes*, III vi 1

Aetas parentum peior avis tulit

Nos nequiores, mox daturos

Progeniem vitiosorem

Our sires' age was worse than our grandsires'
We their sons are more worthless than they so
in our turn we shall give the world a progeny
yet more corrupt *Ib* 46

Docte sermones utriusque linguae.

Learned . . . in the lore of either tongue
Odes, III viii 5

Donec gratus eram tibi

So long as I found favour in your sight
Odes, III ix 1

Tecum vivere amem, tecum obeam libens

With you I should love to live, with you be ready
to die. *Ib* 24

Splendide mendax et in omne virgo

Nobilis aevum

With glorious falsehood , a maid famous to
all time. *Odes*, III xi 35.

Miserarum est neque amor dare ludum neque dulci

Mala vino lavare

Poor maidens! who may neither let love have his
way, nor wash away their troubles in sweet wine
Odes, III. xii 1

O fons Bandusiae splendidior vitro.

O spring of Bandusia, more brilliant than glass.
Odes, III. xiii 1.

Non ego hoc ferrem calidus iuventa
Consule Plancio.

I should not have borne it in my youth's hot
blood when Plancus was consul

Odes, III xiv 27.

Magnas inter opes inops.

A pauper in the midst of wealth *Odes*, III xvi 28.

O nata mecum consule Manlio

pia testa

O born with me when Manlius was consul,
my gentle wine-jar *Odes*, III xxi 1.

Quid leges sine moribus
Vanae proficiunt?

What profit laws, which without lives are empty?
Odes, III. xxiv 35.

Vixi puellis nuper idoneus

Et militavi non sine gloria,

Nunc arma defunctumque bello

Barbiton hic paries habebit

Though that life is past, I was but now still meet
for ladies' love, and fought my battles not without
glory Now my armour and the lute, whose cam-
paigns are over, will hang here on yonder wall.
Odes, III xxvi 1.

Fumum et opes strepitumque Romae

The smoke, and the grandeur and the noise . .
of Rome *Odes*, III xxix 12.

Ille potens sui

Laetusque deget, cui licet in diem

Dixisse 'vixi cras vel atra

Nube polum Pater occupato

Vel sole puro'

He will through life be master of himself and a
happy man who from day to day can have said,
'I have lived to-morrow the Sire may fill the
sky with black clouds or with cloudless sunshine'
Ib 41.

Exegi monumentum aere perennius.

My work is done, the memorial more enduring than
brass *Odes*, III xxx 1.

Non omnis moriar

I shall not all die *Ib* 6.

Non sum qualis eram bonae

Sub regno Cинаrae Desine, dulcium

Mater saeva Cupidinum

I am other than I was when poor Cинаra was queen
'Try no more, 'imperious mother of sweet loves'.
[Cf Horace, *Odes*, I xix 1] *Odes*, IV 1 3

Numerisque fectur

Leges solutus

As he pours along in lawless rhythms
Odes, IV ii. 11.

Quod spiro et placeo, si placeo, tuum est

Breath of song and power to please, if please I
may, are alike of thee *Odes*, IV. iii. 24.

Fortes creantur fortibus et bonis

Gallant sons spring from the gallant and good
Odes, IV iv 29.

Duris ut ilex tonsa bipennibus
Nigrae feraci frondis in Algidis,
Per darma, per caedis, ab ipso
Ducit opes animumque ferro.

Like the holm-oak shorn by ruthless axes on Algidus where black leaves grow thick, through loss, through havoc, from the very edge of the steel draws new strength and heart

Odes, iv iv 57

Merses profundo pulchrior evenit

Plunge it in the depth—it comes forth the fairer
Ib 65.

Occidit, occidit

Spes omnis et fortuna nostri
Nominis Hasdrubale interempto

Fallen, fallen is all our hope and the fortune of our name in the death of Hasdrubal *Ib* 70

Diffugere nives, redeunt iam gramina campis
Arboribus comae.

The snows have scattered and fled, already the grass comes again in the fields and the leaves on the trees
Odes, iv vii 1

Immortalia ne speres, monet annus et alium
Quae rapit hora diem

Ib 7

That you hope for nothing to last for ever, is the lesson of the revolving year and of the flight of time which snatches from us the sunny days *Ib* 7.

Damna tamen celeres reparant caelestia lunae
Nos ubi decidimus

Quo pater Aeneas, quo Tullus dives et Ancus,
Pulvis et umbra sumus

Yet change and loss in the heavens the swift moons make up again For us, when we have descended where is father Aeneas, where are rich old Tullus and Ancus, we are but some dust and a shadow.
Ib 13.

Dignum laude virum Musa vetat mori.

The hero who is worthy of her praise the Muse will not let die
Odes, iv viii 28

Vivere fortes ante Agamemnona

Multi, sed omnes illacrimabiles

Urgentur ignotique longa

Nocte, carent quia vate sacro

Gallant heroes lived before Agamemnon, not a few but on all alike, unwept and unknown, eternal night lies heavy because they lack a sacred poet.
Odes, iv. ix. 25.

Quotiens bonus atque fidus

Iudex honestum praetulit utili

So often as, on a judgement-seat, generous and leal, he has set honour before expediency. *Ib* 40

Non possidentem multa vocaveris

Recte beatum rectius occupat

Nomen beati, qui deorum

Muneribus sapienter uti

Duramque callet pauperiem pati

Peiusque leto flagitium timet

It is not the possessor of many things whom you will rightly call happy The name of the happy man is claimed more justly by him who has learnt the art wisely to use what the gods give, and who can endure the hardships of poverty, who dreads disgrace as something worse than death.
Ib 45.

Misce stultitiam consiliis brevem

Dulce est desipere in loco

Mix with your sage counsels some brief folly In due place to forget one's wisdom is sweet

Odes, iv xii 27.

Qui fit, Maecenas, ut nemo, quam sibi sortem

Seu ratio dederit seu fors obiecerit, illa

Contentus vivat, laudet diversa sequentes?

How comes it, Maecenas, that, whether it be self-chosen or flung to him by chance, every one is discontented with his own lot and keeps his praises for those who tread some other path?

Satires, i i 1. Trans by Wickham

Quamquam ridentem dicere verum

Quid vetat? Ut pueris olim dant crustula blandi

Doctores, elementa velint ut discere prima

And yet, why may one not be telling truth while one laughs, as teachers sometimes give little boys cakes to coax them into learning their letters?

Ib 24

Mutato nomine de te

Fabula narratur

Change but the name, and it is of yourself that tale is told *Ib* 69

Est modus in rebus, sunt certi denique fines,

Quos ultra citraque nequit consistere rectum.

There is measure in everything There are fixed limits beyond which and short of which right cannot find resting-place. *Ib* 106

Hoc genus omne

All their kith and kin.

Sat, i ii 2

At ingenium ingens

Inculto latet hoc sub corpore

But under that uncouth outside are hidden vast gifts of mind *Sat*, i iii 33

Stans pede in uno

Without effort.

Sat, i iv 10.

Faenum habet in cornu

He carries hay on his horns

Ib 34.

Etam disiecti membra poetae

Even in his dismembered state, the limbs of a poet

Ib 62

Hic niger est, hunc tu, Romane, caveto

That man is black at heart Mark and avoid him, if you are a Roman indeed. *Ib* 85

Ad inguem

Factus homo

The pink of accomplishment

Sat, i v 32

Credat Iudaeus Apella,

Non ego

Apella the Jew must believe it, not I

Ib 100.

Naso suspendis aduncos

Ignotos

Hang on the crook of your nose those of unknown origin *Sat*, i vi 5

Sic me servavit Apollo

So Apollo bore me from the fray *Sat*, i ix 78

Solventur risu tabulae, tu missus abibis

In a tempest of laughter the Tables will go to pieces You will leave the court without a stain on your character *Sat*, ii i 86

Nec meus hic sermo est, sed quae praeceptum Ofellus
Rusticus, abnormis sapiens crassaque Minerva

This is no talk of my own, but the teaching of Ofellus, the countryman, a philosopher, though not from the schools, but of home-spun wit

Sat, II II 2.

Par nobile fratrum

A noble pair of brothers. *Sat*, II III. 243.

Hoc erat in votis modus agri non ita magnus,

Hortus ubi et tecto vicinus iugis aquae fons

Et paulum silvae super his foret

This used to be among my prayers—a portion of land not so very large, but which should contain a garden, and near the homestead a spring of everflowing water, and a bit of forest to complete it

Sat, II VI 1

O rus, quando ego te aspiciam? quandoque licebit
Nunc veterum libris, nunc somno et inertibus horis,
Ducere sollicitae iucunda obliviae vitae?

O country home, when shall I look on you again! when shall I be allowed, between my library of classics and sleep and hours of idleness, to drink the sweet draughts that make us forget the troubles of life?

Ib. 60

O noctes cenaecae deum!

O nights and suppers of gods! *Ib.* 65

Responsare cupidinibus, contemnere honores

Fortis, et in se ipso totus, teres, atque rotundus

Who has courage to say no again and again to desires, to despise the objects of ambition, who is a whole in himself, smoothed and rounded

Sat, II VII 85

JOHN HUSS

1373-1415

O sancta simplicitas!

O holy simplicity!

At the stake, seeing an old peasant bringing a faggot to throw on the pile. Zinggreff-Weidner, *Apophthegmata*, pub in Amsterdam 1653, pt III, p 383 Geo Buchmann, *Geflügelte Worte* (1898), p 509.

JULIAN

c 331-363

Vicisti, Galilæe

Thou hast conquered, O Galilean

Dying words Latin translation of Theodoret, *Hist Eccles* III, 20

JULIUS CAESAR¹

102?-44 B.C.

Veni, vidi, vici

I came, I saw, I conquered

Suetonius, *Divus Julius*, xxxvii 2 (*Inscription displayed in Caesar's Pontic triumph, or, according to Plutarch, I 2, written in a letter by Caesar, announcing the victory of Zela which concluded the Pontic campaign*)

Iacta alea est

The die is cast.

Ib. xxxii.

(*Caesar at the crossing of the Rubicon*)

Et tu, Brute?

You also, Brutus?

Of unknown origin. Quoted by Shakespeare, 'Julius Caesar', III 1, perhaps from the (lost) Latin play 'Caesar Interfectus', probably from 'The True Tragedie of Richard Duke of York'. Some have written that as M. Brutus came running upon him, he said "καὶ σὺ, τέκνον", "and you, my son" (Holland's Suetonius, p. 33)

Gallia est omnis divisa in partes tres

All Gaul is divided into three parts

De Bello Gallico, I. 1.

Fere libenter homines id quod volunt credunt.

Men willingly believe what they wish *Ib.* III. 18

JUVENAL

A.D. 60-c. 130

Probitas laudatur et alget

Honesty is commended, and starves

Satires, I 74 Trans by Lewis Evans

Si natura negat, facit indignatio versum

If nature denies the power, indignation would give birth to verses *Ib.* 79.

Quidquid agunt homines, votum timor ira voluptas
Gaudia discursus nostri farrago libelli est

All that men are engaged in, their wishes, fears, anger, pleasures, joys, and varied pursuits, form the hotch-potch of my book *Ib.* 85

Dat veniam corvis, vexat censura columbas

Censure acquits the raven, but falls foul of the dove *Ib.* II 63

Nemo repente fuit turpissimus

No one ever reached the climax of vice at one step *Ib.* 83

Grammaticus rhetor geometres pictor aliptes

Augur schoenobates medicus magus, omnia novit

Graeculus esuriens, in caelum miseris, ibi (*Alternative reading of last line in coelum iusseris, ibi*)

Grammarians, rhetoricians, geometers, painters, trainers, soothsayers, rope-dancers, physicians, wizards—he knows everything. Bid the hungry Greekling go to heaven! He'll go. *Ib.* III 76

Nil habet infelix paupertas durius in se

Quam quod ridiculos homines facit

Poverty, bitter though it be, has no sharper pang than this, that it makes men ridiculous *Ib.* 152.

Haud facile emergunt quorum virtutibus opstat

Res angusta domi

Difficult indeed is it for those to emerge from obscurity whose noble qualities are cramped by narrow means at home. *Ib.* 164.

¹ See also Greek Quotations

Omnia Romae

Cum pretio

Everything at Rome is coupled with high price
Satires, iii 183

Credo Pudicitiam Saturno rege moratam

In turris visamque diu

I believe that while Saturn still was king, chastity
 lingered upon earth, and was long seen there
Ib vi 1

Rara avis in terris nigroque simillima cyano

A rare bird on the earth and very like a black
 swan
Ib 165

Hoc volo, sic iubeo, sit pro ratione voluntas

I will it, I insist on it! Let my will stand instead
 of reason
Ib 223.

Nunc patimur longae pacis mala, saevior armis

Luxuria incubuit victumque ulciscitur orbem

Now we are suffering all the evils of long-continued
 peace. Luxury more ruthless than war, broods
 over Rome, and exacts vengeance for a con-
 quered world
Ib 292

'Pone seram, prohibe' Sed quis custodiet ipsos
 Custodes? Cauta est et ab illis incipit uxor

'Put on a lock! keep her in confinement!' But who
 is to guard the guards themselves? Your wife
 is as cunning as you, and begins with them
Ib 347.

Tenet insanabile multos

Scribendi cacoethes et agro in corde senescit

An inveterate itch of writing, now incurable, clings
 to many, and grows old in their distempered
 body
Ib vii 51

Occidit miseris crambe repetita magistros

It is the reproduction of the cabbage that wears
 out the master's life (i.e. cabbage twice cooked)
Ib 154

Summum crede nefas animam praeferre pudori

Et propter vitam vivendi perdere causas

Deem it to be the summit of impiety to prefer ex-
 istence to honour, and for the sake of life to
 sacrifice life's only end
Ib viii 83

Omnibus in terris, quae sunt a Gadibus usque

Auroram et Gangem, pauci dinoscere possunt

Vera bona atque illis multum diversa, remota

Erroris nebula

In all the regions which extend from Gades even
 to the farthest east and Gangis, there are but few
 that can discriminate between real blessings and
 those that are widely different, all the mist of
 error being removed
Ib x 1

Nocitura toga, nocitura pectuntur

Militia

Our prayers are put up for what will injure us
 in peace, and injure us in war
Ib 8

Cantabit vacuus coram latrone viator

The traveller with empty pockets will sing even in
 the robber's face
Ib 22

Verbosa et grandis epistula venit

A Capreis

A wordy and lengthy epistle came from Capreae
Ib 71

Duas tantum res anxius optat,

Panem et circenses

Limits its (i.e. the Roman people's) anxious long-
 ings to two things only—bread, and the games
 of the circus
Ib 80.

I demens et saevus curre per Alpes,

Ut pueris placas et declamatio has

Go then, madman, and hurry over the rugged
 Alps, that you may be the delight of boys, and
 furnish subjects for declamations
Ib 166.

Mors sola fatetur

Quantula sint hominum corpuscula

Death alone discloses how very small are the puny
 bodies of men
Ib 172.

Da spatium vitae, multos da, Iuppiter, annos

Grant length of life, great Jove, and many years
Ib 188.

Orandum est ut sit mens sana in corpore sano

Fortem posce animum mortis terrore carentem,

Qui spatium vitae extremum inter munera ponat

Naturae

Your prayer must be that you may have a sound
 mind in a sound body. Pray for a bold spirit,
 free from all dread of death, that reckons the
 closing scene of life among Nature's kindly
 boons
Ib 356.

Nullum numen habes si sit prudentia, nos te,

Nos facimus, Fortuna, deam caeloque locamus

If we have wise foresight, thou, Fortune, hast
 no divinity. It is we that make thee a deity, and
 place thy throne in heaven!
Ib 365.

Prima est haec ultio quod se

Iudice nemo nocens absolvitur

This is the punishment that first lights upon him,
 that by the verdict of his own breast no guilty
 man is acquitted
Ib xiii 2.

Quippe minuti

Semper et infirmi est animi cuiusque voluptas

Ultio Continuo sic collige, quod vindicta

Nemo magis gaudet quam femina

Since revenge is ever the pleasure of a paltry spirit,
 a weak and abject mind! Draw this conclusion
 at once from the fact, that no one delights in re-
 venge more than a woman
Ib 189

Maxima debetur puero reverentia, siquid

Turpe piras, nec tu pueri contempseris annos

The greatest reverence is due to a child! If you
 are contemplating a disgraceful act, despise not
 your child's tender years
Ib xiv 47

STEPHEN LANGTON

d 1228

Veni Sancte Spiritus

Et mitte colitus

Lucis tuae radium.

Come, O Creator Spirit, come,
 And make within our hearts thy home;

To us thy grace celestial give,

Who of thy breathing move and live

Sequence in Mass of Pentecost. Trans by
 Bridges

LUIS DE LEÓN

c. 1528-1591

Dicebamus hesternā die

We were saying yesterday

*On resuming a lecture at Salamanca University
after five years' imprisonment A. F. G. Bell,
Luis de León, ch 8*

LIVY

59 B C - A D 17

Vae victis

Woe to the vanquished *History, v. xlviii 9*

LUCAN

A D 39-65

Victrix causa deis placuit, sed victa Catoni.

The conquering cause was pleasing to the Gods,
but the conquered one to Cato

i 128 Trans by Riley

Stat magni nominis umbra

There stood the shadow of a glorious name

Ib 135

Nil actum credens, dum quid superesset agendum

Thinking nothing done while anything remains to
be done *Ib ii 657*

Claium et venerabile nomen

Gentibus

A name illustrious and revered by nations

Ib. ix 203

Estne Dei sedes nisi terra, et pontus, et aer,
Et coelum, et virtus? Superos quid quaerimus ultra?
Jupiter est quodcumque vides, quocumque moveris

The abode of God, too, is, wherever is earth and
sea and air, and sky, and virtue Why further
do we seek the Gods of heaven? Whatever
thou dost behold and whatever thou dost touch,
that is Jupiter *Ib 578*

LUCRETIVUS

99-55 B C

Ergo vivida vis animi pervicit, et extra
Processit longe flammantia moenia mundi
Atque omne immensum peragravit, mente animoque

And so it was that the lively force of his mind won
its way, and he passed on far beyond the fiery
walls of the world, and in mind and spirit
traversed the boundless whole

De Rerum Natura, i 72 Trans by Bailey

Tantum religio potuit suadere malorum.

Such evil deeds could religion prompt *Ib 101*

Nil posse creari

De nilo

Nothing can be created out of nothing *Ib 155*

Suave, mari magno turbantibus aequora ventis,
E terra magnum alterius spectare laborem,
Non quia vexari quemquamst iucunda voluptas,
Sed quibus ipse malis careas quia cernere suave est
Suave etiam belli certamina magna tueri
Per campos instructa tua sine parte pericli
Sed nil dulcius est, bene quam munita tenere
Edita doctrina sapientum templa serena,
Despicere unde quaeas alios passimque videre
Errare atque viam palantis quaerere vitae,
Certare ingenio, contendere nobilitate,
Noctes atque dies niti praestantem labore
Ad summas emergere opes rerumque potiri

Sweet it is, when on the great sea the winds are
buffeting the waters, to gaze from the land on
another's great struggles, not because it is plea-
sure or joy that any one should be distressed,
but because it is sweet to perceive from what
misfortune you yourself are free Sweet is it
too, to behold great contests of war in full array
over the plains, when you have no part in the
danger But nothing is more gladdening than
to dwell in the calm high places, firmly embat-
tled on the heights by the teaching of the wise,
whence you can look down on others, and see
them wandering hither and thither, going astray
as they seek the way of life, in strife matching
their wits or rival claims of birth, struggling
night and day by surpassing effort to rise up to
the height of power and gain possession of the
world *Ib ii 1*

Sic rerum summa novatur

Semper, et inter se mortales mutua vivunt

Augescent aliae gentes, aliae minuantur,

Inque brevi spatio mutantur saecula animantum

Et quasi cursores vitae lampada tradunt

Thus the sum of things is ever being replenished,
and mortals live one and all by give and take
Some races wax and others wane, and in a short
space the tribes of living things are changed, and
like runners hand on the torch of life *Ib 75.*

Medio de fonte leporum

Surgit amari aliquid quod in ipsis floribus angat

From the heart of this fountain of delights wells
up some bitter taste to choke them even amid
the flowers. *Ib iv 1133*

MARTIN LUTHER

1483-1546

Esto peccator et pecca fortiter, sed fortius fide et gaude
in Christo.

Be a sinner and sin strongly, but more strongly
have faith and rejoice in Christ

*Letter to Melancthon Epistolae M Lutheri
(Ienae (1556), i 345)*

MAGNA CARTA

1215

Nisi per legale iudicium parum suorum.

Except by the legal judgment of his peers

Clause 39.

MANILIUS

A.D. 1st cent.

Eripuit caelo fulmen, mox sceptrâ tyrannis.
 He snatched the thunderbolt from heaven, soon
 the sceptres from tyrants
 1 104 (*Inscribed on Benjamin Franklin's Statue*)

MARTIAL

b A D 43

Non est, crede mihi, sapientis dicere 'Vivam'
 Sera nimis vita est crastina vive hodie
 It sorts not, believe me, with wisdom to say 'I
 shall live' Too late is to-morrow's life, live thou
 to-day *Epigrammata*, 1 xv Trans by Ker
 Sunt bona, sunt quaedam mediocria, sunt mala plura
 Quae legis hic alter non fit, Avite, liber
 There are good things, there are some indifferent,
 there are more things bad that you read here.
 Not otherwise, Avitus, is a book produced

Ib. xvi.

Non amo te, Sabidi, nec possum dicere quare
 Hoc tantum possum dicere, non amo te
 I do not love you, Sabidius, and I can't say why
 This only I can say, I do not love you. Ib xxxii.
 Laudant illa sed ista legunt

Those they praise, but they read the others
 Ib iv. xlix.

Bonosque
 Solus effugere atque abire sentit,
 Qui nobis pereunt et imputantur.
 And he feels the good days are fitting and passing
 away, our days that perish and are scored to our
 account Ib v xx.

Non est vivere, sed valere vita est
 Life is not living, but living in health Ib vi. lxx
 Rus in urbe
 The country in town Ib xii lvi

TERENTIANUS MAURUS

fl c A D 200

Pro captu lectoris habent sua fata libelli.
 The fate of books depends on the capacity of the
 reader. *De Literis, Syllabis, &c.*, 1 1286

MISSAL

O felix culpa, quae talem ac tantum meruit habere
 Redemptorem
 O happy fault, which has deserved to have such
 and so mighty a Redeemer
 'Exultet' on Holy Saturday.

NERO

A D 37-68

Qualis artifex pereo!
 What an artist dies with me!
 Suetonius, *Life of Nero*, xlix, 1

OVID

43 B.C.-A D. 18?

Et nulli cessura fides, sine crimine mores,
 Nudaque simplicitas, purpureusque pudor
 And I have good faith that will yield to none,
 and ways without reproach, and unadorned sim-
 plicity, and blushing modesty
Amores, 1 iii 13 Trans by Showerman.

Cetera quis nescit?
 The rest who does not know? Ib v 25

Procul omen abesto!
 Far from us be the omen! Ib xiv 41

Vilia miretur vulgus, mihi flavus Apollo
 Pocula Castalia plena ministret aqua
 Let what is cheap excite the marvel of the crowd,
 for me may golden Apollo minister full cups
 from the Castalian fount Ib xv 35

Procul hinc, procul este, severae!
 Away from me, far away, ye austere fair! Ib ii 1 3

Iuppiter ex alto periuria ridet amantum.
 Jupiter from on high laughs at the perjury of
 lovers *Ars Amatoria*, 1 633

Forsitan et nostrum nomen miscbitur istis
 Perhaps too my name will be joined to theirs
 Ib iii 339

Nil mihi rescribas, tu tamen ipse veni!
 Yet write nothing back to me, yourself come!
Heroides, 1 1 2 Trans by Showerman

Iam seges est ubi Troia fuit
 Now are fields of corn where Troy once was
 Ib 53

Rudis indigestaque moles
 An unformed and confused mass
Metamorphoses, 1 7

Medio tutissimus ibis
 You will go most safely in the middle Ib ii 137

Inopem me copia fecit
 Plenty makes me poor Ib iii 466

Ipse docet quid agam, fas est ab hoste doceri
 He himself teaches what I should do, it is right to
 be taught by the enemy Ib iv 428

Viduo meliora, proboque,
 Deteriora sequor
 I see and approve better things, but follow worse.
 Ib vii 20

Tempus edax rerum
 Time the devourer of all things Ib xv 234

Iamque opus exegi, quod nec Iovis ira, nec ignes,
 Nec poterit ferrum, nec edax abolere vetustas
 And now I have finished the work, which neither
 the wrath of Jove, nor fire, nor the sword, nor
 devouring age shall be able to destroy Ib 871

Principis obsta, sero medicina paratur
 Cum mala per longas convaluere moras
 Resist beginnings, too late is the medicine pre-
 pared when the disease has gained strength by
 long delays
Remedia Amoris, 91. Trans by Showerman.

Qui finem quaeris amoris,
Cedet amor rebus, res age, tutus eris
You who seek an end of love, love yields to busi-
ness be busy, and you will be safe *Ib* 144

Tu quoque

Thou also *Tristia*, II 39 Trans by Wheeler.

Teque, rebellatrix, tandem, Germania, magni
Triste caput pedibus supposuisse ducis!

That thou, rebellious Germany, at length hast
lowered thy sorrowing head beneath the foot of
our leader *Ib* III XII 47

Utque solebamus consumere longa loquendo
Tempora, sermonem deficiente dic

As we were wont to pass long hours in converse,
till daylight failed our talk *Ib* V XIII 27

Nescioqua natale solum dulcedisse cunctos
Ducit et inmemores non sinit esse sui

By what sweet charm I know not the native land
draws all men nor allows them to forget her
Epistulae Ex Pontico, I III 35 Trans by Wheeler

Adde quod ingenuas didicisse fideliter artes
Emollit mores nec sinit esse feros

Note too that a faithful study of the liberal arts
humanizes character and permits it not to be
cruel *Ib* II IX 47

Gutta cavat lapidem, consumitur annulus usu

Drops of water hollow out a stone, a ring is worn
thin by use *Ib* IV X 5

(Gutta cavat lapidem, non vi sed saepe cadendo

The drop of rain maketh a hole in the stone, not
by violence, but by oft falling
Latimer, 7th Sermon before Edw. VI, 1549)

PERSIUS

A D 34-62

Nec te quaesiveris extra

Nor ask any opinion but your own

Satires, I 7 Trans by Conington

At pulchrum est digito monstrari et dicier 'hic est'

But it is a fine thing for men to point one out and
say 'There he goes' *Ib* 28

Virtutem videant intabescantque relicta

Let them look upon virtue, and pine that they
have lost her for ever *Ib* III 38

Venienti occurrere morbo

Meet the disease at its first stage *Ib* 64

De nihilo nihil, in nihilum nil posse reverti

Nothing can come out of nothing, nothing can go
back to nothing *Ib* 84 Trans by Conington

Tecum habita noris quam sit tibi curta supellex.

Live at home, and learn how slenderly furnished
your apartments are. *Ib* IV 52

PETRONIUS

d c. A.D. 66

Cave canem.

Beware of the dog

Petroni Arbitri Satyricon, 29, 1

Found with picture of a dog on a mosaic floor in Pompeii

Horati curiosa felicitas.

The exact felicity of Horace

Ib 118.

Habes confitentem reum

You have a confessing prisoner

Ib 130

PLAUTUS

254-184

Miles gloriosus

The boastful soldier.

Title of Play.

GRIPUS Tum tu mendicus es?

LABRAX Tetigisti acu

GRIPUS Then you are a beggar?

LABRAX You have touched the point with a needle
(You have put your finger on the spot)
Rudens, I 1305

PLINY

A D 23-79

Brutum fulmen

A harmless thunderbolt

Historia Naturalis, II XLIII

Ex Africa semper aliquid novi

There is always something new from Africa. *Pro-*
verbial from Pliny Unde etiam vulgare Graeciae
dictum 'semper aliquid novi Africam adferre'

Whence it is commonly said among the Greeks
that 'Africa always offers something new'

Ib VIII 42

In vino veritas

Truth comes out in wine *Proverbial from Pliny*
Vulgoque veritas iam attributa vino est

Now truth is commonly said to be in wine

Ib XIV 141

Sal Atticum

Attic wit

Ib XVII 87

Nulla dies sine linea

Not a day without a line *Proverbial from Pliny*
Apelli fuit alioque perpetua consuetudo numquam
tam occupatum diem agendi, ut non lineam ducendo
exerceret artem, quod ab eo in proverbium venit

It was moreover a regular habit of Apelles never
to be so occupied in the business of the day that
he could not practise his art by drawing a line,
and this gave rise to the proverb *Ib* XXXV 84

Ne supra crepidam sutor indicaret

The cobbler should not go beyond his last *Ib* 85

PROPERTIUS

b c 51 B C

Navita de ventis, de tauris narrat arator,

Et numerat miles vulnera, pastor oves

The seaman's story is of tempest, the ploughman's
of his team of bulls, the soldier tells his wounds,
the shepherd his tale of sheep

Elegies, II 1 43 Trans by Phillimore

Quodsi deficiant vires, audacia certe

Laus erit in magnis et voluisc sat est

And if my strength fail, at least my boldness will
be a title of honour, in great enterprises the
very 'I would' is enough *Ib* X 5.

Cedite Romani scriptores, cedite Graii
 Nescio quid maius nascitur Iliade
 Give place, you Roman writers, give place, you
 Greeks! Here comes to birth something greater
 than the Iliad *Ib.* xxxiv 65

QUINTILIAN

A D 40-c. 100

Satura quidem tota nostra est.
 Satire indeed is entirely our own
De Institutione Oratoria, x 1 93.
 [Horatius] et insurgit aliquando et plenus est iucunditatis et gratiae et variis figuris et verbis felicissime audax
 [Horace] soars occasionally, is full of agreeableness and grace, and shows a most happy daring in certain figures and expressions. *Ib.* 96

SALLUST

86-34 B C

Sed res docuit id verum esse, quod in carminibus
 Appius ait, fabrum esse suae quemque fortunae
 But the case has proved that to be true which
 Appius says in his songs, that each man is the
 maker of his own fate *Ad Caesarem*, I 1 2
 Alieni appetens, sui profusus
 Coveting the property of others, lavish of his own
Catiline, 5
 Idem velle atque idem nolle, ea demum firma amicitia
 est
 Friendship is this—to desire, and to dislike, the
 same thing *Ib.* 20
 Pro patria, pro liberis, pro aris atque focus suis
 On behalf of their country, their children, their
 altars, and their hearths *Ib.* 59.
 Urbem venalem et mature perituram, si emptorem
 invenient
 The venal city soon to perish, if a buyer can be
 found *Jugurtha*, 35
 Punica fide.
 With Carthaginian faith [i.e. treachery] *Ib.* 108, 3

SENECA

d A D 65

Contra bonum morem
 Against good custom *Dialogues*, vi 1 2
 Illi mors gravis incubat
 Qui notus nimis omnibus
 Ignotus moritur sibi
 On him does death lie heavily who, but too well
 known to all, dies to himself unknown
Thyestes, II, chorus Trans. by Miller

SUETONIUS

fl c A D 120

Festina lente. [Σπεῦθε βραδέως]
 Hasten slowly *Divus Augustus*, 25

Ave, Imperator, morituri te salutant
 Hail, Emperor, those about to die salute thee
Life of Claudius, 21.

PUBLILIUS SYRUS

fl 1st cent B C

Bis dat qui cito dat
 He gives twice who gives soon
Proverbial, attr. to Syrus.
 Beneficium inopi bis dat, qui dat celeriter
 He doubly benefits the needy who gives quickly.
Sententia, J 6
 Iudex damnatur ubi nocens absolvitur
 The judge is condemned when the criminal is
 acquitted *Ib.* 247
 Necessitas dat legem, non ipsa accipit
 Necessity gives the law and does not itself receive
 it *Ib.* 399.
 Necessitas non habet legem
 Necessity has no law *Proverbial*, attr. to Syrus.

TACITUS

c A D 55-c. 117

Atque omne ignotum pro magnifico est, sed nunc
 terminus Britanniae patet
 For wonder grows where knowledge fails But now
 the very bounds of Britain are laid bare
Agricola, 30 Trans. by Fyfe
 Ubi solitudinem faciunt, pacem appellant.
 When they make a wilderness they call it peace
Ib.
 Proprium humani ingenii est odisse quem laeseris
 It is human nature to hate the man whom you
 have hurt *Ib.* 42
 Felix opportunitate mortis
 Fortune favoured him. in the opportune moment
 of his death *Ib.* 45
 Editis annalibus laudatoque M Bruto C Cassium
 Romanorum ultimum divisset
 In his history he had praised Brutus and had called
 Cassius the last of the Romans *Annals*, iv 34
 Elegantiae arbiter (Of Petronius)
 Judge of taste *Ib.* xvi 18
 Rara temporum felicitate ubi sentire quae velis et
 quae sentias dicere licet
 It is the rare fortune of these days that a man may
 think what he likes and say what he thinks
Histories, I 1 Trans. by Fyfe
 Maior privato visus dum privatus fuit, et omnium
 consensu capax imperii nisi imperasset
 When he was a commoner he seemed too big for
 his station, and had he never been emperor, no
 one would have doubted his ability to reign
 [Sextus Pompeius] *Ib.* xlix
 Etiam sapientibus cupido gloriae novissima exiit
 For even with philosophers the passion for fame
 is often their last rag of infirmity *Ib.* iv vi

TERENCE

c 190-159 B C

Id arbitror
Adprime in vita esse utile, ut nequid nimis.
My view is that the most important thing in life
is never to have too much of anything

Andria, 61

Davos sum, non Oedipus
I am Davos, not Oedipus. *Ib* 194

Amantium irae amoris integratio est
The quarrels of lovers are the renewal of love
Ib 555

Homo sum, humani nil a me alienum puto
I am a man, I count nothing human indifferent to
me. *Heauton Timorumenos*, 1 1 25

Fortis fortuna adiuvat
Fortune aids the brave. *Phormio*, 203

Quot homines tot sententiae, suus cuique mos
So many men, so many opinions, his own a law to
each. *Ib* 454

TERTULLIAN

c 155-c. 222

Certum est quia impossibile est
It is certain because it is impossible.
De Carne Christi, 11 5

O testimonium animae naturaliter Christianae
O witness of the soul naturally Christian
Apol xvii

TIBULLUS

54?-18? B C

Te spectem, suprema mihi cum venerit hora,
Te teneam moriens deficiente manu
Let me behold thee when my last hour is come,
thee let me hold with my dying hand
1 1 59.

Iupiter pluvius.
Jupiter the rain-bringer. *Ib* vii 26

JACOPONI DA TODI

fl 13th cent A D

Stabat mater dolorosa
Iuxta crucem lacrimosa
At the cross her station keeping
Stood the mournful mother weeping
Pachen, *Jacopon da Todi* Trans in English
Hymnal.

VEGETIUS

4th cent A D

Qui desiderat pacem, praeparet bellum
Let him who desires peace, prepare for war
De Re Mil. 3, prol

VESPASIANUS

A D 9-79

Amici, diem perdidit
Friends, I have lost a day
Suetonius, Titus, ch 8, 1.

ST. VINCENT OF LERINS

d c A D 450

Quod semper, quod ubique, quod ab omnibus credi-
tum est
What is always, what is everywhere, what is by all
people believed *Commonitorium*, 11

VIRGIL

70-19 B.C

Arma virumque cano, Troiae qui primus ab oris
Italiam fato profugus Laviniae venit
Litora—multum ille et terris iactatus et alto
Vi superum, saevae memorem lunonis ob iram
Arms I sing, and the man, who first from the
shores of Troy came, Fate-exil'd, to Italy and her
Lavinian strand—much buffeted he on flood and
field by constraint of Heaven and fell Juno's un-
slumbering ire *Aeneid*, 1 1 Trans by Jackson.

Quo numine laeso
Wherein was her godhead affronted *Ib* 8
Tantaene animis caelestibus irae?
Can heavenly spirits cherish resentment so dire?
Ib 11.

Necdum etiam causae irarum saevique dolores
Exciderant animo, manet alta mente repostum
Iudicium Paridis spretaeque iniuria formae
Nor yet had the causes of her wrath, nor her hot
resentment, faded from her soul Deep-written
in her heart the judgement of Paris remained, and
the outrage to her slighted beauty *Ib* 25

Tantae molis erat Romanam condere gentem
So vast was the struggle to found the Roman
state *Ib* 33

Apparent rari nantes in gurgite vasto
Here and there in the wastes of ocean a swimmer
was seen *Ib* 118

Furor arma ministrat
Fury ministers arms *Ib* 150
Fidas quae tela gerebat Achates
Loyal Achates bore the weapons *Ib* 188

O passi graviora, dabit deus his quoque finem
Friends, that have endured yet heavier blows,
God will grant an ending even to this *Ib* 199

Forsan et haec olim meminisse iuvabit
The day may dawn when this plight shall be sweet
to remember *Ib* 203

Durate, et vosmet rebus servate secundis
Then endure for a while, and live for a happier
day! *Ib* 207

Dux femina facti
A woman the head of their emprise *Ib* 364

Vera incessu patuit dea.
The goddess indubitable was revealed in her step
Aeneid, 1 405

'En Priamus Sunt hic etiam sua praemia laudi,
Sunt lacrimae rerum et mentem mortalia tangunt
Solve metus, feret haec aliquam tibi fama salutem'
Sic ait atque animum pictura pascit inani
'Lo, here is Priam! Even here, virtue hath her
rewards, and mortality her tears even here, the
woes of man touch the heart of man! Dispel
thy fears, this fame of ours is herald to some
salvation' He said, and sated his soul with the
barren portraiture *Ib 461*

Impar congressus Achilli
Fronted Achilles with unequal arm. *Ib 475*

Mens sibi conscia recti
A mind conscious of the right *Ib 604*

In freta dum fluvii current, dum montibus umbrae
Lustrant convexa, polus dum sidera pascet,
Semper honos nomenque tuum laudesque manebunt
While the rivers shall run to ocean, while the
shadows shall move in the mountain valleys,
while the sky shall feed the stars, always shall thy
honour, and thy name, and thy glory abide
Ib 607

Non ignara mali miseris succurrere disco
Not unschooled in woe do I learn to succour un-
happiness! *Ib 630*

Conticuere omnes intentique ora tenebant
Every tongue was still, every face turned rapt upon
him. *Ib 11 1*

Infandum, regina, iubes renovare dolorem
Too deep for words, O queen, lies the sorrow thou
bidst me renew *Ib 3*

Quaeque ipse miserrima vidi
Et quorum pars magna fui
All the deeds of woe mine eyes have beheld, and
those whereof I was no small part *Ib 5.*

Et iam nox umida caelo
Praecipitat suadentque cadentia sidera somnos
And now dewy Night falls precipitate from heaven,
and the setting stars counsel sleep! *Ib 8*

Equo ne credite, Teucri
Quidquid id est, timeo Danaos et dona ferentes
Men of Troy, trust not the horse! Be it what it
may, I fear the Danaans, though their hands
proffer gifts *Ib 48.*

In utrumque paratus,
Seu versare dolos seu certae occumbere morti
Nerved to either event, whether to spin his toils, or
to fall under death inevitable *Ib. 61.*

Crimine ab uno
Disce omnes
From a single crime know the nation. *Ib. 65.*

Horresco refrens
I shudder at the word *Ib. 204.*

Tactae per amica silentia lunae
Through the friendly silence of the mute moon
Ib 255

Tempus erat quo prima quies mortalibus aegris
Incipit et dono divum gratissima serpit

It was the hour when the first sleep of suffering
mortality begins, and, by the grace of Heaven,
steals on its sweetest errand of mercy *Ib 268*

Quantum mutatus ab illo
Hectore qui redit exuvias indutus Achilli
How was he changed from that Hector, who wended
homeward, clad in the spoils of Achilles *Ib 274-*

Iam proximus aiet
Ucalegon
Already neighbour Ucalegon burns *Ib. 311.*

Fumus Troes, fuit Ilium et ingens
Gloria Teucrorum
Trojans we are no more, Ilium is no more, and
the great glory of the Teucrians is departed! *Ib 325.*

Una salus victis nullam sperare salutem
There is but one safety to the vanquished—to
hope not safety! *Ib 354*

Dis alter visum
Heaven's thought was otherwise *Ib. 428.*

Non tali auxilio nec defensoribus istis
Tempus eget
The hour calls not for such succour, nor such
defenders *Ib 521.*

Sequiturque patrem non passibus aequis
Follows his father with unmatched step *Ib. 724.*

Quid non mortalia pectora cogis,
Auri sacra fames!
O cursed lust of gold, to what canst thou not com-
pel the heart of man! *Ib 111 56*

Monstrum horrendum, informe, ingens, cui lumen
ademptum
A monster fearful and hideous, vast and eyeless
Ib 658.

Agnosco veteris vestigia flammae
I feel again a spark of that ancient flame. *Ib. iv. 23.*

Virisque adquirit eundo
At every step she gathers strength. *Ib. 175.*

Sese interea
Temptaturum aditus et quae molissima fandi
Tempora
Himself meanwhile would assay to find access
and watch what hour might be the smoothest
for his tale *Ib 291*

Quis fallere possit amantem?
Who shall deceive a lover's thought? *Ib 296*

Nec me meminisse piget Elissae
Dum memor ipse mei, dum spiritus hos regit artus
Nor ever shall the thought of Elissa be bitter to
me, while yet I have remembrance of myself
and the breath governs these limbs *Ib. 335*

Varium et mutabile semper
Femina
A fickle thing and changeful is woman always!
Ib 569.

Exoriare aliquis nostris ex ossibus ultor
Arise, thou avenger to come, out of my ashes
Ib 625.

Hos successus alit possunt, quia posse videntur.

To those success was good, and the semblance
of power gave power indeed *Aeneid*, v. 231

Facilis descensus Averno

Noctes atque dies patet atri ianua Ditis,
Sed revocare gradum superasque evadere ad auras,
Hoc opus, hic labor est

Light is the descent to Avernus! Night and day
the portals of gloomy Dis stand wide but to
recall thy step and issue to the upper air—there is
the toil and there the task! *Ib* vi 126

Primo avulso non deficit alter

Aureus, et simili frondescit virga metallo

When the first is rent away a second, golden no
less, succeeds, and the bough blossoms with ore
as precious *Ib* 143

'Procul, o procul este, profani'

Hence, O hence, ye that are uninitiated! *Ib* 258

Nunc animus opus, Aenea, nunc pectore firmo

Now is the hour, Aeneas, for the dauntless spirit
—now for the stout heart *Ib* 261

Vestibulum ante ipsum primis in faucibus Orci

Luctus et ultrices posuere cubilia Curae,

Pallentesque habitant Morbi tristisque Senectus,

Et Metus et malesuada Fames ac turpis Egestas

Hard before the portal, in the opening jaws of
Hell, Grief and avenging Cares have made their
couch, and with them dwell wan Disease and
sorrowful Age, and Fear, and Hunger, temptress
to Sin, and loathly Want *Ib* 273

Tendebantque manus ripae ulterioris amore

Their hands outstretched in yearning for the
farther shore *Ib* 314

Inventas aut qui vitam excoluere per artis,

Quique sui memores alios fecere merendo

Or who ennobled life by arts discovered, with
all whose service to their kind won them remem-
brance among men *Ib* 663

Spiritus intus alit, totamque infusa per artus

Mens agitat molem et magno se corpore muscet

An indwelling spirit sustains, and a mind fused
throughout the limbs sways the whole mass and
mingles with the giant frame *Ib* 726

Igneus est ollis vigor et caelestis origo

Seminibus

To these seeds a flame-like vigour pertains and an
origin celestial *Ib* 730

Tu regere imperio populos, Romane, memento

(Hae tibi erunt artes), pacisque imponere morem,

Parcere subiectis et debellare superbos

Roman, be this thy care—these thine arts—to bear
dominion over the nations and to impose the law
of peace, to spare the humbled and to war down
the proud! *Ib* 851

Sunt geminae Somni portae, quarum altera fertur

Cornu, qua veris facilis datus exitus umbris,

Altera candenti perfecta nitens elephanto,

Sed falsa ad caelum mittunt insomnia manes

There are two gates of Sleep —of horn, fame tells,
the one, through which the spirits of truth find
an easy passage, the other, wrought smooth-
gleaming with sheen of ivory, but false the
visions that the nether powers speed therefrom
to the heaven above. *Ib* 893

Genumque loci

precat.

Implored the Genius of the place. *Ib* vii 136.

Flectere si nequeo superos, Acheronta movebo

And if Heaven be inflexible, Hell shall be un-
leashed! *Ib* 312.

O mihi praeteritos referat si Iuppiter annos

O, would Jupiter restore me the years that are fled!
Ib viii 560

Quadripedante putrem sonitu quatit ungula campum

The sound of galloping hooves shook the crumb-
ling plain *Ib* 596

Me, me, adsum qui feci, in me convertite ferrum.

On me,—here I stand who did the deed,—on me
turn your steel *Ib* ix 427.

Dum domus Aeneae Capitoli immobilis saxum

Accolet imperrumque pater Romanus habebit

So long as the house of Aeneas shall dwell by the
Capitol's unmoved rock and the Father of Rome
bear sceptre! *Ib* 448

Macte nova virtute, puer, sic itur ad astra

Good speed to thy youthful valour, child! So
shalt thou scale the stars! *Ib* 641

Audentis Fortuna iuvat

Fortune is ally to the brave. *Ib* x 284.

Experto credite

Credit one who has proved. *Ib* xi 283.

Audit et voti Phoebeus succedere partem

Mente dedit, partem volucris dispersit in auras.

Phoebeus heard, and in thought vouchsafed that
half his vow should prosper half he scattered to
the fleet winds *Ib* xi 794.

Di me terrent et Iuppiter hostis

The gods dismay me, and Jove my foe! *Ib* xii 895.

Tityre, tu patulae recubans sub tegmine fagi

Silvestrem tenui musam meditaris avena

Tityrus, thou liest canopied beneath thy spreading
beech and wooing the silvan Muse on thy slender
oat *Eclues*, i i Trans by Jackson

Formosam resonare doces Amaryllida silvas.

Thou teachest the responsive woods to call
Amaryllis fair! *Ib* 5

O Meliboeus, deus nobis haec otia fecit

O Meliboeus, it was a god gave us this peace *Ib* 6

Non equidem invidéo, miror magis

As for me I grudge thee not—rather I marvel!
Ib 11

Verum haec tantum alias inter caput extulit urbes

Quantum lenta solent inter viburna cypressi

But, above all other cities, this so far exalts her
head as the cypress above the lissom osiers!
Ib 24

Et penitus toto divisos orbe Britannos

Or where the Briton dwells utterly estranged from
all the world! *Ib* 66

Formosum pastor Corydon ardebat Alexim

Shepherd Corydon was all aflame for fair Alexim
Ib ii 1.

O formose puer, nimium ne crede colori!

Sweet boy, trust not over much to thy hue!

Eclogues, II 17

Quem fugis, a, demens? Habitatundi quoque silvas.

Ah, madman, whom dost thou flee? Even gods
have dwelt in woods. *Ib* 60

Trahit sua quemque voluptas

Each draws to his best-beloved *Ib* 65

Nunc frondent silvae, nunc formosissimus annus

Now the woods are green, and the year is love-
liest *Ib* III 57.

Ab Iove principium musae.

From Jove my lay begins. *Ib* 60.

Malo me Galatea petat, lasciva puella,

Et fugiat salices et se cupit ante videri

Galatea, wayward girl, pelts me with apples, then
runs behind the willows—and hopes I saw her
first! *Ib* 64

Latet angus in herba

A cold snake lurks in the grass! *Ib* 93

Non nostrum inter vos tantas componere lites

Not ours to decide such high dispute! *Ib* 108

Claudite iam rivos, pueri, sat prata biberunt

Swains, close now the springs The meadows have
drunk enough! *Ib* 111.

Sicelides Musae, paulo maiora canamus!

Non omnis arbusta iuvant humilisque myrica

Si canimus silvas, silvae sint consule dignae

Ultima Cumaei venit iam carminis aetas,

Magnus ab integro saeculorum nascitur ordo.

Iam redit et virgo, redeunt Saturnia regna

Iam nova progenies caelo demittitur alto.

Sicilian Muses, let us raise a somewhat loftier
strain Not all do orchards and the lowly tamarisk
delight If the woodland be our theme, let our
woods be worthy of a consul's ear! The last age,
heralded in Cumean song, is come, and the great
march of the centuries begins anew Now the
Virgin returns now Saturn is king again, and a
new and better race descends from on high

Ib IV 1

Incipe, parve puer, risu cognoscere matrem

Begin, baby boy, to know thy mother with a smile
Ib 60

Incipe, parve puer qui non risere parenti,

Nec deus hunc mensa, dea nec dignata cubili est

Begin, baby boy! Him who had never a smile for
a parent, no god honours with his board, no god-
dess with her bed! *Ib* 62

Arcades ambo,

Et cantare pares et respondere parati.

Both Arcadians, both ready to sing in even con-
test, both ready to make reply! *Ib* VII 4

Saepebus in nostris parvam te roscida mala

(Dux ego vester eram) vidi cum matre legentem

Alter ab undecimo tum me iam acceperat annus,

Iam fragilis poteram a terra contingere ramos

Ut vidi, ut perii, ut me malus abstulit error!

Within our orchard's walls I saw thee—for I was
there to point the way—a little maid gathering
dewy apples with my mother! Eleven years I

had numbered, and the twelfth already claimed
me, from the ground already I could reach the
frail boughs Ah, how I saw! How I fell! How
that fatal blindness swept me away! *Ib* VIII 37

Nunc scio quid sit Amor

Now do I know what Love is! *Ib* 43.

Non omnia possumus omnes.

All power is not to all. *Ib* 63.

Et me fecere poetam

Pierides, sunt et mihi carmina, me quoque dicunt

Vatem pastores, sed non ego credulus illis

Nam neque adhuc Vario videor nec dicere Cinna

Digna, sed argutos inter strepere anser olores

Me, too, the Pierian sisters have made a singer, I,
too, have songs ay, and the shepherds dub me
poet, but I trust them not! For as yet, methinks,
my strains befit not a Varius nor a Cinna, but,
gooselike, I cackle amid quiring swans! *Ib* IX 32.

Omnia vincit Amor et nos cedamus Amori

Love is lord of all yield we, too, to Love!
Ib X 69

Ite domum saturae, venit Hesperus, ite capellae

Get ye home, my full-fed goats, get ye home—the
Evening-star draws on! *Ib* 77

Ultima Thule

Farthest Thule *Georgics*, I 30 Trans by Jackson.

Labor omnia vincit

Improbis et duris urgens in rebus egestas.

Never-flinching labour proved lord of all, and the
stress of need in a life of struggles! *Ib* 145

Imponere Pelio Ossam

Sicilicet, atque Ossae frondosum involvere Olympum

In sooth to pile Ossa on Pelion and roll leaf-
crowned Olympus on Ossa *Ib* 281.

Miscueruntque herbas et non innoxia verba

Mingled herbs and charms of bale *Ib* II 129.

Salve, magna parens frugum, Saturnia tellus,

Magna virum

Hail, Saturn's land, great mother of the harvest,
great mother of men! *Ib* 173

O fortunatos nimium, sua si bona norint,

Agricolae! Quibus ipsa procul discordibus armis

Fundit humo facilem victum iustissima tellus

Ah, blest beyond all bliss the husbandmen, did
they but know their happiness! On whom, far
from the clash of arms, the most just Earth
showers from her bosom a toilless sustenance
Ib 458

Felix qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas

Happy he, who has availed to read the causes of
things *Ib* 490.

Streptumque Acherontis avari

The roaring of the hungry stream of Death! *Ib* 492.

Fortunatus et ille deos qui novit agrestis

And happy he, who has knowledge of the wood-
land gods *Ib* 493

Temptanda via est, qua me quoque possim
Tollere humo victorque virum volitare per ora

I must assay a path, whereby I may raise me from
earth and flit conqueror through the mouths of
men! *Georgics*, iii. 8

Optima quaeque dies miseris mortalibus aevi
Prima fugit subeunt morbi tristisque senectus
Et labor, et durae rapit inclementia mortis

It is ever the brightest day of life that is first to
bid adieu to our hapless mortality disease and
gloomy old steal upon us, and anon suffering,
and the ruthless tyranny of Death, sweep us
away *Ib* 66

Sed fugit interea, fugit irreparabile tempus.

Meanwhile, Time is flying—flying, never to re-
turn *Ib* 284

Hi motus animorum atque haec certamina tanta
Pulvis exigui iactu compressa quiescent

Yet all this tumult of soul and all this savagery
of conflict may be quelled and laid to rest by
the scattering of a little dust! *Ib* iv 86

Agmine facto

Ignavum fucus pecus a praesepebus arcent

They form in array and cast out the drones and their
idle bands from the homestead *Ib* 167.

At genus immortale manet, multosque per annos
Stat fortuna domus, et avi numerantur avorum

Yet the race abides immortal, the star of their
house sets not through many years, and grand-
sire's grandsire is numbered in the roll *Ib* 208

Victorque volentis

Per populos dat iura viamque adfectat Olympo

Assigning, in victorious march, laws to the will-
ing nations, and assaying on earth the path to
Heaven! *Ib* 561

VULGATE

Fiat lux

Let there be light *Genesis* 1. 3.

Dominus illuminatio mea.

The Lord is my light. *Psalms* 27.

Quo vadis?

Whither goest thou? *John* xvi 5

Ecce homo

Behold the man. *Ib* xix 5

ANONYMOUS

Adeste, fideles,

Laeti triumphantes,
Venite, venite in Bethlehem.

O come, all ye faithful,
Joyful and triumphant,
O come ye, O come ye to Bethlehem

French or German hymn of 18th Cent Trans-
lation by Oakeley in *Murray's Hymnal*, 1852.
See *Songs of Praise Discussed*

Ad maiorem Dei gloriam

To the greater glory of God

Motto of the Order of Jesus

Cras amet qui nunquam amavit, quique amavit cras
amet!

Let those love now, who never lov'd before

Let those who always lov'd, now love the more

Pervigilium Veneris, 1 Trans by Parnell.

De non apparentibus et de non existentibus eadem est
ratio

The reasoning is the same about what does not ap-
pear to exist and what does not exist

Lawo Maxim

Meum est propositum in taberna mori,

Ubi vina proxima morientis ori

Tunc cantabunt laetus angelorum chori

'Sit Deus propitius huic potatori'

I desire to end my days in a tavern drinking,

May some Christian hold for me the glass when I
am shrinking,

That the Cherubim may cry, when they see me
sinking,

'God be merciful to a soul of this gentleman's
way of thinking'

The 'Archpoeta'. Trans by Leigh Hunt

Si monumentum requiris, circumspice

If you ask where is his monument, look around you

*Epitaph of Sir Christopher Wren in St Paul's
Cathedral*

Sic vos non vobis mellificatis apes.

Sic vos non vobis nudificatis aves

Sic vos non vobis vellera fertis oves

So you bees make your honey, not for yourselves.

So you birds make nests, not for yourselves

So you sheep bear fleeces, not for yourselves

*Lines attributed to Virgil on Bathyllus' claiming
the authorship of certain lines by Virgil*

Surrexit Christus hodie

Humano pro solamine

Alleluja

Jesus Christ is risen to-day,

Alleluia!

Our triumphant holy day!

Alleluia!

German Easter Carol of 14th cent Transla-
tion in *Lyra Davidica*, 1708 See *Songs of
Praise Discussed*

Te Deum laudamus

We praise thee, O God

*First words and title of Canticle attr. to S.
Ambrose*

GREEK QUOTATIONS

AESCHYLUS

525-456 B.C.

ποντίων τε κυμάτων ἀνιρήμων γέλασμα.

Multitudinous laughter of the waves of ocean
Prometheus Bound, 88 Trans by Herbert
Weir Smith (Loeb edition)

ALEXANDER

356-323 B.C.

ἢ μὴ Ἀλέξανδρος ἤμην, Διογένης ἂν ἤμην

If I were not Alexander, I would be Diogenes
Plutarch, *Life of Alexander*, xiv 3

ARCHIMEDES

287-212 B.C.

ἔρηκα

Eureka! (I have found!)
Vitruvius Pollio, *De Architectura*, ix 215

ἶός μοι που σῶ καὶ κινῶ τὴν γῆν

Give me but one firm spot on which to stand, and
I will move the earth
Pappus, Alexandr., Collectio, lib viii, prop 10,
§ xi (ed. Hultsch, Berlin 1878).

ARISTOPHANES

c 444-c 380 B.C.

ὁ δ' εὐκολος μὲν ἐνθάδ', εὐκολος δ' ἐκεῖ

'But he was easy there, is easy here' (Sophocles)
Frogs, 82. Trans by Rogers.

ARISTOTLE

384-322 B.C.

ἄνθρωπος φύσει πολιτικὸν ζῶον

Man is by nature a political animal
Politics, i 2 9 1252 b (ed. Newman).

ἢ θηρίον ἢ θεός

Either a beast or a god *Ib* 14 1253.

ἔστιν οὖν τραγωδία μίμησις πράξεως σπουδαίας καὶ
τελείας μέγεθος ἔχουσας δι' ἑλέου καὶ φόβου περὰ
νουσα τὴν τῶν τοιούτων παθημάτων κάθαρσιν

A tragedy is the imitation of an action that is
serious and also, as having magnitude, complete
in itself with incidents arousing pity and fear,
wherewith to accomplish its purgation of such
emotions

Poetics, 6 1449 b Trans by Bywater.

CALLIMACHUS

fl 250 B.C.

μέγα βιβλίον μέγα κακόν

Great book, great evil
Proverb derived from Callimachus, *Fragments*, 359.

DIOGENES

fl c 380 B.C.

“μικρόν”, εἶπεν, “ἀπὸ τοῦ ἡλλου μετὰστηθι”

Alexander . . asked him if he lacked anything
'Yea,' said he, 'that I do that you stand out of
my sun a little' Plutarch, *Life of Alexander*,
14 (North's translation)

EURIPIDES

480-406 B.C.

ἡ γλῶσσ' ὁμώμοχ', ἡ δὲ φρήν ἀνώμοτος

'Twas but my tongue, 'twas not my soul that swore.
Hippolytus, 612 Trans by Gilbert Murray.

HERACLEITUS

fl 513 B.C.

πάντα ρεῖ, οὐδὲν μένει.

All is flux, nothing is stationary
Alluded to by Aristotle in De Caelo, 3 1 18
(ed. Weisse) and elsewhere.

HERODOTUS

484-424? B.C.

οὐ φροντὶς Ἱπποκλέδη

No matter to Hippocleides *Histories*, vi. 129.

HESIOD

c 735 B.C.

πλέον ἤμιον παντός

The half is greater than the whole
Works and Days, 40.

HIPPOCRATES

c 460-357 B.C.

ὁ βίος βραχύς, ἡ δὲ τέχνη μακρή

The life so short, the craft so long to learn
Aphorisms, i 1 Trans by Chaucer.

HOMER

c 900 B.C.

μῆνιν ἄειδε, θεά, Πηληϊάδεω Ἀχιλῆος
οὐλομένην, ἣ μυρ' Ἀχαιοῖς ἄλγε' ἔθηκε

The wrath of Peleus' son, the direful spring
Of all the Grecian woes, O Goddess, sing!

Iliad, i 1 Trans. by Pope.

τὸν δ' ἀπαμειβόμενος

To him in answer spake

Iliad, 1 84

δακρύνει γέλασσαν

Smiling through tears

Ib vi 484

οἷη περ φύλλων γενεῇ, τοίη δὲ καὶ ἀνδρῶν

As the generation of leaves, so is that of men

Ib vi 146

αἰὲν ἀριστεύειν καὶ ὑπείροχον ἔμμεναι ἄλλων

Always to be best, and distinguished above the rest

Ib 208

εἰς οἰωνὸς ἀριστος, ἀμύνεσθαι περὶ πάτρης

One omen is best, to fight in defence of one's country

Ib xii 243

ἄνδρα μοι ἔννεπε, Μοῦσα, πολύτροπον

Tell me, Muse, of the man of many wiles (Odysseus)

Odyssey, 1 1

πολλῶν δ' ἀνθρώπων ἴδεν ἄστεα καὶ νόον ἔγνω

He saw the cities of many men, and knew their mind

Ib. 3.

PINDAR

c 522-442 B.C.

ἀριστον μὲν ὕδωρ

Water is best [Inscription over the Pump Room at Bath]

Olympian Odes, 1 1

φωρᾶντα συνετοῖσιν ἐς δὲ τὸ πᾶν ἐρμηνέων
χαρίζει

Vocal to the wise, but for the crowd they need interpreters

Ib 11 85

PROTAGORAS

c 481-411 B.C.

πάντων χρημάτων ἄνθρωπον μέτρον εἶναι

Man is the measure of all things

Quoted by Plato in *Theaetetus*, 160d

SIMONIDES

556-468 B.C.

ὦ ξεῖν', ἀγγεῖλον Λακεδαιμονίους ὅτι τῆδε
κείμεθα, τοῖς κείνων ῥήμασι πειθόμενοι

'Go, tell the Spartans, thou who passest by,
'That here obedient to their laws we lie'

Select Epigrams (ed Mackail), III 4

SOCRATES

469-399 B.C.

ὦ Κρίτων, τῷ Ἀσκληπιῷ ὀφείλομεν ἀλεκτρονῶνα ἀλλὰ
ἀπόδοτε καὶ μὴ ἀμελήσητε

Crito, we owe a cock to Aesculapius, pay it, therefore, and do not neglect it

Last words, 399 B.C. Plato, *Phaedo*, 118a.

¹ See also the Latin Quotations

SOLON

c 640-c 558 B.C.

γηράσκω δ' αἰὲν πολλὰ διδασκόμενος

I grow old ever learning many things

Poetae Lyrici Graeci (ed Bergk), *Solon*, 18

πρὶν δ' ἂν τελευτήσῃ, ἐπισχεῖν μὲδ' ἐκάλειν κω ὀλβιον,
ἀλλ' εὐτυχέα.

Call no man happy till he dies, he is at best but fortunate

Herodotus, *Histories*, 1 32

SOPHOCLES

495-406 B.C.

πολλὰ τὰ δεινὰ κούδεν ἄνθρωπον δεινότερον πέλει

Wonders are many, and none is more wonderful than man

Antigone, 332 Trans by Jebb

ὦ παῖ, γένοιό πατρός εὐτυχέστερος

Ah, boy, may'st thou prove happier than thy sire.

Ajax, 550 Trans by Jebb

THUCYDIDES

b c 471 B.C.

κτῆμα ἐς αἰὲν

A possession for ever

Thucydides, 1 22

φιλοκαλοῦμέν τε γὰρ μετ' εὐτελείας καὶ φιλοσοφοῦμεν
ἀνεν μαλακίας

For we are lovers of the beautiful, yet simple in our tastes, and we cultivate the mind without loss of manliness

Ib 11 40, § 1 Trans by Jowett.

ἀνδρῶν γὰρ ἐπιφανῶν πᾶσα γῆ τάφος

The whole earth is the sepulchre of famous men.

Ib 43, § 3.

τῆς τε γὰρ ὑπαρχούσης φύσεως μὴ χεῖροσι γενέσθαι ὑμῖν
μεγάλῃ ἢ δόξῃ, καὶ ἥς ἂν ἐπ' ἐλάχιστον ἀρετῆς πέρι ἡ
ψόγου ἐν τοῖς ἄρσεσι κλέος ἦ

To a woman not to show more weakness than is natural to her sex is great glory, and not to be talked of for good or evil among men

Ib 45, § 2

XENOPHON

b c 430 B.C.

θάλαττα θάλαττα

The seal the seal

Anabasis, IV vii 24

ANONYMOUS

μηδὲν ἄγαν

Nothing in excess

Written up in the temple at Delphi by Cleobulus, according to some accounts Quoted by Plato, in *Protagoras*, 343 b

γνώθι σεαυτόν

From the gods comes the saying 'Know thyself' Juvenal, *Satires*, xi, 27 The saying was written up in the temple of Delphi.

FOREIGN QUOTATIONS

ABBÉ D'ALLAINVAL

1700-1753

L'embarras des richesses

The more alternatives, the more difficult the choice
Title of Comedy, 1726

COMTE D'ARGENSON

1652-1721

L'ABBÉ GUYOT DESFONTAINES Il faut que je vive
D'ARGENSON Je n'en vois pas la nécessité

DESFONTAINES I must live

D'ARGENSON I do not see the necessity

Voltaire, *Alzire, Discours Préliminaire*

ÉMILE AUGIER

1820-1889

La nostalgie de la boue

Homesickness for the gutter

Le Mariage d'Olympe, 1 1

MARÉCHAL BOSQUET

1810-1861

C'est magnifique, mais ce n'est pas la guerre.

It is magnificent, but it is not war

Remark on the Charge of the Light Brigade, 1854

MME CORNUEL

1605-1694

Il n'y a point de héros pour son valet de chambre

✓ No man is a hero to his valet

Lettres de Mlle Aissé, XII, 13 août 1728

EMIL COUÉ

1857-1926

Tous les jours, à tous points de vue, je vais de mieux en mieux

Every day, in every way, I am getting better and better
Formula in his clinic at Nancy.

JACQUES DANTON

1759-1794

De l'audace, et encore de l'audace, et toujours de l'audace!

Boldness, and again boldness, and always boldness!

Speech to the Legislative Committee of General Defence, 2 Sept. 1792 Le Monteur, 4 Sept 1792.

THÉODORE DE BANVILLE

1823-1891

Nous n'irons plus aux bois, les lauriers sont coupés

We will go no more to the woods, the laurel-trees are cut
Les Cariatides, Les Stalactites.

PIERRE-AUGUSTIN DE BEAUMARCHAIS

1732-1799

Je me presse de rire de tout, de peur d'être obligé d'en pleurer

I make myself laugh at everything, for fear of having to weep
Le Barbier de Séville, 1 11.

PIERRE-JEAN DE BÉRANGER

1780-1857

Il était un roi d'Yvetot

Peu connu dans l'histoire.

There was a king of Yvetot

Little known to history

Œuvres, 1, Le Roi d'Yvetot.

GEORGES-LOUIS LECLERC DE BUFFON

1707-1788

Le style est l'homme même

Style is the man himself

Discours sur le Style

Le génie n'est qu'une grande aptitude à la patience.

✓ Genius is only a great aptitude for patience

Attr to Buffon by Hérault de Séchelles in Voyage à Montbard

COMTE DE BUSSY-RABUTIN

1618-1693

L'absence est à l'amour ce qu'est au feu le vent, il éteint le petit, il allume le grand

Absence is to love what wind is to fire, it extinguishes the small, it enkindles the great

Histoire Amoureuse des Gaules, Maximes d'Amours

PIERRE-JACQUES,
BARON DE CAMBRONNE

1770-1842

La Garde meurt, mais ne se rend pas
The Guards die but do not surrender
*Attr to Cambronne when called upon to sur-
render by Col Halkett Cambronne demed the
saying at a banquet at Nantes, 1835*

NIVELLE DE LA CHAUSSÉE

1692-1754

Quand tout le monde a tort, tout le monde a raison
✓ When every one is wrong, every one is right
La Gouvernante, 1 iii

DUC DE
LA ROCHEFOUCAULD

1613-1680

Nous avons tous assez de force pour supporter les
maux d'autrui

We have all enough strength to bear the mis-
fortunes of others *Maximes, 19*

On n'est jamais si heureux ni si malheureux qu'on
s' imagine

One is never so happy or so unhappy as one thinks
Ib 49

L'hypocrisie est un hommage que le vice rend à la
vertu

✓ Hypocrisy is homage paid by vice to virtue *Ib 218*

C'est une grande habileté que de savoir cacher son
habileté

✓ The height of cleverness is to be able to conceal it
Ib 245

Dans l'adversité de nos meilleurs amis, nous trouvons
quelque chose qui ne nous déplaît pas

In the misfortune of our best friends, we find some-
thing which is not displeasing to us

Maximes supprimées, 583

DUC DE LA
ROCHEFOUCAULD-LIANCOURT

1747-1827

LOUIS XVI C'est une révolte?

LA ROCHEFOUCAULD-LIANCOURT Non, Sire, c'est une
révolution

LOUIS XVI Is it a revolt?

LA R-LIANCOURT No, Sire, it is a revolution

*When the news arrived at Versailles of the Fall
of the Bastille, 1789.*

CHARLES-JOSEPH,
PRINCE DE LIGNE

1735-1815

Le congrès ne marche pas, il danse

The Congress makes no progress, but it dances

*Comment on the Congress of Vienna to Comte
Auguste de La Garde-Chambonas La Garde-
Chambonas, Souvenirs du Congrès de Vienne,
1814-1815, c 1*

JOSEPH DE MAISTRE

1753-1821

Toute nation a le gouvernement qu'elle mérite.
Every country has the government it deserves
Lettres et Opuscules Inédits, 1, p 215, 15 août 1811.

MAURICE DE
MAETERLINCK

1862-

Il n'y a pas de morts

There are no dead

L'Onseur bleu, IV 11.

COMTE DE MIRABEAU

1749-1791

La guerre est l'industrie nationale de la Prusse

War is the national industry of Prussia

*Attr to Mirabeau by Albert Sorel, based on his
Introduction to his 'Monarchie Prussienne'*

ALFRED DE MUSSET

1810-1857

Malgré moi l'infini me tourmente

I can't help it, the idea of the infinite is a torment
to me *Premières Poésies, L'Espoir en Dieu.*

MARQUISE DU DEFFAND

1739-1823

La distance n'y fait rien, il n'y a que le premier pas
qui coûte

✓ The distance is nothing, it is only the first step
which counts

*Remark on the legend that St Denis, carrying
his head in his hands, walked two leagues.
Letter to d'Alembert, 7 July 1763*

CAMILLE DESMOULINS

1760-1794

My age is that of the bon Sansculotte Jésus, an age
fatal to Revolutionists

*Answer at his trial Carlyle, French Revolution,
bk vi, ch. 2.*

PHILIPPE NÉRICAUT
dit DESTOUCHES

1680-1754

Les absents ont toujours tort

The absent are always in the wrong

L'Obstacle Imprévu, 1 vi.

DENIS DIDEROT

1713-1784

L'esprit de l'escalier.

Staircase wit

*An untranslatable phrase, the meaning of which
is that one only thinks on one's way downstairs
of the smart retort one might have made in the
drawing-room. Paradoxe sur le Comédien.*

MARÉCHAL DUMOURIEZ

1739-1823

Les courtisans qui l'entourent n'ont rien oublié et n'ont rien appris

The courtiers who surround him have forgotten nothing and learnt nothing

Of Louis XVIII, at the time of the Declaration of Verona, Sept 1795 Examen. See also Talleyrand

L'ABBÉ EDGEWORTH DE FIRMONT

1745-1807

Fils de Saint Louis, montez au ciel

Son of Saint Louis, ascend to heaven

Attr words to Louis XVI as he mounted the steps of the guillotine at his execution, 1793 No documentary proof at all

HENRI ESTIENNE

1532-1598

Si jeunesse savait, si vieillesse pouvait

If youth knew, if age could

Les Premices, Épigramme cxc

MARÉCHAL FOCH

1851-1929

Mon centre cède, ma droite recule, situation excellente j'attaque!

My centre is giving way, my right is in retreat, situation excellent I shall attack

Sir G Aston, Biography of Foch (1929), ch 13, p 122

ANATOLE FRANCE

1844-1924

Le bon critique est celui qui raconte les aventures de son âme au milieu des chefs-d'œuvre

The good critic is he who relates the adventures of his soul among masterpieces

La Vie littéraire, preface

FRANÇOIS I^{ER}

1508-1565

Tout est perdu fors l'honneur

All is lost save honour

Traditional words in a letter to his mother after his defeat at Pavia, 1525 The actual words were 'De toutes choses ne m'est demeuré que l'honneur et la vie qui est sauve' Collection des Documents Inédits sur l'Histoire de France, vol 1, 1847, p 129

GAVARNI

1810-1866

Les enfants terribles *Title of a series of prints*

The embarrassing young

HENRI IV

1553-1610

Pends-toi, brave Crillon, nous avons combattu à Arques et tu n'y étais pas

Hang yourself, brave Crillon, we fought at Arques and you were not there

Traditional form given by Voltaire to a letter of Henri to Crillon Lettres Missives de Henri IV, Collection des Documents Inédits de l'Histoire de France, vol 1v, 1847, p 848

Paris vaut bien une messe

Paris is well worth a mass

Attr either to Henry IV or to his minister Sully, in conversation with Henry Caquets de l'Accouchée, 1622

The wisest fool in Christendom

Of James I of England Remark attr to Henry IV or Sully French not known

ALPHONSE KARR

1808-1890

Plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose

The more things change, the more they are the same *Les Guêpes, Jan 1849, vi.*

Si l'on veut abolir la peine de mort en ce cas, que MM les assassins commencent

If we are to abolish the death penalty, I should like to see the first step taken by our friends the murderers *Id*

LOUIS XIV

1638-1715

Il n'y a plus de Pyrénées

The Pyrenees have ceased to exist

At the accession of his grandson to the throne of Spain, 1700 Attr by Voltaire in Siècle de Louis XIV, ch 28

L'État c'est moi

I am the State

Attr remark before the Parlement de Paris, 13 April 1655 Dulaure, Histoire de Paris

MARIE-ANTOINETTE

1755-1793

Qu'ils mangent de la brioche

Let them eat cake

Attr, but much older Rousseau refers in his Confessions, 1740, to a similar remark, as a well-known saying

JEAN MESSELIER

18th cent

Je voudrais, et ce sera le dernier et le plus ardent de mes souhaits, je voudrais que le dernier des rois fût étranglé avec les boyaux du dernier prêtre

I should like to see, and this will be the last and the most ardent of my desires, I should like to see the last king strangled with the guts of the last priest.

In his Will, 1733, published by Voltaire

JEAN-BAPTISTE MOLIÈRE

1622-1673

M JOURDAIN Quoi? quand je dis 'Nicole, apportez-moi mes pantoufles, et me donnez mon bonnet de nuit', c'est de la prose?

MAÎTRE DE PHILOSOPHIE Oui, monsieur

M JOURDAIN Par ma foi il y a plus de quarante ans que je dis de la prose sans que j'en susse rien

M JOURDAIN What? when I say 'Nicole, bring me my slippers, and give me my night-cap,' is that prose?

PROFESSOR OF PHILOSOPHY Yes, Sir

M JOURDAIN Good Heavens! For more than forty years I have been speaking prose without knowing it *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme*, II IV

Tout ce qui n'est point prose est vers, et tout ce qui n'est point vers est prose

All that is not prose is verse, and all that is not verse is prose *Id*

Que diable allait-il faire dans cette galère?

What the devil is he doing in this galley?

Les Fourberies de Scapin, II VII

Vous l'avez voulu, Georges Dandin, vous l'avez voulu

You wanted it, George Dandin, you wanted it *Georges Dandin*, I. IX.

NAPOLÉON

1769-1821

A la guerre, les trois quarts sont des affaires morales, la balance des forces réelles n'est que pour un autre quart

In war, moral considerations make up three-quarters of the game the relative balance of manpower accounts only for the remaining quarter

Correspondance de Napoléon I^{er}, XVII, no 14276 (*Observations sur les affaires d'Espagne, Saint-Cloud, 27 août 1808*)

Du sublime au ridicule il n'y a qu'un pas

There is only one step from the sublime to the ridiculous

To de Pradt, Polish ambassador, after the retreat from Moscow in 1812 De Pradt, Histoire de l'Ambassade dans le grand-duché de Varsovie en 1812, ed 1815, p 215

L'Angleterre est une nation de boutiquiers.

England is a nation of shopkeepers

Attr by B E O'Meara, Napoleon at St Helena, vol II The original is probably 'sono mercanti', a phrase of Paoli, quoted by Napoleon, see Gourgau, *Journal Inédit de Ste-Hélène*, I 69

La carrière ouverte aux talents

The career open to talents

O'Meara, *Napoleon in Exile* (1822), vol I, p 103.

Soldats, songez que, du haut de ces pyramides, quarante siècles vous contemplent

Think of it, soldiers, from the summit of these

pyramids, forty centuries look down upon you.

Speech to the Army of Egypt on 21 July 1798, before the Battle of the Pyramids Gourgau, Mémoires, Guerre d'Orient, I, p 160

Tout soldat français porte dans sa giberne la bâton de maréchal de France

Every French soldier carries in his cartridge-pouch the baton of a marshal of France

E Blaze, *La Vie Militaire sous l'Empire*, I V.

Voilà le soleil d'Austerlitz

There rises the sun of Austerlitz

To his officers, before Moscow, 7 Sept 1812

Tête d'Armée *Last words*

NICHOLAS I OF RUSSIA

1796-1855

Nous avons sur les bras un homme malade — un homme gravement malade

We have on our hands a sick man—a very sick man. (The sick man of Europe, the Turk)

Parliamentary Papers Accounts and Papers, vol LXXI, pt 5 *Eastern Papers*, p 2 *Sir G. H. Seymour to Lord John Russell, 11 Jan 1853*

BLAISE PASCAL

1623-1662

Le nez de Cléopâtre s'il eût été plus court, toute la face de la terre aurait changé

Had Cleopatra's nose been shorter, the whole history of the world would have been different

Pensées, sect II, 162.

Le silence éternel de ces espaces infinis m'effraie

The eternal silence of these infinite spaces [the heavens] terrifies me *Id* sect III, 206

Le dernier acte est sanglant, quelque belle que soit la comédie en tout le reste

The last act is bloody, however charming the rest of the play may be *Id* 210

On mourra seul

We shall die alone *Id* 211

Le cœur a ses raisons que la raison ne connaît point

The heart has its reasons which reason knows nothing of *Id* sect IV, 277

L'homme n'est qu'un roseau, le plus faible de la nature, mais c'est un roseau pensant

Man is only a reed, the weakest thing in nature, but he is a thinking reed *Id* sect VI, 347.

Console-toi, tu ne me chercherais pas si tu ne m'avais trouvé

Comfort yourself, you would not seek me if you had not found me. *Id* sect VII, 553.

CHARLES PERRAULT

1628-1703

'Anne, ma sœur Anne, ne vois-tu rien venir?' Et la sœur Anne lui répondit, 'Je ne vois rien que le soleil qui poudroye, et l'herbe qui verdoye'

'Anne, sister Anne, do you see anybody coming?' And her sister Anne replied, 'I see nothing but

the sun which makes a dust, and the grass looking
green,

Perrault, *Histoires ou Contes du Tens Passé*,
1697 Trans by R Samber, 1764

MARÉCHAL PÉTAÏN

1856-

Ils ne passeront pas

They shall not get past Verduin, Feb 1916.

MME DE POMPADOUR

1721-1764

Après nous le déluge

After us the deluge

Madame de Hausset, *Mémoires*, p 19PIERRE-JOSEPH
PROUD'HON

1809-1865

La propriété c'est le vol

Property is theft Qu'est-ce que la Propriété? ch 1

FRANÇOIS RABELAIS

1494?-1553

L'appétit vient en mangeant

The appetite grows by eating Gargantua, I v

Fay ce que voudrais

Do what thou wilt Ib I lvii

Tirez le rideau, la farce est jouée

Ring down the curtain, the farce is over

Attr to Rabelais on his death-bed

Je m'en vais chercher un grand peut-être

I go to seek a great perhaps

Attr to Rabelais on his death-bed

Vogue la galère!

A phrase for which it is impossible to find an adequate translation. Literally, the words mean 'loose the galley' or 'hoist sail'

Works, bk 1, ch 40

RACINE

1639-1699

Ce n'est plus une ardeur dans mes veines cachée

C'est Vénus toute entière à sa proie attachée

It is no longer a passion hidden in my veins it is the goddess Venus herself fastened on her prey

Phèdre, I iii

Point d'argent, point de Suisse

No money, no Swiss (soldiers)

Les Plaideurs, I 1 15

MME ROLAND

1754-1793

O liberté! O liberté! que de crimes on commet en ton nom!

O liberty! O liberty! what crimes are committed in thy name!

Lamartine, *Histoire des Girondins*, livre li, ch 8

PIERRE RONSARD

1529-1585

Quand vous serez bien vieille, au soir, à la chandelle,
Assise auprès du feu, dévidant et filant,
Direz, chantant mes vers, en vous émerveillant,
Ronsard me célébrait du temps que j'étais belle

When you are very old, and sit in the candle-light
at evening spinning by the fire, you will say, as
you murmur my verses, a wonder in your eyes,
'Ronsard sang of me in the days when I was fair'

Sonnets pour Hélène, II 43.

ROUGET DE LISLE

1760-1836

Allons, enfants de la patrie,

Le jour de gloire est arrivé

Come, children of our country, the day of glory has
arrived La Marseillaise

JEAN-JACQUES ROUSSEAU

1712-1778

L'homme est né libre, et partout il est dans les fers

Man is born free, and everywhere he is in chains
Du Contrat Social, ch 1.

CHARLES-MAURICE DE
TALLEYRAND

1754-1838

Ils n'ont rien appris, ni rien oublié

They have learnt nothing, and forgotten nothing
Attr to Talleyrand by the Chevalier de Panat
in a letter to Mallet du Pan, Jan 1796,
'Personne n'est corrigé, personne n'a su ni
rien oublier ni rien apprendre' (*Mémoires et
correspondance de Mallet du Pan, 1851, II 196*)
See also Dumouriez

Pas trop de zèle

Not too much zeal

Sainte-Beuve, *Critiques et Portraits*, III, 324

PIERRE VERGNIAUD

1753-1793

Il a été permis de craindre que la Révolution, comme Saturne, dévorât successivement tous ses enfants

There was reason to fear that the Revolution, like
Saturn, might devour in turn each one of its
children

Lamartine, *Histoire des Girondins*, bk xxxviii,
ch 20

FRANÇOIS VILLON

b 1431

Mais où sont les neiges d'antan?

But where are the snows of yesteryear?

Le Grand Testament, Ballade des Dames du
Temps Jadis Trans by Andrew Lang

VOLTAIRE

1694-1778

Ce corps qui s'appelait et qui s'appelle encore le saint empire romain n'était en aucune manière ni saint, ni romain, ni empire

This agglomeration which was called and which still calls itself the Holy Roman Empire is neither holy, nor Roman, nor an empire

Essai sur les Mœurs et l'Esprit des Nations, lx

Dans ce pays-ci il est bon de tuer de temps en temps un amiral pour encourager les autres

In this country it is thought well to kill an admiral from time to time to encourage the others

Candide, ch 23

Cela est bien dit, répondit Candide, mais il faut cultiver notre jardin

'That is well said,' replied Candide, 'but we must cultivate our garden' (We must attend to our own affairs)

Ib 30

Quoi que vous fassiez, écrasez l'infâme, et aimez qui vous aime

Whatever you do, trample down abuses, and love those who love you

Lettres A M d'Alembert, 28 Nov 1762

On dit que Dieu est toujours pour les gros bataillons

It is said that God is always for the big battalions

Ib A M le Riche, 6 Feb 1770

Si Dieu n'existait pas, il faudrait l'inventer

If God did not exist, it would be necessary to invent him

Épîtres, xcvi *A l'Auteur du Livre des Trois Imposteurs*

Ils ne se servent de la pensée que pour autoriser leurs injustices, et n'emploient les paroles que pour déguiser leurs pensées

Men use thought only to justify their wrongdoings, and speech only to conceal their thoughts

Dialogue xiv Le Chapon et la Poularde

ÉMILE ZOLA

1840-1902

J'accuse

I accuse

Title of an open letter to the President of the Republic, in connexion with the Dreyfus case, published in L'Aurore, 13 Jan 1898

ANONYMOUS

Ça ira

Untranslatable phrase, meaning 'That will certainly happen' *Refrain of French Revolutionary Song*

Cet animal est très méchant,

Quand on l'attaque il se défend

This animal is very mischievous, when it is attacked it defends itself

La Ménagerie, by Théodore P K, 1868

Chevalier sans peur et sans reproche

Knight without fear and without blemish

Description in contemporary chronicles of Pierre Bayard, 1476-1524

Il ne faut pas être plus royaliste que le roi

One must not be more royalist than the king

Phrase originated under Louis XVI Chateaubriand, La Monarchie selon la Charte, ed 1876, p 94

Liberté! Égalité! Fraternité!

Liberty! Equality! Fraternity!

Phrase of unknown origin dating from before the French Revolution Aulard, in Études et Leçons sur la Révolution Française (6^e série), gives the first official use of the phrase in the motion passed by the Club des Cordeliers (30 June 1793) que les propriétaires seront invités, de faire peindre sur la façade de leurs maisons, en gros caractères, ces mots Unité, indivisibilité de la République, Liberté, Égalité, Fraternité ou la mort

(Journal de Paris, No 182)

L'ordre règne à Varsovie

Order reigns in Warsaw

On 16 Sept 1831, the Comte Horace Sebastiani, minister of foreign affairs, said that 'La tranquillité règne à Varsovie' The newspaper Monteur took it up

Retournons à nos moutons

Let us return to our sheep (Let us get back to the subject) *Maistre Pierre Pathelin* (line 1191)

Taisez-vous! Méfiez-vous! Les oreilles ennemies vous écoutent

Be quiet! Be on your guard! Enemy ears are listening to you *Official Notice in France in 1915*

DANTE ALIGHIERI

1265-1321

Nel mezzo del cammin di nostra vita

In the middle of the road of our life

Divine Comedy Inferno, I 1.

Or se' tu quel Virgilio?

Art thou then that Virgil?

Ib 79.

Lasciate ogni speranza voi ch'entrate!

All hope abandon, ye who enter here

Ib III 9.

Il gran rifiuto

The great refusal

Ib 60.

Onorate l'altissimo poeta.

Honour to the greatest poet

Ib IV 80.

Il Maestro di color che sanno

The Master of them that know (Aristotle) *Ib* 131.

Nessun maggior dolore,

Che ricordarsi del tempo felice

Nella miseria

There is no greater sorrow than to recall a time of happiness in misery *Ib* V 121.

Galeotto fu il libro e chi lo scrisse

Quel giorno più non vi leggemmo avante

Galeotto was the book and writer too. that day we read no more *Ib* 137.

E quindi uscimmo a riveder le stelle

Thence we came forth to behold each star

Ib XXXIV 139

Puro e disposto a salire alle stelle

Pure and made apt for mounting to the stars

Ib Purgatorio, XXXIII 145

E la sua volontate è nostra pace

In His will is our peace *Ib Paradiso*, III 85.

Tu proverai sì come sa di sale

Lo pane altrui, e com'è duro calle

Lo scendere e il salir per l'altrui scale.

You shall find out how salt is the taste of another's bread, and how hard a path the going down and going up another's stair *Ib XVII. 58*

L'amor che move il sole e l'altre stelle.

The love that moves the sun and the other stars.

Ib XXXIII 145.

GALILEO GALILEI

1564-1642

E pur si muove.

But it does move

Attr to Galileo after his recantation in 1632

The earliest appearance of the phrase is 1761

(see E R Hull, *Galileo*), and it is generally conceded to be apocryphal

CAMILLO BENSO CAVOUR

1810-1861

Noi siamo pronti a proclamare nell'Italia questo gran principio Libera Chiesa in libero Stato.

We are ready to proclaim throughout Italy the great principle of a free church in a free state

Speech, 27 Mar 1861 William de la Rive, *Remin of Life and Character of Count Cavour* (1862), ch 13, p 276

LEO TOLSTOY

1828-1910

All unhappy families resemble each other, each unhappy family is unhappy in its own way

Anna Karenina, pt 1, ch 1 Trans by Maude

Pure and complete sorrow is as impossible as pure and complete joy

War and Peace, bk xv, ch. 1 Trans by Maude

✓ Art is not a handicraft, it is the transmission of feeling the artist has experienced

What is Art? ch 19 Trans by Maude

I sit on a man's back, choking him and making him carry me, and yet assure myself and others that I am very sorry for him and wish to ease his lot by all possible means—except by getting off his back

What Then Must We Do? ch 16 Trans by Maude

HENRIK IBSEN

1828-1906

The minority is always right.

An Enemy of the People, Act IV

One should never put on one's best trousers to go out to battle for freedom and truth *Ib Act V*

Vine-leaves in his hair

Hedda Gabler, Act II.

✓ People don't do such things

Ib Act IV.

The younger generation will come knocking at my door.

The Master-Builder, Act I.

MIGUEL DE CERVANTES

1547-1616

El Caballero de la Triste Figura.

The Knight of the Sorrowful Countenance

Don Quixote, pt I, ch 19 Trans by Smollett (see Lockhart's translation, 1882, vol 1, p 171).

Dos linages solos hay en el mundo, como decia una aguela mia, que son el tenir y el no tenir.

There are but two families in the world, as my grandmother used to say, the Haves and the Havenots *Ib pt II, ch 20* Trans by Jervas

COUNT OXENSTIERNA

1583-1654

Dost thou not know, my son, with how little wisdom the world is governed? *Letter to his son*, 1648.

ARABIAN NIGHTS

Who will change old lamps for new ones? . . . new lamps for old ones? *The History of Aladdin*

Open Sesame! *The History of Ali Baba*

THEOBALD VON BETHMANN HOLLWEG

1856-1921

Just for a word—'neutrality', a word which in war-time has so often been disregarded, just for a scrap of paper—Great Britain is going to make war

To Sir Edward Goschen, 4 Aug 1914 *Dispatch by Sir Edward Goschen to the British Foreign Office*

OTTO VON BISMARCK

1815-1898

Die Politik ist keine exakte Wissenschaft.

Politics are not an exact science

Speech, Prussian Chamber, 18 Dec. 1863.

Nach Canossa gehen wir nicht.

We will not go to Canossa

Speech, Reichstag, 14 May 1872.

Die gesunden Knochen eines einzigen pommerschen Musketiers

The healthy bones of a single Pomeranian grenadier. *Speech, Reichstag, 5 Dec 1876.*

Ehrlicher Makler

An honest broker

Speech, Reichstag, 19 Feb 1878

Blut und Eisen

Blood and iron

Speech, Prussian House of Deputies, 28 Jan 1886.

(Lest eine möglichst starke militärische Kraft in die Hand des Königs von Preussen, dann wird er die Politik machen können, die Ihr wünscht, mit Reden und Schützenfesten und Liedern macht sie sich nicht, sie macht sich nur durch Blut und Eisen

a AUGUST HEINRICH HOFFMANN VON FALLERSLEBEN FRIEDRICH VON KLINGER b

Place in the hands of the King of Prussia the strongest possible military power, then he will be able to carry out the policy you wish, this policy cannot succeed through speeches, and festivals, and songs, it can only be carried out through blood and iron)

I may avail myself of the opportunity of denying once more the truth of the story that Prince Bismarck had ever likened Lord Salisbury to a lath of wood painted to look like iron

Sidney Whitman, *Personal Reminiscences of Prince Bismarck* (1902), p. 252

**AUGUST HEINRICH
HOFFMANN
VON FALLERSLEBEN**

1798-1874

Deutschland, Deutschland über alles

Germany, Germany over all

Title of Song

FREDERICK THE GREAT

1712-1786

Hunde, wollt ihr ewig leben?

Dogs, would you live for ever?

When the Guards hesitated, at Köln, 18 June 1757.

**JOHANN WOLFGANG
VON GOETHE**

1749-1832

Zwei Seelen wohnen, ach! in meiner Brust

Two souls dwell, alas! in my breast

Faust, pt. 1 Vor dem Thor

Verweile doch! du bist so schön!

Stay then! Thou art so fair! *Ib. Studierzimmer*

Meine Ruh' ist hin,

Mein Herz ist schwer

My peace is gone,

My heart is heavy

Ib. Gretchen am Spinnrad

Über allen Gipfeln

Ist Ruh'

Over all the mountain tops is peace

Wanderers Nachtlied

Kennst du das Land, wo die Zitronen blühn?

Im dunkeln Laub die Gold-Orangen glühn,

Ein sanfter Wind vom blauen Himmel weht,

Die Myrte still und hoch der Lorbeer steht—

Kennst du es wohl?

Dahin! Dahin!

Mocht ich mit dir, o mein Gelebter, ziehn!

Know you the land where the lemon-trees bloom?

In the dark foliage the gold oranges glow, a soft

wind hovers from the sky, the myrtle is still and

the laurel stands tall—do you know it well? There,

there, I would go, O my beloved, with thee!

Wilhelm Meisters Lehrjahre, III 1

Mehr Licht!

More light!

Attr. dying words (Actually 'Macht doch den zweiten Fensterladen auch auf, damit mehr Licht hereinkomme' 'Open the second shutter, so that more light can come in')

Ohne Hast, aber ohne Rast

Without haste, but without rest

Motto.

**FRIEDRICH HALM
(FRANZ VON MÜNCH-BELLING-
HAUSEN)**

1806-1871

Mein Herz ich will dich fragen

Was ist denn Liebe? Sag'!

'Zwei Seelen und ein Gedanke,

Zwei Herzen und ein Schlag!'

Der Sohn der Wildmss, Act II ad fin

What love is, if thou wouldst be taught,

Thy heart must teach alone,—

Two souls with but a single thought,

Two hearts that beat as one

Trans. by Maria Lovell in Ingomar the Barbarian.

HEINRICH HEINE

1797-1856

Ich grolle nicht, und wenn das Herz auch bricht

I do not murmur, even if my heart break

Buch der Lieder Title of Song

Ich weiss nicht, was soll es bedeuten,

Dass ich so traurig bin,

Ein Märchen aus alten Zeiten,

Das kommt mir nicht aus dem Sinn

I know not why I am so sad, I cannot get out of my

head a fairy-tale of olden times *Die Lorelei*

Auf Flügeln des Gesanges

On the wings of song

Title of Song

IMMANUEL KANT

1724-1804

Zwei Dinge erfüllen das Gemüth mit immer neuer

und zunehmender Bewunderung und Ehrfurcht,

je öfter und anhaltender sich das Nachdenken

damit beschäftigt der bestirnte Himmel über mir,

und das moralische Gesetz in mir

Two things fill the mind with ever-increasing wonder

and awe, the more often and the more intensely the

mind of thought is drawn to them the starry

heavens above me and the moral law within me

Critique of Practical Reason, conclusion.

FRIEDRICH VON KLINGER

1752-1831

Sturm und Drang

Storm and stress.

Title of Play, 1775.

MARTIN LUTHER

1483-1546

Ich kann nicht anders

I can do no otherwise

*Speech at the Diet of Worms, 18 Apr 1521**On his monument at Worms*

Wer nicht liebt Wein, Weib und Gesang,

Der bleibt ein Narr sein Leben lang

Who loves not woman, wine, and song

Remains a fool his whole life long

*Attr. to Luther Written in the Luther room
in the Wartburg, but no proof exists of its
authorship*

Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott,

Ein gute Wehr und Waffen

A safe stronghold our God is still,

A trusty shield and weapon

*Klug'sche Gesangbuch, 1529 Ein Feste Burg**Trans by Carlyle*Wenn ich gewisst hatte, dass so viel Teufel auf mich
gezelet hatten, als Ziegel auf den Dächern waren
zu Worms, wäre ich dennoch eingerittenIf I had heard that as many devils would set on me
in Worms as there are tiles on the roofs, still I
would have gone there*Luthers Sammtliche Schriften (1745), xvi 14*

PRINCE METTERNICH

1773-1859

Italien ist ein geographischer Begriff

Italy is a geographical expression

*Letter, 19 Nov 1849.*FRIEDRICH WILHELM
NIETZSCHE

1844-1900

Jenseits von Gut und Böse

Beyond good and evil

Title of Book.

Herren-Moral und Sklaven-Moral.

Morality of masters and the morality of slaves

Jenseits von Gut und Böse

Blonde Bestie

Blonde beast

Zur Genealogie der Moral

NOVALIS

(FRIEDRICH LEOPOLD VON
HARDENBERG)

1772-1801

Gott-trunkener Mensch

A God-intoxicated man *Remark about Spinoza*

ERICH MARIA REMARQUE

1898-

Im Westen nichts Neues

All Quiet on the Western Front

Title of Novel Trans by A. W. Wheen.

FRIEDRICH VON SCHILLER

1759-1805

Mit der Dummheit kämpfen Götter selbst vergebens.

With stupidity the gods themselves struggle in vain
Jungfrau von Orleans, III vi

MAX SCHNECKENBURGER

1819-1849

Die Wacht am Rhein

The watch on the Rhine

Title of Song

LOUIS SCHNEIDER

O Tannenbaum, O Tannenbaum,

Wie grün sind deine Blätter!

O pine-tree, O pine-tree,

How green are thy leaves!

Der Kurmärker und die Picarde

ADDENDA

ALFRED AINGER

1837-1904

No flowers, by request

At a dinner given to the contributors to the Dictionary of National Biography, 8 July 1897 his summary of their editor's instructions

MATTHEW ARNOLD

1822-1888

'Passionate, absorbing, almost blood-thirsty clinging to life' *Essays in Criticism, Preface.*

JANE AUSTEN

1775-1817

'The little bit (two inches wide) of ivory on which I work with so fine a brush as produces little effect after much labour' *Letter, 16 Dec. 1816*

CHARLES BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

1887-

'Well, if you knows of a better 'ole, go to it' *Fragments from France, No 1 (1915).*

RICHARD BENTLEY

1662-1742

'He is believed to have liked port, but to have said of claret that "it would be port if it could"' *R C. Jebb, Bentley, p 200*

SIR WALTER BESANT

1836-1901

The World went very well then *Title.*

VALENTINE BLACKER

1778-1823

'Put your trust in God, my boys, and keep your powder dry.' *Oliver's Advice*

EDMUND BURKE

1728-1797

My hold of the colonies is in the close affection which grows from common names, from kindred blood, from similar privileges, and equal protection. These are ties which, though light as air, are as strong as links of iron *Speech on Conciliation with America, 1775*

GEORGE CANNING

1770-1827

Pitt is to Addington

As London is to Paddington

The Oracle, c 1803-4.

(Pitt)

When our perils are past, shall our gratitude sleep?

No,—here's to the pilot that weathered the storm

Song for the inauguration of the Pitt Club 25 May 1802

GEOFFREY CHAUCER

1328-1400

The smyler with the knyf under the cloke

Canterbury Tales Knight's Tale, l 1141

LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL

1849-1894

I forgot Goschen

According to a story current c Dec 1886

DESMOND F. T. COKE

His blade struck the water a full second before any other until as the boats began to near the winning-post, his own was dipping into the water twice as often as any other

Sandford of Merton (1903), ch xii

Often quoted as 'All rowed fast but none so fast as stroke', and attrib to 'Ouida'

GEORGE COLMAN

1762-1836

Mum's the word

Battle of Hexham, II 1

JOHN CALVIN COOLIDGE

1872-1933

They hired the money, didn't they?

With reference to the war debts incurred by England and others

BENJAMIN DISRAELI EARL OF BEACONSFIELD

1804-1881

'Protection is not only dead, but damned' (c 1850)

Monypenny and Buckle, *Life of Disraeli*, III. 241.

ERNEST DOWSON BENJAMIN JOWETT
ERNEST DOWSON

1867-1900

I have forgot much, Cynara! gone with the wind,
Flung roses, roses, riotously, with the throng
Non Sum Qualis Eram

EDWARD FITZGERALD

1809-1883

Mrs Browning's death is rather a relief to me, I must
say no more Aurora Leighs, thank God!
Letter, 15 July 1861

EDWARD AUGUSTUS
FREEMAN

1823-1892

A saying which fell from myself in one of the debates
in Congregation on the Modern Language Statute
has been quoted in several places 'chatter about
Shelley' I mentioned that I had lately read a
review of a book about Shelley in which the critic
praised or blamed the author for his 'treat-
ment of the Harriet problem'
Contemporary Review, Oct 1887 'Literature
and Language'

The two phrases are often telescoped as 'chatter
about Harriet'

GEORGE III

1738-1820

'Was there ever,' cried he, 'such stuff as great part of
Shakespeare?' Only one must not say so! But what
think you?—what?—Is there not sad stuff?
what?—what?'

To Fanny Burney (in her Diary, 19 Dec 1785)

EDWARD GIBBON

1737-1794

My English text is chaste, and all licentious passages
are left in the decent obscurity of a learned
language *Memoirs of my Life and Writings*

WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE

1809-1898

(*The Irish Land League*) It is perfectly true that
these gentlemen wish to march through rapine to
disintegration and dismemberment of the Empire,
and, I am sorry to say, even to the placing of
different parts of the Empire in direct hostility
one with the other

Speech at Knowsley, 27 Oct 1881

HANNAH GLASSE

d 1747

Take your hare when it is cased

Art of Cookery

Usually misquoted as 'First catch your hare'

ALFRED DENIS GODLEY

1856-1925

What asks the Bard? He prays for nought
But what the truly virtuous crave
That is, the things he plainly ought
To have

His taste in residence is plain
No palaces his heart rejoice
A cottage in a lane (Park Lane
For choice)—

Lyra Frivola, 'After Horace'.

KENNETH GRAHAME

1859-1932

'Aunt Maria flung herself on him [the curate] "O
Mr Hodgkitts!" I heard her cry, "you are brave! for
my sake do not be rash!" He was not rash'
The Golden Age, 'The Burglars'.

RICHARD BURDON HALDANE
VISCOUNT HALDANE

1856-1928

I had gone to Germany too often, and had read her
literature too much, not to give ground to narrow-
minded people to say that Germany was my
'spiritual home' *An Autobiography*, p 285

HENRY II

1133-1189

'Who will free me from this turbulent priest?'
History books.

What a parcel of fools and dastards have I nourished
in my house, that not one of them will avenge me of
this one upstart clerk!

K Norgate, in *Dictionary of National Biography*

HENRY VIII

1491-1547

[*Anne of Cleves*] The King found her so different
from her picture that he swore they had
brought him a Flanders mare
Smollett, *Hist of England* (ed 3, 1759), vi 68

O HENRY (WILLIAM
SYDNEY PORTER)

1862-1910

'Little old New York's good enough for us'—that's
what they sing *A Tempered Wind.*

BENJAMIN JOWETT

1817-1893

The lie in the Soul is a true lie
From the Introduction to his translation of
Plato's *Republic*, bk 11

WILLIAM LAMB,
VISCOUNT MELBOURNE

1779-1848

[*Catholic Emancipation*] What all the wise men promised has not happened, and what all the d—d fools said would happen has come to pass

H Dunckley, *Lord Melbourne* (1890)

JOHN GEORGE LAMBTON
FIRST EARL OF DURHAM

1792-1840

'one of his sublimities too good to be lost he said he considered £40,000 a year a moderate income—such a one as a man might jog on with'

The Creevey Papers (13 Sept. 1821), II 32

WILLIAM LANGLAND

1330?-1400?

Dowel, Dobet, and Dobest

Piers Plowman MS Laud 581, passus viii, heading

[*This corrects the errors on p 251a, where the phrase is attributed to Lydgate, and the MS number given as 851*]

GEORGE CORNEWALL LEWIS

1806-1863

Life would be tolerable were it not for its amusements

According to Lord Grey of Fallodon, in his *Twenty-Five Years*

ROBERT LOWE
VISCOUNT SHERBROOKE

1811-1892

'I believe it will be absolutely necessary that you should prevail on our future masters to learn their letters

Speech in House of Commons, 15 July 1867 (on the passing of the Reform Bill)

Popularized as 'We must educate our masters'

CHARLES BLAIR
MACDONALD

'When ye come to play golf ye maun hae a heid'

Scotland's Gift—Golf, 1928

'A caddy at St Andrews named Lang Willie was teaching one of the professors of the university the noble game. The professor was not a promising pupil—Willie fairly got out of patience and said to him "Ye see, Professor, as long as ye are learning thae lads at the College Latin and Greek it is easy work, but when ye come to play golf ye maun hae a heid!"'

JOHN, VISCOUNT MORLEY
OF BLACKBURN

1838-1923

The whole of the golden Gospel of Silence is now effectively compressed in thirty fine volumes

Critical Miscellanies (1871) Carlyle.

ALFRED, LORD MILNER

1854-1925

(*The Peers and the Budget*) 'If we believe a thing to be bad, and if we have a right to prevent it, it is our duty to try to prevent it and to damn the consequences' *Speech at Glasgow*, 26 Nov 1909

JAMES OGILVY, FIRST
EARL OF SEAFIELD

1664-1730

Now there's an end of ane old song

(as he signed the engrossed exemplification of the Act of Union, 1706)

Lockhart Papers (1817), I 223

WALTER HORATIO PATER

1839-1894

All art constantly aspires towards the condition of music

The Renaissance 'The School of Giorgione'

ARCHIBALD PHILIP PRIMROSE
EARL OF ROSEBERY

1847-1929

Before Irish Home Rule is concluded by the Imperial Parliament, England as the predominant member of the three kingdoms will have to be convinced of its justice and equity

Speech in the House of Lords, 11 March 1894

'SAKI'
(HECTOR HUGH MUNRO)

1870-1916

Women and elephants never forget an injury

Reginald *Reginald on Besetting Sins*

JAMES SMITH

1775-1839

AND HORACE SMITH

1779-1849

John Richard William Alexander Dwyer

Was footman to Justinian Stubbs, Esquire

The Theatre (parodied from Crabbe).

EDMUND SPENSER

1552?-1599

So let us love, deare Love, lyke as we ought,
—Love is the lesson which the Lord us taught
Amoretti Sonnet lxxvii

LAURENCE STERNE

1713-1768

God tempers the wind, said Maria, to the shorn lamb
A Sentimental Journey Maria
From a French proverb, but familiar in Sterne's
form of words

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

1850-1894

AND LLOYD OSBOURNE

Nothing like a little judicious levity
[*Michael Finsbury*] *The Wrong Box*, chap 7

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

1809-1892

This way and that dividing the swift mind
Morte d'Arthur, 1 60

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE
THACKERAY

1811-1863

'Them's my sentiments!' [*Fred Bullock*]
Vanity Fair, chap 21

MARK TWAIN (SAMUEL
LANGHORNE CLEMENS)

1835-1910

The reports of my death are greatly exaggerated
Cable from Europe to the Associated Press

ARTHUR WELLESLEY,
DUKE OF WELLINGTON

1769-1852

[*At Waterloo*] Hard pounding this, gentlemen, let's
see who will pound longest
In Sir W Scott, *Paul's Letters* (1815)

OSCAR FINGAL
O'FLAHERTIE WILLS WILDE

1856-1900

I couldn't help it I can resist everything except
temptation

Lady Windermere's Fan, Act 1

We are all in the gutter, but some of us are looking
at the stars
Ib, Act III

WILLIAM WINDHAM

1750-1810

Those entrusted with arms . . . should be persons of
some substance and stake in the country
In House of Commons, 22 July 1807

PELHAM GRENVILLE
WODEHOUSE

(1881-)

He spoke with a certain what-is-it in his voice, and
I could see that, if not actually disgruntled, he was
far from being grunted

The Code of the Woosters

Slice him where you like a hellhound is always a hell-
hound
Ib

Donning the soup-and-fish in preparation for the
evening meal
Jeeves and the Impending Doom

Excellent browsing and sluicing
Jeeves and the Unbidden Guest

There was another ring at the front door Jeeves
shimmered out and came back with a telegram
Jeeves takes charge

SAMUEL WOODFORD

1636-1700

To his very Worthy Friend Mr Izaak Walton, upon
his Writing and Publishing the Life of the Vener-
able and Judicious Mr Richard Hooker
Title of verses prefixed to the Life, 1675

SIR HENRY WOTTON

1568-1639

At my departure toward Rome I had won con-
fidence enough to beg his advice [Alberto Scipioni's]
how I might carry myself securely there without
offence of others or of mine own conscience
'Signor Arrigo mio,' says he, '*I pensieri stretti ed il*
viso sciolto will go safely over the whole world'
['Sir Henry the thoughts secret and the coun-
tenance open']

Letter to Milton, 13 April 1638, prefixed to
Comus

ANONYMOUS

Earned a precarious living by taking in one another's
washing

('It is said that a society was formed (c 1900?) for
the purpose of discovering the origin of the
phrase, but without result' *Benham*, 1936)

Here you are, an able-bodied man, respectably
brought-up, instead of which you go about the
country stealing ducks

Said to have been addressed to a prisoner by an
Indian judge

'How different, how very different from the home life
of our own dear Queen!'

Irvin S Cobb, *A Laugh a Day*

As Cleopatra, Sarah Bernhardt stabbed the slave who bore to her the tidings of Mark Antony's defeat at Actium, she stormed, raved, wrecked some of the scenery in her frenzy and finally, as the curtain fell, dropped in a shuddering, convulsive heap

As the applause died, a middle-aged British matron was heard to say to her neighbour 'How different, how very different from the home life of our own dear Queen!' (Victoria)

Know all men by these presents, that I John Griffin make the aforementioned my last will and testament
Cruise, *Digest*, 1752

EUCLID

Third century B C

A line is length without breadth

There is no 'royal road' to geometry
(Said to Ptolemy I Proclus, *Comment on Euclid*, Prol G 20)

JULIUS CAESAR

102?-44 B C.

Caesar's wife must be above suspicion
Traditional, based on Plutarch, *Life of Julius Caesar*, x 6

Thou hast Caesar and his fortune with thee
Plutarch, *Life of Julius Caesar*, xxxviii 3
Trans by North

MARCUS TULLIUS CICERO

106-43 B C

'Ipse dixit' 'Ipse' autem erat Pythagoras
De Natura Deorum, 15 10
'He himself said it', and thus 'he himself', it seems, was Pythagoras

MARCUS AURELIUS ANTONINUS

A D 121-180

The poet says, Dear city of Cecrops, and wilt not thou say, Dear City of Zeus?
tr G Long

TERTULLIAN

A D 192?-220

Plures effimur quoties metimur a vobis, semen est sanguis Christianorum
Apol 50 ad fin

The more ye mow us down, the more we grow, the seed is the blood of Christians (Traditionally rendered as 'The blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church')

WILLIAM OF OCCAM

c 1300-1349

['Occam's Razor'] Entia non sunt multiplicanda praeter necessitatem

Things not known to exist should not, unless it is absolutely necessary, be postulated as existing
Oxf Eng Dict s v 'Razor'.

ANONYMOUS

Et in Arcadia ego

Inscription on a tomb, frequently reproduced in paintings, e.g. by Guercino, Poussin, and Reynolds

Usually translated 'And I too [the occupant of the tomb] was in Arcadia' But perhaps rather, 'I too [the tomb itself] am in Arcadia' even in Arcadia there am I (Death) (See E Panofsky in *Philosophy and History* essays presented to E Cassirer, 1936)

Quidquid agas, prudenter agas, et respice finem

Gesta Romanorum, cap 103 init

Whatever you do, do cautiously, and look to the end

JULIEN BENDA

1868-

La trahison des clercs

'The treason of the educated classes

NICOLAS BOILEAU

1636-1711

Enfin Malherbe vint, et, le premier en France, Fit sentir dans les vers une juste cadence.

L'Art Poétique, 1 131-2

At last comes Malherbe, and, the first to do so in France, makes verse run smoothly

FRANÇOIS, DUC DE LA ROCHEFOUCAULD

1613-1680

La reconnaissance de la plupart des hommes n'est qu'une secrète envie de recevoir de plus grands bienfaits
Maximes, 298

In most of mankind gratitude is merely a secret hope of further favours

A saying ascribed to Sir Robert Walpole by Hazlitt in his 'Wit and Humour' 'The gratitude of place-expectants is a lively sense of future favours' is obviously derived from La Rochefoucauld

M. E. PATRICE MAURICE DE MACMAHON

1808-1893

J'y suis, j'y reste

Here I am, and here I stay

Attr remark at the taking of the Malakoff, 8 September 1855

JEAN-BAPTISTE MOLIERE

1622-1673

Il m'est permis, disait Molière, de reprendre mon bien où je le trouve

It is permitted me, said Molière, to take my own where I find it

Grimarest, *Vie de Molière* (1704), p 14

Nous avons changé tout cela

Le Médecin malgré lui, II 6.

We have changed all that (Said by the pretended doctor to justify his mistake as to the relative positions of heart and liver)

NAPOLEON I

1769-1821

Quant au courage moral, il avait trouvé fort rare, disait-il, celui de deux heures après minuit, c'est-à-dire le courage de l'improvisiste

Las Cases, *Mémorial de Ste-Hélène*, Dec 4-5, 1815

As to moral courage, I have very rarely met with the two o'clock in the morning courage I mean unprepared courage

VOLTAIRE

1694-1778

Le mieux est l'ennemi du bien

The best is the enemy of the good

Dict Philosophique, art Art Dramatique

ANONYMOUS

An army marches on its stomach

Attrib to Napoleon, in, e.g., *Windsor Magazine*, 1904, p 268

Probably condensed from a long passage in Las Cases, *Mémorial de Ste-Hélène* (Nov 1816)

Tout passe, tout casse, tout lasse

Cahier, Quelques six mille proverbes

Everything passes, everything perishes, everything palls

Se non è vero, è molto ben trovato

If it is not true, it is a happy invention

Apparently a common saying in the sixteenth century Found in Giordano Bruno (1585) in the above form, and in Antonio Doni (1552) as 'Se non è vero, egli è stato un bel trovato'

NICHOLAS I

1796-1855

Russia has two generals in whom she can confide—Generals Janvier and Février

Punch, 10 Mar 1853 *Speech of the late Emperor of Russia*

PAUL KRUGER

1825-1904

A bill of indemnity for raid by Dr Jameson and the British South Africa Company's troops The amount falls under two heads—first material damage, total of claim, £577,938 3s 3d, second, moral or intellectual damage, total of claim, £1,000,000

Communicated to House of Commons by Joseph Chamberlain, 18 February 1897

MIGUEL DE CERVANTES

1547-1616

Patience, and shuffle the cards

Don Quixote, pt II, ch 23

HERMANN GOERING

1893-

Guns will make us powerful, butter will only make us fat

Radio Broadcast, summer of 1936

IMMANUEL KANT

1724-1804

There is but one categorical imperative 'Act only on that maxim whereby thou canst at the same time will that it should become a universal law'

Tr A D Lindsay, from *Fundamental Principles of Morals*, p 421

INDEX

NOTE

THE order of the index both in the keywords and in the entries under the keywords is strictly alphabetical. To save space the keyword is replaced by its initial letter in the individual entries, and the following abbreviations have been used with the same intention—shd, wd, cd, yr, yrs, for should, would, could, your, and yours. The general plan has been to allow two words of index for each line of verse—though it has been found impossible to limit the number to two in the most well-known quotations—and to index the principal words in the prose passages. The entries have been made as intelligible as possible in the limited space in order that the index may be used not only to track a known or half-known quo-

tion but to supply a quotation on some particular subject.

Irregular spellings (such as occur in Dickens, Artemus Ward, &c.), early English words, dialect words, and Cockneyisms are indexed under their correct or English equivalents, except where the words have no such exact equivalent—thus alleybi, blude, vision, fluce, trouthe, &c., are indexed under alibi, blood, vision, face, and truth respectively, while arts, galumphing, latoun, tapsalteerie, &c., have entries of their own.

Greek, Latin, and other foreign quotations each have a separate index of their own following after the English index.

A was an apple-pie	532a	Abodes 'mumg at the bless'd a	300b	Absent a from Him I roam	280a
Aaron A s rod	493b	remembers its august a	241a	a in body but present in spirit	514a
even unto A's beard	490a	windless, fortunate a	307b	a-minded beggar	227a
like A's serpent	301a	Abolish utterly a or destroy	486b	a one from another	493a
Abana and Pharpar	406b	Abominable altogether become a	482a	a thee from felicity	337a
Abandon a all remorse	362a	Abomination a of desolation	507b	call'd my a kisses	115b
all hope a, ye who enter here	566b	Incense is an a	501a	have I been a in the spring	388b
if he wd a his mind to it	211a	Abominations mother of harlots		if to be a were to be away	240b
Abandoned what God a, these de-		and a	510b	our loves, my war a	411a
kindred	200a	About a singing of Mount A	201b	the a are always in the wrong	562b
Abashed a the Devil stood	274b	About Ben Adhem	08b	thou art a I am sad	200a
they heard, and were a	271b	About a, a in reel and rout	153a	with a an heed	179a
Abassin where A kings their issue		heard great argument a it and a	153a	Absents presents' endear a	238b
guard	274a	what are you a	43a	Absolute be a for death	351b
Abd-nego falls into a and low price	360b	Abolish a, lit a it	247a	he of a temper was so a	234a
Abba we cry, A, I athr	513b	around, beneath a	30b	how a the knave is	336b
Abbey his name on the A-stones	48a	at once, a, beneath, around	403a	Love, thou art a	115a
not in the A proudly lud	453b	every perfect gift is from a	517a	so a she seems	276a
Abbot A of Aberbrothok	406b	he is so a me	322a	the A across the hall	26b
Father A, I am come	402b	some descending from a	13a	Absolutism moderated by assassina-	
AHC, unacquainted with the	410b	'tis not so a	314b	tion	523a
Aldid Seraph A	275a	unless a lumself he can erect	464b	Absolved half a who has confess d	305b
Abed-nego Meshach and A	504a	up a the world so high	425a	Abstain a from fleshly lusts	517b
Abel Cain and his brother, A	100b	we know of what they do a	449a	a you from such works	257b
Aberbrothok Abbot of A	406b	Abra was ready ere I call'd	306a	Abstinence a is as easy to me	212a
Aberdeen the Quaker (Lord A)	17a	Abraham (Abram) A, wherefore		a sows sand	30a
Aberdour half-cowre to A	530a	did Sarah laugh?	493a	made almost a sin of a	139b
Abhor age, I do a thee	306b	are they the seed of A	515a	the lean and sallow a	267b
Abhorred he hath not despised, nor a	483a	carried into A's bosom	510a	Abstract liberty not to be found	55b
the lean a monster	366b	Edward sleep in A's bosom	385a	Abstracts the a and brief chronicles	332b
to be a of all faithful Christians	480b	O father A these Christians	153a	Aburd or the thing becomes a	197a
Abhorring blow me into a	325a	the God of A	403b	Prophet of the Litterly A	241a
Abide v with me from morn till eve	224a	thou lust in A's bosom	407a	proving a all written hitherto	46a
and no where did a	99a	Abridgment an a of all that was		so a view	75b
O Lord, a with me	251b	pleasant	166b	something a about the past	24b
O Lord, who may a it	490a	Abroad a, and see new sights	162b	Abundance the a of thy grace	491a
others a our question	366b	never stirs a a	400b	the a of the heart	566b
what was, and is, and will a	463b	no more, I will a	188a	Abundant good more a grows	224b
with me and mine a	254a	pouring forth thy soul a	220a	Abundantly to do exceeding a	515b
Abaced all things a eternally	445a	tak heed, I will a	188a	Abuse a the shophocracy	289b
Abides thou much is taken much i	430a	Abas dom O A, my son	495b	if it is a sure to hear of it	400a
Abi-ever vintage of A	495a	Absence a from whom we love	100a	more dangerous the a	56b
Ability men furnished with a	521a	a, heat thou my protestation	198a	to a in public	321a
out of my lean and low i	372a	a is to love what wind is to		Abused better to be much a	302a
studies serve for a	19a	fire	561b	except Napoleon or a it more	71b
a thirdly, intellectual a	10b	a makes the heart grow fonder	22a	never love was so a	402a
Abiect a from the spheres	452a	a of body	535a	so much a as this sentence	321a
I'll be this a thing no more	173a	a of educated opinion	9b	still by himself a	301a
so a—yet alive	77b	a of occupation is not rest	110b	Abuses me to damn me	274a
Ablake yet Britain set the world a	101a	a seemed my flame to qualify	389a	Abusing here will be an old a	355b
Able above that ye are a	514b	bitterness of a sour	388a	Abysos of her breasts	132b
as far as he is a	417b	by t this good means	198a	Abysm of time	367a
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Abolution pure a round earth's		seek in hur a	89b	secrets of th' a to spy	175a
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Aboard we brought them all a	437b	I dote on his very a	353a	unbottomed infinite a	272b
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Kosmos my a	414a	lovers' cannot admit a	134a	Acacia the slender a	434a
nor wealth nor blessed a	262a	pangs of a to remove	305b	Academe the olive grove of A	277a
the English make it their a	449a	wh in thy a is a sty	324b	Academes women's eyes the a	345a

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caught his clear a	48a	Acres every three a of land	266a	Adal sole daughter	68a
follow with a sweet	78a	every paternal a bound	303b	Adage the poor cat i' the a	347a
loved a are soon forgot	395a	lass that has a o' charms	61a	Adam A from his fair spouse	274b
th' a that are ours	117a	mystic fruit has a yield	146b	A had 'em	522a
Accept a, thou shine	225a	over whose a walked	370a	A shall share with me	276a
I a the Universe	82a	th' a of the ry	327b	A, the goodliest man	274a
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an a people	479a	Acroceranman mount uns	392b	a deep sleep to fall upon A	492a
Accepted is it a of song?	263b	Act a first, this Earth, a stage	435b	A was a gardener	384a
Accident found out by a	249a	in the living Present I	248a	Aristotle rubbish of an A	406a
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there s been an a	172b	did the a of darkness with her	343a	drink of A's ale	306a
the shot of a	362b	does both a and know	261a	father A sat under the tree	228a
Accidents a may be expected	122a	drive a coach thro' the A	309a	gardener A and his wife	431b
a will occur	122a	I c'd a as well as he myself	151b	God brought thum unto A	492a
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moving a by flood	360a	is in itself almost an a	313a	grave man nicknamed A	96a
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Accipitrine will a to pursue	411a	prologues to the swelling a	346a	in A's ear so charming	275b
Accommodating polliticks exceed-		sleep an a or two	386b	oh, A was a gardener	329b
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Accomplishments give lustre	91a	think thou and a	312b	old A, the currier crow	441a
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Accosted you shd then have a her	371b	unproportioned thought his a	330b	son of A and of Eve	395b
Account but sent to my a	311b	whence he was off he was a	325a	the penalty of A	325a
shall give a thuro'f	506b	upon the meaning of the A	528a	when A dalfs	178b
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Accounting for the moral sense	80b	Acting a of a dreadful thing	338b	wh did in A fail	289a
Accoutred as I was	337b	a the lowest of the arts	281a	whilst A slept	528a
Accuracy must be sacrificed	212b	danger chiefly lies in a well	94b	whipped the offending A	381a
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selfes a	383a	Actor in the tented field	460a	Adamant, Adam was not a	104b
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wish that myself were a	513b	a lies in his true nature	331b	Add God shall a unto him	520b
Accusation bring against him a		a no utterance	340a	if any man shall a unto	520b
railing a	518a	cold for a	381b	Added these things shall be a	505b
Accuse a not Nature	276a	do no sinful a	3a	Added deaf a that stoppeth her ears	485b
a a	566a	end of life is a	205b	it stung th like an a	496b
Accused never make a defence		end of man is an a	81b	that brings forth the a	338a
before a	87b	in a faithful	102b	Adders what a came to shed	421b
Accuser vanquish, not my A	288a	in a how like an angel	332b	Addition Pitt is to A	570b
Accusing spirit wh flew	412a	in a wisdom goes by majorities	264b	Addison days and nights to A	213a
Acc of trumpets up his sleeve	373b	justice is truth in a	128a	Addition think it no a	362b
Achans to the battle A	77b	find their a in balance	333a	Address a rapped with a little a	111a
Achates loyal A bore the weapons	554b	pinus a	333a	Addressed a its evening hours	415a
Ache, thus heart rejoice, or a	109b	spheres of a	241b	be they a to what they may	209b
Ached never has a with a heart	421a	suit the a to the word	333b	Adepts a in the speaking trade	94b
Aches fill all thy bones with a	367a	that and th' a fine	188b	Adieu a, a, kind friends	527a
the sense a at thee	363a	thought is the child of a	130a	a, a l my native shore	68a
Achieve I shall a in time	104b	till a, just as perjur'd	389a	a l l thy plaintive anthem	229a
th a of, the mastery	198a	turn a good a into ridicule	151b	a for ever more, my dear	61a
Achievements how my a mock me	369a	whose a is no stronger	388a	a for evermore, my love l	319a
such great a cannot ful	65b	with what courteous a it waves	331a	a, she cries! and wad	161a
Achiever brings home full numbers	357b	Actions a of the just	401a	a l the fancy cannot chut	220a
Achieving still a, still pursuing	248a	a that a man might play	330a	a 'twixt soul and body	313b
Achilles clad in the spoils of A	555b	best of all our a tend	66a	bid you a welcome a	388a
see the great A	439a	find their a in balance	333a	bid yr servant once a	219b
stood upon A's tomb	71a	great a are not always true sons	65a	joy bidding a	79a
what name A assum'd	42b	great a speak great minds	23a	thou wam world, a	294a
words in wh A, on returning	288a	in his a be so ill	262b	th tomorrow eve, my Own, a	345a
work out A his armour	41a	my a are my ministers	87b	Adjust learning is but in a	180a
Aching left an a void	109b	speaker of my living a	386b	Adjust patiently a, amend, and heal	59b
Achitophel on false A	138a	when our a do not, our fears do	322a	we never can a it	301b
Audacious vests	432a	words are also a	148a	Administered what'er is best a is best	176a
Acknowledge do you think I'd a him	125a	Active more a valiant	378b	Administration a criticism of a	57a
I next a duty	288b	Actor after a well-graced a leaves	376a	Admiral kill an a from time to time	160a
Acknowledgement of God in Christ	46a	a moment yet the a stops	440b	Admirals A all	287b
A-cold owl was a	221b	anybody may see he is an a	151b	a, extoll'd for standing still	111a
Acorns oaks from little a grow	149b	as an unperfect a	387a	Admiral's blood be the price of a	234b
A-courting comes a me	165b	like that a now	379b	Admiration th a only of weak minds	277a
when we go out a	131a	the fault and not the a of it	751b	disease of a	254b
Acquaintance a I wd have	107a	Actors a or spectators	392a	great in a as herself	386b
an old a among the pins	444a	these our a	367b	season yr a	339a
good creditable a	418a	Actresses white bosoms of yr a	206b	we live by a	464b
have a visiting a with	406b	Acts all those a wh Duty	218a	Admire a sleight of hand	65b
make a new a	156b	all yr a quanta	379b	do you a the view	104b
shdould all be forgot	59a	centre on forbidden a	412a	for fools a	300b
what old a l	379a	feels the noblest a the best	18a	for to a an' for to see	229a
Acquainted (acquaint) a with grief	503a	first four a already past	28a	I am willing to a	197a
a with sad misery	454b	illustrious a high raptures	449a	I do a of womankind	108b
Love and I are well a	107a	nameless, unremembered a	472a	let none a that riches grow	272a
what I am not a with	155a	our a our angels are a	23a	not to a all the art	71a, 104a
when we were first a	61a	our own a mightier powers	5b	nought to a is only thing	543a

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Admire (cont)

one cannot possibly r them
where none a, 's useless to excel
Admired all who understood a
in thee, fair and a
not blush so to be a
only to be seen to be a
that she might a be
Admires he who meanly a
the men that all the world a
Admiring more the riches
Admit never to a them in your
sight
Admittance no a till the week after
Admitted to that equal sky
Ado much a there was, God wot
Adon sweet A darest not glance
Adonias blazoning the name of A
I weep for A
the soul of A, like a star
what A is why f it we to become
Adonis A from his native rock
A of fifty
this A in loveliness
Adoption and their a tried
children by a and grace
the spirit of a
Adorably loving, a, softly to rest
Adoration all a, duty and observ-
vance
breathless with a
for r all the ranks of angels
Adorations desires and a
Adore as you too sh ill a
I may command where I a
I seek and a them
yet I love thee and a
youth, I do r thee
Adored I have still a Liberty
Adores he as Margaret
Scruple that a and burns
Adorn nothing that he did not a
Adorned the forest a the foremost
when undorned a the most
Adorn'd yet was I sore a
Adrius mater of A
Adritie A breaks in a warm bay
spouscous A
Adsum quickly said, 'A'
Adullam political Cav of A
Adulteration not quite adultery, but a
Adulterers partaker with the a
Adulteries the a of art
Adultery do not a commit
gods [call] a
not quite a, but adulteration
thou shalt not commit a
Advance a I spare not
is some hut to r
retrograde if it does not r
Advanced onwards if I a one step
Advancement what a may I hope
Advantage a rarely comes of it
niled for our a
vick they no small a
them as take a tht get i
the private a of the pracher
with equal i content
Advantages he'll remember with a
hope of fair a
Advent best such an a becomes
Adventure beautiful a in life
the a of a diver
one more on nix a
to die will be an awfully big a
Adventures a to the adventures
bold and hard a
our a were by the fireside
Adventuring thus a to die
Adventurous adventures are to the a
Adversary agree with thine a
mune a had written a book
yr a the devil
Adversity a doth best discover virtue
a is hard upon a man
a is not without comforts
a is the blessing of the New
a 's sweet milk
hundred that will stand a
I am crossed with a
in the day of a consider

Adversity (cont)

men contending with a
of fortunes sharp a
old companions in a
or any other a
sweet are the uses of a
things that belong to a
Adverserment promise is the sou
of an a
Advice a from my seniors
a is seldom welcome
a to persons about to marry
can Love be controll d by a
never give any a
tea and comfortable a
to ask a flattery
woman seldom asks a
Advices many lengthened sage a
Advise always to a her wrong
Adviser than ever did th a
Advise it's my old girl that a
Advocate our Mediator and A
Aegean among the A Isles
o'er the A main Athens arose
Athen's Dido and her A
Dido found A wd not come
Aeon A down for an a or two
Aery holds an a in its arms
Aeschylus thundering A
Aesculapius owe r cock to A
Aeson hrbs that did renew old A
Aesop prettily devised of A
Aesthetic in the high a bind
in the high a line
Aetolian Luerope to the A shore
Afa a, in the sounding labour-
house vast
and cometh from a
you wh were a off
A-faulking let us gang
Afrird art thou a to be the same
Affable the a Archangel
Afrir had an a with the moon
no half-and-half a
Affairs for the ordering yr a
or yr a super-
tide in the a of men
tide in the a of women
will mutter their a
Affect angels a us oft
learned pedants much a
study that you most a
Affectation a of a
only by a spoiled
so used to a
spruce a
universities incline wits to a
Affecting to seem unaffected
Affection a beaming in one eye
a on things above
r l thy intention stabs
by letter and a
deep a and recollection
he fills a 's eye
rear of yr a
strong a sturs her spirit
talk not of wasted a
thy a cannot hold the bent
to me-wards yr a 's strong
truck r, but 'twas nupt with care
what unrequited a is
Affected be kindly a
Affections a dark as Erebus
a gently lead us on
a history of the a
for those first a
wh deep a make him passionate
lovers' souls descend t a
old offences of a new
unity wills and a
young a run to waste
Affinity table of kindred and r
Affirmations believ a of the soul
Afflict how dost thou a me
Afflicted any ways a, or distressed
he was oppressed and he was a
in all their affliction he was a
Affliction a is enamoured
fied him with bread of a
hcad together a alters
in all their a he was afflicted

Affliction (cont)

in the face of a
such a light a
the highlands of a
try me with a
Afflictions a easier grow
a sorted
happy pursue out of all their a
Afford parties edd any way a it
Affright there s now to a thee
Affront well-bred man will not a,
me
Afghanistan left on A 's plains
Afloat are we now a
I'm a, I'm a
Afoot and light-hearted
Affraid a of that wh is high
a to know itself
a to look upon God
be not a, neither be dismayed
do what you are a to do
half a hu first beats
happiness that makes the heart a
I am a to think
I am devilshly a
I a stringer and a
I'm a to come home in the dark
in short, I was a
it is I, he not a,
keep myself from being a
many are a of God
men not a of G, a of me
not a to speak evil
not so a of death as ashamed
of whom then shall I be a
so, I was then a
they were sore a
Afric (Africa) A 's sunny fountains
Afric a burning, shrou
thy breath us 's spey gale
upon A 's passes
Africa I speak of A
Jove's planet silent over A
sloggn' over A
something new from A
there s a sun
weep for bones in A
Africa Moon-mountains A
After which was before come a
who coming a me
Afternoon in the a of time
it succed all ways a
some given a
the walk tht a
wh the rude multitude call the a
After-vacancy in the a
Afton flow gently, sweet A
Agag came unto him delicately
Again a i a i
and at him a
do it, please a
has been, and may be a
I do it a and a
it is really you a
try, try a
Against he that is not with me is a
me
I have somewhat a thee
who can be a us
Agamemnon heroes lived before A
sent to rouse me
when A cried aloud
Aganippe I never drink of A well
Agate no bigger than an a-stone
Age a, ache, penury
a at last a sorry breaking-up
a best in four things
a cannot with her
a fatal to Revolutionists
a h seasons done
a, I do abhor thee
a is as a lusty winter
a is full of care
A must but take the things
of chivalry is gone
a of chivalry is gone
a shall not wear them
a will not be defied
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A with contracted brow
a writing in a book of gold
as if an angel dropped down
a Venus or a
a woman yet think him an
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a consideration like an
a curse his better
a custom - is a yet in this
a dark and serious
a drendless a unpursued
a drew an a down
a drew one
a drive an a from yr door
a fine, silly old
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a hear thy fleet a say
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a is man an ape or an a?
a look homeward A, now
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a ministering a shill my sister be
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a my bad a fire my good one
a neither man nor a can discern
a pay a glorious a
a prepared to paint an a
a Recording A dropped a tear
a shined in my a -infiney
a still an a appear
a sword of an A King
a the A ended
a the better a is a man
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a the more a she
a the story wh 1 voices tell
a tho' an a shd write
a those A faces smile
a thou hovering a
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a who wrote like an a
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Angelina turn, A, ever dear
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a affect us
a a, all pallid and wan
a a all were singing
a a alone, that sorri above
a a and ministers of grace
a a art bright still
a a are painted fair
a a came and ministered
a a came to my bed
a a m blue and white
a a in broad-brimmed hats
a a in some brighter dreams
a a into Abraham's bosom
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a contempt and a of his lip
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Angered she that being a
Angle Brother of the A
a themselves in every a greet
Angler a excellent a, and now with
a a
if he be an honest a
Nero is an a
no man is born an a
Anglers, or very honest men
Angles they were called A
Angling a begat habits of peace
a a deserves commendations
a a is somewhat like poetry
a a or float-fishing
a a rest to his mind
a a so like the mathematics
a be quiet, and go a-A
Wotton a lover of the art of a
Anglo-Saxon A attitudes
gold idol of the A
goodbye to the A race
he's an A Messenger
Angry be ye a, and sin not
but not a father
I was a with my foe

Angry (cont)

I was a with my friend
speak no word
when he was a, one of his eyes
when thou art a all our days
why shd I be a with a man
Anguish a of all sizes
a of a troubling hour
solitary hidden a
when pain and a wring the brow
with a moist and fever dew
Animal a more contemptible a
be a good a
man is a noble a
man is a religious a
man is a tool-making a
monstrous a a husband and wife
poor, bare, forked a
their glad a movements
this is a very mischievous
true to yr a instincts
Animals all a for the use of man
a a are agreeable friends
a a ask no questions
a a never kill for sport
a a pass no criticisms
a 500,000 two-legged a
a name of those fabulous a
the a went in one by one
the paragon of a
turn and live with a
Animate let onion atoms a the
a whole
Animated tor-tion zone
Animosities are mortal
Animosity fervour of sisterly a
Anio orchard slopes, and the Anio
Anise mint and a
Ankle down-gyved to his a
Ankles his weak a swell
one prased her a
Ankworks package
Ann Page sweet A
Anna here thou, great A
Annabel Lee
Annals a of the poor
a war's a will cloud into night
writ your a true
Anne (Annie) A cd hardly bear to
see the end
for Bonnie Laurie
Miss A she said it wur draams
Sister A do you see an body
Annihilate but space and time
Annihilating all that's made
Annihilation one Moment in A's
waste
Annihilapist is a thing I am not
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Anno Domini taste my A
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with pleasure thine a
Annoyance shadow of a
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a
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Anount and cheer our soiled face
Anointed rail on the Lord's a
touch the Lord's A
Anouncing about the spirit art
Another a groan, and then a
and each for one a
a yearl a dildy blowl
a, yet the same
bind a to its delight
cause a 's rosy are
bring a back to me
do we look for a
for a gives its case
his bishoprick let a take
I made a song
joys in a 's joys of case
love by a's eyes
members one of a
Nature ne'er made a
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fiftcen a went round her
green a round the bosom
he laid down his a
her a across her breast
her a along the deep
her a behind her golden head
His a are near
his a might do what this has
imparadised in one another a
I never wd lay down my a
made a ridiculous
Moses stood with a spread wide
muscles of his browny a
my a about my deare
of seeming a to make
proud in a
seek it in my a
since these a of munc
so shd desert in a be crown'd
state a do flourish
straggler into loving a
stretched forth his little a
such a gallant feat of a
take a against a sea
takes away vigour from our a
the a are fair
the nurse of a
the sure-enwinding a
throng'd and fiery a
'to a I' cried Mortimer
to war and a I fly
underneath the everlasting a
with his a outstretched
Army an a marches on its stomach
a noble a, men and boys
a of the faithful
a of unalterable law
a, those poor contemptible men
a wd be a base rabble
backbone of the A
back to the A again
British a shd be a projectile
English a led by an Irish general
her name an 'A'
hum of either a
like an a defeated
noble a of martyrs
our a is the scum
terrible as an a
yesterday our a lay
Arno pined by Arno
Aron't thee, witch
Around a, beneath, above
why is all a us here
A-roving 'we'll go no more a
Arragon Alonso of A was wont to say
Arraignest thou a her, her foe
Arrange we always a for more?
Arrant thankless a
Array battl's stern a
fences and their whole a
straight against that great a
to summon her a
whence all their white a
Arrayed like one of these
Arrears long a to make good
pay life's glad a
'Arrest joy!' said Holmes
Arretrun harvests of A
Arrival silent joy at their a
Arrive better thing th'n to a
his good time, I shall a
I shall a I what time
Arrived a, a new adorned guest
evils wh never a
Arriving serenely a, a
Arrogance of agt must submit
Arrow a from the Almighty a bow
a that flie'th by day
every a that flies
I shot an a into the air
mine a o'er the house
Sanguelaci the a I the a I
the last a was fitted
Arrows archer his sharp a tries
a in the hand of the giant
a of lightning
keen as are the a
mighty and sharp a

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my a of desire
whose a learned poets hold
Arrowy a white pines
in a rain
Iron-sleet of a shower
Art adulteries of a
all a aspires towards music
all nature is but a
all the a I know
almost lost in A
an A-loving nation
an a of reading
Arthur's aid and who knows his a
a alone enduring
A and Science cannot exist
a is a jealous mistress
a is long, and Time is fleeting
a is the history of revivals
a is transmission of feeling
a noble tongue-tied
a most cherishes
a must be parochial
a never expresses anything
a of being kind
a o' letter writin'
a of necessities
a of reading is to skip
a remains the one way
a that can immortalize
a to blot
as much of this a as you
but in the vein of a
chromatic a
cookery is become an a
Creative A demands the service
desiring thus man a
each a to please
elder days of a
enough of science and of a
excellency of a is its intensity
fine a is that in wh
first taught A to pray
for A stopped short
glory and good of a
half true and half an a
harmless a crime
hateful a, how to forget
he tried each a
hide their wint of a
his peculiar a
his trust in A
invented the a of printing
it needs no a
it's clever, but is it A?
I will use no a
let it be an a lawlful as eating
love, devoid of a
made amends for a
morality of a consents
more bewitch me, than when A
more matter with less a
music is such a
nature is loth to yield to a
nature the a of God
nature's handmaid a
Nature that is above all a
new A wd better Nature's best
next to Nature, A
not without a, but yet to nature
one who hums a
poetry a mere mechanic a
poetry in Oxford made an a
pretend to despise a
shape from that thy work of a
start on all this A
suffer in pur
tender strokes of a
there's no a to find
tho' a's hid causes
unpremeditated a
venerate a as a
what a can wash her guilt
what shoulder, and what a
whole a of war
work at anything but his a
writing comes from a, not chance
Artery each petty a
Artful the A Dodger
Arthur answered A from the barge
first the noble A

Arthur (cont.)

he's in A's bosom
little A wants to play
Article for a slashing a
snuffed out by an a
to deny each a with oath
what's the next a
what's a of the Christian faith
a of thy belief
Artificer great a made my mate
lean unwashed a
th unwashed a
Artificial all things are a
Artillery of words
flushed the red a
Jonathan gave his a
love's great a
with the self-same a
Artist a good a in life
be more of an a
every a writes his own
grant the a his subject
no man is born an a
Portrait of the A as a Young Man
subject-matter of the A
the a never dies
true a will let his wife starve
what an a I perish
Artistic never was a period
Artisries in Circumstance
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sparc b for my friends
take up thy b
the fair Infint's b
thrice-driven b of down
to go sober
to go to b after midnight
to more than one a b
vash asleep in p
warm weather when one's m b
welcome to yr kory b
whipped them put them to b
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Bedeck'd so w, ornate.
Bedfellows misery with strange b
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Bedoncheyousd' Mrs B
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b for me and ill
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Bed-staff twinkling of a b
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that b
Bed-time I wd it were b
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b kous singing
b has quat the clover
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b with homid thugh
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bvc for the honey-b
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in my bosom like a b
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like a nontide b
little busy b
bome b had stung it
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spare the b tree
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Beech b and yon and steel
b, pork, and mutton
but first with b
great eater of b
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Behelme a b's house shall soothe
Bee-mouth which the b sips
Becn as if he had not b
b and gone and done it
think what e's b
what has b has b
wh hving b must ever be
Becr ill b and skittles
and drink some b
a pot of b
B and Butannia
b to Hwlmur.
Becr I know
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furnished with b
innumerable b
make a hive for b
rob the Hybla b
so work the honey-b
so you b make yr honey
swarm of b in May
swarm of golden b
Beer-sheba Dan even to B
Bettle nor let the b
save where the b wheels
the poor b
where the b winds
Beetles b black, approach not here
scare so gross as b
Beetroot anchovy and the b red
Beetves it pastured
Beiforc, ar is cut away b
all be as b, Love
b, a joy proposed
b nic at this instant
b you were, or any hearts
but gone b
events cast their shadows b
had he hurt b
he had been there b
I hvc been here b
I have said it b
look b and after
looking b and after
nother! much b
she has walked b
that which was b, come after
things wh are b
thou b cried 'Back!'
what thou wast b
who is preferred b me
Bkfordhand good as it seems b
Bkfriend be near me now and b
Bkg taught me first to b
they b, I give
to b during life
to b I am ashamed
to b 'tis the very worst world
Began how it all b, my dears
I am that wh b
left off before you b
Begrir a b, he prepares to plunge
bire-footed came the b maid
b by looking
b my drink his fill
b shd be answered
b thit I am
beste b in his hous
bug black boundin' b
Cophetua loved the b-maid
desert a b born
'erid a b squeal'n
prudence, the b's virtue
ilchvc a hunc b
the b s shop is shut
whiles I am a b
Begrir ill description
Begrir lust dot
Begrir b, fleas and crimes
b in the street mucked
b invention
our basest b
pew b in red
when b die
Begrir b in the love
no vice, but b
they knew b
Begrir b at the beginning
b to take the lower room
b with the beginning
follow that other men b
get up and b again
I ll b it—ding dong
let us b and carry up this corpse
slow to b
where I did b, there shall I end
where I shall first b
where shall I b?
Beginning as it was in the b
begin at the b
begin with the b
b of an amour
b of farnes

Beginning (cont.)

better than the b thereof
ill b of the night
in the b God created
in the b was the Word
long choosing, and b late
Omega, the b and the ending
the b of wisdom
told you from the b
true b of our end
Beginnings mighty things from
small b
our ends by our b know
resist b
seeds and weak b
start again at yr b
Begins nothing b and nothing ends
Begrir 'Thou hast b us round
Begone, dull care
Becot b in the ventricle of memory
fool's side that b him
how b, how nourished?
Begoten by despair
Beguile b many and be beguiled
b the thing I am
Beguiled b by one
serpent b me
Beguiling smiling of Fortune b
Begun end, where I b
our works b, continued
that sin, where I b
things bad b
Behave b manfully at table
how well I did b
Behaviour her evil b
his b everywhere
put himself upon his good b
we'll teach better b
with so much sweet b
Behad more capital than to a king
Beheld what never was to be
Behemoth behold now B
Behind air closes from b
and has left me b
'arf of that b
get thee b me Satan
girl I left b me
leave her far away b
led his regiment from b
ling'ring look b
little things b him
something b the throne
there was no mote b
things wh are b
those b cried 'I onward'
thou hast left b powers
veil upon veil b
Behold b an Israelite indeed
b a silly tender babe
b, he cometh with clouds
b her, single in the field
b how good and joyful
b, I come as a thief
b, I come quickly
b, I make all things new
b, I show you a mystery
b I stand at the door
b, I was shapen in wickedness
b now Behemoth
b the man
b thus dreamer cometh
b, thou art fair
b us with thy blessing
for, b, from henceforth
may I b in thee what I was once
power to say, B!
what we b is conserved
woman when I b thee
Bcholdin much b to Machavel
Beholdeth he b himself and goeth
Beholds Unverse b itself
Being a b breathing thoughtful
a b darkly were
a B, erect upon two legs
a b of our kind
a momentary taste of B
a sensitive b
Beauty is its own excuse for b
b what she is
for the ends of B
in dignity of b

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Being (cont.)

in one another's b mingle
I offered B for
its b puts blissful back
lovely b, scarcely formed
mighty B is awake
our b's end and aim
our b's heart
pleasing anxious b
relatives reproach of b
selfish b all my life
sounding labour-house vast of b
the B that is in the clouds
this intellectual b
I thou art B and Breath
to every Form of b
unknown modes of b
we move, and have our b
whose b I do fear
Blinks luminously self-evident b
Best fought with B
Belang aught that wad b thee
Beldan Nature
Belfrics the b tingle
Beltry bats in the b
whitc owl in the b
Belgium B's capital had gathered
until B receives in full measure
Belgiav. Square beat in B
Belial B in act more graceful
sons of B, flown with insolence
sons of B had a glorious time
thou son of B
thus B with words clothed
Belief all b is for it
b a believing in nothing
b consists in accepting
modes of man's b
reasoning and b
within the prospect of b
Beliefs home of forsaken b
Believe b all the articles
b also in me
b it not, O Man
b me, if all those charms
b of my own stories
b the aged friend
b they ve none at all
brain that won't b
can't b impossible things
corrected 'b'
do ye now b
do you b in fairs?
firmly I b
I at least b it
I b verily to see
I can't b that
I do b her, tho' she lies
I don't b in fairs
I du b in Freedom's cause
I'll not b it
I will not b
ne'er b, do what you please
only b and thou shalt see
powerfully and potently b
read not to b
that I b, and take it
they b, because they so were bred
thus I steadfastly b
you ll b in me, I'll b in you
Believed again hope b in hope
be b by any reasonable person
b—futh, I m puzzled
b six impossible things
fiends no more b
nearer than when we b
seen, and yet have b
understood and not b
who hath b our report?
Believer in a b's earl
left upon earth a b
most best b hel
Believes as one at first b
crush b his
he more readily b
Believeth charity b all things
neither b he that it is the sound
whosoever b on him
Believing b where we cannot prove
not futhless, but b
pleasure of b what we see

Believing (cont.)

his deceiving, I b
Bell as the last b struck
b, book and candle
b to toll me back
church-going b
crier rung the b
enough rung the b to him
falling to the prompter's b
hear them, ding-dong, b
I in a cowlsp's b I lie
I shall b the cat
kirk-hammer struck the b
Little Mary B
matin b, the Baron saith
merry as a marriage b
sexton tolled the b
silence that dreadful b I
some cost a passing b
sounds ever after as a sullen b
surlly sullen b
the B at Edmonton
the b invites me
tolled the one b only
twilight and evening b
voiced like a greet b
Bella to be b
Bellorus fable of B
Bellies for their b's sake
Bellman B, perplexed
fatal b
Bellona's bridegroom
Bellow beat, the bark, b
Bell-ropes she swam to the b
Bells, a must with b
at last the b ringeth
awesome b they were
b at Old Bailey
b at shoreditch
b have know'd to church
b in yr parlours
b of London town
b of St Clement s
b of 'shandon
b on her toes
b on sound on Breton
b they sound so clear
b were ringing the Old Year
bonny Christchurch B
drear b's how sweet
from the b, b, b
full, sad b
how sweet village b
hung among the b
instruments to melancholy b
lan-lose of evening b
oh, noisy b, b dumb
ring O b I
ring, happy b
ring out wild b
ring the b now
ring the b of Heaven
shells, and silver b
sweet b jangled
the b's harp
those evening b I
Belly an increasing b
b God send thee
b as is bright ivory
b is like an heap
b the sea fish
b with the husks
best fits a little b
does not mind his b
fair round b
God is their b
Jonadab's b
my b is matter
something of a round b
Beloved a man greatly b
b as thou art!
b come into his garden
b from pole to pole
b, it is man
b of their dams
b till life can charm no more
best wine for my b
creature that is b
for the b's bed
he giveth His b sleep
how far to be b

Beloved (cont.)

if ye find my b
leaning upon her b
Luke, the b physician
make haste, my b
more beloved than b
my b had withdrawn
my b is mine, and I am his
my b is white and ruddy
my b put in his hand
names of things b
one b heard in youth
only b, and loving me
power of being b I
prove b over all
Suspenders, Best B
this is my b
what is thy b more
yr well-b's hair
Beloving more b than beloved
Below all of heaven we have b
down and away b
little Heaven b
Belva my katherin b likewise
Belved yr m' flayed you
Belvour's lordly terraces
Ben Adhem's name
Benbow, Collingwood
Bench a drowsy B protect
b of heedless bishops
Benchies rub not clean their b
Bend around the child b all
b lower, b king
b on me, than thy tender eyes
Bendemeer's stream
Bends b not as I tried
b with the remover to remove
blue sky b over all
made their b adornings
Bene, bootless b
Beneath around, b, above
some springing from b
Benedick B, love on
Benedict, B the married man
Benediction, perpetual b
sprinkled 'thru' the dawn
Benedictions over-bowed by many b
Benefactor Adam first g't it b
Benefice dreams he of another b
Benefices yr b twinkled from afar
Beneficent zenibus, b, firm
Benefit O b of ill
without the b o' the Clergy
Benefits as b forgot
forget not all his b
Benevolence b of the passive order
full o' beans and b I
lazy glow of b
whether the b of mankind
Ben Gunn
Beught our happiest day
denglighted under the mid-day sun
Benison b of hot water
for a b to fall on my meat
Benjamin B's mess
little B their ruler
Benjamin Franklin plain to B
Ben Jonson O rare B
Bennet Mrs B was stirring the fire
Best affection cannot hold the b
b him, or the dead
still b to make some port
they are not our b
to the top of my b
Benumbed we feel b, and wish
Benumbis pen, b all his faculties
disquatch them no turnbld housel
Berenice's ever-burning hair
Berkeley (Berkeley) Bishop B de-
stroyed this world
coxcombs vanquish B
when Bishop B said no matter
Berkeley Squire, not in B
ye share with B
Bermoodes still-vext B
Bermudas the remote B
Bernies b and plums to eat
b harsh and crude
two lovely b
Berry a b b on the thorn
brown as a b

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Berry (cont)

from many a b
 God cd have made a butter b
 sweeter than the b
 Berth his death happened in his b
 Bertram B's right and B's might
 Beryl eighth, b
 rings at with the b
 Bescens none b him half so well
 leset who so b him round
 Beside thou art b thyself
 Bismarck Moloch b with blood
 Besant de voyager
 Beson the b of destruction
 Bess, the landlord's daughter
 Best afflict the b
 all is b, tho' we oft doubt
 all my b is dressing old words
 any other person's b
 at the last, b
 bad in the b of us
 bad's the b of us
 beauty being the b
 b administered is b
 b and brightest, come away!
 b and the worst of this is
 b ends by the b means
 b found in the close
 b in this kind are but shadows
 b is like the worst
 b is y't to be
 b men are moulded
 b of life is but intoxication
 b of men a sufferer
 b of what we do and are
 b that has been known and said
 b things carried to excess
 b thou canst bestow
 b, to forget
 b with leath nearest
 change is from the b
 he made the b of this
 how much the b l
 information from the b of men
 it shd be our very b
 it was the b butter
 little do or can the b of us
 my hunderkerchief the b I had
 next b —there's nobody
 our b is as far
 our b is bad
 please her the b you may
 propagate the b
 'tis at the very b
 said it that knew it b
 sat we two, one another's b
 seen the b of our time
 the b and the last
 the b ye breed
 'tis at the very b
 what began b can't end worst
 Best-beloved the Suspenders, B
 Bestial what remains is b
 Bestir rouse and b themselves
 Bestow it all of yr worship
 Bestowed divinely b upon man
 Bet b you who wd fly first
 Farmars once b a pound
 somebody b on dc bay
 Bete our bails b
 Bet-leigneux Aldebaran and B shone
 Bethel O God b
 Bethlehem B l phratath
 b, thou dost all excel
 little town of B
 O come ye to B
 sailed in to B l
 Betomes is to be up b
 Betray all thine b thee
 Nature never did b
 she'll b more men
 those who b their friends
 too late that men b
 Betrayed b my credulous innocence
 but by ourselves b
 night that he was b
 we are b by what is false
 wonder at ourselves like men b
 Betrayer and betrayed
 Betroted, betrayer
 Better become much more the b
 b by evil still made b

Better (cont)

b had, I stol'n the whole
 b man than I am
 b not to be
 b one than you
 be with Christ, wh is far b
 blame of those ye b
 boulder b
 by God she'd b
 can't do no b
 did I say 'b'
 didn't say there was nothing b
 far, far b thing
 fcd my brain with b things
 for b for worse
 former days w're b than these
 friend of my b days!
 good reasons give place to b
 he is no b
 I am gcting b and b
 if way to the B there be
 I will b the instruction
 little b than one of the wicked
 make men b be
 my riding is b
 mystical b things
 nae b than he shd be
 no b than you shd be
 no b thing under the sun
 no man cd tell the b
 not left a b nor wiser behind
 one day is b than a thousand
 or b than the rest
 rises from prayer a b man
 see and approve b things
 striving to b, oft we mar
 the b the uncouth
 the b, the worse
 thy love was far more b
 'tis something b not to be
 to take the b things and leave
 we have seen b days
 what is b than a good woman?
 what is b than wisdom?
 Bettered better b expectation
 Better still b what is done
 Betty (Betsey) B and I arc out
 dear B, be kind
 dear B, come, give me
 Between angels' short, and far b
 angel-visits, f.w and far b
 better still b what is done
 fell thr twa b
 the 'ouses in b
 Beuk usful plan or b
 Beware b, my lord, of jealousy
 b of desperate steps
 b of false prophets
 b of those who are homeless
 the awful avalanche
 b the Ides of March
 b the Jabberwock
 b the pine-tree's branch
 cry, B l B l
 I bid you b
 Beween my outcast state
 Bewildered, and alone
 Bewitch do more b me
 prosperity doth b men
 Bewitched b with the rogue's com-
 who hath b you?
 Bewrayeth thy speech b thee
 Beyond back o' b
 know b a peradventure
 Bezonian under wh king, B?
 Bias commodity, the b of the world
 Bible-like leave thy van b
 Bible, but letel on the b
 Holy B, book divine
 knows her B true
 no man knows even his B
 read the B day and night
 that book o the B
 the B clash and contradit itself
 the B only is the religion
 the English B a Book
 Bibles b, billets-doux
 B laid open
 Bible-Story machine heathen
 Biblia-a-biblia

Bi-cycle built for two
 Bid b for cloistered cell
 b her come forth
 b me discourse
 b me to live
 buy thun! b then!
 do as you're b
 o' me love
 Biddest I thou b me come to Thee
 Bidding to her b shcd how
 Bide you and I must b alone
 Bideford men of B
 Bield thy b shd be my bosom
 Bier barfad d on the b
 better b ye cannot fashion
 sheaves, borne on the b
 trickle to his rival's b
 yr home, and yr b
 Big douch arc b with mercy
 twice as b as yours
 you are doubtless very b
 Bigger homely b
 Bigger no b than his head
 no b than the Moon
 Bigger I mind the b o't
 bigoted more b, more gloomy
 bugs of the iron time
 Big-Sea-Water
 Bilbo's the word
 Bill b our mate, and choose our tree
 God 'll send the b
 God wrote the b
 not yr b of fare
 take thy b and write fifty
 the world between His b
 unpaid b, Despur
 Billet every bullet has its b
 Billets-doux bibles, b
 Billard elliptical b balls
 the b sharp
 Billards to play b well
 Billing still amorous fond, and b
 Billingsgate Alias, B
 Bellow a barking b
 where sounds the far b
 Billows smooth and bright
 even the b of the sea
 foaming b fair Heaven's hand
 ruffian b
 trusted to thy b
 Bellow-bosomed cloud all b
 Bills children at b
 I cannot meet my b
 inflammation of his weekly b
 Billy (Billie) B, in one of his new
 sashes
 B the Norman
 B the B
 poke poor B
 Bin (bunn) in his last b 'Sir Peter lies
 therein a little b
 Bind an apprentice fir to b
 b him for thv mudens
 b its odour to the lily
 b on the b
 b the aspen tree to quiver
 b the sea to slumber
 b up the broken hearted
 b yon dangling apocryphs
 love wh us doth b
 rob me, but b me not
 save b safe find
 then b Love to last
 Bimorie, O Bimorie
 Biographies history is the essence of
 b
 Biography art of B
 B is about chaps
 no history, only b
 nothing but b
 Birch appointment with a b
 b, most shy of trees
 I om B
 Bird (bird) a melancholy b
 amorous b of night
 a rare b on the earth
 as a b each endearment tries
 as a b unto the hill
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 as the wakeful b sings
 at least some b wd, trust

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b overhead sang Followa 422b
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man and b and beast 100a
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in a b's way
thy B let me live!
Bonds break their b asunder
he loves his b
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such as I am, except these b
my b
Bondsmen hereditary b
Bone b of my bones
b of my b thou art
bracket of hair about the b
break a bit of b
every b a-stare
into the b of manhood
to a rag and a b
to get her poor dog a b
vigour of b
Bones b's single Pomeranian
b wh thou hast broken
can these b live?
come to lay my b amongst you
echo round his b
fill all thy b with aches
for his honoured b
full of dead men's b
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I may tell all my b
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interred with their b
knight's b arc dust
mocked the dead b
my b consumed away
of his b arc coral made
rattle his b
rattling b together fly
roll dem b
saints lose b he scattered
these b from insult to protect
these dead b have rusted
the tongues and the b
the tongue breaketh the b
to lay his weary b
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places
Bonnet antique ruff and b
in her latest new b
Bonnet of Bonnet Dundee
Bonnie (bonny) be you blithe and b
b we thing
Bonnavard by B I
Bononchini that Signor B
Booby give her b for another
Booby sing B to you
Boorum the "snark" as a b
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a good b is the life-blood
a melancholy b
any thing val I call a b
a religious b or friend
bloody b of law
blot me out of thy b
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b of books
b of knowledge
b of fether
B of Life begins
B of Verses underneath the Bough
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on b to for rede
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Anticrost who cleans the b
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demned
blonnet' b of 'um
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give me my b I say
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taste of boiled b
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Border Blue Bonnets for the B
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b it to our hope
b off this last lumenting kiss
b their bonds asunder
but b, my heart
grief buds it b
take and b us
thou shalt b the ships
where it will b at l'ist
Breakers wanted with thy b
Breakest thou my heart
Breakfast ar'g'd the thing at b
b, dinner, lunch, and tea
b first, business next
b with what appetite you have
for her own b she'll project
hope is a good b
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Michael Angelo for b
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wholesome, hungry b
Breaking by b of windows
sleep that knows not b
take pleasure in b
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Breaking-up a sorry b
red ruin, and the b of laws
Breaks it b in our bosom
Breast beats in every human b
bird with the scurlet b
boiling bloody b
bold spirit in a loyal b
bolt shot back in our b
b that beauty cannot tame
b that gives the rose
b will ne'er b lonely
bright b shortening into sighs
broad b, full eye
depth of her glowing b
ease my b of melodies
friendly and comforting b
head upon this b
heart has left my b
hcr beat his b
has bed'nd my tender b
has own clear b
Holy Ghost with warm b
hope eternal in the human b
leaned her b against a thorn
le lightly on thy b
lift-drop of his blinding b
may toss him to My b
'neath the b of Earth
nunnery of thy chaste b
on her white b a sparkling cross
on her left b a mole
on his b a bloody cross
on some fond b
or knock the b
panic's in thy b
presagers of my speaking b
sail upon her patient b
see my baby at my b
sooth a savage B
soul weirs out the b
the m in on its b
thou tumer of the human b
through breastplate and thro' b
told but to her mutual b
to rest here in my b
trembles in the b
what his b forges
when b to b we clung
whether my Sappho's b
with her b aginst a thorn
wi' ribbons on her b
with sweetness fills the b
Breastful of milk
Breast-high amid the corn
Breastplate thro' b and thro' breast
what stronger b
Breasts Abysses of her b
all night bewext my b
b more soft than a dove's
b of a sea-god's daughter
b of the nymphs in the brake
b of your woman's b
her b are dun
hollow of her b a tomb

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prodigious b
she hath no b
thy b are like two young roses
two b of heavenly sheen
Breath a b can make them
a b thou art
allowing lungs a b
although thy b be rude
boldest held his b
borne away with every b
borne my b away!
breathes with human b
breathes thoughtful b
b is in his nostrils
b of man goeth forth
b of them hot in thy hair
b of this corporal frame
b of worldly men
b, smiles, tears, of all my life
by every azure b
clothed with his b
Cobham! to the latest b
down and out of b
draw his last b thro' a pipe
draw thy b in pain
dull and harmonious b
everything that hath b
fly away, b
gives the hautboys b
giv't to forms and images a b
grey from Thy b
having lost her b
havers' b smells woongly
her tender-taken b
himself the heaven's b
Hope's perpetual b
if her b were as terrible
it fluttered and failed for b
it is by no b that salvation
last gap of Love's latest b
lightly draws its b
little b of men
love that endures for a b
love the b between them
mystery of the b
naught lost but b
O balmy b
once their b drew in
princes but the b of kings
prison of afflicted b
soft as the b of even
so the Word had b
such is the b of kings
suck my last b
aspiration of forced b
sweetness of man's b
take into the air my quiet b
'Thou art Being and B
thou no b at all
thy b is Africk's spicy gale
tremble with tender b
with bated b
with lowly b
Breathe as tho' to b be life
b a word about yr loss
b its pure serene
b not his name
b, shine, and seek to mend
b died in y'er
if such there b
in the taking of it but air
nothing to b but air
summer's morn to b
thought I ed not b
thou thereon didst only b
Breathe into his nostrils
Breather chide no b in the world
Breathers of an ampler day
Breathes b there the man, with
soul
b upon a bank of violets
cynical the air b
Breathing b of the common wind
b out threatenings
b time of day
health, and quiet b
in the sound his b kept
Breathings low b coming after me
Breathless b we flung us

Breathless (cont)

b with adoration
Breaths with sweetmeats tainted
Bred because they so w're b
b en bawn in a brier-patch!
b me long ago
she is not b so dull
where is fancy b
Brede with b ethereal wove
Bredon bells they sound in B
summertime on B
Bree a little abuse her b
Breeches a hole in't No have yr
b
his b cost him but a crown
his b were blue
his 'oss then cleanin' his b
what leg into your b first
Bred b of barren m'cal
b of their horses and dogs
b that take their pleasures
fear'd by their b
happy b of men
war but endless war still b
where they most b and haunt
will never b the same
Breeding true b of a gentleman
write to show yr b
Breeds lesser b without the Law
Breeks aft a wild Highlandman
Breeze a b of morning moves
chilly autumn b
cooling western b
dancing in the b
O bounding b
the battle and the b
the b is on the sea
the b of song
to be come-at by the b
tyranny in every tainted b
veane, a b mud blossoms
volleying ran and tossing b
Breezes b and the sunshine
by the midnight b strewn
feel no other b
heaven is with the b blown
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spicy b blow o'er Cylon's isle
sunset b shiver
Breezy, Sneazy
Brefny waves of B
Bremen a forerunner of B
Bred yr bonny brow was b
Brentford have you ever seen B?
two kings of B
Brer Fox
Brer Larrypin
Bret-ful of pardon
Brethren accused from Christ for
my b
b, to dwell together in unity!
dearly beloved b
for my b and companions' sakes
for we b
great Iwin B
his tuneful b all were dead
least of these my b
my mother and my b
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think they of their b more?
Brevity b the soul of wit
its body b
Brewer Bill B, Jan Stewer
not a b's servant
Brewers bakers and b
Brewers take me to a b
Briar (brer) from off this b pluck a
grows a bonny b bush
instead of the b myrtle tree
the b's in bud
thorough bush, thorough b
Briars how full of b is this world
Bribes and b about
contaminate our fingers with b
Brick b in his pocket
'cave' ar'f a b at him
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my father's b but no more like
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Oh! call my b back
O my poor b
seeth his b have need
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sticketh closer than a b
still to my b turns
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I am lo'd him like a vera b
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who also am yr b
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Brotherhood a b in song
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Brotherly let b love continue
Brothers 'all the b too
'all the B were Valiant
b he for a' that
b, lift yr voices
forty thousand b
more than my b are to me
Romans were like b
two b and their murdered man
we band of b
we were b all
ye are b I ye are men!
Brougham Mr B's speeches
Brought b to you daily by
Steamers
sea wh b us hither
they are b down and fallen
we b nothing into this world
Brought st Thy sweets along
Brow beautiful bold b
b bound with burning gold
b with homely biggen bound
but some sober b will bless it
Consul's b was sad
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Meredith is a prose B
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Wordsworth, Tennyson, and B
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Brows blaze in our b
b of dauntless courage
gathering her b like storm
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scorn in either of our b
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yr hat upon yr b
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Bruce has often led
Bruise it shall b thy head
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Bruises one meek of b both blue
Bruised be b in a new place
b for our iniquities
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Hamein Town's in B
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Brushes a' b has hat a mornings
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Brushing with hasty steps the dew
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Brute B I might have been
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fame? an empty b
honour but an empty b
life is mostly froth and bubble
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much like unto a b
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the world's a b
Bubbles borne, like thy b
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Buck derved thing 'ed get up and b
Bucker that b down
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eaves two b filling
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Bucklers take her buckled shoon
Buckler carry the b unto Sampson
Bucklers there hang a thousand b
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Buckram eleven b men out of two
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Bud at once, a b, b and yet a rose
b is on the bough again
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canker lives in sweetest b
in age l b again
in b or blade
opening b to Heaven
rose shut, shut, and be a b again
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Budge B s says the fiend
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Buds blown b of barren flowers
b's the b have shaken
b they were 'wellin'
darling b of May
driving sweet b like flocks
hawthorn hedge puts forth its b
kneel unto the b
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Hugaboo don't b baby Bie
Bughtin-time is near
Bugle blow, b blow
bring the good old b, boys
one blow upon his b-horn
Bugles blow out you b
Song on yr b blown
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Bugloss there the blue b paints
Build birds b but not I
b from age to age
b me straight, O worthy Master!
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b thee more stately mansions
b, unbuild, contrive
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dry hand, a yellow c
feed on her damask c
hangs upon the c of night
he giveth his c to him
he that loves a rosy c
I love not hollow c
I might touch that c
it fanned my c
kissed each other's c
leans her c upon her hand
my c is cold
old ornament of his c
on that c, and o'er that brow
on thy c a fading rose
pale grew c
pale grew thy c
rose growing on's c
sallow c of hers to incarnadine
smite thee on the right c
soul of Sir John C
the c that does not fade
tinged her c with brown
waters on my c bestowed
withered c and tresses grey
yellow C of his to incarnadine
Checks blood spoke in her c
c of sorry grain
c that be hollow'd
crack yr c l
fat ruddy c Augustus had
her c were so red
pale my c with eve
queen, with swarthy c
roses ar. hr c
to glow the delicate c
Chcrr a fuble c the Dane sent
c l boys, c
c for a halt and a row
c my bonny bride
c one on the tedious way
c up, the worst is yet to come
c us when we recover
come, c up, my lads
cups, that c be not inebriate
greet 'em one c more
greet the unseen with a c
of his c did seem too sad
pip'd with murr'y c
play and make good c
sound of royal c
this push will c me ever
to c but not inebriate
to c it after rain
Cheered c her soul with love
c up himself with ends of verse
the gunga-pujs c
Cheerful buy yerself weeds, and be c
he looking as c as any man cd
Cheerfully c for conscience sake
c he seems to grin
Cheerfulness c always breaking in
no warmth, no c
truth breathed by c
Cheering, to our c went us back
Cheerly sh. loves me
Cheers three c one cheer more
Cheese born i' the rotten c
Hottecelli's a c l
c and garlic a windmill
dark, and smells of c l
egg, and a pound of c
eggs, apples, and c
fill hup the chinks w/ c
his enemies, 'I oasted-c'
I've dream'd of c
stand a man a c
with apple-pie and c
Cheese-paring man made of a c
Chemist, fiddler, statesman
Chenevix's shop
Cheque political blank c
Chequer-board of Nights and Days
Chequered this life is all c
Cherish c those hearts that hate thee
to love and to c
Cherishes Art most c
Cherishing kill thee with much c
Cherish brook C
Cheroot whackin' white c

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Cherries c fairly do enclose
full of blackbirds than of c
there c grow
there c grow wh none may buy
Cherry c and hoary pear
c-blossoms, and white cups
c now is hung with bloom
c ripe
like a double c
ruder than the c
there's the land, or c isle
to see the c hung with snow
Cherry-ripe themselves do cry
Cherry-stones heads upon c
Cherry-tree fall from a c then
cherub C Contemplation
fall'n c, to be weak
proud liminary c
Cherubim c does cease to sing
fyr-red c face
heaven's c, horsed upon the air
rose-lipped c
the helmed C
the vault above the C
Cherubims Immortal C
on cherubs and c
sry of between the c
young-eyed c
Cherubs and cherubims
Cheshire Cat
Chess Athralus first of the c
life's too short for c
Chess-board the c is the world
we called the c white
Chess c contriv'd a double debt
c of drawers by day
his c against his foes
in a ten-times-barred-up c
on the dead man's c
Singsley of the manly c
Chess't charge, C, charge!
Cheserton dard attack my C
Chestrut c-husk at the c -root
yr c was ever the only colour
Chessnuta sailor's wife had c
there's a summer through
Chestrut-tree the spreading c
Chevalier the young C
Cheviot C within days three
Hunting of the C
in C the hills so hye
Chevonne the Pawmer and the C
Chewing little bits of string
Chian freighted with C wine
Chibabos Brother, C l
Chicken champagne and a c
I swear, she's no c
Chickens all my prctry c
66a
hen gathereth her c
Hiawatha's c
Chicks feeds her c at sea
Child you'll never be c
Chidden vain desire was c
Child the best of thee and c
to c, to laugh, to weep
your tardy son to c
Chiding he will not always be c
icy fang and churlish c
Chief brilliant c, irregularly great
c of Uther's c
forgive you Highland c
Hail to the C who advances
Lord, it is my c complaint
sinners, of whom I am c
the Druid, hoary c
th' octogenarian c
wit 91b
Chiefest among ten thousand
Chief Justice was rich
Chiefs those c of pride
Chieftain Brunswick s fatid c
c of the pudding race
c to the Highlands bound
Chiefs Facts are c
Child a c shd always say what's
true
a c that so did thrive
a happy English c
an aggravating c
an it had been any christom c

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Child (cont)
around the c bend all the three
as a lover of a c
a simple c
a wife sing to her c
behold the c
behold the c among his blisses
c and mother, baby bliss
c I do not throw this book about
c imposes on the nian
C is afraid of being whipped
C is father of the Man
C may rue that is unborn
c of a day
c of our grandmother Eve
344b
C of Light
c said What is the Grass
c's among you taking notes
c's a plyingth
c shall lead them
c so small and weak
3b
c stewed, roasted, baked
C's unheeded dream
c that is not clean
Christ her little C
come away, O human c l
cry of the by the roadway
dauntless c stretched forth
dear C I dear Girl
dearer was the mother for the c
I lphant's C
even a c is known by his doings
every c born thuren
every c may joy to hear
evry time i c says
father that knows his own c
fiery face of a c
from a c thou hast known
get with c a mandrake root
gracious C, that thorn-crowned
half-devil and half-c
h're's own c
hreathe c well nursed
He became a little c
he is a naughty c, I'm sure
here a c I stand
I a c, and thou a Lamb
if you strike a c
I have seen a curious c
is it well with the c?
I spake as a c
I was a cume in a c
I was c beneath her touch
I was a c and she was a c
I wd not coddle the c
land that's governed by a c l
leave a c alone
life is but a froward c
life is but like a froward c
like a three years' c
like a tired c
lonely dreams of a c
look upon a little c
make me a c again
Monday's c at ear of face
more hideous in a c
mother may forget the c
mother's sake the c was dear
my fairest c
my soul c, know this
my husband took up the c
my soul is even like a weaned c
naked new-born c
never spares the c
nicest c I ever knew
nor in any c of man
not as her friend or c
not there, my c l
nurse for a poetic c
old Adam in this C
on a cloud I saw a c
one calling, 'C'
out of the deep, my c
O! what a c on thy knee
painted c of dirt
saying a little c
say, Poor C l
see his active c do deeds
set his c upon her knee
sing to the c on thy knee
spare the rod, and spoil the c

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Child (cont.)

sprightly and forward c
 still the c he first knew me
 sucking c shall play
 sweet, my c, I live for thee
 the c of misery
 there is a man c conceived
 the room up of my absent c
 the solitary c
 this c I to myself will take
 three times to the c I said
 to be my c Cordelia
 to have a thankless c
 to love playthings well as a c
 train up a c
 unto us a c is born
 waters wild went o'er his c
 weaned c shall put his hand
 when I was a c, I spake
 where is my c?
 while the heaven-born c
 who gives a c a home
 who gives a c a treat
 writhed c expires
 Zoroaster, my dead c

Child Roland to the Dark Tower
 came 45b, 343a

Childhood c shows the man
 ever thus, from c's hour
 eye of c that fears
 in my days of c
 our c's pattern
 same that oft in c solaced me
 see in simple c
 'twas evr thus from c's hour!
 with my c's faith
 womanhood and c fleet

Childish all tricks knavish or c
 put away c things
 something c, but very natural
 wise, idle, c things

Childishness it does from c
 I will be sorry for their c
 second c

Childless c and crownless
 proceeded from c man
 childlike c Learning sits remote
 smileless was pensive and c

Children all our c's fate
 airy hopes my c
 as c with their play
 become as little c
 blessed be that taketh thy c
 buttercups, the little c's dower
 called the c of God
 called you c
 careful of dogs than of their c
 c begin by loving their parents
 c born of thee are sword
 c but as bills
 c by adoption
 c capable of honesty
 c cited in the streets
 c dear, was it yesterday?
 c dear, were and long alone?
 c deceived with comfits
 c dine at five
 c, have ye any meat?
 c hostages to fortune
 c in I nglad take pleasure
 c in Holland take pleasure
 c in ordinary dress
 c like the olive-branches
 c not thine have trod
 c of Alice called Bartrum
 c of disobedience
 c of men, they are but vanity
 c of the bridechamber
 c of the kingdom be cast out
 c of the light
 c of the Lord
 c of this world
 c said she, are my jewels
 c's c shall say they have led
 c's looks, that brighten
 c's teeth are set on edge
 c stood watching them
 c sweeten labours
 c walking two and two
 c, you are very little
 c, you shd never let

Children (cont.)

Christen c all must be
 come away, c, call no more
 come again, ye c of men
 come, dear c, let us away
 cruel c, crying babies
 Dame Lurch not have handy c
 do ye hear the c weeping
 even c followed
 fatherless c, and widows
 father pieth his own c
 frail c of dust
 Friend for little c
 go, c of swift joy
 gracious c
 he doeth for the c of men
 her c arise up
 haldeth c from play
 if c, then heirs
 I have gathered thy c
 I he even among the c of men
 indifferent c of the earth
 I never knows the c
 instead of fathers shalt have c
 its c a happy band
 joyful mother of c
 little c's eyes
 lo, C and the fruit of the womb
 many women, and many c
 materials to keep c quiet
 men c of a larger growth
 men fear death as c
 mother who talks about own c
 myself and c three
 my tan-faced c
 neither c nor Gods
 no c run to lip
 Oh, help Thy c
 old men c
 opponent of c of the light
 procreation of c
 provoke not yr c
 Rachel weeping for her c
 secrets must be kept from c
 see the c sport
 shalt bring forth c
 she had so many c
 sick persons, and young c
 sins of the fathers upon the c
 so are the young c
 suffer the little c
 the c's Hour
 the young, young c
 three fair c first
 thy c all gone
 to whom the lips of c
 two c did we stray
 Usa's c died
 voices of c on the green
 we are but little c weak
 we are c of splendour
 we are the c of God
 we have c, we have wives
 were all c's kind
 wisdom is justified of her c
 wiser than the c of light
 women, then, are only c
 Child-wife only my c

Child Ah, bitter c it was!
 c thy dreaming nights
 Chillon thy prison
 Chilly altho' the room grows c
 I feel c and grown old
 Chiltern storm on the C Hills
 take the C Hundreds

Chimborazo
 c thy coming nights
 c, ye dappled darlings
 faintly as tolls the evening c
 higher than the spheru c
 jarr'd against nature's c
 last I heard their soothing c
 some soft c had stroked the air
 we will hear the c

Chimeras Hydras, and C dire
 poets taught of dire c
 Chimes heard the c at midnight
 Chimney hung by the c with
 c
 old men from the c

Chimney (cont.)

smoked like a c
 Chimney-piece Buffalo upon the c
 Chimneys c were blown down
 good grove of c
 so yr c I sweep
 Chimney-sweepers come to dust
 Chimpazees brainless as c
 Chun c upon an orient wave
 compared to that was next her c
 duple on his c
 her nose and c they threaten
 his c, new-wrested
 page, with the duple c
 China break my best blue c
 C 'cross the Bay!
 c that's ancient and blue
 fire a mine in China
 infusion of a C plant
 mistress of herself, tho' C fill
 Chinamen with C, but not with
 me
 Chinee heathen C is peculiar
 Chimesse C cheap labour
 C crinkum-crankums
 Chineses mercenary where C drive
 Ching-a-ring-a-ring-ching
 Chink their importunate c
 Chinks c that time has made
 fill hup the c w' cheese
 Chup hat had she on
 Chipping at the countenances
 Chips to the faithful sliks
 Chit-chat of c owpr
 Chittabob's tail
 Chivalries gentleness, and c
 Chivalry age of c is gone
 age of c is never past
 age of c is past
 charge with all thy c
 Christian service and true c
 he loved c
 her beauty and her c
 his Memphian c
 I have a truant been to c
 noble c of c
 smild Spain's c away
 sung of Bolder c
 Chloe (Cloe) C is my real flame
 dear C, how blubbered
 to C's breast Cupid stole
 what can c
 Chlons ah, C! that I now cd sit
 call me C
 Chocolate coffee, tea, c
 Choice but the c of friends
 c in rotten apples
 c of all my library
 each to his c
 for on his c depends the safety
 if there were a sympathy in c
 in the worth and c
 just the terrible c
 most c, forsaken
 to lighten the measure and the c
 you takes yr c

Choir c invisible
 ez him in the c
 in a waulful c
 innumerable c of day
 leading him to the Nine
 sweet singing in the c
 Chors (quires) bure run'd c
 c and places where they sing
 Choir let's purge this c
 Choose c thy ground
 c to run for President
 c whatever suits the line
 what many men desire
 don't c to have it known
 I he as lads wd c
 leading wherever I c
 not c not to be
 snail-foot c
 that did never c amiss
 therefore c life
 to c time is to save time
 where to c their place of rest
 Choosing c each stone
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Clubs typical of strife
Clucked then to the wars
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c.
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Coachman 'sa privileged individual
Coal best sun we have c.
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Coal-barges ten dark c.
Coalitions England does not lov. c.
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Coast I near the shadowy c.
maps a jagged c.
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to pry along the c.
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Coat brown c., the black stockings
c. of many colours
he did not wear his scarlet c.
his c. was red
in whose c. armour richly
I take my c. from the tailor
oars, and c., and badge
riband to stick in his c.
the eternal Fatesman hold my c.
the love that loves a scarlet c.
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Coats a hole in a y. c.
bound in their c., their hosen
c. o' green satin
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in their gold c. spots you see
their c. were brushed
to make my small elves c.
to shed their c.
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Cobbett and Junius
Cobbler Uncle Tom C.
Cobbler c. go beyond his last
thou art a c., art thou?

Cobham you, brave C. I
Cobweb learn'd c. of the brain
Cobwebbs c. of the schools
laws are like c.
laws were like c.
Cock bark diminished to her c.
c. a doodle doo!
'O c. and a bull! said Yorick
c's shrill clarion
c. up yr beaver
c. with lively din
Crito, we owe a c. to Aesculapius
faded on the crowing of the c.
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he was like a c.
immediately the c. crew
kept the c. that crowd
this night, before the c. crew
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Cockle hat and staff
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Cock Robin who killed C.?
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Co-exist two master passions cannot
co-exist
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c., tea, chocolate
if this is c., I want tea
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Coffee but lrl gold in c.
Coffin becomes his c. prodigiously
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Cogitations interpreter of the c.
Cognitive his c. faculties
Cognizance took such c. of men
Cohort of the damned
Cohorts his c. were gleaming
Coign buttress, nor c. of vantage
Coil c. of his crystalline streams
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Coon beauty is Nature's c.
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c. of silvery shine
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Coincidence a strange c.
Coiner of sweet words
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as c. as any c.
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caught an everlasting c.
c. and heat, and summr
c. as paddocks tho' they be
c., c., my girl
c., commanded lust
c. not stung
c. performs th' effect of fire
even till I shrink with c.
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c. am nothing a c.
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r' the c. o' the moon
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Cold Bath I'd
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brother C. hull the babe
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Collars of the moonshine's beams
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c. wh had soothed Christians
College eighty-thousand c.-councils
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Collectors of their c. and schools
Collingwood Bembow, C., Byron
Collins if you do not marry Mr C.
Mr C. had only to change
Cologne at St James and at C.
wash yr city of C.
Colons chaplain c. C. or Knight
and his officers were in pain
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C. rived their flag against i power
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the commere with our c.
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the c. I think of little moment
tho' wh. love c. the most
'tis i c. she abhors
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Colours all a c. suffusion
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Dazzles at it, as at eternity
De enclitic D
Deacons' Bishops, Priests and D
Dead all our beemen are d
all the rest are d
and art thou d, as young
and bury the d
antique order of the d
applies on the D Sea's shore
a rare d for a ducal
back with her d and her shame
barrows of the happier d
beautiful Evelyn Hope is d
bent him o'er the d
be thus when thou art d
better be a fool than to be d
better be with the d
blend the living with the d
blessed are the d
brother, when you're d
but marks our English d
but they are d those two are d
Caesar, d, and turned to clay
calls his d to him

Dead (cont.)

captives, fallen cold and d
Christ risen from the d
critics of the d
come not, when I am d
contend for Homer d
converse with the mighty d
d, but in the Lysian fields
d dieth no more
d from the waist down
d herself ere evensong
d may feel no wrong
d men gave a groan
d men rise up never
d Past bury's d
d, quick, I know not how
d sceptred sovereigns
d shall go down to thee d
d shall not have died in vain
d unto sin, and living
d wh are already d
d who live again
d with frost ere now
death lies d
dew on the face of the d
dooms imagined for the d
do we mind and desire the d
down among the d men
ere I am laid out d
fairy falls down d
fame is a food that d men eat
fell d-born from the press
four men with the d
found, when she was d
frightful when one's d
Grimes is d
had I lain for a century d
he ed not wait he is d
he is d and gone, lady
I cheer a man's sweetheart
he is d, the sweet musician
I fell at his feet as d
if I am d he wd like to see me
if I were d, you'd say
if I were d or bledde
if Lancelot be d
if oon of hem were d
if these men are d
I have been d these two years
I mysl' were d and gone
I saw a d man win a fight
I saw the d, small and great
is double D
Johnson is d
King of Spain is d
lasting mansions of the d
let the d bury their d
life from the d is in that word
living need charity more than d
love was d
man fears to be d
mine love ys d
mourn for me when I am d
much less when he's d
my day among the d are passed
noble living and the noble d
no, no, he is d
not d, but gone before
not d, but sleepeth
O God, that I were d
our four men
profane the service of the d
queen, my lord, is d
quite, quite for ever d
ravens, clamorous o'er the d
rejoice ye d, where o'er the spirits
rest not England's d
round the earth you re d
sea gave up the d
Sea shall give up her d
seek ye the living with the d ?
seen those d men rise
shammun when he's d
sheathed I d'd speak
she has been d many times
she's alive she is not d
she's d, yr, long ago
she, she is d, she's d
she read d
shone round him o'er the d
smiling the boy fell d

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Dead (cont.)

something was d in each
soon to drop off d
strikes him d for thine
talk with the departed d
the d shall live
their home among the d
the man was d
there are no d
th' unnumber'd d
the wall up with our English d
they may say when I am d
they told me you were d
this my son was d
those we call the d
thou being d art a God
thrice looked he at the d
to be said for being d
together fell down d
took their wages and are d
trade with the living and the d
view-hollo wd waken the d
voice of the d a living voice
was alive and is d
was patient, being d
weep for Adonias he is d
whan a beast d
what was d was Hope
when I am d and opened
when I am d, I hope be said
when I am d, my dearest
where d men meet
who are just born, being d
who were d in trespasser
with the d there is no rivalry
with the enduring d
worse to me than d
wd that I were d
y'er a long time d
Deadly in the long run
Dead March hear the D play
Dead-struck I'm the bird d
Dead as d as a door
at once is d and loud
d and silent, read sth' deep
I am d with praises
Meg was d as Alisa Craig
the woman's d, and does not hear
Deafar than the blue-eyed cat
Deal big business give a square d
gey ill to d wi'
new d for the American people
to be given a square d
to d plainly, I fear I am not
Dealing common-sense and plain d
this isn't fair d
thy just d as the noonday
Dealings his d have been told
whose own hard d teach them
Dean D of Christ Church, sur
humility clothe an English d
I am the D
sly shade of a Rural D
the cushion and soft d invite
to your text, Mr D
Deans downagers for d
Dear and thou art d
but oh, how fondly d
d as remembered kisses
D Sir, y' astonishment's odd
d to maidens are the ruddy drops
d to me as the ruddy drops
d to me as light and life
d to me in the middle of my being
d were her charms to me
desolate but something d
I hold his d
man to all the country d
mother's sake the child was d
my dove, my d
names of things beloved are d
serve it right for being so d
small, but how d to us
something blissful and d
that bread sh' be so d
this d, d land
too convincing—dangerously d
too d for my possessing
we two now part My Very D
Dearer d her laughter free
d was the mother

459b
111b
436b
394b
139b
393b
562b
174b
382a
530b
106a
509b
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423b
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27b
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200a
432a
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431b
523b
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391b
89a
450b
261b
26b
311a
67a
311b
415b
255a
392a
462b
431a
522b
446b
228b
263b
35a
395b
460b
296b
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299b
428a
310b
82a
293a
310a
344a
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233a
484a
265a
353a
528b
113a
528b
39b
302b
214a
435b
279b
200b
436a
522b
393b
385b
61a
243a
177b
68a
401b
168b
101a
434a
36a
124b
21a
261b
196b
375a
70a
388b
204a
177a
101a

Dearer (cont.)

d yet the brotherhood
O d far than light
was there a d one
Dearest assure you she's the d girl
d her constancy
d idol I have known
then, d 'ance 'tis so
Dearie for thinking on my d
my ain kind d O
my arms about my d O
flew o'er me and my d
my bonnie d
Dearest a distant d in the hill
Dearest nature swears, the lovely d
Dearth all whom war, d, age, agues
inhuman d of noble natures
measure in a year of d
pine within and suffer d
Death absence worse than d
a covenant with d
Adam brought d into the world
after my d I wish no herald
against the hour of d
a lightning before d
all seasons for thine own, O D
all the joy before d
a man that apprehends d
anarchy the laws of d
ancients dreaded d
and back resounded, D
and the shadow of d
angel of d has been abroad
Angel of D spread his wings
armed against all d 's endeavour
arms of cool-enfolding d
at my d, thy 'un shall shine
back to a world of d
be absolute for d
be dashed with rotten d
be thou faithful unto d
bitterness of d is past
body of this d
breast of the old nurse, D
brought d into the world
but my after his d moot wepe
Byron's eyes were shut in d
call in thy d 's-head there
can this be d
certain d by shame attended
certain, except d and taxes
charmer in the silent halls of d
come away, d
come to the bridal-chamber, D
commands she be stoned to d
counts d kind Nature's signal
dare e'en D to die for thee
daughter at the point of d
daughter of D and Priapus
day of d than the day of birth
dear, beautiful d
d after life does greatly please
d amusing in itself
D and his brother Sleep
D, that's what's For Ever
d, a necessary end
d, as the Psalmist saith, is certain
d bandaged my eyes
d been his next-door neighbour
d, be not proud
d broke at once the vital chain
d by slanderous tongues
d came with friendly care
d closes all
d comes to young men
d cometh soon or late
d complete the same
d distinguished from dying
D I ere thou hast aland another
d extinguisheth envy
d has done all d can
d has left on her only
d has made his darkness
d has no more dominion
d hath so many doors
d hath ten thousand doors
d have we hated
d, in itself, is nothing
D in the cup
d in the pot
d is a fearful thing

287b
468a
195b
122a
177a
109b
507b
59a
61b
60b
61a
59b
430b
59a
131a
217b
31a
389b
109a
159a
386b
481b
165a
423b
352a
315a
181a
273a
407a
315a
458b
132a
100a
351b
442a
518b
495b
513a
185a
290b
89a
6b
209a
233b
156b
130b
317a
178a
30a
214a
100a
588b
421b
499a
448a
408b
157b
393b
226b
339a
380b
50b
319a
359a
100b
439a
13b
253a
51a
429a
42b
14a
44b
195b
430b
513a
439a
454b
284a
139b
60b
496b
352a

Death (cont.)

d is but a groom
d is d, but we shall die
d is our physician
d is parting
d is still working
d is the cure of all diseases
d is the privilege of nature
d is the veil
d joins us to the majority
d lays his icy hand on kings
d lies dead
d, like a narrow sea, divides
d met d too, and saw the dawn
d must be like all the rest
d my days shd explete
D My lord? A grave
d of a dear friend
d of each day's life
d of Nelson was felt in England
d of poor Cock Robin
d of the Blatant Beast
d of y' daughter a blessing
D once dead
d opens unknown doors
D, poor man's dearest friend
d 's dead and nought
d shall lie from them
d 's imperishable wing
d 's pale flag is not advanced
d 's second self
d 's self is sorry
d stands above me
d 's untimely frost
D, the consoler
d the journey's end
D, the last best friend
D, the Skeleton
d thou shalt die
d took him mellow
d unloads thee
D, when'er he call too soon
d will come when thou art dead
d will find me before I tire
d will have his day
d will turn to your slave
delivered my soul from d
dens, and shades of d
desultory feet of D
die a dry d
die not, poor d
die the life of the righteous
d dreadful they had
disappointed by that stroke of d
Doctor said that D was but a fact
doom'd to d, tho' fated
dotard D
drank d like wine at Austerlitz
d read of someth' after d
dreadful, brink of obvious d
eaten to d with rust
eloquent, just, and mighty D
face to meet with d
faith that looks thro' d
fear d danger of violent d
fears d to feel the fog
fears only the stroke of d
fed on the fullness of d
first day of d is fled
fluting a wild carol ere her d
for any pains of d, to fall
for D had illumined the land
for d 's sweet chrism retain'd
for restless d I cry
foreknow in d 's worst hour
friend and enemy is but D
from sudden d
gave me liberty or gave me d
glad to d 's mystery
go hand in hand to d
gone to her d
guiltless d I die
half dead, a living d
harbours of blood and d
here importune d awhile
here life has d for neighbour
he shall be our guide unto d
his d, wh' happened in his berth
his means of d
his name that sat on him was D
hob-and-nob with brother D

133b
185a
360b
313b
47a
42a
313b
397b
477b
401a
421b
433b
261b
460b
387a
374a
357b
348a
407b
528a
255a
11b
389b
262a
61b
315b
519a
312a
366b
388a
215a
241a
61a
247a
141a
466b
473a
133a
295a
351b
167a
399a
39b
375a
392b
485b
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367a
133a
62b
155a
213a
459b
140a
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333a
43b
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59b
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 I cd not look on D 228b
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 if it d alone must die 445a
 I fled, and cry'd out, D 273a
 if thou canst D defy 372a
 I have often thought upon d 16b
 in d they were not divided 405b
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 in the vasty Hall of D 7b
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 King D hath asses' ears 24a
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 life d does end 441a
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 life to him wd be d to me 223b
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 none blessed before his d 457a
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 nor shall d brag thou wander'st 47b
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Death (cont)

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 thinking the d , and not the creed
 till in Heaven the d appears
 till thou applaud the d
 d and the d go wot it
 when the d was done I heard
 wrought the d of shame
 Deeds all your better d in water
 writ
 d , not words shall speak me
 d good do d
 d wh should not pass away
 d will be done
 excus'd wil devish d
 foul d will rise
 gentl that doth gentl d
 gentl d d virtuous d
 grace this age with noble d
 heart flourisheth in lusty d
 if doughty d my lady please
 kind d with coldness returning
 fickle d kindness
 loquacite thro' the d of men
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the freshness of a d
the glory and the d
the lost traveller's d
the mner s d. of home
the old men's d
the spirit of my d
they fly forgotten, as a d
they had dreamed a d
they never d. that it fades
they saw a D. of Loveliness
this world shadow of a d
to keep a d. or grave apart
to sty what d. it was
to sleep perchance to d
whit my d. was
with the first d. that comes
wricks of a dissolving d
writs her scattered d
you d. you're crossing
yr old men shall d
Dreamed a child I d., and dream
he d., and I behold a ladder
I d. in a dream
I d. that, as I wandered
I have long d. of such a man
who d. that beauty passes
Dreamer a d. of dreams
behold, this d. cometh
d. of dreams, born out of time
even dream the d.
he is a d., let us leave him
the poet and the d.
Dreamers they are no d. wick
we're the d. of dreams
Dreaming City with her d. spires
d. Hell-fires to see
d. on things to come
of thee I'm fondly d
sleep, d. on both
Dreanlight by candlelight and d
Dreams affliction of these terrible d
my all mightly d
and d. of erring on ripes
and my fruit is d
as angels in some brighter d
a sleep full of sweet d
a trouble to me
blissful d. of long ago
dead d. of days for-aken
desires and d. and powrs
desire, that haunts our d
Dian had hot d
dreamer of d
d. and desires and sombre songs
d. and the light imagining
d., books, are each a world
d. happy as her day
d. he of cutting foreign throats
d. no mortal ever d. d. to dream
d. of and d. of
d. of Paradise and light
d. of the summer night
d. out of mind
d. that are done
embroidery of poetic d
England of our d
fantasies have their d
full of the foolishhest d
heavy with d
he hunts in d
his summer d
I arise from d. of thee
if there were d. to sea
I had drunken in my d.

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I have had a d.
I., have only my d
in doubtful d. of d
in their noonday d
is it some d.?
Land of D. is better far
less than nothing, and d
lies down to pleasant d
not make d. yr master
O evening d!
opinion he held once of d
our d. are tales
pleasant d. and slumbers
put me to bed to d. shame
real are the d. of Gods
rich, beyond the d
so full of ghastly d
spread my d. under yr feet
stuff as d. are made on
the land of my d
the lonely d. of a child
the quick D., the passion-winged
thou communicat st with d
thousand such enchanting d
until my d. all come true
we are the d. of d.
we d. behold the Hebrides
what d. may come
white Platonic d
wicked d. abuse sleep
you tread on mv d
Dreamt I d. that I dwelt
thn are d. of in yr philosophy
Drear-nighted in a d. December
Dregs from the d. of life
Drenched rotten, cold and d
Dress all this flethly d
bring the d. and put it on her
children in ordinary d
come to thee for d
d. by yellow candle light
eighty-five ways to d. exus
noble youth d. d. themselves
no more value than their d
Peachy human d
Secrecy the human d
sweet disorder in the d
that ever went with evening d
their d. a principal part
Dressed for him that d. me
hope drunk when you d
let me be d. fine as I will
neat, and trimly d
still is naked, being d
the scuse of being well-d
when he s well d
you're all d. up
Dresser skpt under the d
Dressing my best d. is old words
Dressings she hath d. fit
Drest O, be d., stay not
d. still to be d.
Drew d. me backward by the hair
d. nearer to me sweetly
for wh. they d. the wage
they d. all manner of things
Dries current runs or else d. up
Drift I only know I cannot d
whit is yr d., sur?
Drunk I am d. with the tide
Drifts, its dank yellow d. of leaves
thro' scudding d
Drill the feet of the men what d
Drills it s always double d
Drink all beysds d. thereof
a man, behind a d.
any delicate thing to drink
a taste for d
came out to d. one sultry day
doth ask a d. divine
d. and the devil had done for
d. cold brandy and water
d. deep or fast, not
d. down all unkindness
d. I for you know not whence
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D is in his grave
D sighed bath out and in
gart poor D stand
hear it not, D
the fatal entrance of D
Dunce, dearest, you're a d
d been kept at home
d that has been sent to roam
nobody calls you a d
Satan, thou art a d
the puff of a d
Duncery tyrannical d
Dundee stay langer in bonnie D
the bonnet of Bonnie D
Dunfermline king sits in D
Dunged with rotten death
Dungeon a d horrible
D, that I'm rotting in
nor unless d
soured to his d
vapour of a d
Dungeon-grate thro' a d he peered
Dunhill hard by his own stable
Dunkirk swim the hav'n at D
Dunmow in Essex at D
Dunsinane Birnam wood remove to
D
to high D hill
Duodecimos a humbler band of d
Dupree Weatherby George D
Dusk d, O d the hall with yew
no dawn—no d
the d with a light behind her
Dusky d, vivid, true
it is late and d
Dust a d whom England bore
a heap of d alone
an art to make d of all
a piece of valiant d
are they like to take d
a richer d concealed
as chimney-sweepers, come to d
blossom in their d
bused in d
cinders, ashes, d
curates, long d, will come
devise to die m d
dig the d enclosed here
dry as summer d
as we are
d falls to the urn
d hath closed Helen's eyes
D into D and under D
d of creeds outworn
d of the balance
d returneth to d again
d return to the earth
d that builds on d
d that is a little gilt
d that rises up
d thou art, and unto d
d thou art, to d returneth
to d
to the d I but the spirit
earth, and grave, and d
fallen to d
fear in a handful of d
formed man of the d
frail children of the d
have one d, yet reverence
his enemies shall lick the d
less than the d
lie beyond thy d
little of praise
Love, which reacheth but to d
magnificent out of the d
make d our paper
March d to be sold
much learned d
my d wd hear her
nigh is grandeur to our d
not without d and heat
or but writes in d
pays us but with age and d
proud and angry d
provoke the silent d,
quintessence of d
recover once my d
scattering of a little d

Dust (cont)

shalt off the d of your feet
shall the d give thanks
shed one tear o'er English d
swep the d behind the door
that d it so much loves
the d on antique time
the d swept from their beauty
the fruit thereof d
they that go down into the d,
this d was once the man
toy dog is covered with d
vex the unhappy d
vile d from whence he sprung
we too into the D descend
what a d do I raise
what of vile d?
will not perish in the d
write my name in the d
write the characters in d
written in the d
you are not worth the d
Dust-heap called 'history'
Dustman the Golden D
Dusty what a d answer
Dutch French Spaniard or D
my old D
the fault of the D
we clasp on D bottoms
Dutchman scircle on a D's beard
Dutchmen that water-land of D
Duties lowest d on herself did
hy
new decisions teach new d
property has its d
the primal d shine
Duty absolved d to his country
a divided d
as keen a sense of d
began slacken in his d
daily stage of d
declares that it is his d
do yr d bravely
d and patriotism clad
d as we understand it
d fastidious, are none
d is the lobster's obsession
d of an Opposition to oppos
d of being happy
d to preserve our faculties
d we so much underrate
d we les nearest thee
England expects his d
every man's d to do all
faithful, below, he had his d
for d, d must be done
he had a d to perform
I have done my d
I have only done my d
in his d prompt
I owe a d
I owe him little d
it is my d, and I will
it was their d, and they did
I've done my d no more
love is then our d
make me sick discussing their d
moral d to speak one's mind
my d in that state of life
my d to have loved the highest
my d towards God
O D I if that name thou love
off d for ever
our d has been done
performing a public d
simplesness and d tender
subject's d is the king's
such d as the subject owes
that wh was our d to do
the path of d was the way
the whole d of man
thus our bounden d
thou knowest to be a d
thy second d clear
when constabulary d's
when D whispers low
when love and d clash
when service sweat for d
with zealous humble d
woke, and found life was D
Dwarf sees farther than the giant

Dwarfish an Epigram? a d whole

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Dwell at ease for aye to d
better to d in a corner
d in the house of the Fenians
I cd d where Israel
joy where'er he d
r d for aye alone
they that d therein
Dwelleth d by the castled Rhine
He d t' the cold
Dwelling a fair mad d
where and what his d?
whose d is the light
Dwelling-place desert were my d
Dwelling-places their d shall endure
Dwellings how amiable are thy d
they shall drop upon the d
Dwelt d among untrodden ways
where once we d
Dwandle d into a wife
d, peak and pine
Dwindles the only growth that d
Dwyer John Richard William D
Dyer like the d's hand
Dyes stains and splend d
Dying a cad in d
around the d deer
as a man to d men
behold you again in d
Christian can only fear d
death distinguished from d
doubly d, shall go down
d, has made us ran; gifts
d, put on the weeds of Dominic
d, we live
echos d, d, d
I am d, Egypt
living indispensible us for d
not death, but d
on account of my d day
the d for a faith
the pain, the bliss of d
there's no more d then
till the fire is d
tomorrow, I'll be d
truth the lips of d men
unconscionable time d
unmoved see thee d
unto my d day, sir
we thought her d
with groans of the d
young man, I think you're d
Dyke Feb, fill the d
the last d of prevarication
you auld fail d
Dynamite objected to the use of d
Dynesies the same tho' D pass
Dyke Omer /Dares, or in D

E

E please Double good!
Each d for one another
e to his great Father bends
think e in e, immediately wise
Fager for the fray
Lagle all the e in thee
as an e mewing her mighty youth
in a young e soars
D know what is in the pit
e on 'th' back aye a dollar
e plunge to find the air
e suffurs little birds to sing
from an e in his flight
hooed among blinking owls
in and out of the E
like an e in a dove-cote
Rome, tho' her e had flown
so the struck e
strong, the gier-e on his sail
upon my e's wings this wren
way of an e in the air
young and lusty as an e
Eagles bated like e lately b'd
hawk at e with a dove
mount up with wings as e,
there will the e be gathered
they were swifter than e
where his e never flew

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Ear a flea in his e
 applying to his e
 apply its lips to yr attentive e
 beat upon my whorled e
 by the hearing of the e
 cleave the general e with speech
 e of him that hears it
 e of jealousy heareth all things
 e of man hath not seen
 give e unto my song
 give every man thine e
 God's own e listens
 he that planted the e
 I have no e
 in Reason's e they all rejoice
 I was all e
 I went and shouted in his e
 I will enchant thine e
 moie e meant than meets the e
 moie than the e discovers
 never e, did hear that tongue
 nor the e filled with hearing
 not to the sensual e
 osten stop to soothe thine e
 O! it came o'er my e
 on his legs with listening e
 on the listening e of night
 oon e it herde, at the other out
 over it softly her warm e lays
 pierd' the hollow of thine e
 pierced thro' the e
 reasonable good e in music
 she shall lean her e
 sounds in a believer's e
 speech sleeps in a foolish e
 stillness first invades the e
 stop thine e against the singer
 the e is pleased
 the hearing e
 the word of promise to our e
 turn the deaf e
 unpleasant to a married e
 vexing the dull e
 went away with a flea in 's e
 when the e begins to hear
 wind blow through my e
 word of eye, and e

Earl e at night
 bonny E of Murray
 E can last but a few years
 E, the Marquis, and the Dook
 while the E was there
 Earlie wedded to the E's son
 Early call me e mother dear
 e in the morning
 e one morning, just as the sun
 e to bed, and e to rise
 happy those e days
 help her, and that right e
 nipt my flower sac e
 play-place of our e days
 right e in the year
 the e-rising sun
 up in the morning e
 up she rises, e in the morning
 you've got to get up e

Earn e a little and to spend a little
 I e that I cat
 there's little to e
 Earned you've e yr little bit
 Earnest charge in e but a mill
 e of the thames, they shall do
 given me e of success
 intermingl' jest with e
 tune to be in e
 Farming division of unequal e
 Larne whate'er he can
 Ears countrymen, lend me your e
 deaf adder that stoppeth her e
 e like errant wings
 e of every one that heareth e
 e of flesh and blood
 e that sweep away the dew
 e were of different sizes
 eyes, and e, and every thought
 faculties of eyes and e
 fur fly 'bout the e
 harvest waves its wither'd e
 he that hath e to hear
 high crest, short e
 I have e in vain

Ears (cont.)
 in the porches of mine e
 'tug tug' to dirty e
 lest they hear with their e
 look with thine e
 lover's e will hear the sound
 make their e heavy
 never mentions hear to e polite
 noise of water in mine e
 O lovers' e in hearing
 pipe of birds to dying e
 plucked the ripened e
 she gave me e
 softest music to attending e
 the leathern e of stock-jobbers
 there was a shout about my e
 they have e, and hear not
 thin e deyoured the seven good e
 to do thine e glows
 touched my trembling e
 we have heard with our e
 what is he buzzing in my e?
 who in e and eyes match me
 Farsight do me eyes deceive me?
 Lath' art first, this E, a stage
 a glory from the e
 a heaven on e
 alive, and so bold, O e?
 all e can take
 all people that on e do dwell
 all questions in the e
 'all the furniture of e
 all ye know on e
 as if roots of the e were rotten
 as if the e had rolled
 as low as where this e spins
 a touch of e
 axis of the e sticks out
 balm th' hydroptic e hath drunk
 be alone on e, as I am now
 be the e never so unquiet
 binds the brave of all the e
 bleeding piece of e
 blow the e into the sea
 bowels of the harmless e
 bright of the e and sky
 call heaven and e to witness
 cruel of my sinful e
 chill the solemn e
 cloud enveloping the e
 condemned to e for ever
 corporal e of man
 creature walk the e unseen
 crown of the e doth melt
 dear e, I do salute thee
 demi-Atlas of this e
 E all Drinae to the stars
 e, and every common sight
 e and man were gone
 L. and Ocean seem to sleep
 e cannot show so brave a sight
 e changes, but thy soul and God
 e doth like a snake renew
 e felt the wound
 e hath bubbled
 e has many a noble city
 e has not anything more fair
 e hath no good but yrs
 e hath no sin but thine
 e in an earthy bed
 e in fast thick pants
 e in a-lah, be home I have
 I is but a star that once shone
 e is here so kind
 e not grey but rosy
 e of the vitreous pour
 e I render back
 e hath leaven, lend me moeth
 e's base built on stubble
 e's crammed with heaven
 e's diurnal course
 e's first blood
 e's foundations fled
 e's foundations stay
 e shall be filled with the glory
 e shall be full of the knowledge
 e shook, and the heavens dropped
 e's joys grow dim
 E's last picture is painted
 e's majestic view
 e, so full of dreary noises

Earth (cont.)
 e's old and weary cry
 e's returns for whole centuries
 E's shadows fly
 e stood hard as iron
 e's vain shadows flee
 e, that bears thee dead
 e that is not filled
 e, tadless and inert
 e to e, ashes to ashes
 e was feverous and did shake
 e was without form
 e where cares abound
 E will live by hers
 e, with her thousand voices
 ever e and th' world were made
 every man upon this e
 fatall round e's shores lye
 faldstaff lards the le in e
 far-swooping elbowed e
 faults they commit e covereth
 feels the attraction of e
 first e were passed away
 floor round the e
 flowery lap of e
 for e too dear
 foundations of e
 fresh E. in new leaves
 from e's wide bounds
 from going to and fro in the e
 from wh. e, and grave, and dust
 gazing on the e
 guild rounds about the e
 give him a little e
 gives all men all e to lov
 give the face of e round
 glance from heaven to e
 God in heaven and thou upon e
 green corners of the e
 have mercy on us worms of e
 heaven nor e have been at peace
 Heaven tries e if it be in tune
 hclp to make e happy
 hcr all on e
 her clarion o'er the dreaming e
 he who is laid upon e
 high in comparison of the e
 his head upon the lap of e
 honour back, as a king to e
 hope of all the cinds of the e
 huge foundation of the e
 I create new heavens and a new e
 if all the e were paper
 indifferent children of the e
 in e's firmament do shine
 in that rich e
 I saw a new heaven and a new e
 I saw nought common on thy E
 is thy e so marred
 I swing the e a trinket
 I will move the e
 kindly fruits of the e
 laid the foundations of the e
 lay her I the e
 lay luxury gentle e
 let me cat e upon thy heart
 let me enjoy the e
 let us stay stayer on the e
 lie heavy on him, I!
 long age in the deep-delved e
 Lord and Master of E
 man marks the e with run
 meantime, there is our e here
 muck shall inherit the e
 more beautiful than the e
 more than on e is thought
 mortal mixture of E's mould
 neath the breast of E
 needs find out new heaven, new e
 not on things on the e
 O E, lie heavily upon her eyes
 o'er e's green fields
 of the e, earthy
 on e I am a stranger
 on e was never sown
 on the bare e exposed he lies
 on the e the broken arcs
 ore received her frame
 or in the e beneath
 our duty e alike feeds beast
 plants suck in the e

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Earth (cont)

poetry of e is never dead
replish the c
rich apple-blossomed e
risen up E's Greatest Nation
round e's unminged corners
sad old e must borrow its mirth
saying learnt on that dark c
set lip to e's bosom bare,
she comes more near the c
sheet let down to the c
since brass, nor stone, nor c
sing, ye heavens, and earth ruly
sleeps in that quiet c
smile o the brown old c
smug, little firm the c
so the whole round e is bound
standing on c, not rapt above
summer clothe the general c
tike of English e is much
takes c's abatement
that ere were c about him
the c for it is his footstool
the c is not too low
the c is the Lord's
the c is the Lord's, and the fulness
the c is the dower of rivers
the c may be glad that of
the c shall melt away
the c, that is sufficient
th inhabitants of the c
the hark arising from sullen e
the latter day upon the c
then shall the e bring forth
there were giants in the c
thy whose course on c is o'er
things learned on e
thing that creepeth upon the c
thirsty c soaks up the rain
this ambiguous c
this dim spot, wh men call E
this c of majesty
this c, this realm, this England
this goodly frame, the c
this peopled e a solitude
this span of c we possess
tho all the c o'erwhelm them
tho the c be moved
thou sure and firm-set e
thru my lips to unawakened e
thy will be done in e
till L and sky stand presently
to no such nurture E are turn'd
too good for e
to that pleasant country's e
to the listening e reports
turn again to cover the c
two pieces of the vilest e
upon the dull e dwelling
very c did hake
villain of the c
water under the e
way of all the c
what if e be but the shadow
what's said on e we never
when e was younger heaven
when e was young
wh in old days moved e
wh c heard in dread
while the c remains
whole e is full of his joy
who M up of base F, didst make
with e's wastes make accord
ye are the salt of the c
ye hiv left yr souls on e
yrs is the c

Earth-born poor, e companion
thine c joy rears
Earth's treasures from an e pot
Earthly as plaid that any c thing
e, sensual, devilish
nothing c did surpass her
to their c mother tend
Earthquake after the wind in e
an c's spoil sepulchred below
if an e were to engulf England
in that world-e, Waterloo
sold pills against an c
the Lord was not in the c
Ease a delicious place called E
animate an hour of vacant e

Ease (cont)

ate e on Zion
Bekal counselled ignoble e
bring equal e unto my pain
Deity doth e its heart of love
done with so much e
e after war
for another gives its e
give me great e than Christ
induce the brave to fault e
infinit heart's e
interpose a little e
joys in another's loss of e
live at home at e
nature, kindly bent to e us
never wholly be at e
not the doctrine of ignoble c
on the dappled turf at e
prodigal of e
put to hazard his e
singest in full-throated e
some come to take their c
studious of elegance and c
studious of laborious c
such men be never at heart's e
take mine e in mine inn
take mine e, drink
thy fortress, and thy e
too much spirit to be e'er at e
true e in writing comes from art
Faded the putting off these disguises
Faster I am e to be played on
Lassness in admitting any variation
Lest a man with his back to the L
ask me no more if e or west
daily farther from the c
did not from the L
casual to conquer it (the L)
c, sh c of Himilay
Lest the way into Mississippi
E is L
e of Sulz
c wind may never blow
fury portals of the c
gorgeous E with richest hand
hold the gorgeous E in aid
if you've e're the E 's-cillim'
lo, in the sanctuaried E
look how wide also the c is
Lo! the Hunter of the F
or in the chambers of the F
Phoebus duples the drowsy c
politics in the F dissimulation
promotion neither from the c
recruty goes out to the E
send dukes from the c
takes this window for the e
the E bowed low
the L is a carter
the fume c quackens
the folding doors of the F
the little birds sang e
there came wise men from the e
there is neither E nor West
thine e from their L
trud to insult the L
wh have seen his star in the c
wind blew due E
wind's in the c
I st-cheep merry men of E
Laster but F-Day balks L
Laster e side beheld of Paradise
ere the blabbing e scout
like a blooming, F bride
not by e windows ill
right against the e gate
Fisterdied wearing white for I
Eastward come e some westward
Lisy all zeal, Mr E
but he was e there, e c hew
conclusions of c ways to die
let yr precept be, 'Be c'
his c to be true
trust come e to him
yrs, lad, I lie e
Eat cars no more to clothe and c
con-found all presents wot e
c and drink our own damnation
e an ounce less meat
c, drink, and be merry
e exceedingly, and prophesy

at e into itself, for lack
e like water, and fight like devils
e not of it raw
e the rest of the anatomy
e thou and drink
e to the glory of God
gave me of the tree, and I did e
how shall I e my head
I cannot e but little meat
I ed e one of Bellamy's pils
I e well, and I drink well
I e what I see
if I dare e I dare meet Surrey
I'll e my head
I will not waltz with you
let us e and drink, for wedie
lots of toys and things to e
not work, neither shd he e
I did eat and e
some has meat, and canna e
some wad e that want it
so we must e we
the people sat down to e
the sort who e unduly
this Babe must e
thou didst e string flesh
thou shalt not e of it
to e, and to drink, and to be merry
we did e bread to the full
we has neat and we can e
we must e to live
ye shall e it in haste
Eaten e me out of house and home
hiv we e on the insane root
he was e of worms
they'd e every one
I atr e of broken meats
grat e of beef
out of the same forth meat
bators sheep tame and so small e
I ath yr master with publicans
Lating against e cars lap me
e and drinking, marrying
Eats whatever Miss T e
Enve-d, whether there e fall
E nvs fall upon yr guided e
on the instant clamorous e
Ebb a fatal e and flow
c and flow must c be
great ones that c flow
ne'er c to humble love
the c're feet retreating e
that e swept out the flocks
Ebrew I am a Jew else, an E Jew
I centric centric and c
I centricities of genius
Eckstasie tyranny's the worst
Eclipsat Athanasian e lyric
Ekho 'my challored c clear
applaud thee, to the very e
E answers Du'
e is not faint at last
e round his bones for evermore
it gives a vary e to the v c
left in e in the sense
sweet F, sweetest nymph
the cave where E lies
woods answer and my e rings
Fcho's all melodies the c
faster, c, dyming dyming
by the c be e m
our e roll from soul to soul
set the wild c flying
the c wh he made relent
Echoing walks betw c n
Eckstn mound where E stood
Eclipsat first the rest nowhere
gloom of earthquake and c
irreconvertible dark, total e
moon hith er e endured
sick almost to doomsday with e
sluck d in the moon's c
tho e e c, that night
Eclipsat clouds and e stain moon
these litc e in the sun
Economists sophist's e
Economy noe where no efficiency
Lestares dissolve me into e
holy surgery in their e
muddy e of beer

Eat (cont)

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e the rest of the anatomy
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c shall lick the dust
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I called thee to course mine e
if laws are, their c
left me naked to mine e
let his e be scattered
make c of nations
make think c thy footstool
mine c that trouble me
my most intimate c
oui e have beat us to the pit
overtown more than yr c
smote his c in the hinder parts
speak with their e in the yre
such men my friends than e
they will be c to laws
to forgive e H— does pretend
trophies unto the c of truth
we read forgive our c
wound the head of his c
Enemy an c hath done this
a weak invention of the c
a common e of man
do be my c
c eirs are listening
c faints not, nor futeh
golden bridge is for a flyne c
first thou found me, O mine c?
hcu shall see he no c
he s an e to mankind
he who has one e
his e came and sowed tares
how goes the c?
I smother the common e
last e that shall be destroyed
mine c's dog, tho he had bit me
my c is dead
my vision's greatest e
name so terrible to the e
near't and dar'et c
O cunning e
old e the rout
O thou e, destructions are come
put in e in their mouths
right to be taught by the c
security is mortal c'stuck e
still the c and the avenger
that sweet e France
there he met his e
thing devised by the e
to the victim the spoils of the e
worst friend and e is but Death
Enemies of our system will decay
Energy c divine
E is Eternal Delight
Enforce a desperate amour
Enforced, shows a hasty spark
Enforcement my strong e be
Engagement flows from every e
Engendered I have't, it is e
Enginc devilish iron e
he put this c to our ears
in dirt the reasoning e hes
that curious c, yr white hand
two-handed e at the door
wit's an unruly e
Engineer c host with his petar
wit striking sometimes the
Engines 'alone wi' God in my e
e to play a little on our own
O you mortal e
England a body of E's
admirals' all, for E's sake
a dust whom E bore
alas, alas, for E
as a lover or a child [England]
be E what she will
between France and E the sea
born and bred in E
Cambridgeshire, of all E
chaffinch sings in F—now I
children in E take pleasure
coastwise lights of E
cold queen of E
cottage homes of E

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country men of E
did not delay to E to carry
earthquake were to engulf F
E—a happy land we know
E and Saint George
E I awake! awake!
E's bashfulness in religion
E bound in with the sea
E does not love coalitions
E expects every man
E has been in a dreadful state
E has saved herself
E the need of thee
E, Home, and Beauty
E invented the phrase
E is a garden
E is a nation of shopkeepers
F is a paradise for women
F is the mother of Parliaments
E mourns for her dead
E, my E
E, my own
F's Allied named
E's being hammered
E's green and pleasant bowers
E's green and pleasant land
E shall bide till Judgement
E's high Chancellor
E's Milton equals both in fame
E's on the anvil
E's the one land, I know
E's Walhalla
E's winding sheet
E, that it was wont to conquer
E to be the workshop of world
E under the drugs of men
E was merry E
E, we love thee better
E, where they are most potent
ere I's griefs began
I Florence, Elizabeth in F
foreign field that is forever E
France influenced manners in E
further off from E
gentlemen in E, now a-bed
get me to E, once again
go anywhere in E
God-gifted organ-voice of E
Greece, Italy and I
green fields of E
happy E
heralds of E's march
here did E help me
he that is mad, and sent into E
high road that leads him to E
history of E is of progress
Honour unto E's Jane
how can I help E?
I am E's queen
I am in E, everywhere
if E to itself do rest but true
if E was what E seems
in E seven halfpenny leaves sold
my e's song for ever
in regard to this aged F
insignificant men as any in F
Ireland gives E her soldiers
it was never merry world in E
I've a hundred captains in F
knew what E means
know of F who only I know?
knuckle-end of I
light such a candle in E
let not E forget her precedence
linking our F to his Italy
lost the last of E
marriages of E
men of E, wherefore plough
men of light and leading in E
men that worked for F
mythic time of E's prime
no amusements in E but vice
noon wakes on E
nor, E I did I know till then
not E the of our dreams
oats in E given to horses
O F, full of sin
O E I model to thy greatness
of a king E to F
of all the trees in F

England (cont.)

oh, to be in E
old E is lost
old E is our home
old E to adorn
oldest singer that E bore
on E's pleasant pastures
or E had again such a king
our banner of England flow
our noble E's praise
pastoral heart of E
proud I keep untamed
roast beef of E
Romans in this realm of E
seeing a worse F
shure the heart of L will
since he stood for E
slaves cannot breathe in L
sleep in Old E's heart
some love L and her honour yet
stately homes of E
such night in E as ne'er had been
suspended in favour of I
take my drum to L
ten thousand of the c men in E
the Man of E circled
the metropolis of L
the royal navy of I
they that rule in L
this E never did, nor never shall
this is E's greatest son
this realm, this E
thoughts of L given
three good men unburned in L
to ensure summer in L
to ride in L to take a prey
wake up I
walk upon E's mountains
we are the people of L
what am I in E's case
where an immortal E sits
where rest not E's dead
while L talked of L
who dies if E live
whoever wakes in E
whose limbs were made in L
with F's own cold
with the crews of E's fleet
ye Minnors of I
ye gentlemen of F
you poison L at her roots
youth of F live on fire
English a body-breathing E air
a boy, half French, half E
a happy I child
Alfred came to be an E king
Allah ersted the E mad
among the E poets after my death
an E Flag was flown
an E unofficial rose
as F an article as a breakfast
best thing in fiction I done
between E earth and sky
breeds hard I man
buy my E roses
characteristic of the monarchy
L a foul-mouthed nation
L army led by an Irish general
I bid adieu to common feeling
E's least pure philosophers
a little minor to the Scotch
E man not travel to see F men
E summer's done
E talent pour le silence
E they be and Japanee
F winter—ending in July
faint Nobles and their Jew
find one E book as in the *Iliad*
fine old F gentleman
freedom an E subject's
ghost will walk in an E lane
God's patience and the king's E
good E hospitality
nearest L, I instinct fraught
he off F—making was the best
if he went among the E
marks our E dead
my native E, now I must forego
nor any F think
only that I make their abode
O noble E I

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O when shall E men
principle of the E constitution
really nice E people
rolling E drunkard
rolling E road
shed one E tear o'er E dust
strung them on an E thread
sunny gems on an E green
sweet as F air cd make her
take of F earth as much
talent of our E nation
that an E lord shd lightly mel
there was not L armour left
till the L grew polite
to attain in E style
to make his E sweete
to the F (empire) of the sea
trick of our E nation
undr in E heaven
upon one pair of E legs
up with our L dead
we be all good E men
well of E undefied
well bird-haunted E lawn
when the E began to hate
when you can't think of the E
white is the L child
winged heels, as E Mercurius
yr Saxon-Danish-Noiman E
Englishman an E thinks he is moral
as I am an F
hroid-shouldered, gonal E
liothier, E, and I ricnd
E, bump flattened, is a lamb
E is content to say nothing
I shewin-born privilege
I whose heart is in matter
E who speakth aginst ale
he is an F
he remains an E
never find an E in the wrong
no E unmoved
not one E
one E cd beat three Frenchmen
ordinary young L
she wo'd an L
the list great E is low
thorough an E as ever coveted
vain ill-matured thing an E
what an E believes he heresy?
Englishmen shoud nature of E
and I are w
proper drink of F
we will be honest I
when two I meet
you will not find F doing it
Engross pens a stndz when he shd
c
Enjoy after that to e [it] [it]
can neither, when we will e
e things wh others understand
he can thoroughly e the popper
lit me e the wine he lvs
Light, wh I can e e
more we c, it more it dics
so is in due time we may e them
so I both c and miss her
we prize not, whilst we c it
who can e alone
with what I most e contented least
you never e the world ar lit
Enjoyed all times I have e greatly
e in vision beathe
human life is little to be c
if not e e sitting en c
supnidy e the gifts of the foundr
to have e the sun
I moving all e, what contentment
belief of truth wh is the c of it
think, oh think, it worth e
Enjoyment a dry in such serene e
question was it done with c?
unless it from e spring
Enjoyments pleasant it it were not
for its e
Enjoye e the air it breathes
the King e his own again
Enlaign c diminish mtrine
e my life with multitude of days

Enmesh me, and impute my Fall
Enmity under the smis of safety
en't all that's at e with joy
Enna that fair field of E
Eno soar with E
Enoch walked with God
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Enough eaten oysters never had e
e for nature a ends
e, he died the death of fame
e, if something from our hands
e of science and of art
first cries, 'hold, c'
I 'ave't 'ad e
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patriotism is not e
sath not, it is e
'tis e, 'twill serve
was it not e?
yet ar they only not e
Enquire, e wisely concerning this
the pace is too good to e
Enraged I write, I know not what
Enrich e my heart, mouth, hands
c unknowing Nations
Enriched thou hav e both
hatched me one of that wh not e
Enrichment of our native language
I nsmple noble e to his sheep
Ensham above by E
Ensign beauty's e yet is crimson
tear her tattered e down
Enskied and sainted
Enslive education impossible to e
Ensnares hath thus e my soul
Entente name of 'E Cordial'
Enter all hope abandon, ye who e
although I e not
e thou into the joy of thy Lord
too late! ye cannot e now
wh [stars] e unannounced
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Intergraft so e to our hands
Enterprise e is sick
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e us with no e
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you, sir, I e for one of my hun-
dred
Intertaining very e to myself
Entertainment dull thy palm with e
human knee is not an e
invent some other custom of e
principal features of my E
what lent en
Entirely except you e me
Enthralled virtue may be assueld
but not e
Enthusiasm e moves the world
nothing great achieved without e
studious martyr to milk e
Enthusiasts few who speak the truth
Entire c and perfect chrysolite
e and whole and perfect
if thy Faith is e, press onward
Entrails in the poisoned c throw
swords in our own proper e
Entrance beware of, to a quarrel
c rooks the fete of Duncan
grow slack from my first e in
Entrances their exits and their e
I ntrancing it is to wander
Entrap times put on to e
Entrat e me not to leave thee
not moved by any that e
Entruned in his nose full mndly
Fntwine itself verdantly still
Environ what perils do e the man
Environed with a great ditch
Envy America the e of the world
death extinguisheth e
c and calumny and hate and pain

Envy (cont)

and wrath shorten the life
e, hatred, and malice
e is a kind of praise
e never makes holiday
e of less happier lands
e of thy happy lot
e 's a coal comes hissing hot
e 's a sharper spur than pay
e, ye great, the dull unlettered
has she no f ulti then (E says)
I e not in any moods the captive
my means may lie too low for e
whose gulle, stirr'd up with e
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grapes of E
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two handles
Mrs Carter cd translate F
Lepcurus a true hog of E herd
he was a wise one
I held E strong
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better have a bad e
not remembered in thy e
surely that may be his c
the e drear 'a Fool has here'
Epitaphs a nice derangement of e
let a tale of worms, and e
talking of E
Epithet fair is too foul an e for thee
Epithets e of war
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Epitome all mankind's e
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Equal all e are within the Church's
all men are created e
all shall e be
compel us to be e upstairs
deemed e in strength
e division of the civil earnings
I am e and whole
thine e knew I never
tho' equal to all things
vain treat them as if they were e
Equality E! Fraternity!
never be e in the servants' hall
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Equaled with me in fate
Equils awkward society of his e
friendship commerce between e
least of all between e
Equator quarrellin' w' the E
speaks respectfully of the E
when they got as far as the E
Lquestrian Grand E Troop
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Equinox when was the e?
Equivocate I will not e
Equivocate, faith here's an e,
Equivocation e of the fiend
e will undo us
Fries this is E vein
Erebus affections dark as E
not I itself were dim enough
Erect godlike E, with native honour
grow up as that comes home
of far nobler shape e and tall
stood e, caught at God's skirts
unless above himself he can e
Erecting there e new
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Eric call me F
Fricking any beastly F
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out of the e into h're
what is e believed
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vincing
compell'd to give in e
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it's not e
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be not overcome of e
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by e report and good report
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no man is justified in doing e
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reus not e
some soul of goodness in things e
s'pirits wh serve things e
still to find means to the e
sufficient unto the day is the e
the e that men do lives after
thereat call e good
there shall no e happen unto thee
this heart, all e shed away
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th' fall'n on e days
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Ys. itself lost half its e
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with Predestined E's round unmesh
w' tipp'n'ly, we fear nac e
Evils death the least of all e
don't let e make imaginary e
must expect new e
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pitch our e there
torments from e never arrived
two weak e, age and hunger
turn from us all those e
Ew, as are most free e
Evolution e is a change for homo-
genity
some call it e
Evolved imperfectly e in our heads
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Ew, as I raise, tapping yr e
whereof the e not bits
Ew'r as safe in a golden e
Ew's my e bred not
Ewigheit stay in de e
I exact greatness not to be e
Exactness with e grinds he all
Exaggerated reports of my death
e
Exalt whosoever shall e himself
Exalted e them of low degree
humble himself shall be e
knock at a star with my e head
Exalted surpasses ever e himself
Exalts what man does wh e him
Examinations are formidable
Examine me, O Lord
Example e is more efficacious
e is the school of mankind
George III profit by their e
lower orders set us a good e
many an error, by the same e
my great e, as it is my theme
Examined by the first Pace
Excavating for a mine
Excal Bethelhem thou dost all e
by different methods men e
crime's so great as daring to e
teach others who themselves e
where none admire, 'tis useless to e
Excellence faults nearly allied to e
in new e divine is old forgot?
steved of their e
Excellency of art, is its intensity
Excellent embodiment of everything
that's e
e herbs had our futhers
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e thing in woman
e wretch!...but I do love thee

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learning is most e
nature never makes e things
the things that are more e
Excellent distinction of e in his
kind
Silvia is e
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Except e my life
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e the present company
Exception admits not some e
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Excess best things carried to e
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e of glory obscur d
give me e of it
nothing in e
not the drinking but the e
so much poverty and e
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to some divine e
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wis thro' e of wisdom
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Exate a hateful tax
Exciseman other an e
The De'il's Awa' Wi' the E
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Exclaim no more against it
Excommunicate from all the joys
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Excuse an e for the glass
Began to make e
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surely he's without e
'tis an e every man will plead
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the e
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fled like some frail e
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 beauty shall pass into her f
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 before I knew thy f or name
 behold her f at ample view
 beholding his natural f
 bright f of danger
 but then f to f
 by his words be his f
 called upon to f some moment
 caricature of a f
 corpse with a sad swelled f
 disasters in his morning f
 do thou fall upon thy f?
 drift f upwards on the only tide
 dust wh the wind blows in yr f
 each turned his f
 everybody's f but their own f
 of all the world is changed
 f of him that sitteth on the throne
 F of Man is blacken'd
 f that launched a thousand ships
 f that's anything but gay
 f thro' love's long residence
 f to f, silent, drawing nigh
 f to lose your f
 f with an undaunted tread
 fair and open f of heaven
 false f must hide
 Fanny Kelly's divine plain f
 feel the mist in my f
 fiery f as of a crowd of stars
 fondles his own harmless f
 foolish f of praise
 fyr-reed cherubimnes f
 gazed on the f that was dead
 give me a look, give me a f
 give me them that will f me
 give the f of each around
 God hath given you one f
 good f is a letter
 grey eyes and a pale f
 has a damned Tyburn-f
 has he not a Rogue's f?
 he'd look into thy bonnie f
 he hides a smiling f
 her angel's f shined bright
 her f was fyle
 her f was full of woe
 he shows his honest f
 hid his f amid a crowd of stars
 his f deep scars of thunder
 his f all bubblies
 his f, that two hours since
 His own f to see
 honest souse f
 how blubber'd is that pretty f
 huge massy f
 human f divine
 if thou never see my f again
 I have seen God f to f
 I have seen in one Autumnal f
 illumine the f, wh, as a beacon
 in f of man or maid
 in my own f, in the glass
 it shall be a F like my f
 I will pass nor turn my f
 I wish I loved its silly f
 Jealousy a human f
 kissing with golden f the meadows
 laid her f between her hands
 languid patience of thy f
 lives on this lonely f
 look on her f, and you'll forget
 looks the whole world in the f
 Lord make his f shine
 loved a happy human f

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 407a
 114b
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 471b
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 51b
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 202a

Face (cont)
 loving thy mournful f
 make the f of heaven so fine
 marvellous harry about the f
 Maud with her exquisite f
 mind's construction in the f
 modesty wd float f down
 Monday's child is fair of f
 my f is my fortune
 my f is pink, my hair is sleek
 my f, yr flower
 Nature, with that homely f
 night's star'd f
 not a trace upon her f
 my f is my fortune
 of finer form or lovelier f
 oft he seems to hide his f
 peered with broad and burning f
 Pity a human f
 recognize me by my f
 sages have seen in thy f
 some f of his wedded wife
 see a kindred soul out to his f
 see a glimpse of His bright f
 seek His f
 seek no wonder but the human f
 see my f to f
 see the other's umber'd f
 set my ten commandments in yr f
 set upon it a good f
 she has a lovely f
 she looked in my f
 she painted her f
 sharing morning f
 showed the paint, but hid the f
 shown no glorious morning f
 since first I saw yr f
 since I no more do see yr f
 smiling f—a dream of Spring
 so exquisitely fair a f
 so sweet a f, such angel grace
 sorrow of yr changing f
 sprinkles another's laughing f
 still we find her f
 tears run down f is dappled f
 the moment that his f I see
 that very f, far from vanish
 that our f
 the f of this tall pile
 the f the index of a mind
 the flower-like f
 the garden of yr f
 there is a garden in her f
 they that lovely f who view
 thrusts the thing in our f
 thy f across his fancy comes
 thy hyacinth hair, thy classic f
 thy most kiss-worthy f
 two strong men stand f to f
 upon the f of the waters
 visit her f too roughly
 was never eye, did see that f
 was never f so pleased
 with his prism and silent f
 with the bewey'd f
 whose f the one wd meet
 white f in the coffin
 with how wan a f!
 woos me with its crystal f
 ye have a singing f
 you find one f there
 yr f, and the God-urist sun
 yr f, my quarry was
 yr f, my thane, is as a book
 Faces among so many million of f
 around the man bend other f
 brake them to our f
 canvas, grace-proud f
 daub their natural f
 dusk-f with white turbans
 f are but a gallery of pictures
 flame of fair f
 hid as it were our f
 I have seen better f
 I know the f I shall see
 in nice clean f
 in the f of men and women
 lords and owners of their f
 make our f vizards to our hearts
 men have rosy f
 mild monastic f

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 315b
 312b
 19a
 458a
 388b
 349a
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 96a

Faces (cont)
 ne'er touched earthly f
 new men, strange f
 set yr f like a flint
 the foreign f
 their f washed
 the old familiar f
 the slope of f
 their innocent f clean
 to the confusion of their own f
 wears almost everywhere two f
 when they turned their f
 with dreadful f throng'd
 you by their f see
 yr estranged f
 Facey's advertisement
 Facility f of the octo-syllabic verse
 he flowed with that f
 Fact Death was but a scientific f
 fatal fatuity of f
 he omitted to mention the f
 judges of f, tho' not of laws
 man's religion is the chief f
 matters of f very stubborn
 push the logic of a f
 when a f appears opposed
 Facton it makes them a f
 Whig The name of a f
 f'actions good in canvasses and f
 religious f are volcanees
 Facts f alone are wanted in life
 f are chiefs
 f are f and flinch not
 fa-shable f and polite annygoats
 intelligent anticipation of f
 to his imagination for his f
 what I want is f
 Faculties descend t'affections, and
 to f
 his cogitative f
 his f so meek
 souls, whose f can comprehend
 very f of eyes and ears
 Faculty how infinite in f
 the vision and the f divine
 Fading f
 Faded elms f into dimness
 f away suddenly like the grass
 f far away, dissolve
 how fast they f away
 I have loved flowers that f
 nothing of him that doth f
 they only f away
 't was the first to f away
 we all do f, as a leaf
 when can thur glory f?
 where's the cheek that does not f
 wh was the first to f away
 with these f away into the forest
 Faded but a little f flower
 companions are f and gone
 f on the crowing of the cock
 f splendour wan
 she f like a cloud
 she f like Italian flowers
 Fades f awa! like morning dew
 it f out from kiss to kiss
 now f the glimmering landscape
 until she f away
 whatever f, but fading pleasure
 Fading f in music
 how f are the joys we doat upon
 she's f down the river
 Fadler my lady F
 Faeries, dancing under the moon
 Faerie Queen before reading the F
 Faery full beautiful, a f's child
 sang as a song
 the land of f
 with a f hand in hand
 Fail and that cannot f
 f completely in the House of
 Lords
 f Sun and Breath
 ground not f beneath my feet
 I faint f
 if we shd f,—we f!
 I will not f thee
 I will not f to meet thee
 let no man's hair f
 nat o word wol he f

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Fail (cont.)
 not ashm'd to f
 sooner f than not the greatest
 succeed in that it seems to f
 the many f the onc succeeds
 there is no such word as—f
 when mine f me, I'll complain
 you auld f dyin'
 you're poety sure to f
 Failed The Light that I
 tried a little, f much
 when thro' weariness they f
 Faithful charity never f
 f now even denie the dramer
 whose goodness f never
 Failing mercy to every f but their
 own
 principal f occurred
 she had one f
 Failings c'n his f lean'd to Virtue's
 Fails she never f to please
 Failure another Faithful f
 pays the f of years
 Failures half the f in life
 Fain we are f of thee
 would f see good days
 Faint always to pray, and not to f
 a man, so f, so spiritless
 eating hay when you're f
 f and far away
 f heart never won fair lady
 f not nor fear
 f, now, as farewell
 f, yet pursuing
 felt f—and never dared uplift
 he was ready to f
 I do f thereof
 the wandering aars they f
 they f on hill or field
 they shall walk, and not f
 we shall reap, if we f not
 with watching and with study f
 Fainted I shd utterly have f
 Faintest why f thou?
 Faints f, entangled in their mazes
 f the cold world
 the enemy f not, nor faith
 Fair a f where thousands meet
 a Mistress moderately f
 all her care was but to be f
 all so excellently f
 all f and soft, and sweet
 all those f, and fragrant things
 anything but what's right and f
 as f s'er was s'c'n
 Bacchus ev'r f, and ever young
 be f and yet not fond
 behold thou art f, my love
 every f from f sometimes declines
 f and f, and twice so f
 f and softly, John, he said
 f and was good
 f as is the rose in May
 f be their wives, right lovesom
 f dafools, we weep to see
 f, fat, and forty
 f is foul, and foul is f
 f too foul an epithet
 f not she fall
 f stood the wind for France
 f white linen clad
 f with orchard lawns
 growth to f instead of plun
 heaven not grim but f of huc
 holy, f and wise is she
 how near to good is what is f
 I have found out a gift to my f
 I have sworn thee f
 Irish are a f people
 is she kind as she is f?
 Lady Jane was f
 let me say that thou wert f
 lives a woman true and f
 lose possession of that f
 more than most f
 most divinely f
 never yet was foolish that was f
 not anything to show more f
 O f O sweet
 outward be f, how ev'r foul within
 f, divinely f, fit love

Fair (cont.)
 sh's is not f to outward view
 she that was ev'r f
 she that was young and f
 she was more f than words
 so f a fancy few wd weave
 so f, so calm, so softly scal'd
 so young, so f
 sweet and f she seems
 that was only f
 the brave deserves the f
 the day is aye f
 the f commands the song
 the hand that made you f
 thou art f, my love
 thou art dead, as young and f
 thou love, and she be f
 thou, that didst appear so f
 thou wcdl who art so lovely f
 thus wondrous f
 to make itself, in thee f
 were it fifty times as f
 were she pitiful as she is f
 what care I how f she be
 wondrous still the charming f
 yr heart's ambition to be f
 I have seen she f than the day
 f far than this fair day
 f person lost not Heav'n
 f than any wakened eyes behold
 f than feigned old
 f than the evening air
 her very frowns are f far
 lily of a day is f far in May
 the f way is not much about
 you shall be yet far f
 Fairest f among women
 f things have fleetest end
 O f of creation!
 the leader is f
 Furies do you believe in?
 f, black, grey, green
 f break their dances
 farewell, rewards, and f
 I don't believe in f
 she don't f me
 it was the beginning of f
 the f's coach-makers
 Faining thou'll get thy f
 Fais he haunts wakes, f
 Fain-spoken, and persuading
 f hurry, mutes reported in the f
 Fairy f hands their knell is rung
 calls up the realms of f
 f (yes, whose midnight rucks
 f land where all the children
 light she was and like a f
 like a f trip upon the green
 little f falls down dead
 loveliest f in the world
 Mary Bell had a F in a nut
 no f takes nor witch hath power
 the f kind of writing
 the f way of writing
 'tis almost f time
 wide enough to wrap a f in
 Fairy Prince much-adored F
 I cry queen come not near our f
 near the cradle of our f
 Fairy-tale of olden times
 Faith all that f creates
 a scientific f's absurd
 a stronger f embrace a sword
 author and finisher of our f
 bloody I the foulest birth
 build their f upon pike and gun
 but a f, fanatic f, once wedded
 distrust our cherished f
 doubt disaverted by f
 ev'r the f endures
 f and ful credence
 f and morals hold wh Milton held
 f as a grain of mustard seed
 f in a nation of scateries
 f in their happy eyes
 f, meekness, temperance
 f of Christ crucified
 f of our fathers' holy f
 f of the poor is faint
 f panting for a happier seat
 f's defying

Faith (cont.)
 f shines equal, arming me
 f's transcendent power
 f substance of things hoped for
 f that looks thro' death
 f that right makes might
 f unfaithful kept him
 f unfaithful forsworn
 f without works is dead
 fight the good fight of f
 for modes of f let zealots fight
 he must gather his f together
 his f, in some nice tenets
 if I break f, the word shall speak
 if thy F is entire
 if ye break f with us who die
 I have kept the f
 I have not found so great f
 I mean the f's Defender
 impossibilities for an active f
 increase of f, hope, and charity
 in f and hope the world disagree
 in thy f and fear
 'I shd have more f', he said
 I shd not alter in my f of him
 let f be given
 live in thy f, by admiration
 made of f and service
 more f in honest doubt
 my f that every flower enjoys
 my life upon her f!
 my staff of f to walk upon
 my strong f shall purchase me
 not f, but mere Philosophy
 not for all his f can see
 no tricks in plain and simple f
 not the dying for a f
 now abideth f, hope, charity
 of heaven, f, and inward gleam
 our f, our pride
 O thou of little f
 O welcome pure-ey'd F
 puts me from my f
 sacred dictates of thy f
 sanctified by reason, blest by f
 sea of f was once at the full
 shake a man's f in himself
 simple f than Norman blood
 that he hold the Catholic F
 the f that launched her dart
 the f that ye share
 the just the love by f
 them that do not have the f
 these all died in f
 the shield of f
 tho' f and form be sunder'd
 tho' I have all f
 tis a point of f
 vain f, and courage vain
 want of f in all
 welcome home again discarded f
 we walk by f
 what of the f and fire within us
 when F is kneeling by his bed
 which constitutes poetic f
 wh I accept every one do keep
 Faithless f's cry
 Faithful Abdel, f found
 army of the f
 as I am a Christian f man
 be thou f unto death
 called I and True
 f in that wh is least
 f of thy word
 f only he
 f to God and thee
 he was my friend, f and just
 I have been to thee, C'nara
 O come, all ye f
 O f shepherd! to come
 to the f herdman's art belongs
 Faithfulness his f and truth
 Faithless be not f, but believing
 f as the winds or seas
 mortal, but f was she
 Faiths both were F, and both are gone
 f and empires gleam
 f are wafer-cakes
 the old f loosen and
 Falcon, my good biting f
 Falcon dapple-dawn-drawn F

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gentle as f or hawk	420b	any other thing that's f	720b	while f elates thee	281a
Falconer O! for a f's voice	365b	as thou be not f to others	15b	ympt the wings of f	79a
falconer winged the poen	75a	betrayed by what is f within	264a	you shall live by f	408a
Falkland f wd with a sad accent	201a	by the philosopher, as equally f	162a	Famed cheat so well as she is f to do	220a
like f fall	73a	canst not then be f to any man	330b	Familiar bet'hou f	330b
Fall assails f like sweet strains	147a	f as dicers' oaths	335a	don't let us f or fond	105b
alho' t f and die that night	216b	f Sevius' oaths	213a	f acts are beautiful	307b
another thing to f	351a	f tho' she be to me	105a	f but not coarse	213a
created half to f	301a	framed to make women f	360b	f with her face	301a
dew shall weep thy f	187b	if all is f that I advance	107b	our names, f in his mouth	383a
diggett a pit-shall f into it	490b	if she be f, O! then heaven mocks	362a	the old f faces	240b
doeth these things, never f	482b	I was f of heart	389a	till, more f grown	443b
dost thou f upon thy fac?	364b	trug out the f	431a	Familiarly bests boldness	259b
fair the f of songs	414b	round numbers are always f	209b	Families all unhappy f resemble	
f into the hands of God	417b	she can both f and friendly be	246b	each	567a
f not out by the way	493b	she will be f, ere I com	134a	best-regulated f	122a
f on us, and hide us	510a	taking true for f	427b	f not regulated by that influence	122a
flowers, thou let'st f from Dis's	373a	'tis f 'tis f I my Arab steed!	296a	good f are generally worse	107a
for fear of what might f	341a	to bring the f to light	36b	great f of yesterday	118b
fruit tht can f without shaking	280a	true before, prove f again	66a	mothers of large f	25b
gr, it was the f of it	508a	wouldst not play f	346b	murder seems to run in f	245a
haughty spirit betote a f	498a	Falsehood f has a perennial spring	55a	old f last not three aces	42b
huld we f to rise	52a	f is worse in kings	328b	one of yr antediluvian f	104b
heridest thou f	330b	f wd be more miraculous	201a	rooms in f homeward go	186a
he tht is down can f no lower	46a	goodly outside f hath	361a	secu in all f	156a
he tht is down needs f, or no f	54b	heart for f framed	400a	Family a f happier for his presence	412a
his f was destined to a strand	213b	let her and I grapple	279a	bosom of her respectable f	58b
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I had given the devil a foul f	287a	strife of I ruth with I	250b	eyes all the smiling f askance	443b
if he f in good night	373a	to unweave f	385b	Hal hal F. Pride	164b
impute my F to sin	154a	wedded fast to some dear f,	282a	his f was not unworthy of him	129b
in this we stand o' t	275a	with glorious f	546a	one of Eve's f	115b
it had a dving f	369b	with vizor f	267b	strenuous f dusted from its hands	405a
it is good to f	458a	yr bat of f takes this carp	331b	Famine due by f die by inches	185b
kill'd by a f from a cherry-tree	281a	Falsest tomorrow f than the former	190b	I supply of toothpicks	205b
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nowhite to f but oil	225a	to the memory of 'Shakespeare, F	170b	I awoke and found myself f	74b
only bliss that is survived the f	112a	Falter f are lost in the storm	7b	Famous for fight	387a
she who trifles less likely to f	160a	hesitate and f life away	8a	Fan f spread and streamers out	105a
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take heed lest he f	514b	Cromwell, damned to everlastig f	301b	lay yr earthly f down	435a
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with many a f shall linger near	310a	f is a food that dead men eat	131a	Fancy all the gardener F,	220b
yet fear I to f	307b	f is like a river	16b	bright-eyed f	175a
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many have f by the tongue	520b	great heir of f	278a	f is the sails	222a
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O how t f how chang'd	271a	he mistook it for f	169b	F's gilded clouds	209a
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though f on evil days	275a	his f soon spread around	155b	fellow f of most excellent f	37b
ye are f from grace	515b	honour be yrs, and f	287b	food of sweet and bitter f	327b
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Falleth that f on the grs	524b	let f, that all hunt after	344a	listen to the whispers of f	213b
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wi' thur f into their hand	510a	the f's early care	601a	f gift of beauty	260a
Fantastic light f toe	268b	this is the f sowing his corn	534a	great deal of f is absolutely f	460a
Fantastical it alone is high f	160b	farmers our f round	113b	so sweet was ne er so f	363b
joys are but f	132a	the embattled f stood	140b	strange and f interview	132b
murder yet is but f	340b	three jolly f once bet	116b	their f hands no second stroke	273a
Fantasies even the linked f	442a	Farms has wi' the weed-stockt f	61a	Fatality there is a m't	411a
Fantasy all made of f	327b	pleasant villages and f	209b	Fate Arbiter of others' f	73b
opinion he held once of f	138b	what f are those?	176b	armour against f	401a
too strong for f	132b	Of her I'm f off from Heaven	105a	at length my f I know	47b
Far drawn from thoughts more f	43b	O f, I sail!	457a	best of men cannot suspend f	118a
f and few, are the lands	243b	Farthest as far as who goes f	338a	big with the f of Cato	1a
f, f, ahead, is all his seaman	97a	f from him best	271a	Fatality there is a m't	73b
f, f behind is all they can say	127b	Farthing kind of f dip	415a	cd thou and I with f conspire	154b
f, f better rest that I go to	127b	never pay a f for it	116a	equalled with me in f	273a
f, f better thing I do	127b	paid the uttermost f	505a	F cannot touch me	75a
f from eye of car	422a	sparrows sold for two f	509b	f never wounds more deep	213a
f from here, the Adriatic breaks	5b	two sparrows sold for a f	506a	I so obviously debar	260b
f from sorrow, f from sun	130b	what I do, for a f less	15b	F thy measure takes	250b
f from the lips we love	281b	Fascination a f frantic	165a	F, I'me, Occasion	307a
f from the madding crowd's	174b	f in his very bow	71b	f tried to conceal him	104b
f or forgot to me is near	146a	Fashion after the high Roman f	324b	I wrote her a tragedy	24b
nor f away deem thy doom	37b	as out of the f	95b	fears his f too much	280b
peace to him that as f	503a	construe after their own f	314a	for all our children's f	229a
set this foot of mine as f	138a	cross-garred, a she d'clists	171b	for knowledge, will and f	272b
she is f from the land	281b	deceit put f on	384a	full reward and glorious f	184a
so near and yet so f	411a	faithful to thee, Lyncar! in my f	135a	hand of f has scoured us	215b
think on him that's f awa	59a	f all things fair	179b	hanging breathless on thy f	246b
Farce lamb in a sentimental f	219b	f a word wh' knaves may use	94b	he fits for f	140b
same grey f again	92b	f of a new doublet	148a	here's a heart for every f	77a
the f is over	505a	f of this world passeth	514a	he that knows not f	92b
Fardels who would f hear	333a	f's brightest arts	166b	his was an untow'rd f	71b
Fare I thee will! and if for ever	72b	f, the arbiter	410b	how very sad thy f	220b
f thee well for I must leave	527a	b, tho' Lolly's child	113b	how wayward the decrees of F	440b
f thee well, great heart	379a	f to abuse in public	34a	I wd not fear nor wish my f	107a
not yr bill of f	418a	following f nay'd him twice	176a	let this be my f	304a
that hasn't paid his f	231a	hug quite out of f	369a	limbs of a vulgar f	175b
when you receive a f	38b	hugger as f	125b	look upon my self and curse my f	184a
Fared sumptuously every day	510a	not for the f of these times	326a	master of my f	184a
Farewell bidding you a long f	29a	was marriage ever out of f?	66a	must F act the same grey farce	92b
f all-hallow summer	376b	Fashioned f so purely	443a	my f cries out	331a
f, a long f, to all my greatness	385b	f so slenderly	105b	my motto and my f	420a
f al the snow	90a	Fashioned clay say to him that f it	502b	no gifts from Chance con-	8a
f and stand fast	377a	I act, and f the slow, or come he f	118a	once, dead by f	22b
f be the proud brnde	124b	f by their native, shorn	111a	on what seas shall be thy f	200a
f complement!	105a	f from every village, round	222b	read the book of f	180a
f dear, deluding Woman	60b	find thy Manhood all too f	195b	she is coming, my life, my f	434a
f, far cruelty	370a	fine and as f as he can	305a	struggling in the storms of f	208b
f goes out sighing	169a	fun grew f and furious	61a	success in the unknown f	161a
f happy fields	271a	here a solemn F we keep	189a	take a bond of f	176b
f honest soldier	129a	he tells it so very f	150a	that f is thus:—no distant date	62a
f house, and f home	115a	how f they fade away	3b	the f of this country depends	128b
f king!	375b	is not this the f	503a	the man I sing, who forced by f	142b
f, my blessing season this	30b	so f for fear did he sail	407a	their ken from half of human f	7a
f my book and my devotion	89b	spare f, that oft with gods	268a	thou who mourn at the Daus's f	62a
f, my trim-built wherry	120b	thick and f they came	84b	thy f and mine are seal'd	416b
f remorse	273b	too f we live	7a	till I thy f shall overtake	225a
'f she said, 'ye virgins all'	511b	what need you flow so f	527b	Time and F of all their Vintage	151a
f the heart that lives alone	488b	why do ye fall so f?	188b	too vast orb of her f	6b
f the tranquil mind	362a	poor, who will not f in perice	113b	what I will is f	275b
f! thou art too dear	388b	Fasten him as a nail	502a	what shall be the maiden's f?	117a
f to Lochber	308a	Fasten, cried the Queen, 'T! T! T!'	84a	when f summ'ns monarchs, obey	319a
for ever, f, Casius	141a	walk a little f	584a	which f and metaphysical aid	946b
hul, and f evermore	59a	world wd. go round a deal f	82b	who can control his f?	764a
hope, bade the world f	77a	Fastest he travels the f	216b	why shd they know their f?	175a
I bid f to every cry	451b	Fastidious literature is never f	407a	will in us is over-ruled by f	250a
I only feel—'T! T! T!'	72b	Fasting a fou man and a f	320a	with a heart for any f	248a
I looks around to say f	440b	f in the wild	405b	youth, wh' f reserves	520a
No-more, Too-lite, F	112b	hope will die f	157a	Fates masters of their f	171b
No sadness of f	426a	think heaven f for a good man's	327a	our wills and f, contrary run	114a
Our everlasting f take	141a	Fasts come in f divine	107b	when F turn'd cruel	215a
our neighbour and our work f	221b	Fat a feast of f things	502a	whom the f sever	318a
so f hope, and with hope f fear	271b	all of us are f	84b	Father about my f's business	509a
sweets to the sweet f	336b	drives f oven shd himself be f	211a	a f I can never get mair	520a
tak, this girl and f	421a	f, f and forty	320a	a mother's pride a f's joy	170b
that was all the f	109a	f and look young till forty	145a	arise and go to my f	500b
than was me f	107a	f and well liking	487b	as a decrepit f takes delight	387b
thou sayest f and lol	36b	f gentleman in such a passion	149a	be the root and f of many kings	348b
wave their hands for a mute f	201a	f of the land	403b	but not an angry f	77a
wind of welcome and f	311b	f was so white	169a	carl biforn his f	88a
Part-wells everlasting f!	120a	f white woman	145a	come away, soul, thy f's shame	811a
Parin' ca' them vulgar f!	284b	Jack Sprat cd eat no f	534a	cometh unto the f, but by me	86b
haleome f	284b	Jeshurun waxed f	404b	cry not when his f dies	211b
Farm in f and field	108b	jewels make women f	21b	Diogenes struck the f	64b
keep a f, and carters	112a	men about me that are f	318a	down from the f of lights	517a
snug f of the World	406b	more f than bard becoms	441a	even so F, for it seemed good	506b
snug little f the earth	100b	one of them is f	377a	f answered never a word	249a
Farmer a better f ne'er brushed	74b	she helped him to f	19b		
f's daughter hath soft hair	75a				
f that hang'd himself	148a				

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Father (cont)

F, forgive them, for they knownot
 F, I cannot tell a lie
 F, I have sinned against thee
 F, in Heaven who lovest all
 F, in Thy gracious keeping
 F, into thy hands I commend
 F, is rather vulgar, my dear
 F, let me deduce
 F, Mother and Me
 f, of all in ev'ry age
 f, O f! what do we here
 F, of lights! what sunny seed
 f, of such as dwell in tents
 f, of the fatherless
 f's sorrow, f's joy
 F, who didst all create
 features of my f's face
 foredoomed has f's soul to cross
 full fathom five thy f's his
 had it been his f
 hath the rain a f?
 have a turnup than his f
 have we not all one f?
 her f loved me
 he took my f grossly
 his f's sword, he's girded on
 his f was before him
 his mother on his f hum begot
 Holy f, in Thy mercy
 honour thy f and thy mother
 how many a f have I seen
 I am thy f's spirit
 I go to the f
 I had it from my f
 I thank thee, O F
 it is a wise f
 it kept his f's asses
 King, f, royal lane
 lead us, Heavenly f
 har, and the f of it
 light upon him from his f's eyes
 like as a f's pitheth his children
 Lord, shew us the f
 man leave his f and his mother
 mighty God, The everlasting F
 my f and my mother forsake me
 my f argued sair
 my f chastised you
 my f did something smack
 my f feeds his flocks
 my f's brother no more my f
 my f sold me
 my f was in a button maker
 my f wept
 my poor f used to say
 O f of all of us
 only begotten of the F
 on the king my f's death
 our fair f Christ
 our f wh art in heaven
 picture of his f's face
 resembled my f as he slept
 she follow d my poor f's body
 she has deceived her f
 the Child is f of the Man
 the f of good news
 the wanton smiled, f wept
 thicker than my f's loins
 this is my true-begotten f
 tho' f and mother gave me
 thus with his f dwelleth
 thy wish was f to that thought
 with his great F bends
 we cry, Abba, F
 what my f used to say
 when thy f first did see
 were son maketh a glad f
 with His F work us a peace
 without f bred
 ye are of my f the devil
 you are old, F, William
 your f was no glazier
 Fathered, bend so f
 Fatherland guard and bless our f
 Fatherless he defendeth the f
 Fatherly then, f, not less than I
 Fathers ashes of his f
 a sojourner, as all my f were
 blood is fet from f of war-proof
 city of the healthiest f

Fathers (cont)

excellent his f's hand our f of old
 exiles from our f's land
 faith of our f I holy faith
 f, provoke not your children
 f, like so many Alexanders
 follow the generation of his f
 for whose sake our f died
 God of our f, be the God
 God of our f, known of old
 I like to be as my f were
 instead of thy f have children
 Lord God of yr f
 loud croud the f all
 our f have declared unto us
 our f that begat us
 our f worshipped stocks
 sins of the f upon the children
 slept with his f
 the f have eaten sour grapes
 we sons succeed their f's praise
 your f, where art they?
 Fathers- forth, he f whose beauty
 I athom full f five thy father lies
 full many a f deep
 mine f deep he had followed us
 thou canst not f it
 where f-hine cd never touch
 fathoms 'tis fifty f deep
 I atting I said, tie up the knocker
 latring lion and the f together
 latness f of these pursy times
 f's clouds drop f
 Fate in thy f our cares be drowned
 Father he was f than his cure
 the valley sheep arc f
 would he were f l
 Faubourg St German
 Fault a f, w needs it most
 break yr neck, 'tis not his f
 but see thy f
 condemn the f and not the actor
 every one f seeming monstrous
 faultless to a f
 fierceness makes error a f
 for they are without f
 he that does one f at first
 if at all she had a f
 it has no kind of f or flaw
 it was a grievous f
 just a f
 just as we put the f
 shun the f I fell in
 that checks each f
 the f dear Brutus
 the f was Nature's f not thine
 the glorious f of angels
 to hide the f I see
 to me he is all f
 without f or stain on thee
 Faulted wherein he most f
 Faultless faultily f
 f to a fault
 taste exact for f fact
 Fast a heady currance, scouring f
 all his f are such
 let his f observed
 all men have their f
 all men make f
 all old f and follies are forgot
 best men are moulded out of f
 be to thy f a little blind
 cleanse thou me from my secret f
 drown all my f
 England, with all thy f
 f had she, child of Adam's stern
 f so nearly allied to caxcellence
 f they commit, the earth coverth
 for I acknowledge my f
 friendly eye cd never see such f
 gossip count her f
 has she no f
 his f he gently on him!
 if he had any f
 if our f whipped them not
 I know most f
 Jesus with all thy f I love thee
 my f ye quote
 not for thy f, but mine
 some f to make us men
 teeth and forehead of our f

Faults (cont)

the greatest of f
 vile ill-favoured f
 with all he f, she is my country
 ye be hurried for yr f
 Faustine carested I
 Faustus must be damned
 favour f with God and man
 for yr f give God thanks
 looks almost like a f
 to this f she must come
 Favourable O be f and gracious
 Favour'd that art highly f
 Favourless has no friend
 a Prodigal's f
 you mark his f flies
 Favours gratitude sense of future
 f
 hangs on princes f
 in the middle of her f
 I've felt all its f
 lively sense of future f
 thost be rubus, tary f
 Fawn black heavens like a white f
 the f thirt flies
 to f, to crouch, to wait
 troopers have shot my f
 unpractis'd be to f
 Fawning base spaniel f
 fear all f, none and you
 almost to jelly with the act of f
 Arch F in a visible form
 but f all its f
 continual f and danger of .death
 crossed themselves for f
 cuckoo, O, word of f
 drives away his f
 er, we will eat our meal in f
 faith shews among men from f
 F and Bloodshed, miserable trans
 F and trembling hope
 f God keep his commandments
 f God, and take yr own part
 f God Honour the king
 f Him, ye saints
 f in a doubtful of dust
 f is a flying
 f is the parent of cruelty
 f no more the frown o' the great
 f no more the heat o' the sun
 f not, but trust in Providence
 f not, but trust in Providence
 f of change perplexes
 f of some divine powers
 f of the f, I did is the beginning
 I O little Hunter
 f or favour of the crowd
 f o' Stellenbosch
 f, the last of all
 f thou not it all
 f to launch away
 f to whom f
 f was, lest he shd make an end
 f wist not to evade
 f y no foe in shaming armour
 faults all over tribulation and f
 for f of little men
 for f of wh, hear thus, thou age
 fostered by luxury and by f
 grow grey with f
 hate f, we oft en f
 have nothing else to f
 his f still followed him
 hope and f act free
 I bid farewell to every f
 I cannot wait with f
 I do f them
 I do not, f no foe in shining armour
 If thy kisses gentle maiden
 if my name were liable to f
 I have a sin of f
 I'll f not what men say
 in the night, immanum some f
 I, w man a f for my country
 I wd not f nor wish my fate
 judge of danger wh thy f
 land of unbelief and f
 lest I shd f and fall
 little we f weather without
 many things to f
 most strange that men shd f

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Fear (cont.)

never strike suit to a f
nobility is exempt from f
no hope who never had a f
no passion so robs as f
not given us the spirit of f
O f the Lord, ye his saints
perfect love casts out f
possess them not with f
seventy breedeth f
shuddering f
spirit of bondage again to f
sunder d in the night of f
tell pale-hearted f it hes
that calms each f
that natural f in children
thawing cold f
the concessions of f
therefore will we not f
there is no f in love
there is not a word of f
the spirit of knowledge and f
they that f him lack nothing
thou needest not f mine
to be feared than by I f
tragedy arousing pity and f
trembled with f at yr frown
'twas only f first made gods
watch not one another out of f
we f to be know not what
what need we f who knows it
which feels no f
which rather than dost f to do
whom thou shalt I f
whose being I do f
why f we to become
wise f, you know forbids
with his f is put beside his part
with hope for well f
without f and without blemish
work out yr own salvation with f
Feared it is just as I f
tell thee what is to be f
twenty times was Peter f
what are they f on
Fearful come forth, thou f man
f thing to fill into the hands
frame thy f symmetry
ye f saints
Fearfully and wonderfully made
Fearless f for unknown shores
stepping f into the night
Fears craven f of being great
either f his fit too much
f are less than imaginings
f may be his
f of the brave
f shall be in the way
fifty hopes and f
forgot the taste of f
hopes and f of all the years
humble cares, and delicate f
I had no human f
its tenderness, its joys, and f
little f grow great
man f to be dcid
men's, have grown from sudden f
not mine own f
our f do make us traitors
our f our hopes belied
our very hopes belied our f
te up thy f
when I have f that I may cease
who f to speak of Ninety-Eight
within were f
Feast a f of fat things
as you were going to a f
by hrr. imagination of a f
door stood open at our f
f of reason and the flow of soul
Goldsmith's fine f
great f of languages
if so they chance to f her
let us keep the f
liberty's a glorious f
Love, thy solemn f to hold
perpetual f of nectared sweets
not, f and dance
sat at any good man's f
scramble at the shearer's f
song of them that f

Feast (cont.)

the beginning of a f
the f is sat
what f is toward in thine cell
when I make a f
Feasting go to the house of f
Feasts at all f whenal was strongest
feels make f
spots in yr f of charity
table of the Moveable f
uppermost rooms at f
wretched for f not few
Feat f on which we prided
like a crown f
such a gallant f of arms
Feather a moulted f, an eagle-
f is wafted downward
friendship never moults a f
lighter than a f
kick, ball of f and bone
stuck a f in his cap
viewed his own f on the dart
with hindward f
Feathered f creatures broke away
f race with pinions skum the air
Feathers animals without f
her f like gold
made my f gay
s under his f
she plumes her f
Feats f he did that day
'twas one of my f
Feetly foot f
Feature hunt one agreeable f
thrive in grace and f
Featured like him
Features f of my Entertainment
homely f to keep home
lady of my own f
some f of my father's face
February f, fill the dyke
I has twenty-eight alone
F hith twenty-eight alone
I last, my heart was glad
in vestal f
Fed appetite grown by what it f
but it is f and watered
f with the same food
sheep look up, and are not f
Federal our f Union
Federation of the world
Fee as the cheapest lawyer's f
before his credit, or his f
bought over God with a f
set my life at a pin's f
Feeble f as frail
help the f up
most forcible f
Fed f fat the ancient grudge
f me in a green pasture
f my lambs
f my sheep
f the brute
f with the rich
gave thee life, and bid thee f
life, that doth me f
to f and batten on this moor
we can begin to f
Feeder Mr I, B A
Feedest tell me where thou f
Feeder the f among the likes
Feeding there are forty f like one
Feeds Death, that f on men
earth alike f beast as man
Feel antilogy of making figments f
f I am so most
f what I can ne'er express
f what wretches f
he already seemed to f the flowers
I believe to 'One does' f
I f a feeling wh I f you all f
I f it more than other people
f I like one who treats alone
I met also f it as a man
in yr arms f so small
know the change and f it
no comfortable f in any member
tragedy to those that f
we f that it is there
what did it f to be out of Heaven
wd make us f, must f themselves

Feeleth He f for our sadness

Feeling f of a love
a fellow-f makes one kind
f of sadness and longing
greater f to the worse
had fed the f of their masters'
I feel a f
lost pulse of f stirs
love's f is more soft
one f too fclisly dislained
petrifies the f
prevents that sinking f
sensible to f as to sight
that dusto fine brass
to me high mountains are a f
with the gratifying f
Feelings f by wh kings governed
f by wh later Greece ruled
opinion determined by the f
their f are strong
we live in f, not in figures
Feels become my universe that f
finding how it f
Feels as they took their f
no one hope, but of his f
straight dream on f
Feet acclaim hands and bleeding f
and did those f in ancient times
and my f from falling
and what dread f
at her f he bowed
at the f of Gamshel
at the f the crocus brake
bathe those beautiful f
beat down 'satan under our f
beat more instant than the f
beat of her unseen f
be useful are thy f with shoes
before her wandering f
be jubilant, my f
broken by their passing f
came on the following f
chase the Hours with flying f
clang of hurrying f
come the expected f
crown f he grew under yr ye
disultory f of Death
diseased in his f
fall at her flying f
f have they, and walk not
f like sunny gems
like unto fine brass
f of joy in idleness
f of those high priests
f of those he fought for
f o' the men what drill
f was I to the lute
guide our f into the way
hear the grown-up people's f
her f beneath their petticoat
her f have touched the meadows
I look down towards his f
jewel-print of yr f
keep 'Ihou my f
lark drop down at his f
let my due f never fail
little snow-white f
Lord, dost thou wash my f?
making a tinkling with their f
my dreams under yr f
my f from falling
my f upon the rock
nae room at my f
now with his f
palms before my f
pierced his gospel-bearing f
place of the great trees and f
pretty f like snails
put off thy shoes from off thy f
round the f of the dy
scattered at the f of man
set my f in a large room
shake the dust of yr f
splendour and speed of thy f
spread the cloths under yr f
standing, with reluctant f
start and tremble under her f
suffereth not us to slip
tumble-crumbs intrust his slender f
tempt with wand'ring f

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Feet (cont.)

the man sprang to his f
the sea beneath my f
the shuffling of f
they hadn't any f
they lie about our f
they sit at the F
those little silver f
thus I wot my princess f
tis three f long, and two f wide
violets suddenly bloom at her f
walked those blessed f
wish their f in soda water
whit flowers are at my f
white f of laughing girls
whom f they hurt in the stocks
with faint, averted f
with her world-wandering f
with lifted f, hands still
with cary f bears forward
with their f forward
with twin he covered his f
you Stella's f may kiss
yr f shod with the preparation
Feign thing, or find words new
Feigned fairer than f of old
thus by f deny to die
Feigning was called compliment
Felicity absent thee from t awhile
f xet f of Horace
I am the measure of F
n'd'er remember their green f
none can boast sincere f
optics of the eyes to behold f
or shadow of f
our own f we make or find
perfect bliss and sol f
possession without obligation f
tavern-chair throne of human f
what more f can tell to circulate
Felicities three fearful f
Fell at one f swoop
f among thieves
foremost fighting, f
from morn to noon he f
he bowed, he f
I do not love you Dr F
I f at his feet as dead
it f to earth, I know not where
more good than all who f
my f of hair wd rouse and stir
nail to help me stand f
stood who stood and f who f
the athlete nearly f
the instant that he f
'tis enough, that when it f
we f out, I know not why
we f out, my wife and I
Felled the poplars are f
Fellow a f that hath had losses
a till f of thy hands
f eight years old
forget his f traveller
has this f no feeling
hay, hath no f
he's a good F
he was a good f
his folly has not f
impossible Rome breed thy f
many a good tall f had destroyed
old F of Trinity
'sir,' said Mr. Phipman, 'you're a f'
sweetest h't f
testy, pleasant F
that f's got to swing
there is no f in the firmament
this f's of exceeding honesty
thus f's were enough
thou art a f of a good respect
to find a young f
unweighing f
you hear this f in the cellarage
young f fell overboard
Fellow-countryman as a model
Fellow-creatures good to all my f
Fellow-mortal companion and f
Fellow-rover laughing f
Fellows certain lewd f
mighty me f nowadays
strange f in her time
virgins that be her f

Fellows (cont.)

what shd such f as I do?
Fellow-servant I am thy f
fellowship a f with essence
fears his f to die
f is heaven
f is life
half-faced f
it is for f's sake
manhood, nor good f in these
one communion and F
ready minds to f divine
simple deeds of f
the right hands of f
why shd yr f a trouble be
Felt darkness wh may be f
how she f, but what she f
Oh, thus I have f
Female child of Eve, a f
elegance of f friendship
f of sex it seems
f of the species is more deadly
for one fair f
male and f created he them
over his f in due awe
polished f friend
Feminine coarser pang, tho' f
f of errors fall
the f woman
what f heart can gold despise
whimsy is the f guide
Females eighty mile o' f
make poor f mad
Feminine coarser pang, tho' f
Fen of stagnant waters
Fence-rail straddled that f
Fences good f good neighbours
there, by the starlit f
yet all these f
Fencing that time that I have in f
Fennet house of the f
Fer I'll f him, and firk him
Ferie f he spied w his e
fye crowlin' f
Ferments and frets
Fern grasshoppers under a f
Ferne f the snow of f yers
Fern-seed we have the receipt of f
Ferrets and Fanhope
Ferret firk him, and f him
Ferry row us o'er the f
who's for the f?
Festive times that we ordained f
Festus a plunger
Fetch I f my life and bring
to f one if one goes away
Fetishy full faire and f
Fetlocks shag and long
Fetter his body lay a worn-out f
Fettered f Love from dying
so fast we are
Fetters in love with his f
strong Egyptian f
Fetid f of rich and poor
Fharshon swore a f
old f twist things and me
Fears forget all f and shed one
tear
their ineffectual f
Fever-trees all set about with f
I ever after life's fitful f
anguish and f
English drizzle wakes the f
f of life is over
grows to an evasive f
hand of a lady f the
the f called 'Living'
thy hips taken f
what f is to the physicians
Février, Generals Janvier and F
Few angel-visits, f and far between
appointment by the corrupt f
being of that honest f
but f are chosen
clash'd with his fiery f
err as grossly as the f
far and f
fear that thou wilt find but f
f and evil have the years been
f and short were the prayers
f die and none rejoin
f, f shall part where many meet

Few (cont.)

f know their own good
f there be that find it
f things to desire
f, whom genius gavo to shine
fit audience tho' f
party the gain of a f
strains, alas! too f
the f our Father sends
the notes are f
we f, we happy f
ye are many—they are f
Fet in argosy transferred from F
Fetzyred in came Mrs f
Fharshon F had a son
F swore a feud
Fiat I have a bit of F in my soul
Fib destroy his f of sophistry
fibre from the brain does tear
Fibs I'll tell you no f
fickle made the f as thou art
whatever is f, freckled
Fickleness f of the women I love
Oh, the lovely f
Fiction by fairy F drest
condemn it as an improbable f
f lags and f
Peagee the best thing in f
truth stranger than f
Fictions my f, but h'r story
Fictive origin of the f picture
Fiddle as fit as a f
f or gay sautry
f, sir, and spade
f, we know, is diddle
his lass, his f, and his trisk
I the second f
my f in Dooney
the cat and the f
the merry low the f
Fime plays the f
Fiddelpin v end! Cut out
Fiddler chemist, f, statesman
he was a f, and a rogue
in came a f
the f and tune
the f's standing by
Fiddlers called for his f three
Fiddles take back yr golden f
Fiddlestick imperial f
the strings is weakness to ex-
pedite
Fiddling a f priest
Fiddling-stick master's lost his f.
Fidel I arr F's grassy tomb
Fidgety Phil
Fie f, f upon her!
F, foh and fun
f now wd she cry
O, f, f, f, f thy sin's but a trade
Field action in the tented f
a man of the f
behold her, single in the f
but for you, possess the f
by flood and f
consider the lilies of the f
cuckoo's cry from the wet f
happy f or mossy cavern
he rush'd into the f
I thank our Lord the f is won
in a f by the rivo
like the van first took't the f
only inhabitants of the f
snake alike the senate and the f
single f wh I have looked upon
six Richmonds in the f
sleep is flying from f and tree
some of the f of a foreign f
sparkled on the yellow f
that lay f to f
the F strewn with its dank drifts
there's a whisper down the f
the sickle in the fruitful f
tills the f and lies beneath
till the f ring again
when Prussia hurried to the f
who tills this lonely f
Fields a' babbled of green f
ah, vain! These English f
as long as f are green
better to hunt in f

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Fields (*cont*)

dream of battle d f
farewell happy f
f invested with purpureal gleams
f without a flower
first and last of f
flowerless f of heaven
from the f of sleep
go not from the shining f
green f of England
happy Autumn-f
I am gone into the f
in joyless f
in the flowering of His f
in those holy f over whose acres
lilled f of France
long f of barley and of rye
nor f of amaranth
nor f of offerings
out of old f - new corn
plough the f, and scatter
poetic f encompass me
show'd how f we'll won
stroll alone through f and woods
subterranean f
the f fall southward
the f has study
the f of Immortality
to f where this no sided hail
tyrant of his f
vasty f of France
whit f, or waves, or mountains?
ye f of Cambridge
Friend, a foul f Apollyon
hodge, says the f
doubt the equivocation of the f
f hid in a cloud
f of gods and men ydrad
give the f himself his due
he knows, a fruitful f
out hyperbolic f
so eagerly the f'er bog
so spake the f
so strook - full the f
take heed o' the foul f
take marbo-hented f
out hyperbolic f
Fiends f in upper air
f that plague thee thus
f will snatch at it
these juggling f
f a pride, n' pride had he
Fierce anger insignificantly f
f as ten furies
f is the fire
f raged the tempest o'er the deep
grew more f and wild
more f and more inexorable
safer being meek than f
that f thing, conscience
with oary feet bears forward f
Fierceness makes error a fault
Fierc there's a hand, my trusty f
Fiesole, drifted over f by twilight
File Elephant that practised on a f
firewell, the f-pouring f
found the clarion - full the f
found the f, and cry the slogan
the f line of f had a wife
the wry-necked f
tootle-tootle the f
Fifteen f men on the dead man's
chest
fifteen wild Decembers
madden of bashful f
Fifth f shall close the drama
the f of November
Fifty Adams of f
at it f, chides his infamous delay
corpulent man of f
fifty springs are little room
fifty million Frenchmen
huc 's to the widow of f
it only leaves me f more
Fifty-three, forty or fight
Fifty-three, the one and the f
we fight with f
Fug did you say pig, or f?
Fight a harder matter to f
a man may f and no be slain
a man may f, and not be slain
are baffled to f better

Fight (*cont*)

a second Adam to the f
come ye here to f
dead man win a f
die in the lost, lost f
eat like wolves and f like devils
end of the f is a tombstone
famous f for f
fifty-four forty or f
f begins within himself
f it out on this line
f of the one and the fifty-three
f on to the end
f the good f
f the good f of faith
f, to be found fighting
for if they won't f us
forth to the f are gone
fought the better f
good at a f
hath no stomach to this f
he gone to f the Frunch
he that flies mought f again
I dare not f
if he f longer than he sees reason
I give the f a good f
I have fought a f
I have not yet begun to f
it is better to f for the good
I will not cease from Mental f
let's f till we
live to f another day
mortal brood accustomed to f
never ris, to f again
shall we f or shall we fly?
so ed f us no more
so f I
so one f more, the best
then say the f was in f
they now to f are gone
those that fly may f again
those who bade me f had told me
to f is but to die
to f with them again
too proud to f
Ukiah f
we don't want to f
we'll f and we'll conquer
who this great f did win
Fighter a bonny f
fies a dull f
I was ever a f
Lightish none other that f for us
Fighting f still and still destroying
f un armed amongst soldiers
fight, to be found f
foremost f, fell
I was as low as Waddington
want off f was grown rusty
Fighting l'éméraire she's the f
Fightings without were f
Fights gained a hundred f
he that f and runs away
he who f and runs away
with many the British soldier f
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they sewed f together
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fig-tree catcheth her untimely f
grither f of thistles
gown bursting f
I love long life better than f
in the name of the Prophet - f
Fig-tree every man under his f
f casteth her untimely figs
train up a f
Figure as the active or passive f
briny f of the giant
f in a country church
f in the carpet
in did come the strangest f I
only f among ciphers
this f that thou here's set
to make me the fixed f
Figures carved with f strange
f pedantical
prove anything by f
Filbert Gilbert, the f
File in the nature of an Old f
Fils commands the beauteous f
here f of pins ended

Files (*cont*)

ye fill up the caps in our f
Files-on-Parade
Filial until the f band
Fill a beggar may drink his f
f it up to the brim
f from the crown to the toe top
f the union, varying minute
take our f of love
Filled dreamt they f with dew
f and vivified by the
f to the brim with English glee
Filling merrily writ at first for f
Firm only that f, with fluttered
the lash, of f
Firth in our own f drop our judg-
ments
Fiths savour but themselves
Fithy greedy of f lucre
f he wh is f, let him be f still
Fm now wins the gold f
under that Almighty f
Finality not language of politics
Financiers leaves to skilled f
Find always f us young
be sure yr sin will find you out
can't tell where to f them
f him were an' wakin'
f it after many days
f me, and turn thy back
f out, if you can whose master
I thou but thyself, thou art I
I cannot get it out
I walked to f her
lost thing ed I never f
must f it out tonight
such, and ye shall f
such perfect joy therein f
there thou shalt f me
until I f the holy Grail
if you do f him
where shall we f her
with men if f him not
Finder-out of occasions
Findeth he that f his life
he that sell his f
Findy f too late that men betray
make more opportunities than in f
Fine f by degrees
frink, and f
makes that and th' action f
May we f f next year
not to put too a point
quite a *discreet* to be f
some are f follows
spider's touch how exquisitely f
stretch a cord, however f
Finely spirits we not f touched
Finer something f in the man
Finger better a f off
f of birth-strangled babe
from the red gold keep thy f
God's f touched him
f of a man
more goodness in her little f
my little f shall be thicker
point his slow and unmoving f at
put my f into the print
put yr f in yr eye
smooth to her slim f tips
the Moving f writes
'twixt his hand and his thumb
Fingers before Dec's siffacing f
cannot lack his own f
do deed men's f tell them
even the works of thy f
he loved the f of this hand
his f held the pen
my f wandered idly
pinching f
smile upon his f ends
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trailing in the streams thy f
with f wear's and worn
with lore, d f rude
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Fool (cont)

one f at least in every couple
 O noble f! A worthy f!
 O wretched f!
 perfections of a f
 play the f, but at a cheaper rate
 play the f, but in s' own house
 play the Roman f
 poor venomous f
 privacy of yr f's heart
 relenting f, and shallow woman
 resolve to love a f
 so is the laughter of a f
 so true a f is love
 the f of love
 the forest choiced f
 the more f I
 the more f I
 the wisest f in Christendom 2040
 thy f me to the top of my bent
 thou f, this night thy soul
 thou teachest like a f
 transform'd into a strumpet's f
 what a f! Honesty is
 where the f of a Wise man or a F
 whosoever shall say, thou f
 was thro' ~~these~~ is made a f
 Fooled by these rüdl powers
 ill-fury of the Scene
 I cooling bewee she is f thee
 I cooling f consistency
 f fond old nun
 f thing was but a toy
 f when he had not r pen
 God hath chosen the f things
 he was f, as if in pain
 f being young and
 f could be mighty f
 it is f thing well done
 never said a f thing
 not deny'n' the women are f
 she never yet w f
 you f man yr own f business
 Foolish f of preaching
 yet will not his f depart
 Fools all the f that crowd thee so
 beggared by f
 build a house for f and mad
 comfexoms nature ment but f
 drunkenness of f
 f-fashion knives and f may use
 flannelled f at the wicket f
 are my theme
 f by heavenly compulsion
 F for argument use wagers
 f for argument use wagers
 f for argument use wagers
 f make feasts
 f may our scorn, not envy raise
 f never wear out
 f! 'od rot em
 f ru h in where angels fear
 f they 'dmonish
 f they came to see
 f will learn in no other
 foreigners are f
 fortune always favours f
 fortune, that favours f
 hated by f
 have said f the way to death
 human bodies are ac f
 I am two f
 I call God, and f call Nature
 Incredulity! the wit of f
 little wise, the best f be
 more f laugh, the alehouse
 Nature made you f
 none but f w keep
 one flesh still two f
 O, these deliberate f
 poor f decoyed into our con-
 dition
 proud it, and shame the f
 secrets must be kept from f
 see how f are vexed
 see such f in yr life
 shoal of f for tenders
 silence is the virtue of f
 the Paradise of f
 the scarecrows of f
 these tedious old f!
 the wayfaring men, tho' f

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to assure f	261a
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f suits	112b
Foot at the fountain's sliding f	261a
caught my f in the mat	177a
f and hand go cold	415b
f — f — slogan—	227b
f for f	494a
f is my native heath	320a
f at fealty	367a
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 God walking in the *g*
 good strawberries in *y* *g* there
 how does *y* *g* grow
 I have *a g* of my own
 I know a little *g* close
 I value my *g* more for blackbirds
 let my beloved come into his *g*

Garden (*cont*)
 look thro' this same *G* after me
 man and woman in *a g*
 many *a G* by the Water blows
 nearer God's Heart in *a g*
 no tender-hearted *g* crowns
 secret was the *g*
 set to dress this *g*
 such was that happy *g*-state
 the first *g* of Liberty's tree
 the galls in my *g*
 the *g* of *y* face
 there is *a g* in her face
 there is *a g* that I dream of
 thro' a host of bright imagis
 'tis an unweeded *g*
 visibly thro' his *g* wilketh God
 walk d'owre *y*on *g* green
 we must cultivate our *g*
 who loves *a g* loves a greenhouse
 Garden-bed across the empty *g*
 Garden-croft whistles from *a g*
 Gardener all the *g* fancy
 and Adam was *a g*
g Adam and his wife
 half a proper *g*'s work
 Oh, Adam was *a g*
 supposing him to be the *g*
 where the *g* Robin
 will come the *G* in white
 Gardeners no gentlemen but *g*
 Garden-god the eyes of the *g*
 Gardens down by the sally *g*
g bright with sinuous hills
 in the *g* of the night
 not God! in *g*!
 our bodies are our *g*
 such *g* are not made by singing
 't'hanes bordered by its *g* green
 the *g* turn *g*
 Garland *g* and singing robes
 green willow is my *g*
 green willow must be my *g*
 immortal *g* is to be run for
 rosy *g* and a weary head
 take the *g* and farewell
 wherd' is the *g* of the war
 Garlanded with carven *imag* *ri*s
 Garlands let us *g* bring
 silken flanks with *g* drest
 weave the *g* of repose
 whose *g* is the *g*
 with fantastic *g* did he come
 you may gather *g* there
 Garlic cheese and *g* in a windmill
 well loved he *g*
 Garment *a g* out of fashion
 a moth fretting *a g*
 his *g* in her hand
 language is the flesh-*g*
 like *a g*, wear the beauty
 not know the *g* from the man
 the deep like as with *a g*
 wax old as doth *a g*
 winter *g* of unweated snow
 with *a g* down to the foot
 Garments do not like the fashion
 of *y* *g*
 dyed *g* from Bosrah
 enlarge the borders of their *g*
g and *g* in my heart
g rolled in blood
 his vacant *g* with his form
 look it her *g*
 reasons are not like *g*
 they part my *g* among them
 trailing *g* of the Night
 Garment down my heart
 Garish eye of heaven to *g*
 Garished empty, swept, and *g*
 see they be *g* fair
 Gairet and living in *a g*
g four stones high
 Garment *G*'s a salad
 here lies David *G*
 Garsington here is Hey for *G*
 Garter take away that star and *g*
 tied up my *g* for me
 Garyales
 Gas at *is g* and gaters
 Gash of the wind-grieved Apennine

Gas-lamps seven
 Gasp at his last *g*
 at the last *g* of love's
 Gate after we pass the *g*
 against the eastern *g*
 against the ivory *g*
 aged man, a-sitting on *a g*
 at one *g* make defence
 a willow cabin at *y* *g*
 Captain of the *G*
 death openeth the *g* to fame
 dog starved at his master's *g*
 find no latch to *g* golden *g*
 from the passion-downer at the *g*
 'gainst thieves men shut their *g*
 gather at the *g* of Paradise
 Heaven's *g* built in Jerusalem's
 heavy burdens at his narrow *g*
 he only ed unlock the *g*
 I am here at the *g* alone
 keep the *g* of hell
 matters not how strait the *g*
 near the sacred *g*
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 Gates *g* are mine to open
g of hell can never
 Gail is at her *g*
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 Low hovers within my *g*
 on all that stand *g* move
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 in silence and in g
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 is no alter all, shade
 its splendour will pierce the g
 light to counterfeit a g
 shall not chase my g away
 this mournful g
 thro' hours of g fulfill'd
 thy thousand years of g
 tunnel of green g
 Glooms blown thro' verdurous g
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 Gloomy more bigoted, more g
 Glories all my g in that one woman
 g of our blood and strife
 in those weaker g spy
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 Glorious but Tam was g
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 g — more is the crown
 g the northern lights
 g things of thee are spoken
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 Glory a g a fair luminous cloud
 all g loud and honour
 all their g past
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 blaze with his descending g
 but 'g' doesn't mean argument
 but thro' a kind of g
 calls the g from the grey
 cataract leaps in g
 chief g of every people
 crowned with g now
 crown him with g and worship
 day of g has arrived
 do all to the g of God
 don't know wh't you mean by 'g'
 duty was the way to g
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 earth is full of his g
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 fill thy breast with g

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 for the hope of g
 for what g is it
 from another star in g
 gain of our best g
 g above all the earth
 g and loveliness have pass'd away
 g and the freshness of a dream
 g and the nothing of a name
 g be to thee, O Lord most High
 g dropped from their youth
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 g, jest, riddle of the world
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 g of the Lord is risen
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 g of the Lord shone round
 g of the world pass away
 g of this world, I hate ye
 g of youth glow'd
 g shone around
 g's no compensation
 g's thrill is o'er
 g that redounds therefrom
 g that shall be revealed
 g that was Greece
 g to God in the highest
 g to the King of kings
 g to the newborn King
 go where g waits
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 his work g done
 Ichahod the g is departed
 I felt it was g
 in a sea of g
 in its g's full array
 in its g peep
 it is a to her
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 let others write for g
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 Memnonium was in all its g
 my gown of g
 never hope for g
 of the deed the g shall remain
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 so doth the greater g
 Solomon in all his g
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 storehouse for the g of the Creator
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 the g and the dream
 the joy and the g must be
 the power, and the g
 there's g for you
 the soiled g
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G bless the Prince of Wales
G bless us every one
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G chances, and man
G dawned on thine
G doubted His whole creation
G, even our own G
G for his Richard hath in pay
G fulfils Himself in many ways
G gave the increase
G gives all men all earth
G gives us love
G has a few of us
G has not said a word
G has written all the books
G hath chosen the foolish
G hath chosen the weak things
G hath given you one fire
G hath made man upright
G hath made them so
G hath made the pile complete
G hath not given us fear
G hath raised me high
G hath showed his voice
G hath spoken in his holiness
G helps them that helps
G Himself is moon and sun
G in his mercy lend her grace
G -intoxicated man
G is a circle
G is always for the big battalions
G is a righteous Judge
G is a Spirit
G is forgotten Doctor slighted
G is forgotten soldier slighted
G is gone up with a merry noise
G is his own interpreter
G is in heaven thou upon earth
G is in the midst of her
G is love
G is Love I dare say
G is making the American
G is no respecter of persons
G is not a man, that he shd lie
G is not mocked
G is our G for ever
G is our hope and strength
G is provoked every day
G is the King of all
G is the priciest pot
G is, they are
G is Thrice, and God is One
G is thy law, thou mine
G is working His purpose out
G, I think thee, that I am not
G kept a mich, in Heaven
G knows, an 'E won't split
G knows it I am with them
G lets loose a thinker
G 'll send the bill
G loves an idle rainbow
G loveth a cheerful giver
G made him, and th' more
G made Himself an awful rose
G made the country
G made them, high or lowly
G made the thurber, but
G made the world's crozier
G made the worm in the man
G made two gre it lights
G makes such nights
G marked him for his own
G may forgive you, but I never
G moves in a mysterious way
G never made his war
G never wrought miracles
G now accepteth thy works
G of Abraham
G of battles, was ever a brittle
G offers to every mind its choice
G of Hosts, be with us yet
G of Jacob defend thee
G of life, and poesy, and light
G of my idolatry
G of our fathers, be the G
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G planted a garden
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G rest you merry, gentlemen
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G send every gentleman
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G 's grace is the only grace
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G 's great *Vente*
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G shall help her
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G shall wipe away all tears
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G shed His grace
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G so commanded
G so loved the world
G 's own ear lists delighted
G 's own name upon a lie
G spoke once, and twice
G 's pile Praetorian
G 's soldier be he
G stooping shows sufficient
G strikes a silence thro' you all
G 's universal law
G 's a text
G, that giveth to all men liberally
G, that hidest thyself
G that maketh men to be one
G the All-terrible
G, the best maker of marriages
G whether turns a divine
G the first garden made
G the herdsman goads them
G, thou knowest my simplicity
G unmakes but to remake
G walking in the garden
G was very merciful to the birds
G who best taught song
G who made shall gather
G whose puppets are we
G will provide for sacrifice
G will provide himself a lamb
G will take care of that
G within the shadow
G wd have her shown
G wd make a man miserable
G wrote the bill
G wanted science to G above
G Great G I'd rather be a pagan
G great what do I see and hear
G great just, good
G grete g of Loves name
G had I but served G
G had I but served my G
G hand folks over to G 's mercy
G handman perfect G 's sight
G haurt ye up to the Throne of G
G hath not one G created us?
G have a G become her lover
G have G for his father
G have not the seal of G
G hear one rack the name of G
G hear within, and G, o'erhead
G heaven, for it is G 's throne
G he for G only
G heirs of G, and joint-heirs with
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I cannot tell G knoweth
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if G did not exist
if he be not of kin to G
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if we were G 's spies
in apprehension how like a g
inclines to think there is a G
in favour with G and man
I G 's a universe
in my flesh shall I see G
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in the beginning G created
in the bush with G may meet
in the faces of men see G
in the great hand of G I stand
into the hands of the living G
into the sanctuary of G
invisible, except to G alone
invite G, and his angels thither
I press G 's lamp close
I remembered my G
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I saw the dead stand before G
I the Lord thy G am a jealous G
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I who saw the face of G
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justify the ways of G to men
know us are by G appointed
knowledge makes a G of me
know that I am G
label men for G
Lamb of G to dwell in England
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leave the issues calmly to G
led him to confess a G
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let G be true
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let not G drop
Let us worship G
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like a G in pain
lion is the wisdom of G
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length my soul after thee, O G
Lord G, Almighty, wh was, and
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Lord G formed man of the dust
Lord G made them all
Lord G of Battles aid
Lord thy G is with thee
Lord, ye know as G indeed
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love G whom he hath not seen?
love thy G and love Him only
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make no long tarrying, O my G
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cry these dreadful summoners g double blessing is a double g 320b
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g before Milton 'Shakespeare g did much more abundant 238b
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g of a day that is dead 275b
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have g to use it so 278b
healthful Spirit of thv g heaven such g did lend her 372b
he does it with a better g hcr 'poet's vestl g 203b
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381a

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thrive in g, and feature 215a
Thy special g preventing us 479b
to us may g be given 184a
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Tusday's child is full of g 525a
unbought g of life 57a
was never mnd did mind has g 315b
who does nothing with a better g 476b
with one half so good a g 351b
with such a lovely g 401b
with what a pretty skipping g 261a
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Gracious Behal, in act more g 272a
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Gracious graceful g Grace 72a
Graces accused of deficiency in g 209b
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its g and airs 202b
lad these g to the grave 370a
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wrote the G's life 176b
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Gracious Lord, thou art become g 487a
yr great and g ways 204a
Graciousness gave thy g a zest 36a
Gradation not by the old g 359b
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Graeme died with conquering G 317a
paved the spirit of the g 12a
Grant until I find the holy G 438a
Grain cheeks of sorry g 267b
husbanded the Golden g 152b
pamphleteer on guano and on g 437a
reaps the bearded p at a breath 248a
say wh yr will grow 348b
see a World in a G of Sand 29a
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vagrant chaff well meant for g 429b
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Grains two g of wheat, hnd 352b
Gramophone puts a record on the g 144b
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Grammar erecting a g school 384a
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g old man, the Prime Minister 286b
g style rises in poetry 144b
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Grandm she might ha' been a g 345a
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Grandchild Wilhelmine 405a

Grandeur g in the beatings 465b
g of the dooms 217b
g that was Rome 208a
nor g hear with a smile 174a
old Scotia's g springs 59b
so high is g to our dust 147a
Grand-jurymen they have been g 371b
Grandmother dishes for g 11a
Grandmother Man not marry his g 401b
my g's review—the British 70b
Grandire cut in alabaster 352b
Grange at the moated g Mariana 352a
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Granite into a g basin 96a
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Grant G's Morella Cherry Brandy 522a
g thee thy heart's desire 482b
g us thy peace 470b
Grantchester lovely hamlet G 39b
Gratified be it g to me to behold you 414b
never take anything for g 128a
read not to take for g 16a
Grating but by thy g 388b
Grape that can with Logic absolute 153b
Grapes brought forth of God 501a
Chalice of the g of wild 420b
weighted with amber g 303b
gather g of thorns 505b
looked that it shd bring forth g 501a
the fathers have eaten sour g 503b
whence be the g of the wine-press 252b
with thy g our hairs be crown'd 320b
Grasheps whiff of g 86b
Graphic Penman's latest piece of g 425b
Grapple g them to thy soul 330b
let them g 177a
Grapples with his evil star 430b
Grasp g it like a man 101b
g not at much 187b
g this sorry Scheme of Things 154b
man's reach shd exceed his g 44b
or g the ocean in my span 453a
what dread g dare 432a
Grassing capable of earnest g 219a
Grasp a child said What is the g ? 488a
all flesh is g 517a
as the g grows on the weeds 474a
be the green g above me 311a
days of man are but as g 488a
deep in the belly and g 102a
dread the rustling of the g 463a
fade away suddenly like the g 487a
Glory of man as the flower of g 517b
go to g 23a
g grows all up White Hall Court 206a
g withereth, the flower fadeth 502b
green g growing over me 530b
he eateth g as an ox 497b
I fall on g 260b
I know the g beyond the door 313a
kissed the lovely g 39b
lift me from the g 394b
little vaulter in the sunny g 202a
make two blades of g to grow 418a
seed from the feathered g 218a
spire of English g trampled 180b
splendour in the g 466b
surely the people is g 502b
that falleth on the g 524b
trampling thro' the frozen g 221b
twinkles in the g 434a
was cut out of the g 10b
when you destroy a blade of g 34a
where tides of g back into foam 423a
who made the g and the worms 475a
Grass-bank a g beyond 4a
Grasses of the ancient way 261b
Grasshopper g shall be a burden 49b
there was no burr of g 108b
Grasshoppers dozen g under a fern 57a
the cover, of the wings of g 364b
Grassy search the g knolls 85b
Grass film, wh fluttered on the g 101a
Grassful g mind by owing owes not 273b
I come to be g at last 446b
Grates to whisper at the g 240b
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Gratifying most a most interest- 115b
ing 471a
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Gratitude (cont.)

g also to his Majesty was ample
g of place-expectants
g sense of future favours
Gratulations our g flow in streams
Grave a-buried in one g
a g He shall not live
a g's one violet
a g unto a soul
a just precedence in the g
a little, little g, an obscure g
a mould'ring in the g
an untimely g
approach thy g, like one who wraps
a soldier's g, for thee the best
be gentle grave unto me
bends to the g with decay
between the cradle and the g
bewept to the g did go
birth and the g
botanize upon his mother's g
but she is in her g
call'd our mother, but our g
come from the g, to tell us
country a kind of healthy g
crowned upon the g thereof
dread my g at each remove
dig the g and let me die
dread the g as little as my bed
Duncan is in his g
earliest at His g
eat our pot of honey on the g
echo arose from the suicide's g
empires and cities in a common g
fame stands upon the g
from the cradle to the g I look
funeral marches to the g
gently steer from g to light
g hides all things beautiful
g is not its god
g of Clotho-na-Bare
g's a fine and private place
g shall have a living monument
with rising flowers be dressed
have sunk into the g
her heart into his g
his vast and wandering g
Humours, whether g or mellow
ignominy sleep with thee in
in cold g she was lain
in his g rain'd many a tear
in the cold g, under the deep sea
in the dark and silent g
is that ayont the g, man
I will pay you the g
jealousy is cruel as the g
keep a dream or g apart
know the g doth gape for thee
lads are in love with the g
laugh'd at the grip of the G
lead but to the g
lead these graces to the g
like Aleasts from the g
made me a g so rough
man pompous in the g
mild o'er her g mountains
my large kingdom for a little g
nor wisdom, in the g
not have strewed thy g
O g, where is thy victory?
O Leary in the g
on his g, with shining eyes
on my g, as now my bel
peace is in the g
renowned by thy g!
reprofs ought to be g
road lies dusty to the g
rush to glory or the g
shall lead thee to thy g
soldier's g, for thee the best
the g, and the barren womb
there lies a lonely g
there's no repentance in the g
this side of the g
thought shall be my g
thy foolish tears upon my g
thy humble g adorned
thy root is ever in its g
'tis everywhere her g
to steer from g to g
to that dark inn, the g!

Grave (cont.)

travelling towards the g
true lover never find my g
when my g is broke
where, G, thy victory?
without a g, unknell'd
with profitable labour to his g
womb of Nature perhaps her g
you shall find me a g, man
Grave-digger work with enjoyment
Gravell'd for lack of matter
Grave-makers ditchers, and g
Graver His g of frost
wherein the g had a strife
Graves arise from the g and aspire
beautiful uncud heart of g
find ourselves dishonourable g
follow us disquietly to our g
g have learnt that woman-head
g stood tenantless
have their g at home
let's talk of g
their g are severed
they have no g as yet
Gravitation shall g cease
Grav person who disliked g
Gravity reasons find not settled g
what doth g out of his bed
Grav, Duncan G cam here to woo
[G] was dull in a new way
prifer being author of G's *Fleggy*
Graying pond edged with g leaves
Graying, here and there a g
Graymalkin I come, G
Grazed chance cd neither g
g him as he passes
Great a g, a very g work
aim not to be g
as g with young as she might goe
became his so was g
g both the vulgar, and the small
brilliant chief, irregularly g
but far above the g
ceremony that of g ones' longs
craven fears of being g
dead that Caesar might be g
disbelief in g men
everything g done by youth
trown o' the g
g, ere fortune made him so
G is Diana of the L'phesians
g is Truth, and mighty
g is Truth, and shall prevail
g men are the guide-posts
g men are the inspired texts
g men are not always wise
g men are they who see
g men contending with adversity
g men have their poor relations
g men may jest with saints
g to do that thing that ends all
g without a foe
heights by g men reached
he met a g, man he grovelled
how good he is, how g shd be
how judgent the g
how very small the very g
I only know it shall be g
I shall be very proud and g
just as he promised something g
know well I am not g
little seemed to him g
lives of g men all remind us
made many people think him g
man is only truly g
neither too humble nor too g
no force, however g
no g, no small to the Soul
no g, man lives in vain
nor it's g scholars g men
nothing g was ever achieved
only truly g who are truly good
packs and sets of g ones
perfumed chambers of the g
Pharaoh surnamed the g
poorly rich, and meanly g
poor man loved the g
rightly to be g is not to stir
simple g ones gone for ever
some men are born g
that he is grown so g

Great (cont.)

that wh once was g is passed
the g break through
the g man down
the g man helped the poor
though fallen, g!
that wouldst be g
to compare g things with small
towards g persons use boldness
was g by land as thou by sea
when the g and good depart
while the g and wise decay
with the g and their pride
Great Britain arose between G
and Germany
Greater behold a g than themselves
Brutus makes mine g
feel that we are g than we know
g are none beneath the Sun
four things g than all
g prey upon the less
g than both, by the all-hail
g than Solomon is here
g than their knowing!
that he (I titan) is g than they
the g man, the g courtesy
there's something g
Greatest fall than not be the g
g happiness for the g numbers
how much the g event
there sunk the g, nor the worst
Great-Heart one G
Greatly his foes he drads
Greatness base on wh thy g stands
be not afraid of g
correlated g
farewell, to all my g!
for g he cd not want
God's g showed around
g knows itself
g of the world in tears
g, with private men a blessing
her g on her subjects' love
his g weigh'd
it honour gives g
in me there dwells no g
model to thy inward g
nature of all g not to be exact
Pray God our g may not fail
some achieve g
some far-off touch of g
some have g thrust upon them
surely his g is a ripening
than g going off
true g to have in one the frailty
Grecians flamed upon the brazen g
Greaves his soul toward the G tents
merry G coaster
ne'er did G chase trace
in our G, tires are painted
Greece Athens, the eye of G
fair G I sad relic
glory that was G
G, Italy, and England
G, my story be free
G ruled in more refined ages
G, sound thy Homer's name
summoned G to arms
that insolent G sent forth
the constitutions of Hter G
the isle of G, the isle of G, I
to Gaul, to G and into Noah's ark
when the light wave lissps (G)
Greedy g men whom hope of gain
put on the pot says G-gut
thank goodness, I am g
Greek barbarously not a G was he?
because he was a G
each alike was G, alike was free
G in its origin
G, Sir, is like lace
G was free from rhyme's
happy, by this protection
it was G
loving, natural, and G
neither G nor Jew
ne yet of Latin, ne of G
small Latin, and less G
taught's King Edward G
tell me whaskey's name in G
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anything g that grew	233a	antheum a lonely g	218b	they g exceedingly small	248b	
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by him sported on the g	406a	can I see another's g ?	31a	Griensers cease because they are few	409b	
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ice as g as emerald	98a	g fleth to it (death)	14a	he gave a g, and then another	468b	
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it is g, and growth up	487b	g is itself a medicine	107b	with bubbling g	69b	
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Ground (*cont*)
 twice five miles of fertile g
 wake the nation under g
 who might well be under g
 with thy nest upon the dewy g
 women's eyes they are the g
 Groundlings cars of the g
 Ground-nest, fair maid left his p
 Grounds in many a garden g
 walks the g for the second time
 Ground-whirl of the perished leaves
 Group that's quite antique
 Grove, clear spring, or shady g
 good g of chimneys
 g nods at g
 the olive g of Academe
 wand'ring in my a coral g
 wh a g of myrtles made
 Grovel they've souls that g
 Grovelled he g before him
 Groves am the g, under the
 shadowy hills
 fountain heads, and pathless g
 g where the lady Mary is
 g where rich trees wept
 in the green leaves among the g
 in g of their academy
 meadows, hills, and g
 o'er shady g they hover
 thro' g deep and high
 to the musical g
 Grow ask me where they do g
 for sure then I shd g
 g for ever and for ever
 g old along with me
 g with the country
 if you wd g great and stately
 let both g together
 say wh gram will g
 they g to where they seem
 Growled I spect g
 Growth seed, and bloweth med
 Growing feed the flowers g over him
 it is not g like a flower
 it will be g, Jack
 lad is young and is g
 sorrow of each d y's g
 Growled g, and bit him till he bled
 it cracked and g
 Grown when they are both full g
 when we arc g and take our place
 Grown-up hear the g people's feet
 spoke in quiet g
 Grows g with his growth
 it g and smells I swear
 Growth cannot give it vital g again
 g [is] the only evidence of life
 States have their g
 Grub by the joaner-squirt, or old g
 young ones pistols old ones, g
 Grubby John G, who was short
 Grudge ancient g I bear him
 no g, no strife
 Gruel basin of nice smooth g
 make the g thick and slab
 Grumble nothing whatever to g at
 Grundy dind, dinging Dame G
 more of Mrs G
 Solomon G
 what will Mrs G say
 Grunt and swear under a weary life
 crumpled far from being g
 Gryphon the G remarked
 Guano pamphleteer on g
 Guano'd h'r mind
 Guard drunk and resisting the G
 guarding, calls not Thee to g
 the sailors tossing
 g us, guide us
 hate of those ye g
 none but Americans on g tonight
 that g our native seas
 who is to g the guards?
 Guardian of His Majesty's conscience
 Guarding, calls not Thee to guard
 Guards (G die but do not surrender
 up G and at them again
 Gudeman when our g's aw'n
 Gudgeon fool g
 Gudgeons swallow g ere catch'd
 Guenevere like as did Queen G

Guerdon fair g we hope to find
 Guess as none can ever g
 Golden g it's morning-star
 g now who holds thee
 g that Love wd prove
 g where he may be
 I g King George read that
 Guess'd thus I have g
 Guessing it's better only g
 Guest a new admired g
 dull fighter and a keen g
 g that tarrieth but a d y
 made me a closer g
 rise at the strange g's hand
 shakes his parting by the hand
 some poor high-reg'd g
 some second g to entertain
 sped the going g
 the worthy bidden g
 this g of summer
 whether g or captive I
 Guestless bare walls lun g
 Guests among the G Star-scatter'd
 mankind hosts and g
 my g shd please it, not the cooks
 the g are met the feast is set
 the g few and select
 unbidden g are often welcomest
 Guide an awful g in smoke
 custom great g of human life
 except some man shd g me
 guard us, g us
 g my lonely way
 g philosopher, and friend
 he shall be our g unto death
 my g, and mine own friend
 of Thee, my partner and my g
 safe into the haven g
 skilful g into poetic ground
 to g his steps afford yr aid
 whic thou art, no ill can come
 Guide-posts great men are the p
 Guides blind g wh strain at a gnat
 g cannot master American joke
 Guiding-star of a brave nation
 Guidonian an hour out of G
 under G Hill
 Guile he it was, whose g deceived
 hiding his harmful g
 in their mouth was found no g
 in whom is no g
 squirt and packed with g
 Guileful of dusky yellow is g
 G was my grim Chamberlain
 if g s in that heart
 image of war, without its g
 my stronger g defcats my intent
 only let her g to cover
 other pens dwell on g and misery
 what art can wash her g away?
 what the world calls g
 Guiltier than him they try
 Guiltless all g, meet reproach
 g death die
 Guile's count went-up g
 Guilty of dust and sin
 g of such a ballad
 g splendour
 it started like a g thing
 like a g thing surpris'd
 make g of our disasters the sun
 make mad the g
 suspicion haunts the g mind
 terror haunts the g mind
 Guinea disc of fire like a g
 42 v-pences to one g
 jingling of the g
 rank is but the g's stamp
 within the compass of a g
 worth a g a box
 Guinea-pig lift a g up by the tail
 Guinea-pigs one of the g cheered
 Guinea-sew yellow g for me
 Guinness, Allsopp, Bass
 Guitar the Troubadour touch'd his
 g
 Guiles now is he total g
 Gulf g profound as that Serbonian
 there is a great g fixed
 Gulfs the g will wash us down

Gulfs (*cont*)
 whelmed in deeper g than he
 Gull g's way and the whale's way
 notorious geck and g
 Gulls g him with intelligence
 g in an acry morrice
 Gulp drains his at one g
 Gums their med'cinable g
 Gummidge Mrs G
 Gums from his bonless g
 trees wept odorous g
 Gun by each g the lighted brand
 cawing at the g's report
 don't know a g from a bat
 holy text of pike and g
 named all the birds without a g
 nor ever lost an English g
 Gunga Din
 Gunner said 'Ay, ay'
 Gunpowder fire a mine with sym-
 phetic g
 g and salting-wax
 g, Pintinn and Religion
 g treason and plot
 Guns but for these vile g
 g, and drums and wounds
 g will make us powerful
 g turned by the passing g
 v in, those all-shattering g
 when the g begin to shoot
 Gurgle a g he gave
 Gurly grew the ca
 Gurney Peter G
 Gusto secret element of g
 Gusts when g shake the door
 Gut had the Devil in his g
 Guts sheeps' g shd hale souls
 wears his in his head
 Gutter, we are all in the g
 Gutter, wh, wh, wh
 Gynkhins won g in doubtful
 way
 Gypsy Time you old g man
 Gyre and gumble in the walc
 Gyves g upon his wrist
 prisoner in his twisted g

II

Ha h-h-h, you and me
 H H and the black
 saith among the trumpets H, h
 Haberdasher to Mr 'spurgeon
 Habit apparell d in more precious h
 costly thy h as thy purse can buy
 h rules the unrelucting heid
 h with him was all the test
 honour perch in the meanest h
 such is the force of h
 the long h of living
 use doth breed a h in a man
 Habitable look round the world
 Habitation a local h and a time
 h among the tents of Kedar
 I have loved the h of thy house
 Habitations peaceably in thur h
 Habits of h devil, is angel yet in this
 small h, well pursued butmes
 ther h from the Bear
 Hack do not h me as you did
 Russell
 somebody to hew and h
 Hacked, hewn with constant service
 Hickney 'A Marches
 Had, having, and in quest to have
 Haddock, hunt for h eyes
 Hag this the h
 Haggard if I do prove her h
 Haggards rid, no more h
 Hags rags, and h
 secret, black, and midnight h
 Hail congenial horrors, h I
 cold count'phant
 h, fellow, well met
 h, glorious edifice,
 h horrors, h infernal world
 h, master, and kissed him
 h, thou that art highly favoured
 h to thee, blithe spirit
 h ye small sweet courtesies

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Hail (cont)

my brother, h, and farwell
no sharp and wild h
where falls not h, or rain
wield the flail of the lashing h
Hailed them o'er the wave
Hails the man that h you Tom
Hair a bracelet of bright h
ac lock o' his golden h
a h twist south and south-west
all her bright golden h
all her h in one long yellow string
an excellent head of h
Apollo's lute, strung with his h
a rag and a bone and a hank of h
beautiful uncouth h of grives
beauty draws u with a single h
beg a h of him for memory
Herence's ever-burning h
bind up thus h in any simple knot
blind with thine h the eyes of Day
by flying h and fluttering h
Caotic tossing his burning h
dead women, with such h, too
draw you to her with a single h
drew me backward by the h
each p-rticular h to stand on end
from his h shakes pulence
from out his chariot by the h
good morrow to mine own torn h
godd kunes in their h
h as free
h of my flesh stood up
hath soft brown h
her dark h and lovesome mien
hei h about her eyne
hcr h that lay along her back
hcr h w is so charmingly curled
her h was long, her foot w is light
his flashing eyes, his floating li
his h did bridle, upon his head
his h is of a good colour
his h was like a crown
horrid image, doth unfix my h
if a woman have long h
I he tangled in her h
I must suge my h
I never pin up my h with prose
it raised my h, it fanned my cheek
Jove, in his commodity of h
language, that wd make y h curl
like the bright h uplifted
like twilight's, too, her dusty h
love-kind unto her long black h
my face is pink, my h is sleek
my tell of h wd rouse and stir
my h is grey, but not with vears
my mother bids me bind my h
never brush thee h
nymph, with long disheselled h
one h of a woman can draw more
one slight h bulk commands
one strangling golden h
our new crescent of a h's breadth
plucked them from me by the h
ruddy limbs and flaming h
she has branded her yellow h
she has brown h
she only talks about her h
she smooths her h
'sir Ralph the Rover tore his h
strung with subtle-coloured h
sweet Alice, whose h was so brown
turner so covered with h
that curled my h
that I may cover you with my h
that subtle wretch of h
the breath of thine h in thy h
the pleasant mors of her h
the tangles of Ne'era's h
thy amber-dropping h
thy fair h as a heart enchained
thy h is as a flock of goats
thy h soft-litred by the wind
thy hyacinth h, thy classic face
vine-leaves in his h
wherefore shd I kame my h?
white-robed, with silver h
who touches a h of yon grey head
with his long 'scented h
with his white h unbonneted

Hair (cont)

with yr 'aynek 'ead of 'air
yr h has become very white
y well-belov'd's h has threads
Hairless as an egg
Hairs bring down my grey h
H-l-locks in foul sluttish h
forms of h, or straws, or dirt
given me over in my gray h
had all his h been lives
had I as many sons as I have h
of yr head are all numbered
his head and his wet white
how all white h become a fool
if h be wores
oldest man ever wore grey h
those set our h upright
with thy grapes our h be crown'd
Harry Esau my brother is a h man
marvellous h about the lace
'thacker and h Aldrich
H-l why, H, 'tis my vocation, H
Halterdiers behind him the h
Halcyon St Martin's summer, h
days
Haldan Earl H's daughter
Haldan beg greiveth h he grew h
you are, Father William
Hales Mr H of Eaton
Hall ac h of the world thinks
another h stand laughing by
h a league, a league onward
h of one order, h another
h slave and h free
h that's got my keys
h to forget the wandering
h to remember days gone by
image of myself and dearer h
kst h of her shd rise herself
kst h of us cannot understand
ocrcome but h his foe
poor h-kisses kill me quite
the divided h of such a friend-
ship
the h is greater than the whole
the h was not told me
Hill-a-crown in the bill
Hill-a-dozen of the other
Half-believe attain to h
Half-believers in our casual creeds
Half-brother America thou h
Half-faced this h fellowship
Half-gods go, the gods arrive
Half-hour after a shivering h
Half-knowledge content with h
Half-owny to Aberdour
Halfpenny a h will do
for a copper h
if you haven't got a h
Half-workers women must be h
Half-world now o'er the one h
Half Absolute across the h
bide haced into the h
Chapman and H swore not at all
h h on the h
Mr H's way was nay
O dusk the h with yw
roused in many an ancient h
the Douglas in his h
this is Liberty-H
'I om hars logs into the h
Half-a rider bards in the high H
Hall-cupah to redeem our loss, H
Hall-lujahs, sweet and low
Hilloo yr name to the hills
Hallow 'be set to h all w find
h thus the 'abbath day
scent to h us then
Hallowed place of justice is h
so h and so gracious is the time
Hallows his mother and all his h
Halls a hovel to yr narble h
Amphitru's destined h
chamber in the slugs h of death
dreamt that I dwelt in marble h
in h, in gay attire is seen
in our h is hung armoury
tap stry h and courts of princes
th h the h of dazzling light
thrill thro' thro' roofless h
thro her marble h

Halt cheer for a l. and a row
how long h, and the blind
Halter now fitted the h
Halts by me that footfall
Halves of one august event
Ham it might be H
Sham, H, and Japheth
wh is the case when there's h
with h and sherry meet to bury
wonders in the land of H
Hamelin I own's in Brunswick
Hamilton Alexander H smote the
rock
Marie H's to the kirk game
Hamlet good H, cast thy colour off
H Prince of Denmark left out
H with his doublet all unbrac'd
I'll call thee H
I saw H Prince of Denmark
played
Lord H is a prince
much Antony, H most of all
rude forefathers of the h
the knuckling h drains the chalice
the lovely h Grantchester
Hamlets crown
H in h, danced the green
Hammer his H of wind
it's the 'a, 'a, a
keeping the h under the pillow
no sound of h or of saw
what the h? what the chain?
Hammered England's being h
Hammers busy h closing rivets up
Hammersmith make H hum
Hammock Drake he's in his h
his heavy-shotted h-shroud
Hampehn [H] had a head to con-
tinue
some village-H
when [H] first drew the sword
with twenty shillings have ruined
Mr H?
Hampshire Captain H grenadiers
Hampshire, and it lies in his h
Hand a dapper boot—a little h
adieu and wad d her lily h
admire his sleight of h
a h that kings have hipp'd d
a h to bless
a hopeless h was clinging
a lily in yr medical h
a moist eye, a dry h
an angry wafture of yr h
and in h will go
a petty fortress and a dubious h
art in with the h head heart
as an old Parliamentary h
at h, quoth quick-purse
at the h of every man's brother
bear welcome in yr eye, yr h
beat so quickly, waiting for a h
beefy face and grubby 'a
benighted whose awful h
ben't dead and be-seeing h
bite the h that fed them
bringing me up by h
brnning thy sheep in thy h
by God's Almighty H
civility of my knee, my hat, and h
cloud like a man's h
(Commensus) had a h to execute
Dawn's Left H was in the sky
e'n crosses from his sov'reign h
etfcons his h dropt he
either h may rightly clutch
for the touch of a smash'd h
gie's a h o' time
go into his h, and pierce it
gold ring on her h shoe bore
hadde the hyer h
h for h, foot for foot
h in h, on the edge of the sand
h in its breeches pocket
H like this h shall throw open
h of little employment
h of the Lord hath pre-eminence
H that make us is Divine
h that make us is the cradle
h to mouth

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Hand (cont)

heaving up my either h
here's my h
her h in whose compassion
her h on her bosom
her rash h in evil hour
his h is stretched out still
his h will be against every man
his left h is under my head
his red right h
holds him with his skinny h
I cd make thee open thy white h
I do salute thee with my white h
I fear thy skinny h
if you want to win her h
I have the use but of my left h
I kissed her slender h
imposition of a mightier h
in a big round h
in a bold d.termined h
Infinity in the palm of yr h
in her left h riches and honour
in his h are all the corners
in h of the Lord is a cup
I will hold yr h
I wrote it with a second h
Joy, whose h is over at his lips
keep the lifted h in awe
keep thy h out of plackets
laying his h upon many a heart
length of days is in her right h
let not thy left h know
letter with mine own h
like the dyer's h
man's h is not able to taste
my beloved put in his h
my h before my eyes
my h sought hers
my h upon thy mane
my playfellow, yr h
my right h forgot her cunning
my Sword sleep in my h
not a h so weak and white
one lovely h she stretched for and
on this side my h
onward lend thy guiding h
Or with a rude h break the cake
our times are in his h
render me his bloody h
resting on one white h
sealed it with his h
shade of His h
she laid her snow-white h
she leans her cheek upon her h
spirit-small h propping it
stout heart, and open h
stretch forth thy mighty h
sweet and cunning h laid on
sweeten this little h
taking me up in his right h
that curious engine, yr white h
that I were a glove upon that h
the finplings of my h
the h that rounded Peter's
the h to execute
the larger heart, the kinder h
there also shall thy h lead me
there's a h my trusty herc.
the sweet Roman h
they h in h with wandering steps
they were h in glove
thus h hath offended
thus living h, now warm
thus my h will rather
three lilies in her h
tho' her wasted h, at night
thrust my h into his side
thy defence upon thy right h
thy right h shall hold me
thy right h shall teach thee
too stubborn and too strange a h
under whose cautious h
voice and h shake still
wash this blood clean from my h
what dread h? and what dread fee
what h and brain went ever paired
what immortal h or eye
whatsoever thy h findeth to do
what the h dare seize the fire?
when people walk h in h,
white h of a lady fever thee

Hand (cont)

who hold a fire in his h
who hath seen her wave her h
whose h, like the base Indian
whose murd'rous h
who will stand on either h.
with automatic h
writ' their fans into their h
withers in my h
withhold not thine h
with rosy h unbarred
with thy bloody and invisible h
Handclasp where the h's stronger
Handed into their bower h they
went
Handel compared to H's a mere
memory
H is scarcely fit to hold
Handful h of grey ashes
just for a h of silver
Handiwork firmament showeth his
h
Handkercher about yr brows
Handkerchief it is the h of the
Lord
no little h to wipe his nose
snuffle and snuff and
that h did an Egyptian give
Handle between the touch of the
h
h of the big front door
I polished up that h
old jug without a h
taste not h, not
the h toward my hand
tools to him that can h them
Handled horse never h before
Handles everything hath two h
Handmaid h perfect in God's sight
philosophy is but an h to religion
riches are a good h
Handmaiden the low estate of his h
Handmaidens whose names sym-
phonies
Hands aching h and bleeding feet
at the palms of my h
bear thee in their h
before rude h have touch'd it
between the h, between the brows
blesseth her with his two happy h
blood and wine were on his h
cold immortal h
clasps the crag with crooked h
dirty h, the nails bitten
does their h as we touch
eyes, lips, and h to miss
fill into the h of the living God
Father, into thy h I commend
fish that my two h have taken
folding of the h to sleep
fold our h round her knees
grasp'd the mane with both his h
he are the h of Esau
he outstretched in yearning
h, that the rod of empire swayed
his h are as gold
hus h prepared the dry land
house not made with h
if h joined where hearts agree
I have seen by the h
into the h of the spoules
into thy h I commend my spirit
lad our groping h away
lad violent h upon themselves
laying on of h
large and snowy h
lay thy h on that golden key
made with our h and our lips
man's fortune is in his own h
mine own h I give away my crown
mischieff still for idle h to do
my h from picking and stealing
my h in her h
one of his h wrought in the work
our h have met, but not our hearts
our h will never meet again
our new heraldry as h not hearts
pale h I loved
pale h, pink-tipped
right h of fellowship

Hands (cont)

seen me with these hangman's h.
shake h with a king
so to entergraff our h
still the h of memory weave
strengthen ye the weak h
strength without h to smite
the bones of our h
their fatal h no second stroke
their h are blue
their h upon their hearts
the lifting up of my h
then take h
the palms of her h
these h are not more like
they have h, and handle not
they pierced my h
thy will soon twing their h
thou art a tall fellow of thy h
thy h their little force resign
tonged the eyelids and the h
touches of those flower-soft h
to you from faling h we throw
turn'd it in his glowing h
two-edged sword in their h
union of h and hearts
washed his h before the multitude
wave their h for a mute farewell
weak h tho' mighty heart
what h you wd hold
who crucify hearts, not h
will these h ne'er be clean?
with lifted feet, h still
with my own fair h
yr h begin to harden
yr holy delicate white h
yr little h were made to take
yr little h were never made
Handaws nawk from a h
Handsome everything h about him
I am a h man
Handy always welcome, keep it h
more h to leave this Normandy
with the girls be h
Handy-work prosper thou our h
Hang are you going to h him any-
how
better h wrong fier than no fier
feel his title h loose about him
h him up and erect a statue
h out our banners
h the h over again
h yr husband and be dutiful
h yourself, brave Crillon
I will neither go nor h
I will not h myself to-day
man and wife never power to
she wd h on him
sylogisms h not on my tongue
we must all h together
we shall all h separately
wretches h that jury-men may dine
you wd h yourself
Hang'd h for stealing horses
here's a farmer that h himself
if I were h on the highest hill
our harps, we h them up
see Harrison h, drawn
to be h in a fortnight
Hangings and marriage go by
Destiny
h and wiving goes by destiny
h is too good for him
many a good h prevents
they're h Danny Deever
they're h him to-day
they're h an' women there
Hangman a house for the h
see me with these h's hands
Hangs h my helpless soul on Thee
he h between, in doubt
thereby h a tale
Hansker Mill
Hanover by famous H city
Hans Breitman
Hansom [h] the gondola of London
you in yr leave the High
Hansom-cabs for wheels of h
Hanyfink wot's the good of H
Hap from better h to worse

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Hap (cont)

good h to the fresh weather
Happen at the Reformation?
Happened thus cd but have h once
Happier a Paradis without thee, h
feel that I am h than I know
h than this, she is not bred so dull
prove h than thy are
we had been h both
Happiest h hour a sailor sees
I am h when I am idle
O yet h if ye seek
the h women have no history
Happiness a lifetime of h
all the h mankind can gain
but for the h 'twill bring
by wh so much h is produced
domestic h, thou only bliss
envy no man's h
gain a h in eyeing
greatest h for the greatest number
great spectacle of human h
h consists not in the multitude
h is no laughing matter
h makes them good
h too swiftly flies
happy in thine h
home-born h
in solitude what h?
it is a flaw in h, to see beyond
look into h thro' another's eyes
love makes the only thing for h
makes the h she does not find
minute domestic h
my great lack of h
no h within this circle of flesh
of no moment to consume h
of no moment to the h
O I'll our being's end
recall a time of h in misery
round these our h will grow
the mind withdraws into its h
there is ev'n a h makes afraid
thought of tender h betray
to fill the hour, that is h
travelling is the ruin of all h
virtue alone is h
we find our h, or not at all
were the h, of the next world
wherein lies h?
Happy a h noise to hear
all be as h as kings
all the art I know to make men h
all we know is that they are
angry and poor and h
as h as we once, to kneel
ask yourself whether you're h
be h as ever at home
be h while yr levins
be virtuous, and you will be h
business of a wise man to be h
by many a h accident
call no man h till he dies
destined to be h with you here
dream of h high, majestic
duty of being h
earthlier h is the rose distilled
envy of thy h lot
feasted, despaired,—been h
fool is h that he knows no more
Frenchman is always h
h, and glorious
h as a king
h for him that, his father
h h with such a mother
h in this, she is not yet so old
h is England!
h is the man that hath his quiver
h man be his dole
h men that have the power to die
h people whose annals are blank
h the man, and h he alone
h the man whose wish and care
h the man, whose void of cares
h those early days
he won't be h till he gets it
how h cd I be with either
how h who he crowns
how h is he born
how h you make those
I die h

Happy (cont)

I had been h, if the general camp
I h am, Joy is my name
in nothing else so h
I think myself h, King Agrippa
I've had a h life
I were but little h
make me at all h, without you
makes a nation h, and keeps it so
makes a scotchman h [whisky]
methinks it were a h life
more h, if less wise
ne'er be made h by compulsion
no Irish lad was so h as I
no one can be h till all are h
one is never so h as one thinks
only one thing to make me h
period human race was most h
physicians of all men are most h
so long as you're h
that thou art h, owe to God
the h who have called thee so
then, h low, lie down
there is a h land
things that do attain the h life
thrice h he who, not mistook
to be good is to be h
to die, 'twere now to be most h
too h, h tree
too h in thine happiness
'Tis ray is h now
was the carver h
wh of us is h in this world?
who is the h Warrior?
Harassed too h, to attain calm
Hairsinger odorous perfume her h
the evening star, love's h
yonder shines Aurora's h
Hirbingers clamorous h of blood
Harbours content where doth thine
h hold
the h cleared
tho' the h bar be moaning
Hard does it not seem h to you
h as a piece of millstone
h, h the glory of the winning
h grey weather
'h, replied the Dodger
h to catch and conquer
he finds it h, without spectacles
how very h it is to be a Christian
it seem'd so h at first
it was h for me
nothing's so h but search will find
now it seems as h to stay
thou art h man
though 'tis h for you
'tis not h, to keep the peace
unlike the h, the selfish
weather breeds h English men
woman is so h upon the woman
Hardens it h within
Hardest misfortunes h to bear
Hardly shall they that have riches
Hardness without h will be sages
Hardy kiss me, H
harc'cane each outcry of the hunted h
first catch yr h
get a little h's 'kin
h's own child, the little h
Harp's the H! the H!
I h!k! the hunting of the h
r, that thy own h or a wig?
it looked like h
rouse a lion than to start a h
spectacles, to shoot the h
the h limp'd trembling
thou s'ts smug in leaves
thou wildest hide an h
triumph o'er the timid h
I harebell, like thy veins
Hares little hunted h
merry brown h
Harp's h a thrilling voice is sounding
h lat the Golden Palaces
h, by the bird's song ye may learn
h l from the tombs a doleful sound
h l h bow, wow
h l h I hear Chanticleer
h l h my soul, angelic songs
h l h the lark at heaven's gate

Hark (cont)

h how all the welkin rings
h how blithe the throats sing
h, my soul! it is the Lord
h I now I hear them
h the glad sound!
h the herald angels sing
h the little vespers-bell
h the mavis' evening sang
O h, O hear! how thin and clear
Harken mother Ida, h ere I die
Harlot every h was a virgin once
'Portia is Brutus' h
the h cry from street to street
Harlotry like one of these h players
Harlots' devoted thy living with h
mother of h
Harm benevolence does good or h
content with my h
crucifix that keeps a man from h
do not h nor question-bell
half the power to do me h
I fear we'll come to h
no h in looking
no people do so much h
tempt you to all h and ill
these men doth not h
to win us to our h
when loyalty no h meant
Harmless stock of h pleasure
Harmonia Cadmus and h
Harmonics fiddle h
Harmonies inventor of h Milton
tumult of thy mighty h
Harmony all discord, h not under-
stood
all h of instrument or verse
distinct from h divine
from h, from Heaven only h
giv. them the other h of prose
h in discord
heaven drowsy with the h
her voice the h of the world
I am disposed to h
music wherever there is h
rules of sweet h
spirit grows like h in music
strike a note most full of h
such h is in immortal souls
their motions h divine so smooths
there is a h in autumn
the touches of sweet h
thee the hidden soul of h
Harms not for thy h
we beg often our own h
Harness between the joints of h's
die with h on our back
hant that girdeth on his h
my h puce by puce
the h jingles now
to wait in heavy h
Harnessed, and carrying bows
Harpoun Alraschid good H
Harpoun an unstringed viol or a h
h, sackbut, psaltery
his h, the sole companion
his wild h slung behind him
I'll hang my h on a willow tree
Love took up the h of Life
no h but that strong
praise the Lord with h
smote his thunder h of pines
the h, his sole remaining joy
the h that once thro' Iara's halls
the h the monarch minstrel swept
who sings to one clear h
Harpoun and that grand old h
Harping still h on my daughter
Harpit I ha h ye up
Harp-player songs of the h
Harps as for our h
plucking at their h
Harp's h Mrs Turner's daughter
play on the h
Harriet chatter about H
H, H! h! h! of my eye
what foolish H befel
Harms bother Mrs H
Mr H was was dreadful timid
Harrison see H hanged

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Harrow Harren an' Trinity College
toad beneath the h
Harrowing only a man h
Harry but H, H
'Cry 'God for H!
H the king, Bedford and Exeter
I am H's daughter
in that Jerusalem shall H lie
I vew young H
little touch of H in the night
Old H 's got a finger in it
promised to H and his followers
such a King H
Harsh nor h nor grating
not h, and crabb'd
Harshness no h gives offence
Hart as pants the h
here wast thou bay'd, brave h
I turned into h
lame man leap up as an h
like as the h desireth
thou wast the forest to this h
Harrow, scarum, Divvo
Harvest according to the joy in h
as snow in h
both grow together until the h
doth h no harm
grassy h of the river-fields
h of a quiet eye
h truly is pleteous
like a stubble-land it h home
must Thy h-fields be dinged
no h but a thorn
shate my h and my home
she laughs with a h
song of H -home
the h is past
where the thin h waves
white already unto h
Harvests of Arretum
H rwich in a steamer from H
Hlas-beens one of the h
Haslemere sell good beer at H
Haste fiery-red with h
haste of a fool is the slowest
h still pays h
h the Nymph
h to shed innocent blood
h you, sad notes
he that maketh it to be rich
I said in my h
make h, my beloved
raw H, half-asleep to Delay
thun why such h
there was mounting in hot h
this swasty h
tho' I am always in h
what h I can to be gone
where, with like h they run
while one with moderate h
whither doth h the nightingale
without h, but without rest
you h away so soon
Hasten h slowly
h to be drunk
men h to a conclusion
new or old, still h to a close
Hasting not full sails h loaden home
until the h day has run
Hasty man in his h days
Hat d' brushes his h a mornings
a chup h has on
a h is going round
a penny in the old man's h
as with my h upon my head
with his cackle h and stiff
civility of my knee, my h, and band
come down dat wid my h caved in
drop a button in the h
his h in his hand
I live by pulling off the h
in h of antique shape
my h and wig will soon be here
ne pull yr h upon yr brows
Parse, from whose h the rays
pitch the ball into the ground h
seen himself in a shocking bad h
where did you get that h?
without pulling off his h
yr fortune lies beneath yr h
yr h has got a hole in t

Hatched couldna be h o'er again
count their chickens ere th' are h
th h, wd., grow muschueous
Hatches country wh r under h
Hatchet with my little h
Hatcheth sitteth on eggs, and h
them not
Hatching vain empira
Hatchment not h o'er his bones
Hatchments Arms and H
Hate dower d with the h of h
enough religion to make us h
h for arts that caused himself
h hum as I h hell-puns
hence, ye profane, I h ye all
I h a fool
I h all Boets and Bansters
I h all that don't lov me
I h him for he is a Christian
I h, I love—the cause thereof
I h the crowd
in time we h that wh we fear
let them h so long as they fear
love and desire and h
love sprung from my only h
make brothers and sisters h
Woe for man h
must h and death return?
never been in love, or in h
no h lost between us
nor love thy life, nor h
nought did I in h
roughness breedit h
scarcely h anyone that we know
reason to h and to despise myself
study of revenge, immortal h
sweet love turns to deadly h
th m m love what I h
the h of the rose we guard
there that h him face before him
they who h me may see it
those fellows h us
'tis delicious to h you
when the English began to h
worst sin is not to h them
Hated brute h so
Dante, lov'd well because he h
farewell, Horace, whom I h so
h, as their age increases
h by foals
he h a fool, and he h a rogue
or being h don't give way
she might have h
to be h needs but to be seen
Hater he was a very good h
Hates extinction of unhappy h
ineffectual feuds and feeble h
likes herself yet others h
shadows of h
Hath from him that h not
taken away even that wh he h
unto every one that h
Hatum call to Supper
Hatum I au cry Supper
Hating don't give way to h
Hated envy, h, and malice
healthy h of scoundrels
I must have no h
no rage, like love to h turned
now h, as by far the longest
stalled and h therewith
without love, h, joy, or fun
Haws angels in broad-brimmed h
bound in their hosen, and their h
never saw so many shocking bad h
their h were o' the birch
Hate other than h aboon
Hate other Messenger's called H
Hatter 'you can't take less' said the
H
Haughtily how h he cocks his nose
Haughtiness of soul
Haught in the h of winter sings
Haunt a h of ancient Peace
exempt from public h
oh the weary h for me
so th days chime thy nights
the Mind of Man—my h
to h, to startle, and waylay
where they most breed and h
Haunted beneath a moon was h

Haunted (cont)
h me like a passion
some h by the ghosts
that is a h town to me
'tis h holy ground
Haunts h of horror and fear
in the busy h of men
not here Apollo h meet for thee
Haute-banc his white h
Hautboys gives the h breath
Have deliver him, if he will h him
for all we h and are
h I no bays to crown it
h it just as you've a mind to
h more than thou showest
h thou nothing to do
if I dream I h you
I h thee not, and yet I see thee
I must not look to h
men h it when they know it not
other folk h what some be glad
the House of H
to h and to hold
what we h we prize not
Have-his-caise
Have-lock pipes o' H
Haven into the h where they wd be
to their h under the hill
Havenots the Haves and the H
Havens in the h dumb
ports and happy h
Having lest, h Hum, I have naught
lest h that, or this
Havoc cry 'H!
the h did not slack
Hawk Harry H
h at eagles with a dove
h of the tower
h h, his bounding, and his lady
his to catch the wild-towl
I know a h from a handsw
no h, no banquet, or renown
old ones by thc h are kill'd
wild h stood with the down
wild h to the wind-swept sky
Hawks hangard h will stoop
such h, loud hounds
Hawthorn(e) h hedge puts forth its
buds
sedulous ape to H
the h bush a sweeter shade
thus h break out turning house
under the h in the dale
when h buds appear
Hlay a mangerial of h
dance an antic h
good h, sweet h
great desire to a bottle of h
nothing like eating h when fuint
sit with my love in the scented h
the world is a bundle of h
we lie tumbling in the h
when husbands win their h
worth a load of h
Haycock under the h fast asleep
Hayley Of H's birth thus was the
lot
to forgive enemies H does pretend
when H finds out
Haystack beside the h in the floods
Hazel, escaped the sword of H
Hazel, equal hope, and h
father's crown into the h
he has put to h his ease
I will stand the h
men that h all do it in hope
the h of concealing
Hazel-not chariot is an empty h
Hazzit I was at H's marriage
play'd the sedulous ape to H
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He art thou h that shd come
every h we get him a h
h and we ask all men
h for God only
h on whom only ty tempests fill
H too, Whom we have by heart
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who is H, with modest looks

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as well as want of h	196a	h is turned to stone	106a	loosed out in tears	474b
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awful warmth about my h	222b	h of a ranger	26a	make this h rejoice	109b
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thurs spirits are in H
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then h mocks itself
th' opening bud to H conveyed
there may be h
there's h above
there's husbandry in h
there was silence in h
there was war in h
the seat we must change for H
this is the gate of h
thorny way to h
those who win h, blest are they
threw him from the face of h
thro' H's wide champion
thy soul's flight, if it find h
till in H the deed appears
'tis h points out an hereafter
'tis like a little H below
to be young was very h
to-day, between Hll and H
to grow old in H is to grow young
top of it reached to h
to the very bourne of h
to wh H has joined great issues
to wh the H I suffer seems a H
tradesman hope to go to h
trouble dead h with my cries
turn thy back on h
under an English h
unlock the gate of H let us in
unconquered as yet to h
uttermost part of the h
voice of Rome is the consent of h
waiting for the spail from H
warring in H against H's King
was light from H
watched h with their tears
waves that beat on H's shore
we are all going to h
weariness of climbing h
we know the way to h by water
we shall practise in h
what they do in h we are ignorant
when earth was nigher h
when they come to model H
whither in H ye wander fur
wh in old days moved earth and h
who knows save h
whose h shd be true Woman
why stand ye gazing up into h?
wish'd H mad her such a man
with him either in h or in hell
without a thought of H or Hell
women (differ) in H and Hell
yon are the hills o' H
Heavenly even in h place that busy
archer
h paradise is that place
once more the H Power
thy beauty's birth is h
Heavens all the H thou hast in Him
ancient H, in silent awe
awake! the h look bright
blue h above us bent
distorts the H from pole to pole
eternal in the h
feds the h he bare
had I the h 'em considered cloths
h declare the glory of God
h dropped at the presence of God
h fill with shouting
his fibre of the H hath left
how many h at once
hung be the h with black
I create new h
in the h like a white fawn
I will consider thy h
most ancient h, thro' Thee, are
fresh
pure as the naked h
the h are not so high
the h my wide roof-tree
the h themselves blaze forth
the h themselves, the planets
the starry h above me
the starry h above that plain
till you are clothed with the h
when the h are bare

Heavens (cont.)

ye h adore Him
you promise h free from strife
Haviness h foreruns the good event
h may endure for a night
lay aside life-harming h
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praise the spirit of h
so full of h, O my soul
Heaving up my ether hand
Heavy h, but no less divine
light gains make h purses
makes it much more h
spies the h world around
with a weight, h as frost
Heavy-curled even as, h a
character
Heavy-shotted hammock-shroud
Hicranism H and Hellenism
he knows', says H, 'His Bible'
Hebrew an H of the Hebrews
Heldreds are they H? 'so am I
Heldrid each cold H isle
shepherd of the H isles
Hebrides among the farthest H
among the stormy H
beside the stormy H
was colder than the H
we in dreams behold the H
Hecate pale H's offerings
Hector H and I yander
how he was changed from that H
the last H of Troy
Hecuba what's H to him
Hedek along the flowery H I stray
from h to h about the mead
high snowdrifts in the h
in the warm h grew eglantine
sheds bleaching on the h
Hedech travels furthest
Hedgchogs thorny h
Hedges meadows, with filigree h
unkempt about those h
walks bare tongues, and h curs
Hedonist a fiddling h
Hedonist enough else
himself, will take no h at all
take h o' the foul fiend
take h unto the thing
Heeded he heard it, but he h not
Hedl hoofed h of a satyr
h after h against me
thou shalt bruise h as
Heels at his h a stone
high h are most agreeable
kick h with his throat in a rope
only low h in the administration
show it a fair pur of h
stream'd out beyond his h
Heiter plowed with my h
the h howling at the skies
Heigh h-ho! sing h-ho!
h l the sweet birds
Height altho' h's be taken
h my soul can reach
h of this great argument
in the blue heaven's h
measure yr mind's h
none can usurp this h
nor h, nor depth
o' sunburnt h
takes the star's h
to the Holiest in the h
we also know the sacred h
whil pleasure lives in h
yonder mountain h
Heights all the gifts from all the h
h by great men reached
h soul is competent to gain
higher than the h above
on the h of Killecrankie
other h in other lives
trod the sunlit h
Heine's songs
Heir each second stood h to the first
first h of my invention
great h of fame
h of all the ages
h of the whole world
helped her to 'n h
her ashes new-cite another h

Heir (cont.)

he deduced h, in his soft cradle
the hard h strides about
Heresses all h are beautiful
Hers h thro' hope of thy kingdom
if children, then h
sole h as well as you
Helen come H gave me my soul
drove his ball thro' H's cheek
dust hath closed H's eyes
Heaven-born H
H make me immortal with a kiss
H's beauty in a brow of Egypt
H, thy beauty is to me
H, whose beauty summoned
Greece
I wish I were where H lus
Laodameia died, H died
Leda, was the mother of H
like another H, fr'd another Troy
like H when Troy was sacked
the ravish'd H, Menelaus' queen
white lope, blithe H
Helen all is dross that is not H
Helicon where H breaks down
waited our horses in H
Hells airs from heaven, or blasts from
a liar gone to burning h
all h broke loose
all places shall be h
an agreement with h
and that's his h
in orphan's curse wd drag to h
a swing in H from Gunja Din
Ay, there, look grim as h
better to reign in h
bid him go to H, to H he goes
builds a Heaven in H's despair
builds H in fifteen's despite
burn for ever in burning h
characters of h to tract
come hot from h
down, down to h
down to the Hinges o' H
English H for horses
envy's coal hot from h
for the fiery gulf of h
for y' love to her, lead apes in h
gates of h can never
go to the lambs
have the keys of h and death
having harrow'd h
having, two eyes to be cast into h
heaven th' leads men to this h
H a fury like a woman scorn'd
Heaven and H Amalgamation
Society
h and night bring this birth
h from beneath is moved for thee
h is a city much like Iondon
h is full of musical amateurs
h is murky
h's foundations quaver
he said, h
himself i devil frse h
improving prisons in H
in danger of h fire
in h they'll roast thee
in the dunest smoke of h
into the mouth of H
Italy a h for women
it wd be h on earth
jealousy the injured lover's h
keep the gate of h
let H afford the pavement
mad burn like a h
Madness risen from h
make a Heaven of H
make a h of this world
marched—six—weeks in H
Milton wrote 'at liberty of H
more is it than a h can hold
more than h to shun
myself am H
never mentions h to ears polite
night the child of h
none admitt th' riches grow in h
oh thrats of H
one heaven, one h

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parting, all we need of h
 procurers to the Lords of H
 rocks whose entrance leads to H
 shalt not leave my soul in h
 shout that tor's h concave
 sight of lidless eyes in h
 slander, meanest spawn of H
 soul from out immortal h
 summons thee to heaven or to h
 tears for all souls here, and in h
 that out of h leads up to light
 the cunning livery of h
 there is a dreadful H
 there must be h
 there was a way to h
 tho' h shd bar the way
 thou profoundest H
 to-day, between H and Heaven
 to wh the H I suffer
 war is all h
 what h it is, in suing long
 wh way I fly in h
 who art as black as h
 whose music h can move
 why this is h
 with h are we at an agreement
 without a thought of Heaven or H
 worth ambition tho' in h
 Hellas a brighter H
 to the gospel of H
 Hellenism, Hbraism and H
 Hellespont cd have passed the H
 Propontic and the H
 straight H between her breasts
 Hell-fires an' dreamin' h to see
 Hell-gate flare of H there
 Hellhound h always a h
 Hellish dark, and smells of cheese
 Hell-kite O h in Hell
 Hell-pains as I hate h
 Hells tormented with thousand h
 Helmet drank the red wine thro' the h
 his h now shall make a hive
 put off my h to my countryman
 she saw the h, and the plume
 Helmsman h steered us through
 so the h answered
 Help comfort of thy again
 'e'll h us by-an'-by
 first did h to wound itself
 from whence cometh my h
 H I Fret H I the hanc'l
 h from the sanctuary
 h of the helpless
 h us all by Thy grace
 h us, this and every day
 here did England h me
 his ready h was ever nigh
 how can I h England?
 I can't h it
 lift not thy hands to It for any thing
 love without the h of anything
 not enough to h the feeble up
 O God, our h, ages past
 seeking h from nesc
 since there's no h
 there is no h in them
 very present h in trouble
 we have no h but Thee
 we'll h 'im for 'is mother
 what us past my h
 yr countrymen cannot h
 Helped being h, inhabits there
 we shall have h it
 Helper my h and redeemer
 our antagonist is our h
 Helpers when other h fail
 Helping h every feeble neighbour
 h, when we meet them, lame dogs
 Helpless h, look to Thee for grace
 h, naked, piping loud
 little, weak, and h
 she's h to hinder that or anything
 Helps God h them h themselves
 they used h, undergirding the ship
 Helder skelter, hang sorrow
 Hem flying harp and fluttering h
 red-rose-bordered h
 Hemisphere plucking the eastern h
 Hemlock burdocks, h, nettles

Hcn h gathereth her chickens
 he yat of this text a pulled h
 huckety, pickety, my black h
 mine, ten, a good fat h
 poor h I fond of no second brood
 two Owls and a H
 wondrous still, the cock and h
 Hence h, assault ('tis holy ground)
 h, clear delusion
 h, horrible shadow
 h, loathed Melancholy
 h, with denial vain, excuse
 h, ye profane, I hate ye all
 h, you long-legged spinners
 whether hurried h
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 Her h for all she made
 I learned about women from h
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 h of noisy world
 I wish no other h
 last and greatest h of Heaven's
 spring the h of love's king
 Heraldries 'mong thousand h
 Heraldry boast of h
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 h lies one who meant well
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 h to-day, and gone tomorrow
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 client
 h be again!
 h we come a-wa'staling
 h we come gathering nuts in May
 h, where the world is quiet
 h will I remain
 I have been h before
 it is good for us to be h
 H. Fayette, we are h
 no noise h
 of h and everywhere
 Samuel answered, H am I
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 Hereabouts he dwells
 Hereafter by the all-hail h I
 heaven points out an h
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 she shd have died h
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 what may come h
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Heresies hateful h
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 Heresy h signifies no more than
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 Heretic it is a h that makes the fire
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 Hermit dwell a weeping h there
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 H of the dale
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 Hermits contented with their cells
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 'H'
 Hero a h must drink brandy
 a h perch, or a sparrow fill
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 H can be Poet or what you will
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 Herself gave me h undec'd
 Hertfordshire plains of pleasant H
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 Hesperian fables true
 Hesperides fruit of the H
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 he *h* me well
h him with his skummy hand
 she *h* her little thought
 Holc. by the *h* of the door
 ereeps in at every *h*
h where tail came through roob,
 if you knows of a better *h*
 into the square *h*
 stop a big mud *h*
 stop a *h* to keep the wind away
 there's a *h* m a' yr coats
 yr hat has got a *h* in't
 Holes where eyes inhabit
 Holiday butcher'd make Roman *h*
 but hat be schism, on the *h*
 envy never makes *h*
 get you home is this a *h*
 he speaks holiday
h, the beggar's shop is shut
 m a *h* humour
 ne moe atte *h*
 to play on a sunshine *h*
 we no *h* have seen
 with many *h* and lady terms
 Holidays all the year playing *h*
 Holiest mother the *h* thing alive
 Holiest that wouldst thou *h*
 Holme the courage of heart or *h*
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h of the heart's affection
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 Hollan children in *H* take
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h murmurs did away
h of Jacob's thigh
 I hate the dreadful *h*
 I plucked a *h* reed
 makes the *h* seas, that roar
 Providence fashioned us *h*
 tell the grassy *h*
 the fearful *h* of thine ear
 we are the *h* men
 Followed a little mournfully
 Hollowness, trachery, and all
 Follows bowery *h* crowned
 Holly heigh-hol the *h*
h and the rvy
h bears the crown
 the *h* branch shone on the old oak
 Holmes 'commonplace', said *H*
 He remarked impotently
 to *H* [Irene] the woman
 Holocaust lay crenwale a *h*
 Holsters and cartridge boxes
 Holy all the place is *h* ground
 called her *h* before the *h* man
 He made to make men *h*
 hence, avau't ('tis *h* ground)
 her smile, it seems half *h*
 he that is *h* let him be *h* still
h, divine, good
h, fair, and wise
H, *H*! Lord God Almighty!
H, *h*, *h*, Lord God of hosts

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It was the Sabbath bell
 hunters been nat *h* men
 it was an *h* and good thought
 neither *h*, nor Roman
 said *h*, *h*, *h*, is the Lord
 saying *H*, *h*, *h*, Lord God
 thou comest *h*
 thy *H* One to see corruption
 wherso'er it be, a *h* place
 Holy Ghost by the opiation of the
H
 come, *H*, our souls inspire
H are the best world broods
 no gold, no *II*
 pencil of the *H* hath laboured
 whether there be any *H*
 yr body is the temple of the *II*
 Holy Land wh I supposed the *H*
 Homage claims the *h* of a car
 do *h* to thy King
 each under eye doth *h*
 owns no *h* unto the sun
 Home (Hlanc) a day's march nearer
h
 almost sacred joys of *h*
 as we draw near *h*
 be happy as ever at *h*
 b'hold ye again hills of *h*!
 best country ever is, at *h*
 brought him *h* at even-fall
 by water he sented hem *h*
 charity begins at *h*
 com's safe *h*
 don't want to go *h* in the dark
 dream that I am *h* again
 dreamt not of a punishable *h*
 dunce that has been kept at *h*
 earth is all the *h* I have
 catch me out of house and *h*
 England, *h* and beauty
 from Thy celestial *h*
 glad to bring him *h*
 grows erect, as that comes *h*
 he is on the deep
 he shall come a cheerful *h*
 Hicrusilum, my happy *h*
 his floating *h* for ever lit
 his luminous *h* of waters opens
h art gone and ta'en thy wiges
h had she none
h has forgotten he hath turn'd
h is the girl's prison
h is the sailor, *h* from the sea
h-keeping youth
h life of our own dear Queen
h of lost causes
h of the Arts
h on the rolling deep
h, Rose, and *h* Provence
h's *h* be it never so hamely
h, sweet, sweet *h*
h they brought her warrior dead
h they brought him slann
h of creatures
 I am far from *h*
 if all alas! were well at *h*
 I had a once
 I'm come *h*, my love
 intruders on his ancient *h*
h's *h* and it's *h* fun wad I be
 little grey *h* in the west
h in goeth to his long *h*
 near to their eternal *h*
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 old fellow *h*
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 he wd h in the mountains
 h down a tired metaphor
 h in the dark
 H, one of those happy souls
 to h, and vote
 Hunter Bahram, that great H
 Fear, O little H, he is Fear
 from the snare of the h
 hungry as a h
 h home from the hull
 h is heard on the hull
 man is the h
 Nimrod the mighty h
 struck by the h's dart
 the H of the East
 Hunters here thy stand
 h been nat'ly holy men
 Hunting call h one of them
 [pleasures]
 good h I
 hound is to the h gane
 h fills my thoughts by day
 h he loved, but love he laugh'd
 h is all that's worth living for
 h is like the han w breathe
 is the spot of kings
 H of the Cheviot
 I like, the h of the hare
 it ain't the h as 'urts
 passion for h deeply implanted
 that one h wh the Devil design'd
 their discourse was about h
 wet and dirty from h
 wot is not spurt in h
 Huntley where H, and where I home
 Huntley lay on H blink
 Huntress queen and h
 Huntsman a caskoek'd h
 as a h his pad
 h by the bear oppressed
 h, rest thy chase is done
 h winds his horn
 Huntsmen are in America
 Hunted headlong flaming
 Hurly with the h death itself
 'wakas
 Hurly burly when the h's done
 Hurrdid we bring the Jubilee
 Hurrin' swept the h of steel
 Hurrin'oes cataracts and h
 Hurry an old man in a h
 he sows h and reaps indigestion
 I am never in a h
 no h in her hands
 Hurt as I have to be h
 'he who shall h the little wren
 'I'll not h thee'
 nothing doth more h in a state
 they shall not h nor destroy
 they that have power to h
 Hurtig you are h be
 Hurtles in the darkened air
 Hurts had he his h before
 he h me met who commends
 I strike it, and it h my hand
 some of yr h you have curd
 which h, and is desir'd
 Husband and then my h—God be
 as the h is, the wife is
 as wd over his h
 being a h is a whole-time job
 bidden accord for her h
 duty a woman owth to her h
 good h, little an
 good works in her h to promote
 hang yr h and be dutiful
 hare com's my h
 her h's to Aleppo pone
 h frate the wife despises
 h I come
 h I in ev'ry respect but form
 h twenty years married
 I am thine h
 I had once a h
 level in her h's heart
 light wife doth make a heavy h
 make her h a cuckold
 Mr F most indulgent h
 monstrous animal a h and wife
 ne'er answers till a h cools

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 530b no worse h than the best
 717b see a h in these circumstances
 110b she must have a h
 305b so ill bred as to love a h
 67b the h was a teetotaller
 153a the Man-o-War's 'er h
 150b too good for one h, to bear
 230b unbending h is sanctified
 487b wife is May, the h June
 415a woman is a crown to her h
 115b Husbanded h the Golden grain
 430b so fathered and so h
 402b Husbandry dulls the edge of h
 347b there's h in heaven
 152a Husbunds h at church-dore
 370b h love yr wives
 880 h, or when lap-dogs breathe
 212a I shd marry twenty h
 237a let them ask their h at home
 520b pray, they dare not show their h
 416b reasons for h to stay at home
 386b respite to h
 416b submit yourselves unto yr own h
 416b when h win their hay
 416b Hush a h with the setting moon
 416b h I if you saw some western cloud
 531a h I my dear, he still
 33b increases more they call out, 'H' I
 535a O h thee, my babe
 125a old man who said 'I I'
 141b there's a breathless h in the Close
 209a Hushes half the babbling Wye
 417a Hush! be all things
 416b Husks h that the swine did eat
 318b what's to come, is stewed with h
 528a Hustle tried to h the East
 213a Hut love in a h
 110b my little wooden h
 100b made h by the Danube
 442b Hunch palate, the h of tasty lust
 316b Huns where poor men lie
 151b Hwang reign of the Emperor H
 41a Hyaacinth a h I wish me
 271a children with H's temperament
 135a every h of the Garden wears
 438b Hyades the rainy H
 376b Hybla as the honey of H
 341a they rob the H bees
 149a Hyde park beyond H's a desert
 105b nor go to H together
 275b Hydras Gorgons and H
 141b Hydus and Elops drear
 308b Hymenal chorus H
 438a Hymn humm'd a surly h
 146b I the h the Brahmin sings
 282b St Ann's our parting h
 411b your h of praise to-day
 155b Hymns chanting fame h
 515b h and spiritual songs
 308a singing h unbidden
 202b sings his canticles and h
 387b sings h at heaven's gate
 306a solemn h to sullen dirges change
 141b Hyperbolos presides h
 345a Hyperboles three-pil'd h
 383a Hyperton help H to his horse
 96a H of calves the Piper
 330a H to a satyr
 128a Hyphnated Americans
 602a Hypokrisy Conservative Govern-
 273b man nor angel can discern h
 345a now step I forth to whip h
 211b Hypocrite a h in his pleasures
 300 Good is the plea of the h
 416b Hypocrite cant of h the worst
 274b h austere talk of purity
 Hypothesis character of a family to
 an h
 411b Hyrcanian like the H beast
 332b Hyssop purge me with h
 485a Hysteres blind h of the Celt
 431a

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 I again, what else did you expect?
 I am a good man too
 I am always about in the Quad
 I am among you as he
 I am like that liveth, and was dead
 I am I, thou art thou
 I am rather tall and stately
 I am that I am
 I am the door
 I am the High
 I, and you, and all of us
 I, I also am an American
 I in my bed again
 I John saw the holy city
 I'm Mackail, and who are you
 I mys'l were dead and gane
 'I', said the Fly
 'I', said the Sparrow
 I, singularly moved to love
 I the elder and more terrible
 I the Lord thy God
 I the Trinity illustrate
 I think that man was I
 it is I, be not afraid
 I to Him, and He to me
 I told you, I had, have not been idle
 I, with many a fear
 no more I that doct' it
 say, did that lad be I?
 that I am he, let me a little show
 there am I in the midst of them
 this is none of I
 thou art I
 I hou, Lord, and I
 what am I? an infant crying
 yet not I, but the grace of God
 Iago but yet the pity of I
 concerning an I as an Imogen
 Ianibus march from short to long
 lanthe find I's name again
 from you, I, little troubles pass
 Iberians the dark I come
 Ice as soon seek I in June
 Ixyed along the polished I
 I did I with a thunder-fit
 I, mast high, came floating by
 I on summer seas
 I was here, the I was there
 it is good to break the I
 like the skater on I
 pleasure came with caves of I
 I guess I truck-ribbed I
 skating over thin I
 to smooth the I
 Iachabod the glory is departed
 Iceicle chaste as the I
 I on a Dutchman's beard
 Iceicles hang them up in silent I
 when I hang by the wall
 Iccumen sister is I in
 Ida dear mother I, hearken
 O mother I, many-fountain'd I
 there lies a vale in I
 when I was I's shady brow
 Italian Queen
 Idea he had only one I
 I of her life shall creep
 one I, and that is a wrong one
 teach the young I
 the mighty abstract I I have
 Ideal I of a manly career
 softly sleeps the calm I
 the I American who is all wrong
 Idias all sorts of dead I
 champagne gives gentlemanly I
 entertain such inhuman I
 Idler I of words
 sung divine I below
 Identity his I presses upon me
 Ides beware the I of March
 that work the I of March begun
 the I of March are come
 Idiom for the I of words very little
 Idiot an I race to honour lost
 as e'er the bautoous I spoke
 a tale told by an I
 him whom you love, yr I Boy
 I who praises all centuries
 like a blank I
 Idle ev'ry I man shall speak

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Idle (cont.)

for i hands to do
happy when i am
i as a painted ship
if you are i, be not solitary
I too, my Lord, have not been i
most 'scrutinating'
stand ye all like the day?
we wd all be i, if we cd
wise, i, childish things
Idleness bear such i so near
conceives by i
feet of joy in i
frivolous work of polished i
grief is a species of i
i the refuge of weak minds
round of strenuous i
unyo'd humour of yr i
Idler every man hopes to be, an i
hath been an i in the land
Idlers, game-preservers
Idling to enjoy i thoroughly
Idly bent on him that enters
Idol dearest i I have known
kisses on an 'eaten i's foot
water'at that i be
worship off the i for the saint
Idolatres bow'd to its i a patient
knee
Idolatry for that were I
god of my i
it might breed i
on this side i
'tis mad i to make the service
Idols four classes of I
God keeps a niche hold our i
Idyll high diddle diddle i
If i'd go and wake them, i
i at i'd you don't succeed
'i' is the only peacemaker
i you can keep yr head
much virtue in 'i'
Ifs talk't tho to me of 'i'/?
Igm's fatuus reason an I of the
mind
Ignebe base and i creature
yet the end was not i
Ignominy i of our natures
thy i sleep with thee
Ignorance alike in i, his reason such
blind and naked i delivers
bliss wh i is the lot of happy i
boldness is a child of i
distinguished for i
drunk to heavy I
from i our comfort flows
from knowledge i
I is not innocence
i, madam, pure i
i of the law excuses no man
I pity his i and despise him
it was a childish i
let me not burst in i
more than Gothic i
no sun but i
putting us to i again
the smallest allowance for i
thro' y ye did it
understand a writer's i
what i of pain?
where i is bliss
yr i cramps my conversation
Ignorances negligences and i
Ignorant be not i of anything
confound the i
i of his understanding
most i of what he's most assur'd
right of the i man
we, i of ourselves
Ignorantly I did it ignorantly
Iliad an I of woes
Iliion cloud-kissing I
Ilium burnt the topless towers of I
I is no more than i
Ill attending captain i
cannot be i, cannot be good
cure for this i is not to sit still
did not care to speak i of any
enchains us to permitted i
gey i to live w
give the i he cannot cure a name

Ill (cont.)

good i the final goal of i
he thinks no i
how i all's here about my heart
if it is i has a frightened look
looking i prevail
make strong themselves by i
no i can come
nothing i come near thee
nought shall go i
O benefit of i i
of every i, a woman is the worst
seal up the avenues of i
tempt you to all harm and i
that i rail at the i
there is some i a-brewing
there's nothing i can dwell
to do i our sole delight
to speak i of it
Ill-bred illiberal and so i
Ill-dread ill-kept and i
Ill-favoured thing, sir, but mine own
Ill-fed, ill-killed
Illiberal so i and so ill-bred
Ill-luck so fond of i
Illness without the i shd attend it
Ills claim of all human i
fear, the last of i
i have no weight
long versed in human i
no sense have they of i to come
o'er a the i o' life victorious
quite b
rather bear those i we have
to hastening i a prey
what i from beauty spring
when nae real i perplex them
Ill-tempered think him i and queer
illumine what in me is dark i
Illusion for man's i given
only one i left
so thankful for i
Illustrious i predecessors
scarce less i goes the clerk
Ilyria tall a man as any's in i
Why do I do in i?
Ilyrian green i hills
Illy looks on I downs
Image an i gay, to haunt
best i of myself
Caesar's i is effaced
content of the creature
express i of his person
I am in His i made
i of Lewtl
i of my death
i that, flying still before me
i that Nebuchadnezzar set up
in his own i the Creator made
its wrinkled i lies
kills the i of God in the eye
let us make man in our i
man's i and his cry
nor i of thine eyes
scatter'd his Maker's i
see the great doom's i
shalt not make any graven i
stamp'd with the i of the King
the fleeting i of a shade
the i of eternity
whose word i doth unfix my hair
whose is this i
worship the beast and his i
yr i at our hearts we bear
i that blossoms a rose
Zoroaster met his own i
Imagines garlanded with carven i
Imagines shd come natural
Images express the i of their minds
strange i of death
thro' a garden of bright i
Imagination appear so fair to fond i
are of i all compact
as bodies forth the forms
a thing i boggles at
by bare i of a feast
civet to sweeten my i
creep into his study of i
fairy writing wh depends on i
his i wings of an ostrich
how abhorred in my i i

Imagination (cont.)

if i amend them
i cold and barren
i droops her pinion
i of a boy is healthy
i of man's heart is evil
i the rudder
i to give them shape
i, wh i but another name
in ages of i
in the i of their hearts
is to defile the i
O Sleep charm my i
reined play of the i
such tricks hath strong i
the truth of i
to his i for his facts
to save those that have no i
were it not for i, Sir
what the i seizes as beauty
whispering chambers of i
Imaginations my i are as foul as
Vulcan's
perish thro' their own i
Imaginative or domestic passages
Imagine all that they i is to do me
evil
the people i a vain thng?
Imagined exhausted worlds, and
then i new
i such a device
Imagings dreams and the light i
less than horrible i
Imbower high over-arch'd i
Imitate i the action of the tiger
obliged to i himself
Imitation i the sincerest of
flattery
not a good i of Johnson
there can be no i
vocation were endless i
Imitations poorest of all i
imitators, you slayish herd
Imlac captain of a poet, said I
Immanuel call his name i
Immensely busy form
Immensity belie thy soul's i
i cloistered in thy womb
Immodest words admit of no defence
Immortal as that most i m'n
Immodest being a thing i as itself
driven away from our i day
Heav'n had wanted our i song
Helen, make me i with a kiss
his biting is i
I have i longings in me
I have lost the i part
i diamond, so i diamond
i in his own despite
i, though no more
sole thing of worth i
the minute makes i
thou must be made i
what i hand or eye
Immortal born i
I long to believe in i
like a load of i
nurslings of i
over whom thy i broods
slumber out their i
the field of i
the steadfast rock of i
they gave, their i
this longing after i
this mortal must assume its i
'tis i
yet is their hope full of i
Immortalize art that can i
mortal thing so i
Immortalizes verse, that i
Immortals never appear the I
President of the I
Immoveable, looking tranquillity
Imogen conceiving an Iago as an I
Imparadised in one another's arms
Impart doth Himself i
Impatience wd be so much fretted
Impatient of servitude
Impeach i I hum in the name of
India

6.1

I the common enemy	56a
Impeachment own the soft	400b
Impediment cause, or just	481a
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thy rod of 1
Incappable I am 1 of a tune
1 of her own distress
Incapacity courted by 1
Incarinated 1 smoke
1 multitudinous was 1
Incarinations glimmering 1
Incense 1-bearing tree
1 is an abomination
nor what soft 1 hangs
stupor 1-smoke
the gods themselves thro
thy pipe, thy 1 sweet
Incensed buffets of the wor
1 with indignation Satan
Incertainties more certain
Incited 1 to gain
Inch up Rock
Inches die by famine die
Incident what is 1 but ch
Incidents well linked
Incination read just as 1
Incite 1 to keep th
Inclined as to embrace me
he 1 unto me
Inclines neither way 1
Income annual 1 twenty p
in with a good 1 is 1
Incommodious beyond or
Incommunicable burden of
1 sleep
Incompleteness flowed aro
Incomprehensibles not thr
Inconspicuous to the min
Inconspicuous Constant, in
were 1
constant in nothing but 1
curse thine own 1
nothing constant, save 1
Inconspicuous is woman
Inconspicuous is woman neve
unhappy
woman vain, 1, childish
Inconvenience change is r
without 1
Inconvenient 1 to be poor
1 unconsciously
Incorporeal as he had been
Incorruptible but we are 1
sea-green 1 [Robespierre
Incorruption put on 1
raised in 1
Incorruptible as 1 of appetite
blissest the 1 of it
dry up in her the organs
fairest creatures we desire
God gave the 1
good and 1 of the world
he must, but I must do
1 of faith, hope, and char
Incredible round an 1 star
Incredulity the wit of fool
Increment an unregard
unpleasant
Ind from the east to west
wealth of Ormus and of
Indebted and discharged
Independence first of bl
make up the Declaration
to where we've a fling
Independence of the main t
Indestructible Union of 1
Index 1 thunders in the 1
Indexes such 1 small pr
writes 1 to perfection
India thele treasures of
India know 1 the betal of I
if far I coral we sail
I's coral strand
I's spicy shores
in the name of the people
of 1 is in London
they made Brutus
up from 1 glances
Indian a poor 1's sleep
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1 Summer of the heart
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1
lo, the poor 1

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thine earth-born j renew thing of beauty is a j for ever thou hast finished j and moan thy j and crown eternally tidings of great j I bring variety's the source of j below we want a face of j because where's all the j and mirth who hath seen j who shall ever find j's language with courage, love and j with feet of j in idleness with j approach O Christian Woman, the j of joys writh'd not at passing j years to be of work and j Joyance like to sounds of j there with thy clear keen j Joy-bells ring in heaven's street Joyful j and triumphant j before the Lord the King Joyous j hour, we give thee greeting! j we too launch out Joyously so j, so maidenly Joys Africa and golden j all that to us are folly all that's precious in our j great j, like griefs, are silent hence, vain deluding j how fading are the j in whom all j, so well agree it [finds] redolent j j are but fantastical j like beauty, but skin deep j of parents are secret j with age diminish left all j to feel all smart minds me o' departed j our j three parts pain our youth, our j, and all we have present j are more raise yr j and triumphs high sacred j of home depend season made for j their honesty j thy j when shall I see? 'twere profanation of our j what j await us there what lasting j the man attend why thy visionary j remove? Jubilant be the j of jubile our j's death we bring the j Jubjub beware the j bird Judas in j and in Cappadocia Judah among the thousands of j j as my law-giver j their counsel the sight of j's seer Judas j not Iscariot shoves j and Jesus equally aside Judas Maccabaeus the third j Judas Stretches far j Judas know everythin' down in j Judas and a good j too and j of the earth as sober as a j as they grow older they j them fitter to invent than to j God is a righteous j forbear to j, for we are sinners

Judge (cont)

for now I am a j 167a
half as sober as a j 240a
I am no j of such matters 305a
I'll be j, I'll be jury 82b
indifferent j between 401b
j and avenge our blood j is condemned when j none blessed before, his death 535b
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O was young j 154b
shd but j you as you are there sits a j 385b
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Tweed that we be not j 504b
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j all land d (a terrible show!) 160a
j of fact, tho' not j of law vanquish, not my Accuser, but my j 288a
Judgement angry with his j bid till j I do 236a
blood waits upon the j bring ev'ry work into j but reserve thy j by the leg'd j of his peers by Fort-diers, to j D'iy Daniel come to j God's great j 'scat he looked for j He, wh is the top of j in the day of j 478b
I was arisen in j 342a
I cast j's travesth nigh law of human j, Mercy leaves of the j Book unfold O j, you're poorty sure to fail my j thou art fled on better j making proceed to j 155a
right j in all things seven times tried that j is their j is a merc lottery the j of the great whore the people's j alw vs true vulgare the day of j what j I had increases what j shall I dread young in limbs, in j old yr j will probably be right Judgements cause for j so m'ign criterion of wisdom to vulgr j d'iclers beware j differing j serve but to declare drop our clear j give the King thy j men's j are a parcel rish j, nor the snurs to keep thy righteous j with our j as our watches Judicious j clear, succinct j levity 573a
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ere the mightiest I fell
J Caesar's ill-erected tower
the third J Caesar
ye towers of J
July cuckoo of a worse J
English winter—ending in J
how, that J at noon, you went
swarm of bees in J
Jumbles live
Jump I will not j with common
spirits
j, as M^r Levi did
j at a gilded hoop
jumping from the chair
jumps see how the cat j
June all J I bound the rose
April, j, and November
as the cuckoo is in J
cuckoo of a joyless J
glorious 1st of J
leafy month of J
newly sprung in J
nor wd forgive, did J disclose
November on the lap of J
on a brilliant night in J
purchance, in J
rare as a day in J
serves for the old J weather
she needs not J for beauty's
swarm of bees in J
when J is come, then all the day
when J is past, the fading rose
Juncs in three hot J burned
Jungle, that keep the J law
this is the Law of the J
tho' the J very softly
Junior struck a trusting J
Junior sat down under a J tree
Juncus Cobbett and J
Juno J but an I thup were
J's unrelenting hate
she's J when she walks
than the lids of J's eyes
Jupiter brighter art thou than J
the run-battle
Leda, the blood of J
so J me succour
Vespers in the Temple of J
Jurisdiction Rome hath no J
Jurisprudence gladsome light of J
Jury I'll be
j all wrote down on their slates
j eagerly wrote down
j pressing on the prisoner's life
trial by j will be a delusion
tried before a jury once a week
Jury-men that j may dine
Just a best, but a j beast
actions of the j smell sweet
becometh well the j
he j and fear not
chiefly on the j, because
I think that thou art j
j see the ways of j
j as I am, without one plea
ninety and nine j persons
path of the j is the light
pursue things wh^{ere} j are in present
rain it raineth on the j
I use me with the j
reflect that God is j
sneeth run on the j
slowly wise and meanly j
thou j shall live by faith
thou art indeed j, Lord
thou hast made him, thou art j
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what I plead is j
whatsoever things are j
Juster not, Celia, that j am
Justice as infinite a j too
as thou urgest j be assur'd
conscience j enough to accuse
crimes, unwhipp'd of j
he found the unpersuadable j
I have loved j had hec'd inquiry
indifferently minister j
in nature, certain fountains of j
in the course of j

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j is truth in action
j, more than thou desir'st
J, though she s painted blind
kings the sword of j lay down
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persuade J to break her sword
place of j is a hallowed place
potic J, with her lifted scale
religion, j, counsel
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see how yond j rails
the fuel j layeth on
the j it pleases
the j of my quarrel
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Thwackum was for doing j
till he talks about j and right
what you think j requires
when mercy seasons j
where mystery begins, j ends
wh is the j, wh is the thuct
with sword of j the ruleth
justifiable to men
Justified 'tis half as good as j
Justly the ways of God to Men
Juty no j, in f^uz, butress
Juxtaposition j his prophet
j, in short

K
Kabul ford o' K river
Kakobad and Kaikhoru
K the great
Kall brer bush in our k yard
Kall diving in his k-yarde
Kangaroo old Man K first
Kinas had better stop raising corn
Karshish the picker-up
Kaspar, old K's work was done
Katie, K's daughter, K's Nan
Kathleen Mavourneen
Katterfelto with his hair on end
Keats to see him [K] act
Kean John K five feet high
John K, who was killed off
K, who was ignorant of Greek
old-gluttering K
whit porridge had John K?
who killed John K?
Keesicks, burs
Kedar among the tents of K
as the tents of K
Ked her k ploughs air
no k has ever ploughed that path
Keen k were his pangs
sawayd by quite as k as scuse
thy tooth is not so k
Keener with constant use
Keep always k us so
and many to k
carc must k you
fath every one do k whole
heaven vows to k him
hvest thing that man may k
if you can k yr head
Ked always k us so
Lk and pass and turn again
k holy the Sabbath day
k innocency, and take heed
k it now, and take the rest
k me as the apple of an eye
k something to yourself
k thee only unto her
k the home fires burning
k themselves close
k thy servant also from sins
k up appearances
k ye the law
k yourself to yourself
most difficult of tasks to k
of nyce conscience took he no k
she has her soul to k
so may I always k
they shd k who can
to k thee in all thy ways
to k them so

Keeper a k is only a poacher
and my brother's k?
k stands up to keep the goal
Lord himself is thy k
Keepers k, of the house tremble
k of the wall took away my veil
wh their k call a lightning
Keepst peace at first, and k me so
Keepeth thee will not sleep
Keeping I rather, in Thy gracious k
if k it does it much good
Keith of Ravelston
Kelly Fanny K's divine plain face
has anybody here seen K
K from the Emerald Isle
K from the Isle of Man
Kelpie's flow
Kclt slav, I euton, K
Kempenfelt brave K is gone
K went down
Kendal-green
Kensal Green Paradise by way
of K
Kent I'm k the better
K and Surry may
K, sir—everybody knows K
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there was a young lady of K
Vanguard of Liberty, ye men of K
Kentish K Sir Blyn
Pancras and K Town repose
Kentucky the old K Home
Kent that I'm your hero, and
Kendal like I thin was to ths k
Kcndls from sweet k prest
Kettle how agree the k and the
I took
I took a k large and new
Bolly put the k on
Kattle-drum Johnson marched to k
kew go down to K in h-lac-time
I am his Highness' dog at k
Keep a Door to wh I found no K
in a bondman's k
k of the bottomless pit
Kew on the golden k
taken away the k of knowledge
the k is gone with them
turn the k deftly
with an easy k, dost open life
with this k Shakespeare unlocked
with the scold of Shakespeare
you've got the k of the street
Keys hvt the k of hell and death
k were k rusty
keeps the k of all the creeds
over the noisy k
sending me the half that's got my k
shaming k will be took from her
two mussy k he bore
Keystone o' night's black arch the k
Khayyam come with old K
Kiaugh a h's weary k beguile
Kibe he grills his k
Kick I don't you downstairs
I wd scarcely k to come
k against the pricks
k his wife out of bed
you k me downstairs
Kick'd Jeshurun waved fat, and k
some k, until they can feel
Kickshank little tiny k
Kid in his paw dandled the k
leopard le down with the k
see the k in his mother's milk
the flut-foot k
Kidney nrun of my k
mooted foot of k
Kidneys blister my k
Kill be'st a devil, I cannot k thee
casual must m'n k and die
I'll k you, if you quote it
I will k thee, and love thee after
I will k you, I will k you
k a man is k a good book
k him in the shell
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men have it when they k it not
might one from other k
more than to k little
music by somebody I do not k
my good child, k this
not to k anything among you
not to k me argues yourselves
not utter what thou dost not k
now I k in part
O! that a man might k the end
other women k so much
pleasant to k Mr Lear
professed to k this only
quick to learn and wis to k
reison but from what we k
saying you want to k, you k
scarcely hate any one that we k
shill I k even as I am known
than but to k 't a little
that is all ye k on earth
that shall we k one day
there is no knowledge but I k it
they k not what they do
they leave you, and you k them
theyn'tk everythin down in Judee
this shall I ne'er k
this warn kind world is all I k
thought so once, but now I k it
thought to k that you k not
to k the world, not love her
we are greater than we k
we are wiser than we k
we k a subject ourselves
we might k as much as Adam
whatever there is to k
what I don't k isn't knowledge
what you k, you k
when all pretend to k
when it came to k me well
where no man doth me k
whom truly to k is life
who only know and k
with them that k me
yet not proud to k
you yourselves do k
Know-ill ole man K
known reckon he never k how
Knowest k thine love the
lord, thou k all things
spak less than thou k
thou that k cash
Knoweth name written, whi no
man k
no man k of his sepulchre
Knowing for lust of k
greater than their k l
not k what they do
Knowledge a k of nothing
all k too but recorded experience
any little k or experience
be innocent of the k
bonded warehouse of my l
but not according to k
by words without k
climbing after k infinite
clow, the five ports of k
desire more love and k of you
dissemble sometimes yr k
exult and sing over the k
follow k like a sinking star
for all k and wonder plicure
for the book of k lair
fret not after k
full of the k the Lord
had no k when the day was done
he multithp words without k
he that increaseth k
I ask it for the k of a lifetime
in k of whom standeth our
is there k in the most High?
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k by suffering intereth
k comes, but wisdom lingers
k dwells in heids ripe
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k at about in the market
k is of two kinds
k is proud that he has learn'd
k itself is power
k may give weight
k of man is as the waters
k of the ancient languages
k of the world
k puffeth up
k shall be increased
k to their eyes her ample page
k under difficulties
k we ask not k 'Thou hast kn't
let k grow from more to more
light of k in their eyes
love of Christ wh passeth k
man must carry k with him
my k is but vain
no man's k here can go beyond
nor device, nor k in the grave
objects and k curious
out-topping k
science is organized k
spirit of k and of the fear
saw me k too wonderful
taken all k to be my province
taken away the key of k
the literature of k
there be k, it shall vanish away
there is no k but I know it
there's k that I know
too high the price for k
too much k for the sceptic side
tree of the k of good and evil
true antithesis to k
volume of nature book of k
what I don't know isn't k
what k but guessing?
whit k can perform
woman's happiest k
wonder, wh is the seed of k
Known among the leaves hast
never k has been k and sud
best that is k and thought
even as also I am k
go to the devil where he is k
hid I but early k thy worth
have ye not k?
Hear ye whom I have not k
if only I had k, k
I wish k no day like this
I wish my heart had never k ye
knowing what shd not be k
k and loved so long
k no more than other men
k of them in breaking of bread
k that once it I loved you well
more you 'ave k o' the others
much have I seen and k
much to be done little to be k
not be k to do anything
people whom I have not k
place where he is not k
so I had nothing k
tell him, I too have k
till I am k, and do not want it
to be lov'd needs only to be k
what shall I do to be for ever k
ye! had thou not k me, 'Philip
you wd be k, and not know
Knows, he k who gave that love
just k, and k no more her Bible
k nothing whatever about 'I hee
now men thro' what centuries
no man truly k another
now she k, when I remembre her
she beloved k nought that k not
she k her man
she k wot's wot, she does
this k k, in joys and woes
this the world well k
what every schoolboy k
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 Cassius, you are yoked with a l did he who made the L make thee 341a
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 I a child, and thou a l 425b
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 Mary had a little l of the skin of an innocent l 177b
 O L of God, I come 384a
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 papee a song about a l 32b
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 sedulous ape to L 405b
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 Una with her milk-white l 468b
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 Lamenting's heard y' air 77a
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 new l for old 507b
 ye living l, by whose dear light 261a
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 Lance holocaust was laid in rest my l a wand of the willow tree sword-way, and with l's thrust 531a
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nor I, nor another
of bold Sir L.
till she left not even L. brave
when was L. wanderingly lewd?
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Lancurs six stalwart l
Land a happy l we know
along the l they rode
a new people takes the l
angel of death abroad thr' the l
as thro' the l at eve we went
beyond this l of woe
cast the water of my l
dear the l that gave you birth
divides that heavenly l from ours
eat of the fat of the l
edge of the long l on l
England's green and pleasant L.
far into the bowels of the l
flower, green, bird-calling l
French the empire of the l
from sunshine to the sunless l
from the best of all my l
from the holy l of Walsingham
from the l of mist and snow
good and bad of every l
good seed of the l
half a rood of l, set out
has been the l of the free
her l reposed
his hands prepared the dry l
Hobden owns the l
I have felt with my native l
ill fires the l to listening ills
in a barren and dry l
in a cleaner, greener l
in all that l had never been
I never liked my l
in l-travel or sea-faring?
in the l I'm going to
in the l of the living
I went to the holy l
is she known in the l?
know you the l
l flowing with milk and honey
l is scattered with light
l of darkness
L of Dreams is better far
l of fairy
L of Heart's Desire
l of just and old renown
l of lost content
l of my sires
l of our birth
l of pure delight
l of sand and ruin
l of sand and thorns
l of settled government
l of the shadow of death
l of slaves shall ne'er be mine
l of the pilgrims' pride
l o' the leal
l that has taught us
l that's governed by a child
l-thieves and water-thieves
L. to wh' yon Ship must go
l where even the old are fair
l where my fathers died
l where the Bong-tree grows
l where the cypresses and myrtle
where the light is as darkness
l wh' the Lord thy God giveth
bliss out of the dead l
Lord's song in a strange l
lol the l where was the wave
low l because it is their own
marching to the Promised L.
men sing by l an' sea
mighty ocean, and the pleasant l
mire of the last l
mist and hum of that low l
my native l, Good Night!
my new-found l
my own my native l
no l beside
no l can compare unto thee
ocean leans against the l
o'er all the pleasant l
on to the Pleasant L.
our ship not far from l,

Land (cont)

pass like night, from l to l
person dwelling on-on l
pleasant l of counterpane
pleasing l of drowsy-head
plenty o'er a snuling l
pointed toward the l
rings of all the l
ready by water as by l
row, my knights, near the l
save a sinking l
search the l of living men
seems a moving l
sente hem boom to every l
shaft of light across the l
she is far from the l
speak of the better l
splendid and a happy l
stood s signals to the l
stranger in a strange l
strong man in a blatant l
sweet l of liberty
the l you used to plough
there is a happy l
there shall be no more l
there s l s cl
there s l of cherry isle
they are not fit to live on l
they who rule the l be men
think there is no l
this dear, dear l
this was the charter of the l
thou on the l and l on the sand
thru the broad bright l
to all you ladies now at l
to see the nakedness of the l
to spy out the l
violet of his native l
was preat by l as thou by sea
when house and l are gone
when the l is cultivated
where is the l of Luthany
where the l she travels from
whistles o'er the furrowed l
Lancour they will have their
l
grey run-orsus in the l
I and-breeze shook the shrouds
Landed inclined to the l interest
Landing-place he gained the l
Landed to l
Landed l, fill the flowing bowl
l s black-eyed daughter
I and-lubbers lying down below
Landmark rememoveth his neigh-
bour's l
Landmarks great men l in state
L andor and with Donne
Lands call the l after their own
names
close to the sun in lonely l
envy of less happier l
faery l forlorn
hard her strides about their l
l in the pine and southern pine
l beyond the sea
l I was to travel in
l the voyager at last
much I owe to the L. that grew
other l beneath another sun
princes in all
prizes not quantity of dirty l
sound is gone out into all l
then l were fairly portioned
Landscape fades the glimmering l
his is but a l painter
once more that l painter
view the l o'er
Landscaps sold one penny plain
Lane blue above l and wall
ghost in an English l
l, highway, or open street
little boy who cries in the l
Language a use he measured l lies
Chatham's l his mother tongue
consenting l of the heart
dear l wh' I spake like thee
don't think anything of that l
effusions in the best chosen l
enlargement of the l
enrichment of our native l,

Language (cont)

everything in our l shd perish
fancies that broke thro' l
I love the l of his heart
l I have learned forty years
l is fossil poetry
l is a perpetual Orphic song
l is the dress of thought
l is the garment of thought
l quaint and olden
l that wd make yr hair curl
l was not powerful enough
learned his great l
larning me yr l
my l is plain
no l but a cry
no l, but the l of the heart
off our l the lodestere
of his strange l all I know
O that those lips had l
persuasive l of a tear
sonic entrance into the l
still the heart doth need a l
sur, in l strange she said
the l plain
there is neither speech nor l
there's in her eye
they can only speak one l
undr the tropic isle I spoke
you taught me l
Language well Daniel
Languages at a great feast of l
gave l just as she needed
in the graves of darkness l
knowledge of the ancient l
l are the pedegree of nations
none of yr live l for Blimber
speaks three or four l
vulgar l that want words
Language art thou weary, art thou l
l strings do scarcely move l
Language relieve my l
Languages a cat l loudly
Languagestunt tale of love and l
Language l cannot be
l is not the heart
Languages likes and l of virtue
Lantern in thy dark l thus close up
thy word is l unto my feet
Lanterns feast of l
Lauderdale died
Lip Inform him in his l
dropt in her L. from some Head
l me soft Lydian airs
l of the crimson rose
old enough to l and to swallow
on the cool flowery l of earth
strew the green l of the spring
sun in the l of lilies
La Phe Province and L.
Lap-dogs when l bro'th their last
Lapis all l, all sons
Lapland L noble wild prospects
lovely as a L night
Laps all things mingling into l
Lip-c of murmuring streams
to l in fulness is sorer
Lapwings feed the leaden death
Laranga pvece in a L
Larboard all to the l side
Larch rosy plumlets tuff the l
l and their lvs broke
Larded with sweet flowers
Lards the leen earth as he walks
Large as l as store
l am l, I cont un multitudes
l, and smooth, and round
l as life, as twice as natural
l-harted man
l was his bounty
so rudelich, and l
thou l-brained woman
Larger I am l, better than I thought
l than him on the frozen hills
Largest universal, like the sun
Largest shout with the L.
those of the l size
Lark and the l soars
Hark! hark! the l
hear the l begin his flight
herald l left his ground-nest

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Lark (cont)

l becomes a sightless song
l drop down at his feet
l from her light wing
l, messenger of day
l now leaves his wat'ry nest
l sang loud and high
l shall sing me a lute
l, that terra-terra chants
late l twitters from the skies
like to the l at break of day
music soars within the little l
no l cd pipe to skies so dull
no l more blithe than he
sang as sweetly as the l
some late l singing
swallow for the holy l
than l to shepherd's car
the lark's on the wing
the nightingale, and not the l
the shrill-gorged l
the shrill sweet l
we rise with the l
Larks four l. and a Wren
hear the l so lush
mounting l their notes prepare
Larkspur lustens, 'l lincat'
Lars Persena
Lartius back, L
Lascivious pleasing of a lute
Lash l the vice and follies
the l, of him
whip to l the rascals naked
Lashes three hundred and fifty l
Lass a l unparalleled
drink to the l
every l a queen
give him his l, his fiddle
hey, for a l w a tocher
l loved a l, a fair one
it was a lover and his l
l that has acres o' charms
l w' the weel-stocked farms
lordliest l of earth
man may kiss a bonnie l
penniless l w' a lang redgier
sweet l of Richmond Hill
the l that loves a sailor!
this l so neat
what a l that were
will never show a l as comely
yon solitary lighthouse l
Lasses come l and lads
he dearly lov'd the l O
honest men and bonnie l
l a' liting
spent among the l O
then she made the l O
'twere na the l O
Lassie l love a l
my love she's but a l
what can a young l do
Last after L, returns the First
ah wd that this might be the l
at l the belles ringeth at
the l, best
cobbler shd not go beyond his l
comes at the l
each day thy l esteem
first kiss and forbode the l
first to come and l to go
he had brought me to my l
legs
he that comes l is commonly best
it did not l
it will l my time
I will give unto this l
l an 'ealthy Tommy for a year
l at his Cross
l came, and l did go
l night, among his fellow roughs
l, not least in love
l of all he was seen of me also
l of all our Odysseys
l of all the Bards was he
l, of all the Romans
l of all the woman died also
l of life for wh first was made
l of that bright band
l of the Mohair
l state of that man is worse

Last (cont)

l all you write yr letter
l to lay the old aside
many that are first shall be l
next in majesty, in both the l
noblest offspring is the l
of many kisses the poor l
one more, and thus the l
system, wd probably l her time
that s the l thing l shall do
the best and the l l
the l shall be first
there is no l nor first
this day may be the l
what is it that will
Lasted nice while it l
Lasting full l is the song
l too, for souls not lent
Last Judgement 'tis the l 's fire
Lasts ever, past recall
Latch crosspatch, draw the l
find no l ter de golden gate?
Latchet whose shoe s l l am not
worthy
Lathfords' letting in the L
Late all the worse when it comes l
Lathfords' too l
it came to them very l
l, l in the gloamin'
never too l for delight, my dear
not too l to seek a newer world
some l lark singing
sorrow never comes too l
too l, too l l y, cannot enter now
when others cry, 'too l'
white rose weeps 'she is l'
who passes by this road so l?
Lated in the night
Late, that air, that l lused thee
Lath of wood painted like iron
Lather good l is half the shav
Latian Prince of the L name
Latin away with him! he speaks L
L names for horns and stools
l, queen of tongues
Lath is more difficult
ne yet of L, ne of Greek
small l, and less Greek
you understand L Mr Boniface?
Latitude parallels of l for a scene
the l's rather uncertain
Latitudes of l full of stones
Latter blessed the l end of job
former times shike hands with
the l
l has the largest congregation
to carry off the l
Laud all glory, l and honour
l and honour to the Father
Laudable white well in l things
Laudes to their Maker
Laugh an athlusi's a poor exchange
anything awful makes me l
exploded l shall win
l did l sans intermission
if I l at any mortal thing
I make myself l at everything
it wd have made a cat l
l again in the grey twilight
l and be well
l, and the world laughs with you
l as l pass in thunder
l at all you trembled at before
l at my own cenotaph
l at s while we strut
l at them in our turn
l, be jolly
l broke into a thousand pieces
l, home of mune
l to scorn the power of man
l where we must
l with me or at me
loud l that spoke the vacant mind
make those l whose lungs are
tickle
man cannot make him l
men that l and weep
that shall l at all disaster
they l that win
they l uproariously in youth
they that see me l me to scorn

Laugh (cont)

to l is sure a vulgar expression
unextinguishable l in heaven
valleys also shall l and sing
wherefore did Sarah l?
who but must l
Laughable schemes very l things
Laughed dey must speek ter be l at
for they l consummady
full well they l
l hum out of patience
l and moaned about by streams
l in the sun
Pilots bawled loud and long
so loud, loud l he
we have not sighed deep, l free
when he s l and said his sly
when the first baby l
Laughing forbear l and jeering
happiness is no l matter
l immoderately at intervals
l is heard on the hill
Laughs l the sense of mis'ry far
l to see the good things there
l to see the green man pass
when he l, it adds something
while we l at them, forgets
why, he l, like anything
Laughter April, laugh thy gush l
boughs of April in l slink
by the faculty of l
drinks his wine wd l free
invent anything that tends to l
l for a month
l holding both his sides
l, lament of friends
let us have mirth and l
multitudinous l of the wives
O Christ, the l
our smiles l with some pain
perhaps to move, his l
present mirth hath present l
so ill-bred, as audible l
so is the l of a fool
the weeping and the l
the weeping returns to l
tired of tears and l
under running l
use you for my l
when her lovely l shows
with weeping and with l
Laughed at my tears and l for all time
Lauk a mercy on me
Launcelot salute me to my lord,
Sir L
Sir L awoke and went
Sir L I require thee
Sir L saw her visage
Sir L thou wert never matched
(See also Lancelot)
Launch fear to l away
yr glorious standard l again
Laundry it all goes into the l
Laura if it had been P'etrarch's wife
rose-cheeked L come
Laurel burned is Apollo's l bough
carven from the l-tree
l for the perfect prime
l greener from the brows
l is green for a season
l outlive not May
l, the palms, and the pac in
only that she might l grow
rose or rue or l
the l-trees arc cut
thy l, thy glory
Laurels once more, O ye l
the l are cut
thy l torn!
worth all your l
Lave l in it, drink of it
whistle l go by me
whistle owe the o't
Lavender l mints, savory
l water tinged with pink
Lavinia she is L
Lavish in vain with l kindness
Lavishly who l commends
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laws and l die 288a
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l is but an adjunct 345a
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Learning (cont)

little l is a dangerous thing
love he bore to l was in fault
lovely body wanted l
men of polit. l
middle age of a state, l
much l doth make thee mad
of light, of liberty, and of l
Of this l, what a thing it is
picker-up of l's crumbs
religion with her l did suit
renowned for l and piety
sceptre, l, physic, must
such deep l, little had he need
their l is like hyacinth
those twins of l
wearing l lightly like a flower
wear yr l, like yr watch
where is thy l
when l's triumph o'er
where childhood, L sets
why shd l hope success at Court
Lamenting never be fully l
plainest taught, and easiest l
they have l nothing
Leave, having so short a l
l of my true love
summer's l hath all too short
Least done it unto the l of those
faithful in that wh is l
l of all the apostles
Leather all but l or prunella
as ever tread upon that l
first found out the l bottle
I am sick o' wastin' l
Leath'rn mynl belt likewise
Leau, replied Nicholas
Leave, at once thy l you
by all ye l
Comrades, l me here a little
far, thee well, for l must l thee
give sign for me, l you
he is a dreamer, let us l him
how l l my country
l I then where they are
intreat me not to l these
I pray thee l, love me no more
l behind ur footprints
l her to heaven
l me here, and when you want me
l me, l me to repose
l my little wooden hut for you!
l nothing of my self in me
l off first for manna's sake
l thee alone, for the comparison
l thee in the lurch
l then thy foolish rangers
l the trodden paths of men
l to Robert Browning buggars
l us alone!
l we now Thy serv int sleeping
lend me l to come unto my love
live in hearts w l behind
love him, or l him alone
occasion smiles upon a second l
often took l loth to depart
Oh, never l me
O Sleep, why dost thou l me
taken an everlasting l
true of most we l behind
wh thou must be long
with thou l me thus?
Leaven l of malice and wicked-
ness 479b, 514a
little l leaveth the whole
not with the old l of malice
Leavning you m tury the l
Leaves all its sweetest l yet folded
all that famous harmony of l
all that lamentation of the l
and the l break forth
as naturally as l to a tree
as the generation of l
as the l grow on the tree
autumnal l like light footfalls
bear light shade for the l
brown skeletons of l that lag
buds and l, wandering astray
bursts come crowding thro' the l
chantings of the inquiet l
close up these barren l

Leaves (cont)

crownd with calm l
fresh Earth in l dressed
from whose presence the l dead
green l among the groves
green l whispering overhead
laughing l of the tree
l have their time to fall
l it as fast as they can
L of Life keep falling
l of the Judgment Book unfold
l of the tree wrt for the healing
l they are so green
l they were crisp'd and sere
l to quicken a new birth
lisp of l and ripple of rain
lofty trees l see barron of l
long l cover me
nor wintry l nor vernal
picket from the l of any author
put l round his head
roses rear their l
shady l of destiny
shatter yr l before the year
shows his hoar l in the stream
sun came dazzling thro' the l
the silent l are well
thick as autumnal l
thou amongst the l
thro' the velvet l the wind
violts cover'd up in l
what if my l are falling
what r l behind
when yellow l, or none, or few
whole deck put on its l again
wild l that winds have taken
yellow drits of withered l
Leaves-taking it is not worth l
Leaving became him like the l it
l with meekness, her sins
Leavy since summer first was l
Lebanon annual wound in L
his countenance is as L
nos. is as the tower of L
Samaritan declared L
Lech'ry gets up in my sight
Lech'rous I am rough and l
Lectur, Love, in love's philosophy
Lectur'c I do not give l
l in her night-dress l
Led by whim, envy, or resentment l
Leda is L, was the mother of Helen
L, the beloved of Juniper
Ledge over a l of granite
Ledlow Farmer L late at plough
Lee between windward and l
here is neither lead nor l
water of the River L
Leek by this l, I will revenge
Leeks onions, and eke l
Leer assent with civil l
Lees drink life to the l
the mere l is left this vault
Left all l behind on the beach
cann'nt l of them
have the use but of my l hand
he was l lamenting
his l hand is under my head
l a lot of little things
l a name behind them
Sun came up from the l
there w l we lost
that w'l be little of us l
thou hast l thy first love
'tis better to be l
we are l, or shall be l, alone
we, we only, are l
when l me far away
you l off before you began
Leg a decreasing l
he has a l
here I leave my second l
I have lost my l, by God
kiss yr Julia's dainty l
literary man with a wooden l

Leg (cont)

only ap'd stand upon one l
our steed the l
took him by the left l
what l into yr breeches first
you make a l
Legacy bequeathing it as a rich l
Legend l of an epic hour
L of Good Women
the l's writ
Legends whence these l
Legend l of the lost ones
L that never was list'd
my name is L
Legion of Honour has been conferred
Legions ere y't we loose the l
give me back my l
let the l thunder past
Legislative nominated by executive
Legislator people is the true l
Legislators poets are the unacknow-
ledged l
Legislature no l can manufacture
Legs brought me to my last l
cannon-ball took off his l
delighting him in any man's l
ever recover the use of his l
his l are as pillars of marble
his l bestrid the ocean
his l were hewn in two
if you cd see my l
not a pair of l so dun
stands on his hind l
stood upon his l, that bird
taste yr l, sir
the l without the man
to lie between maids' l
trunkles l of stone
upon one pair of English l
walk under his huge l
when his l were smitten off
Leicester beans and bacon
Leicester Square farwell l
Leigh Hunt's light agreeable style
Leipsic Folger my L
get up well at l
Leisure add to these retired L
at l marry'd
his surname, L
l'm quite at l
leave us l to be good
l answer l
no blessed l for love
polish it at l
repent at l
slander any moment's l
wh't l to grow wise
Leman Lake L woos me
such sounds, and such a l
Lemon in the squeezing of a l
l'nd where the l-trees bloom
take a sack at the l
Lemons oranges and l
Lend cunning flucats
few (b fools)
good world to l
l it instantly
I'll you something
I'll you this much
l less than thou owest
the mere rule l
Lender nor a l
Lenders thy pen from l' books
Lendeth mercurial, and l
Lengths three things I never l
Length all l is torture
Lent out along
Folly's at full l
his liveliest l at noontide
l and breadth enough
Lengths carry nature l unknown
Lenore sorrow for the lost l
Lent out my heart with usury
Lenter entertainment
Leopard l shan't lie down
the l (change) his spots
Leper once he lost
Leprosy skin was white as l
Lesbian if, O my L, I shd commit
L hat
L mine, let's live and love

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L, whom once Catullus loved
 my sweetest L, let us live
 Lesley saw ye bonnie L
 Less and beautifully l
 for nothing l than thee
 greater glory dim the l
 had he pleased us l
 l than that no man shall have
 l than the dust
 low, and infinitely l
 nicely-calculated l or more
 pleased with l than Cleopatra
 rather-more-or-l
 rather than be l
 the l we like you
 the little l, what worlds away
 they wd have done no l
 you mean you can't take l
 Lessen they l from day to day
 Lesser life shall be as the greater
 Lesson l, and the young Man
 crucified
 Love is the lesson
 own with pride the l just
 'tis a l you shd heed
 'we had an Imperial l
 Lessons of two such l, why forget
 reason they re called l
 Let a thorn to m blood
 l will l you a better
 l will not l thee go
 l got You acc' hating bel
 l what will be o'er me
 sorc l and hindered in running
 then might I l thee go
 to be l unfurnished
 Lethaean labour's dull L spring
 Lethargy a kind of l
 Leth, crimson'd in thy l
 go not to L
 on L wharf
 tedious shores of L
 'tis l's gloom, but not its quiet
 Lethaean drunk of things l
 Less ghost of him that l me
 Letter a l from his wife
 carry a l to my love
 change the name, and not the l
 deal by speech than by l
 for the l killet
 gave 'm a l
 good face l of recommendation
 how large a l I have written
 king has written a braid l
 onc that when he wrote a l
 prefferment goes by l
 read in the bitter l
 runs with a l
 zedl thou unnecessary l
 Letters I am persecuted with l
 l copied all the l
 l find l from God
 l hate l
 n the republic of l
 l for a spy
 l four do form his name [Pitt]
 l, soft interpreters of love
 l to pin up one's hur
 no arts, no l, no society
 nobody knows how to write l
 nought the l space
 O ny l—I had l
 pause awhile from l
 the l Cadmus gave
 the Republic of L
 yr kind and beloved l
 Letter-writing, great art o' l
 [l] that most delightful way
 Levellers yr l wish to level down
 I ever for him was l have
 Levi jump as Mr L did
 there is that l
 Leviathan draw out L with an hook
 there is that l
 there L hugest of creatures
 Levin as to the burning l
 Levite the lean L went to sleep
 Levity a little judicious l
 Levy foreign l, nothing, can touch
 hum
 Lewd certain l fellows

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 tionaries
 to wake a l
 Lexicography so lost in l
 Lhude sing cucu
 Lear a l, and the father of it
 but every man a l
 hatch his brother, he is a l
 l of the first magnitude
 often quite picturesque l
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 sh's like a l gone to hell
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 Legitt, M F, was a l
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 Liars all men are l
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 l ought to have good memories
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 Liberal either a little L
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 Libertine puffed and reckless l
 the air, a chartered l
 Liberty abstract l not to be found
 a manly, moral, regulated l
 a new nation, conceived in l
 angels alone enjoy such l
 consecrate to truth and l
 dead to all the feelings of l
 dishonesty viciously fatal to l
 eldost child of L
 enjoy delight with l
 first garden of L's tree
 fishes know no such l
 give me l, or give me death
 he that commands sea is at l
 interfering with the l of action
 let there be light! said L
 l cannot long exist
 l connected with order
 l doing what one desires
 L's Equality Fraternity
 l is eternal vigilance
 l means responsibility
 l of the individual limited
 l of the press
 l plucks justice by the nose
 l's a glorious feast
 l's a kind o' thing
 l's in every blow
 l still more
 l, too, must be limited
 Licence mean when they cry L
 love of l is the love of others
 mountain nymph, sweet l
 my dear l, shall I leave thee?
 O l what crimes are committed
 on Naples and on l
 pardon to the spirit of l
 refreshing airs of l
 seek power and to lose l
 so loving-jealous of his l
 spirit of divinity l
 steps of virgin l
 sweet land of l
 symptom of constitutional l
 that great L, spread thro' L
 the tree of l must be refreshed
 this is L-Hall
 thy chosen music, L
 to proclaim l to the captives
 University place of light, of l
 vanguard of L, ye men of Kent
 that of too much l
 when Transatlantic L arose
 whoever gives, takes l
 wicked woman l to gad abroad
 Libraries books out of circulating l
 what do we spend on our l
 Library he furnish'd me from mine
 own l

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Lewd (cont)
 when was Lancelot wanderingly l
 Lewti image of L
 Lexicographer l a writer of dic-
 tionaries
 to wake a l
 Lexicography so lost in l
 Lhude sing cucu
 Lear a l, and the father of it
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great l about his horse
 history is a pack of l
 I say he l, and l
 I wish I were where Helen l
 l guid, Sir Patrick Spens
 l he told of Ireland
 l to hide it, makes it two
 l where he longed to be
 l hits the head and l
 nobody kens that he l there
 now l he there
 toll pale-hearted find it l
 these l are like the father
 tomorrow's false l worse
 Lac uterant is to be saved
 Life after l's fitful fever
 a godly, righteous and sober l
 all his l been in the wrong
 all is lost, except a little l
 all my l seemed nificant for
 all the blessings of this l
 all the changing scenes of l
 all the years of this our l
 all will he give for his l
 mended his former naughty l
 among the tasks of real l
 and on the true of l sat
 anything' for a quiet l
 a Roman's l, a Roman's aims
 as l, undying L have
 'as tho' to bratwe were l
 as y't not come to l
 ut in the happy l
 uthor both of l and light
 awakened from the dream of l
 aware of his l flow
 away the l of care
 bankrupt of l
 before L's Liqueur in his Cup
 before L's L has found
 begin to make a better l
 bid me take l easy
 birthday of my l is come
 bloodthirsty clinging to l
 blotted from l's page
 Book of L begins with a garden
 books give new views to l
 both hands before the fire of l
 brief l is here our portion
 busy scenes of crowded l
 but have everlasting l
 by l's unrelenting
 calamity of so long l
 calm's not l's crown
 certain in man's l but thus
 chances of this mortal l
 chief nourisher in l's feast
 C Major of this l
 conduct is three-fourths of our l
 consider! l is but a dry
 cool sequestered vale of l
 costs thy l, my gallant grey
 country l praise
 count the l of our good
 courses of my l do show
 crown of our l as it closes
 custom great guide of human l
 cuts off twenty years of l
 death and l, in ceaseless strife
 deep almost a l
 delicate, and full of l
 demands my soul, my l, my all
 depends poor Polly's l
 desert where no l is found
 die with looking on his l
 digestion is the great secret of l
 doctrine of the strenuous l
 doth thou love l?
 doth the winged l destroy
 dreamed that l was Beauty
 dreary intercourse of daily l
 drink l to the lees
 duty in that state of l
 easy key dost open l
 ebbs out l's little day
 either death or l be the sweeter
 enter into l with one eye
 entertain the lug-end of my l
 every lowly organ of her l
 except my l, except my l

Life (cont)

Facts alone are wanted in l
 feels its l in every limb
 few and evil the years of my l
 fie upon this quiet l
 flesh wh walls about his l
 flower of a blameless l
 folk he ne'er saw in his l
 for l, six hundred pounds a year
 for the l to come, I sleep
 for what is yr l?
 friend is the medicine of l
 from l's dissonance struck
 from l's fresh crown
 from the drugs of l, think to re-
 ceive
 fruits of l and beauty
 gave my l for freedom
 gavest him a long l
 gave thee l, and bid thee feed
 gave what l required
 give me l
 giveth his l for his sheep
 give to me the l I love
 God of l, and poesy, and light
 government the laws of l
 growth of l's action
 growth is the only evidence of l
 hath man no second l?
 have you found yr l distasteful
 healthy state of political l
 he asked l of thee
 he hath a daily beauty in his l
 here l has death for neighbour
 her l serene
 hesitat and falter l away
 he studied from the l
 lie that findeth his l
 he, that leadeath an incorrupt l
 high conceived by a bookseller
 hired a villain to betray, my l
 his l, I'm sure, was in the right
 his l is a watch or a vision
 his l was gentle
 his name out of the book of l
 his name out of the book of l
 his unkindness may defeat my l
 holdeth our soul in l
 how good is man's l
 how hard a l her servant lives
 I am the resurrection, and the l
 I bear a charmed l
 I count l just a stuff
 idea of her l shall creep
 I fill upon the thorns of l
 I fetch my l and being
 if I did ride upon a point
 if I was bitter to thee
 if recalling to l
 I had wrung l dry
 I have set before you l
 I have set my l upon a crest
 I love long l better than figs
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 in all my l like this
 in his pleasure is l
 in l, in death abide with me
 in l's cool evening
 in l's last scene what prodiges
 in l's small things be resolute
 in our l alone does Nature live
 intend to lead a new l
 in the threat of human l
 in the time of this mortal l
 in tragic l, God wot
 into his nostrils the breath of l
 is l a boot?
 is L worth living?
 I shd live the same l
 isn't yr l extremely flat?
 it may be l, but ain't it slow
 I've had a happy l
 I will give thee a crown of l
 knot intrinsicate of l untie
 large as l, and twice as natural
 last of l, of wh the first
 later l renew
 law of human l may be Effort
 lay down his l for his friends
 lay hold on eternal l

Life (cont)

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 lead l to sovereign power
 lead we not here a jolly l
 Leaves of L keep falling
 lesser l shall be as the greater
 let me read thy l
 L, a fiery slinging flame
 l ain't all beer
 l and all shall cease
 l and light be thine
 L at best of drawing conclusions
 l at heart is but an im-
 l, being weary of these bars
 l can little more supply
 L, Death, and that vast l or Ever
 l death does end
 l death, miracles of St Somebody
 l did harbour give
 l, exempt from public haunt
 L Force supplies us
 l for l, eye for eye
 l from the dead is in thirt word
 l has passed with me but roughly
 l have we loved
 l in low state began
 L is a coquetry
 L is a jest
 L is a joke that's just begun
 l is all a variorum
 l is all chequered
 l is an incurable disease
 l is a Permanent Possibility
 l is a state to be endured
 l is but a froward child
 l is but an empty dream
 l is but the shadow of death
 l is fading fast as
 l is good, and joy runs high
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 l is just a chance of the prize
 l is just one damned thing
 l is like a froward child
 l is made up of sob's, snuffles
 l is made from my bubble
 l is never the same again
 l isn't all beer and skittles
 l is one demd horrid grund
 l is perfected by Death
 l is process of getting tired
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 l is the desert
 l is thorny
 l is very sweet, brother
 l is with such ill beer
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 l may perfect be
 l more than meat
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 l offers, to deny!
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 l more less than span
 l on the ocean wave
 l piled on l were all too little
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 l's business being the choice
 l's but a span
 l's but a walking shadow
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 l's enchanted cup with sparkles
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 l's poor play is o'er
 l's race well run
 l's road, so dim and dirty
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blasted with excess of l
bright as l, and clear as wind
burning and a shining l
but he holds the l
but in unapproached l dwell
but soft! what l breaks thro'
by the l of the moon
by thine own sweet l
can again thy form l restore
can thy l rume
celestial l shine inward
child of l thy limbs are burning
come forth into the l of things
contend with growing l
darkness and the l to thee alike
daylight comes, comes in the l
depth of burning l
dim religious l
each one a lovely l
each others l to dim
enable with practical l
enjoyed the self-same l
fade into the l of common day
faint in the l that she loves
fame beareth up things l
fiery l wh beats upon a throne
fleece flocks of l
flowers made of l
fond Memory brings the l
for thy l is come
forward, the l Brigate
gave him l in his ways
glorious l of jurisprudence
gloom for that celestial l
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God of life, and power, and l
God said, let there be l
God's first Creature, wh was L
golden and silver l
gone into a world of l
greater l to rule the day
had she been l, like you
hail holy l
halls of dazzling l
Harrist, Hail l of my eye
have seen a great l
here there is no l
her non-radiant l
he that has l within
hide, hide yr golden l l
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if L can thus deceive
if once we lose this l
if you are nimble and l
in a Noose of L
informed by the l of nature
in its plumes the various l
in robes of l array d
in the dusk with a l behind her
in the l of the living
it is the l of l crutch
Lumb is the l thereof
land is scattered with l
lead, kindly L
leave the l of Hope behind!
Let Newton be! and all was l
lets in new l
let there be l
let there be l l Liberty
let yr l so shine before men
like a shaft of l
l and leading in England
L and Mrs Humphry Ward
l and the half-l
l, and will aspire
l but the shadow of God
l dies before thy uncraving word
l gains make thy nurses
L (God's eldest daughter)
l in the darkness, sailor
l in the dust lies dead
l of all their day
l of a whole life dies
l of nature, led him to confess
l of other days is faded

Light (cont)

of the bright world dies
of thy countenance upon us
of thy story
l she was and like a fairy
l shined in darkness
l that is in thee be darkness
l, that lies in woman's eyes
l that never was, on sea or land
l thicken - the crow makes wing
l to shine upon the road
l up my own mind
l upon him from his father's
l upon the shining sea
l we sought is shining still
l wh is in thee be not darkness
l wh leads astray is from Heaven
like l dissolved in star-showers
line of festal l in Christ-Church
line of yellow l dies fast
live by thy l
live out thy life as the l
living lamps, by whose dear l
long l shakes across the lakes
Lord is my l, and my salvation
love darkness rather than l
love l full constant l
love like l can
lovely lady, garmented in l
love who art a l to guide
make my darkness to be l
man of l and leading
mellowed to that tender l
more by yr number, than yr l
more l
my new-cut ashlar takes the l
myriad spots of l
Myrradness saw such l
night, the shadow of l
no l, but rather darkness
nor 'ny change of l
nothing goes for sense, or l
now is l increased
O, my only L
once put out thy l
once let us out little l
opponent of the children of the l
or with taper l to seek
out of hell leads up to l
plant and flower of l
Presumptuous Servants of L
pure duty perfect l
pursuit of sweetness and l
put on the armour of l
put out the l
put upon us the armour of l
righteousness as clear as the l
ring of pure and endless l
rule of streaming l
sailed on a river of crystal l
scat of desolation, void of l
shall never see l
shed a ray of l Divine
sheds lingering l
she is all of l
shuneth the everlasting l
shower of l is poetry
shows sufficient of His l
something of angelic l
sometimes a l surprises
such a affliction
sun, or the l, be not darkened
take his l away
teach l to counterfeit
the just as the shining l
the L of Lights looks always
the L that Failed
the l that loves
then shall thy l break forth
the orient when the gracious l
third among the sons of l
tho' Peace to L
thy word a l unto my paths
the hours of l return
to bring the false to l
to give l to them in darkness
travels much faster than l
trifles l as air
true l, wh lighteth every man
true l is sweet
turn'd thy darkness into l

Light (cont)

two nobles sweetness and l
unbarred the gates of l
University shd be a place of l
unwieldy her peerless l
upon them hath the l shined
walk while ye have the l
was l from Heaven
went like a streak of l
what is that thing called L
when I see you in the l
wherefore is l given to him
where l and shades repose
where the l is as darkness
while the l lives yet
whose l doth trample on my days
windows that exclude the l
wiser than the children of l
with a shaft of L
without any l atop
ye are the l of the world
yet the l that led astray
Lighten l our darkness
l with celestial fire
Lightens ere one can say it l
Lighter l than a feather
l than vanity itself
Lightfoot come up L
Lighthouse below the l top
l without any light
the l top I see
the situation at the l
Lighting a little hour or two
Lightly English lord said l me
lay l gentle earth
l as it cometh, so wold we spende
Lightning a l before death
angels of rain and l
belied Satan as
beneath the l and the Moon
bring in the bottled l
fear no more the l fish
fed with the l
it must be done like l
its own internal l blind
l in the darkest night
l my pilot sits
scratch my head with the l
Shakespeare by flashes of l
the l made itself
l of the nations
thunder, l or in ruin
too like the l
Lightnings arrows of l
the l Thy sword
vailing all the l of his song
Lights all the l wax dim
all these l of the world
are but broken l of Thee
coastwise l of England
cometh down from the Father of l
Father of l l whit sunny seed
glorious the northern l
l that do mislead the morn
l the evening star
old men and the l
scene l of heaven
silent silver l and darks
spent l quiver and gleam
that l the wigwam
the l around the shore
the l begin to twinkle
turn up the l
whose l are fled
your l burning
Like always l it the least
each to other l
every one as they l
how l to this kernel
I know what l l
I l him, but he loves me
l l to be liked
l l you, and your book
l said, it was nothing l it
l shd l to have one
l—but oh how different
l doth quit l
people who l this sort of thing
say you do not l it
shall not look upon his l again
so extremely l Maple Grove

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Like (cont.)		Limbo large and broad	273b	Link from l to l it circulates	464b
so l they were, no mortal	254a	Limbs call on those recreant l	374a	l feel the l of nature draw me	276b
these hands are not more l	350b	if those poor l die	404b	the silver l, the silken tie	317a
we run because we l it	406a	keep these l, her Province	132b	Linked to each other l are	442b
what else is l the gondola?	96b	marbly l	45a	Links mysterious l enchain	172b
what l l about Clive	27b	mightly l asleep	421a	their nobles with l of iron	490b
wilt thou find their l agen?	318a	never tried pilgrim's l	78b	Lin-lan-lone of evening bells	427a
you who l me not	51a	riduly l and flaming hair	307a	Linn lowp'n o'er a l	66a
Laked l that loved and you that l	502a	the decent l composed	394b	Linnet come, hear the woodland l	471b
Lakely l have prov'd most loyally	337a	thy l are burning	302b	full of the l's wings	475b
not bloody l	301b	trampling l have borne him	284b	I heard a l courting	36b
Lakeness in l of my love	36b	wh l and flesh enough invest	147a	l born within the cage	430a
its l in the red bills	123b	whose l were made in England	382a	Linnets like committed l	240b
l of a kindly crown	272b	with our l at rest	226b	pipe but as the l sing	439b
l of anything in heaven above	460a	young in l in judgment old	153b	Lansy-wooly, a lawless l brother	65b
made in the l of men	516a	Lime-tree Bower my Prison	101b	piebald, l brothers	290a
returns of force to its own l	274b	Limit quiet l of the world	438b	Lion against the Capitol l met a l	318a
Likes he l the country	110b	within the l of becoming mirth	344b	a l among ladies	357a
minds keep ever with their l	338a	Liminary Cherub	274b	a l is in the streets	408b
she l herself, yet others hats	104a	l imitations of his own character	283b	another l giv' a grievous roar	390a
Luketh of this and that as l me	473b	l matter l liberty, too must be l	58a	heard the l in his den	318b
Laking all love, all l	189a	Limits l of a vulgar fate	175b	blood more stirs to rouse a l	377a
freedom mays man to haiff l	194a	stony l cannot hold love out	365a	l calf and the young l together	501b
friendships begin with l	149a	Linn ere l how canst l with it	442a	devil, as a roaring l, walketh	518a
l word a l old	75b	Linmer skilful l ere wd choose	318b	first l thought the last a borc	309a
ill have may empouson l	358b	Linnes but l the water	17a	gentil kind of the l	60a
shall be fat and well l	487b	Limpid luck like l to the spot	537a	halt appar'd the tawny l	272b
while, I am in some l	778b	l impoio River	93a	hardly as the Nemean l's nerves	311a
Lilac l, gold and green	35b	lin little l ommy L	534a	I hear the l roar	110a
Lord L had had quite enough	93a	Lincoln L sped the message	252b	l and the belly-pinch'd wolf	342b
Lilacs l out of the dew land	144b	the sign to L sent	252b	L and the l ward keep	153a
l where the robin built	105a	Linden when the sun was low	76b	l and the unicorn	532a
l last in the dooryard bloomed	486b	Linden Lea	41a	l shall eat straw like the ox	501b
l lace-time down to Kew in l	290a	Lindsey of the Mount	118a	l who dies of an ass's kick	49a
Lilian rury, fury L	432a	Line a l will take us hours	474a	living dog better than a dead l	499b
l Dale,—Old Mud	445b	cadence of a rugged l	141a	more fearful wild-fowl than yr l	357a
Lilied fields of France	76b	creep in one dull l	300a	now the hungry l roars	357b
Liliks l few l blow	107b	fight it out on this l	173a	righteous are bold as a l	498b
consider the l of the field	505b	into a horizontal l	456b	rouse the l from his lair	326b
hac of what it set about with l	500b	like no single l	146b	saw me from the l a mouth	483a
he fed,eth among the l	500a	l is length without breadth	574a	save th' l's shadow e'er himself	355a
in the beauty of the l	200b	lives along the l	300b	sporting the l ramped	274a
Kingcups and loved L	409b	Marlow's mighty l	216a	strong is the l	403a
leave the l in their dew	7a	marr'd the lofty l	318a	there is a l in the way	498b
l and languors of virtue	421a	precept upon precept, l upon l	502a	there the l's ruddy eyes	35a
l and roses were all swake	434a	Shakespeare never blotted a l	202a	thou wast the l's hide!	356b
l and violets meet	22a	strengthen the wavering l	7b	will roared, l	357b
l in her body's lieu	294b	the full resounding l	303b	wrath of the l wisdom of God	31a
l of all kinds	717b	the l too labours	300a	lions bears and l growl	452b
l that fester smell far worse	388b	the scarlet l was slender	225b	l I gird up my L	451a
l without roses within	261a	thin red l tipped with steel	315a	l do lack, and suffer hunger	484a
leaves and l	415a	to cast half a l	71a	l of the Dan's Telegraph	235b
peacocks and l for instance	314b	we carved not a l	462b	l roaring after their prey	488b
put thy pale, lost l out of mind	135a	will the l stretch out	349b	my soul is among l	485b
roses overgrown, and l	261a	Lineaments in my l they trace	71b	they were stronger than l	495b
the golden l afloat	43b	l of Gospel books	313b	two l litter d in one day	339a
three l in her hand	311b	l of gratified desire	30b	Lip contempt and anger of his l	371b
twisted brads of l knitting	268a	linen but all in fair l	522a	keep a stuff upper l	86a
where roses and white l grow	78b	guided with all l ephod	495a	my true l hath virgind't	328b
wh feed among the l	500b	he did not love clean l	207a	never a l is curv'd with pain	182a
Lillabullero dozen bars of l	411b	love is like l	155b	no good girl's l out of Paris	424a
liting I've heard them l	145b	not l you're wearing out	106a	not a l, or eye, we beauty call	400a
Lily a l of a day	216b	old l wash whitest	454b	or a coral l admires	79a
basest weed tow'ers to a l	452a	you shall wash yr l	444b	the red was our l, Mary	278b
bind its odour to the l	77b	Linon-dancer I am a l bold	108b	threw the coral of his l	226b
Elaine, the l myud of Astolat	428a	liner the L she's a lady	231b	wagg'd his tail, and wet his l	192b
how sweet the l grows	184a	Lines as l so loves oblique	260a	what need a v'c'mul-tinctur d l	267b
I see a l on thy brow	218b	came down in slanting l	403b	whose l maturc is ever new	218a
it trembles to a l	131a	circles and right l limit	42b	why gnaw you so yr nether l	363b
like a l in bloom	201b	impudent of l like these	75a	Lipped, and trembled kissing	323b
l-brinded byroned l	437a	impudent eighty thousand l	72b	Lips a little while our l are dumb	431a
l of Florence in stone	247a	l where beauty lingers	72b	at the touching of the l	432a
my precious L	83b	liquid l mellifluously bland	71a	beauty's crimson in thy l	366b
now folds the l all her sweetness	437a	more l than are in the new map	371b	bestow'd his l on that place	324a
seen but a bright l grow	216b	my own l and life are free	188a	be thro my l to unawaken'd earth	396b
set thick with l and red rose	284a	once own the happy l	300b	between the l of Lov-Lily	312b
sprinkled relay on l	46a	see two single l	472b	causing the l of those to speak	506b
the l of the valleys	502a	takes up about eighty thousand l	75b	dear red curv of her l	261b
the l whispers, 'I wait'	434a	their lives, as do their l	215a	eternity was in our l	322b
to paint the l	374a	the radiant l of morning	397b	eyes, l, and hands to muss	134a
with a poppy or a l in yr hand	165b	when in eternal l to time	387a	far from the l we love	281b
Lily-cups the violets, and the l	195a	with silken l, and silver hoes	132a	far more red than her l red	389a
Lily-lee on yonder l	530b	Linger l out a purpos'd overthrow	388b	for her l	475b
Lima curious traveller from L	440b	who whose thoughts half l	423a	from her coral l such folly	476a
Limb feels its life in every l	472b	who do not love her, l here	403a	girl that had red mournful l	476a
give every town a l	12b	Lingered one l by His seat	467a	here hung those l	336b
on every arith a l	280b	Lingering l alone sit here	478a	her l suck forth my soul	258b
perils both of wind and l	65a	something l, with boiling oil	105a	her l were red	68b
to ease my weary l	531b	Linn's the silver l	107a	her l were red and one was thin	416a
Limb'd like a silver l	71b	turn forth her silver l	267a	has cov'rd l from their colour	337b
Limbeck's foul as hell	389a			I am a man of unclean l	501b

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Lips (cont)

I moved my l, the Pilot shrieked
in one luss upon her perfect l
in prayer the l ne'er act
in the l that had whispered
in this lady's l and hands
I saw their starved l
tum, two l
keep the door of my l
Life of Life! thy l enkindle
l as soft, but true
l cannot fail of taking
l of lurid blue
l, O you the doors of breath
l that are for others
live on the l of those who love
make love to the l we are near
my l and eyelids pale
my l are now forlorn
my weary l close
my whole soul thro' my l
often swore my l were sweet
oh that those l had language
on a poet's l I slept
polished l to yr attentive ear
round their narrow l the mould
shd' I the l of our div' Evangelist
as, my l tremble
as if I talk'd
take, O take those l away
the l of a strange woman drop
their l have thy l taken away
the poor last l thy upon thy l
they shoot out their l
those l are thine
though rosy l and cheeks
thy l are like a thread
thy l met with under the statue
to part her l, and showed them
to whom the l of children
turn to ashes on the l
when I ope my l let no dog lick
when other l, and other hearts
where the l have spoken
when my Julia's l do smile
whispering with white l
with his l be travailed
wrong life dry for yr l to drink
l iquefaction of her clothes
Liquid 'Shelley with l music
Liquidity a purpose in l
Liquor 'strabulous l
before Life's l be dry
good l l stoutly maintain
l talks mighty loud
no new light on love or l
round goblet, wh' wanteth not l
when the l's out
with considerabl l concealed
Liquors hot and rebellious l
Lisp look you l
Lisp'd l l in numbers
somewhat he l
List I've got a little l
l, O, l
love to get sweets into yr l
not printing l of subscribers
pension l of the republic
'list'd Legion never was l
Listen darkling l
l all day to such stuff
l to my tale of woe
l with credulity to fancy
Sabrina fair l
speak no slander, no, nor l to it
the world shd l then
Listen'd l and looked sideways
than he l to the priest
Listeners least stir made the l
Listenung disease of not l
Listens l like a three-years' child
yet the Evening l
l steth wind bloweth where it l
listlessness nor mad endeavour
it again in our lifetime
Literary absence of l opinion
disgusted with l men
Gizadib's the l man
head of the l profession
he lik'd those l
immense l misapprehension

Literary (cont)

like an unsuccessful l man
l man with a wooden leg
lowest class is l footmen
terms wh with St Paul are l
Literature all that is l seeks power
current l of the day
fust of l of knowledge
grazed the common of l
great Cham of l
he has raised the price of l
history to produce a little l
l flourishes best
l is a drug
l looks like word-catching
l upon a little oatmeal
lover of l is never fastidious
modern l having attained
once the itch of l comes a man
'thlytime of gnuay in l, Bunyan
lth Kings had a l in their necks
l iter all her l but one
Little a l more than a l too much
a l while, ye shall not see me
as l as a Christian can
but l do or can the best of us
chide a l, you are very l
cry of the L Peoples
from having too l to do
full l knowest thou
goin' thro' so much to learn so l
grateful at last for a l thing
here a l, and there l
how l are the proud
I l have, and seek
it was a very l one
life were all too l
l among the thousands of Judah
l deeds of kindness
l drunk but wants that l strong
l drops of water
l old New York
L Onel Oh, L One
l ones a cup of cold water
l one shall become a thousand
love me l, love me long
l things affect l minds
l things are great to l men
l things are most important
l things on l wings
l, weak, and helpless
love me l, love me long
love me l, so you love me long
man wants but l here below
man wants but l, nor that l, long
nor wants that l long
offend one of these l ones
offering too l asking too much
of one to me l remains
Oh, the l more and how much
precious l for sixpence
shall fall by l and l
she gives but l, nor that l, long
so l done, such things to do
that l achieve thy l Liberty
the isles as a very l thing
the l creep through
the l less, and what worlds away
the l nation leave to live
trun l, prin l craft
whate'er was l seemed great
you ask me to give you l things
Little Cowfold
Listlessness proof of his own l
Listlessness a thousand perinip l
Liturgy Calvinistic creed, a Popish l
Love and youth cannot l
a grave He shall not l
all that l must die
always getting ready to l
and how is it you l
be fond to l or fear to die
be true to l, and l will l
certified how long l have to l
come l with me and be my love
die before l have begun to l
dogs, wd you l forever?
dying, we l
easy and quiet die
either l must l or bear no life

Live (cont)

every man desires to l long
for me to l is Christ
for what do we l
get to l Then l, and use it
glad did I l and gladly die
he shall not l
he that begins to l
he that shall l this day
how can I l without thee
how is it that you l
it is to l at all
I have hope to l
l by pulling off the hat
l I not in myself
in health and wealth long to l
in him we l, and move
l shall not die, but live
l shd l the same life
l shd l till I were married
it were a martyrdom to l
I wish to l with you for ever
I would gladly l for ever
I know better to l than dispute
lambkins, we will l
Lesbia, let us l and love
lest I l and love
let us love nobly, and l
l and lie reclined on the hills
l as long as you may
l beneath yr more habitual sway
l in pleasure, when l l to Thee
l invisible and dim
l, so l
l more nearly as we pray
l'er each scene
l pure, speak true
l till tomorrow
l together after God's ordinance
to study, and not study to l
l to read with kings
l under one form of government
l upon our daily rations
l we how we can, yet die we must
l, while you l
love me l, love me long
love that shd help you to l
make me l too long
man doth not l by bread only
man hath but a short time to l
my l to fight another day
merrily, merrily shall l now
none wd l past yrs again
nought so bright may l
one bare hour to l
power to l, and act
question not, but l and labour
see so much, nor l so long
so l, that, sinking in thy sleep
so l, that when thy summons
comes
so long as ye both shall l
so may'st thou l
something for wh we bear to l
that l achieve thy l Liberty
so we'll l and pray
so wise, so young never l long
sweet my child, l for the
take the means whereby l
taught us how to l
teach him how to l
teaching nations how to l
tell me how you l
tell me whom you l with
that all men are about to l
there shall no man see me, and l
they're so devoted to l
tho' to stult it only l and die
thou hast no more to l
to l and die for thee
to l ever else swoon to death
to l in hearts we leave behind
l is like love
l when to l is torment
to l with thee, and be thy love
to see me cease to l
tried to l without him
we l and learn
we l by admiration, hope
we must l to l
we that l to please

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Love (cont)
 what man is he that lusteth to l
 what thou liv'st, l well
 whether thou l or die
 while we l, to l
 without 'Thee I cannot l
 Loved had it l long
 hadst thou but l
 I had l a blessed time
 I have l in such dishonour
 I have l long enough
 I have l today
 I have l with Shades so long
 I shall have l a little while
 l comfortably so long together
 l on, and so did l
 no soul that l, loved
 poorly (poor man) he l
 she l to much moie
 l unknown, and few cd know
 so they l, and so they died
 than that it l at all
 who has never lov'd, has never l
 Ively thy true and l Word
 Laver a question of the l
 disease in the l
 find so much blood in his l
 left the l white and pale
 no motion of the l, but the palate
 open and notorious evil l
 Laverpool folk that live in l
 Lavers grave l in Scotland
 measure the height of our l
 Lavery cunning l of hell
 in her sobor l all things clad
 in his l walk'd crowns
 shadow'd l of the burnish'd sun
 this purty-coloured l
 Loves a history in all men's l
 cars, with our l are curst
 ca' them l o' men
 everyone l by selling something
 fortunes and l he will vote away
 had all his haies been l
 he l, he wikes, 'tis Death is dead
 humin creature l
 if you join two l oft a scar
 it's no fish 'tis men's l
 leave their little l in air
 led murry, merry l
 let us our l lay on the king
 l more l than our l
 l not alone, nor for itself
 l of great men all remind us
 Lord hath spared our l
 make barren our l
 more to the l, that fed
 music of men's l
 no min l forever
 no min under the sky l twice
 not how a man dies, but how he l
 onc really l nowher
 other heights in other l
 our l wd grow together
 pleasant in their l
 so long l thus
 stir their working l
 their l, as do their lines
 virtuous soul then chiefly l
 went in jeopardy of their l
 who l unto himself, he l to none
 Layth he l unto God
 I am he that l, and was dead
 their name l for evermore
 Living are yet two Romans l
 before God in the light of the l
 be happy while y'er l
 blend the l with the dead
 dead shall live, the l
 devoured thy l with harlots
 fever called 'L', is conquer'd
 from too much love of l
 good is man's life, the mere l l
 his substance with riotous l
 house appointed for all l
 in the land of the l
 is Life worth l?
 Lady Dwydan, are you yet l?
 l need charity more than dead
 l now begins to mend
 l, shall forfeit far renown

Living (cont)
 l the same poet wh thou'r not now
 l, we fret
 long habit of l indisposeth us
 meet all the expences of l
 meet on lips of l men
 Milton thou shouldst be l
 more than the l wh an yet thive
 mother of all l
 noble l and the noble dead
 no l with thee, nor without thee
 out of the land of the l
 plain l and high thinking
 search the land of l men
 that I know no bounds
 the l up to it that's difficult
 to have no l near her
 the 'snake is l yet
 tride with the l and the dead
 truly to get mine own l
 that I standeth the l man
 why seek ye the l
 ye are l poems
 Living-dead a l man
 Livingstone Dr l, I presume
 Lizard Lion and the L keep
 Lizard League as l
 Lacey Lindsay
 Llewellyn's lay
 Lo l, all things fly thee
 l, eh! I don't think anything
 l! He comes with clouds
 l, he doth send out his voice
 l! He standeth, 'spouse
 l! in the orient
 l, the angel of the Lord came
 l, the kings of the earth
 l, the moon's self
 l, the poor Indian
 l, who Macoute sleeps
 then said l, L, come
 Lord a l wd sink a navy
 beneath a l of splendide care
 cruelty to l a falling man
 devious his l
 honest l and blessing
 shufd his heavy l
 somebody's l has tipped off
 Loaded pickled pork they l she
 Loads laid many heavy l on thee
 Love l of bread, the walrus said
 of a l to steal a shive
 quarter l and Luddites rise
 Loafe l l and invite my soul
 Loathing around the Throne
 Loam men are but gilded l
 Loan oft loses both itself
 Loaming, like green l
 Loathe the taste of sweetness
 Loathed most l worldly life
 Loathing disgust and secret l fell
 loving not l
 Loves loves sight of the l and fishes
 seven halfpenny l sold for a penny
 Lobster death is the l's obsession
 like a l boiled
 seen the mailed l rise
 still the l held on
 'tis the voice of the l
 Loch cult called Christianity
 Localism genuine spirit of l
 Lochiel farewell to l
 Lochmull the broadsword of L
 Lochmivar young L
 Lochow a far cry to L
 Lock as a l o' his gowden hur
 crying at the l
 the l was dull
 Lock d up from mortal eve
 Locks bow'd l of the corn
 few l wh are left you
 his golden l time hath to silver
 her were yellow
 knotted and combined l to part
 l of six princesses
 never shake thy gory l at me
 open, l, whoever knocks
 pluck up honour by the l
 shaking her invincible l
 strapped waist, and frozen l
 Time shall turn those amber l

Locks (cont)
 yr l were like the raven
 Locust both the l eaten
 years that the l hath eaten
 Locusts as lascivous as l
 l and wild honey
 Lodestar he (Chaucer) was the l
 Lodge l in a garden of cucumbers
 oh for a l
 unimaginable l
 Lodger mure l in my own house
 our l's such a nice young man
 Lodgest where thou l I will lodge
 Lodging born of despair of better l
 hard was the l
 may lIe give us a safe l
 Lodgings such as take l in a head
 l odore water come down at l
 Loftiness first in l of thought
 Lofly and sour to them
 l e on a l, expiring frog
 the l's burning brightly
 to fall l at last
 Logan is the Head Centre, the Hub
 l ogran-water fyle the l
 Logic 'tis isn't it, ain't That's l
 common Roman ink of l
 Crape that can with l, absolute
 he w is in l a great critic
 l and rhetoric, able to contend
 push the l of a fact
 science and l he chatters
 Logical built in such a l way
 l consequences are scurrilous
 Logres knights of L
 Logs lorn bars l into the hall
 Lorn unhilp lump and the ungirt l
 Lorns he girded up his l
 I girded up my l
 let yr l be girded
 with yr l girded
 Lortered my life away
 Lorters liege of all l
 Lortering alone and palely l
 Lombardy wassail pin of L
 Lombard links of Lock l
 London at a particular stop, Miss
 chief advantage of L is
 dream of L, small and white
 fate of the great Wen, l
 he lived in L, and hung loose
 hell is a city much like l
 here in L, yonder in l Florence
 I m kamun' ere in L
 in L all that life can afford
 it isn't far from L
 I've been up to L
 I walk my beat before L Town
 Key of India is in L
 L, a nation, not a city
 L, doth pour out her citizens
 l is a fine town
 L is a modern Babylon
 L is the Rome of to-day
 L is the nurse of L
 L's Fisting shant
 L's towers receive the Lamb
 L, that great cesspool
 L, that gre it sea
 L the clearing house world
 L, thou art of townes a p
 L, thou art the flower of cities
 lowest and vilest alleys of L
 man is tired of L tired of life
 Mr Weller's Knowledge of L
 nimes of 'L' Assurance
 of famous L town
 one road leads to L
 pinks were the lungs of L
 poetry in L only a taint
 ring the bells of l town
 sent anything of L, yet?
 sent him up to fair L
 the gods of L [hansom]
 they all to merry L, came
 when mist laid L they survey
 where L s column lifts the head
 London Bridge broken arch of L
 forest below L
 L is his head down
 Lone walking by his wild l

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Loneliness all that bowery l
shade and l and mure
when in danger, when in l
Lonely blows over the l of heart
I m very l now, Mary
none of these so l
so l 'twas, that God himself
ther lies a l grave
thy breast will ne be l
Lonsome one, that on a l road
Lons, but as l as all may
can't be l before I find release
days seem lunk and l
every man desires to live l
foolish to make a l prologue
sings but little, nor that little, l
how l l to travel back
how l soever it hath continued
it cannot hold you l
it shal' n't be l
l, and lunk, and brown
l folk to moon on pigmirmges
l is the way and hard
l, I may the lukes sit
l, I m the maidens sit
l, I trail a-winding
l or a' the play was play'd
love me little, so you love me l
nor brought too l 'a day
not that the story need be l
now we shal' n't be l
O l will his ldy look
shundandoh, l l to hear you
short and the l of it
so l as men can breathe
so l lives this
the cry goes up 'How l ?'
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the seas rise too
they are not l, the weeping
those whom he lov'd so l
tho' the day be never so l
Longed he lies where he l to be
truly l for death
Longer l I live, the more fool am l
or so very long
wished l by its readers
Longest flutters least is l on the
wing
l half of yr life
the heart must bear the l part
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Longing its l for the tomb
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Longings I have immortal l in me
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Longitude Board of L objected
merdians of l for a scene
the l also is l que
Long Melford trip them L
Longs unto his Christ to go
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ness
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and not l behind
as they run they l behind
ay, there l grim as hell
Cassius has a lean and hungry l
don't l me, sir, with that tone
dre m of the soft l yr eyes had
exacts a full l at the worst
eyes were made to l
first, list l by death reveal'd
fur 'z you can l or listen
give me, a l, give me a face
go and l at it
hanging l l
hereafter rising shall she l
hit l lak sparrer-grass
l'd not l on Death
I'll be a candle-holder, and l on
l l at all things as they are
I will l on both indifferently
just to l about us and to die
lct him l to his bond
l around, and choose thy ground
l b'fore, you ere you leap
l ere thou leav'st
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411a l toward, Angel, now
475b l mude of all sweet accord
29a l not back nor tire
39a l not thou down
100a l not thou on beauty's charming
3a l not thou upon the wine
12a l not again I dare not
99b l round her when the heavens
48a l thy last on all things lovely
434b l to your Moat
166b l upon myself and curse
410a l upward to the skies
325b l, what a horse shd. have
477b l, where it comes again
448a met each other with erected l
97b my eyes can l as swift as yrs
169a my God, l upon me
91a O l at the trees
99a one longing, ling'ring l
88a only a l and a voice
272b only loveless l the l you passed
530a O sweet! when I do l on thee
530a row one way and l another
225b same l wh she turn'd when he
530a shall not l upon his like again
186b she give me never a l
444a so l to thyself
76a some did die to l on
530b some do it with a bitter l
525a that men might l and live
355b The Twelve-pound Love
387a this is my wife, pray l at her
387a this l of thine will hurl
to l at things in bloom
w'l before and after
whence a l shot out sharp
where goes that thou that goose l ?
310a wh he forbears agun to l upon
182b yr l that pays a thousand
415a Looked as she l about, she did
438b b'hold
85b he l again, and found it was
415a he l me l upon my earth
486b l l for some to have pity
443b l unutterable things
327b no sooner l but they loved
218b she l at me as she did love
139a sigh'd and l, and sigh'd again
468a sigh field wh l have l upon
so wise as Thurlow l
253b thrice l he at the city
253b thrice l he at the dead
307a Looker-on sit thou a patient l
65b Lookers-on as l feel most delight
13a God and angels to be l
16a l see more than gamsters
Lookest l as thou woldest find an
hare
why l thou so?
Looking God be l in my l
l before and after
l on my way, and rowing another
no harm in l
staring and l upon me
they all were l for a king
they l back, all th' eastern side
when I well can't move her
Looking-glass face that cruel l
Looks a woman as old as she l
be feared, and kill with l
clear yr l
deep-searched with saucy l
glance that wd those l reprove
he l such things
he l que through the deeds
her l were free
his l do menace heaven
his modest l the cottage adorn
l have no proud l
I'll say she l as clear
307b in those l where who's gazes
l adorned the venerable place
l comnerching with the skies
l handsome in three hundred
l the whole world in the face
Moon that l for us again
my only books were woman's l
praising God with sweetest l

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270a she l another way
201b sun l on alike
37a who is l le, with modest l
51a with despatchful l in haste
319a Loom she left the l
408b Loom the sun-faced l l
348a unhand me, grey-beard l
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119a Loose ere yt we l the legions
178a lct l the Gorgonzola
387a l as the wind
287a O sweet Fancyl let her l
348a she l 'l the hits
320b wear those things so l
141b Lops the mouldered branch
344b Lord a certain l, neat, and trimly
483a a L among wits
37a Angel of the L came down
174b ask the L to bless me
249a bless ye the l
204a children of the L
402a cometh in the Name of the L
402a cry unto the L in thour trouble
64a cup from wh our L drank
281b day thou shalt be L, is enud
330a dead wh die in the l
6a declare the works of the L
372a deputy elected by the L
322b dwell in the house of the L
459b each of himself was l
447b English shd. lightly me
350b enter thou into the joy of thy L
528b except the L build the house
364a except the L keep the city
198b five operations of the L
398b follow with allegiance a fallen l
421b for ever with the L
350b for joy God l was born
468a for the glory of the L
50a glory of the coming of the L
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85b glory of the L shone round
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327b guide l in the black velvet
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218b hark, my soul! it is the L
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468a how knows the L is
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253b how shall we sing the L's song
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65b in the spirit on the L's day
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98b it is the handkerchief of the L
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344b L carth for the strangers
168a l commended the unjust steward
244a L do so to me, and more also
231b L doth build Jerusalem
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259a L God of Sabaoth
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Sibbath was made for m
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Saint nor Sophist led, but he a m
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scarce be a m before thy mother
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scrutable, and well-bred m
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shake a m's futh in himself
shall a young m cleanse his way
shall m be more just than God
shall m into the mystery spy
she knows her m
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sober m among his boys
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so is it now I am a m
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so much one m can do
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thousandth m will stand by
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thou turnest m to destruction
thru' this m and me hath wru
to chide a m nothing
'tis an Old M grey
'tis m's perdition to be safe
'tis not what m does wh exalts
to be a well-favoured m
to be m with thy might
to chide a m nothing
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Manasses is mine
Man-at-arms must now serve
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M ndate. thus the royal m
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Mandagori gave me to drink m
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Mandrake get with child a m root
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m a m for his bed
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Mangrove of hay
M meale, manure, pecuniary M
Mingler in a milllion
Manhood by t'king of the M into
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Mam: of owning things
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Time, a m scattering dust
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Manifold stones, I know
Mankind all the happiness m can
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Mansion back to m in call
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March ashbuds in the front of M
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with merry m bring home
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March'd 'ave m—six—weeks in
'Til
he marched them down again
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m into their land
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measures
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m thro' Georgia
m where it likes
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Flunders m
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474a
104b
439a
432a
81b
515a
153b
77b
405b
111b
509a

Moment (cont.)
the Manus gazed a m
very m that he bade me tell it
Momentary as a sound
Momentousness its m and his con-
viction
Moments are m in life worth
day and m quickly flying
m big as years
m in the being
m wh he calls his own
Monan's rill
Monan's a merry m, scandalous
come, thou m of the vine
cuckold to make him m ?
every hereditary m was insan-
like a tired m fann'd to rest
love cd teach a m to be wise
m better than his crown
m all I survey
more lovely than m of the sky
no m but wd give his crown
page and m, forth they went
sat the merry m longest
sure the m's rule must prove
the of a shad
we greet the m -peasant
with a m's voice cry, Havoc!
Monarchies all the four M
Monarchize to m, be laied
Monarchs fate summons, m must
obey
fear of change perplexes m
righteous m, justly to judge
wrote that m were divine
Monarchy are you for making a m
characteristic of the English M
mass of punked undrstand (M)
M is an intelligible government
mystic reverence to a true m
no other sway but purest M
universal m of wit
wh are essential to a true m
Monastic mild m faces
on my heart m asks
Monday began on a M at morn
btwixt a Saturday and M
classical M Pops
tcll a-bleeding on Black M
hanging of his cut on M
on my heart m asks
M's child is fair of face
Solomon Grundy, born on a M
they that wash on M
'twas on a M morning
Money blockhead ever wrote, except
for m
borrer the m to do it
buy wine and milk without m
counting out his m
fancy giving m to the govern-
ment
goa wheer m is
hath a dog m
he gat him more m
he that hath no m, come ye
he that wants m, means, content
how pleas int it is to have m
if I'd as much m as I cd spend
if not, by any means, m
if you wd know the value of m
I give thee my m
I have spent all the m
lends out m gratis
lot of m to die comfortably
love of m is the root of all evil
if you wd know the value of m
m has a power above the stars
m, I despise it
m in the Three per Cents
m is honey, my little sonny!
m is indeed the most important
m is the most useful
m is the sinews of love
m is the true fuller's earth
m language all understand
m on de bob-tail nag
[M] queen of all delights
m speaks sense
m, thou bane of bliss

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360a
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390b
151a
86a
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309b
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79b
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525a
532b
532b
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451b
507a
533b
186a
434b
50a
507a
327a
66b
533a
542b
157a
104b
161b
353a
66b
516b
157a
66a
165b
46b
41a
390a
150b
159b
25b
156a
21a
25b
187b

Money (cont.)
more innocently than in get-
ting m
natural interest of m
neither is m the sinews of war
nuncupence in ready m
no m, no Swiss [soldiers]
no one shall work for m
not given his m upon usury
put m in thy purse
see what m will do
so m comes withal
suth w cost me much m
that the way the m goes
they hired the m, didn't they?
they've no idea what m's for
thy m perish with thee
time is m
we've got the m too
what m is better bestowed
wherefore do ye spend m
where is yr m ?
you pays yr m takes yr choice
Money-bag aristocracy of the M
Money-bags dream of m
Monys as m for values
lend you thus much m ?
Mongrel greyhound, m grim
m beef-witted lord
m, puppy, whelp
Monied interest
Moniment, without a tomb
Monitor murmurings, whereby the
m expressed
Monk m who shook the world
the devil a m wd be
the M my son
Monkey bred out into baboon
m and m
ere the M People cry
had of yr daughter for a m
never look long upon a m
Monkeys for a wilderness of m
goats and m
m on m for values
the m walk together
Monks merrily sang the m in Ely
m of the Magdalen
Monmouth al-o a nver at M
Monograph on the ashes of tobacco
Monotony bleats articulate m
Monst'-intom'-tingens
Monster a m fearful and hideous
as it wrc a m unto many
blunt m with uncouthed heads
chief m plagued the natives
great-siz'd m of ingratitude
it is the green-ey'd m
lean abhorred m
many-headed m of the pit
many-headed m the multitude
m, wh the Blatant Beast men call
shouts to scare the m
some m in his thought
that T. Hobbes m
Monsters begot of all these m
complicated m, head and tail
Monstrous bottom of the m world
speak in a m little voice
Montagu Mrs M his dropt me
Montagu in truth, fair M
Montaigne sedulous apt to M
Montalban Aspramont or M
Monte Carlo broke the bank at M
Montezuma who imprisoned M
Montgomery Mr M's readers
Mr M's writing
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April is the cruellest m
ends all our m -long love
hoarse teeth-chattering m
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m follow m with woe
m in which the world began
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yet within a m
Months but two m dead
for m and m
I gat in m tweye
cd live for m without labour
three crabbed m had soured

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482b
360b
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370b
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80b
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31a
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285a
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234b
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104a
354a
362b
204b
231a
79a
161b
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111a
369a
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 thou and I this n main age
 'Throne behold of N primaevial
 thro' the empty-vaulted n
 thro' the foul womb of n
 thro' the n of doubt and sorrow
 'Thy tempests fall all n
 ure the n in thought
 'tis a naughty n to swim in
 toiling upward in the n
 touch of Harry in the n
 trailing grumts of the N
 trip we after the n's shade
 'twas the n before Christmas
 vile contagion of the n
 walks in beauty, like the n
 war's annals will cloud into n
 watchman, what of the n?
 watch that ends the n
 waters on a starry n
 we have toiled all the n
 what hath n to do with sleep?
 what is the n
 when N is nigh
 when N is on the hills
 when she deserts the n
 when the face of n is fur
 with-taking time of n
 with us perpetual n
 womb of uncreated n
 world will be in love with n
 wd not spend another such a n
 'Yes, I answered you last n
 yet it is not n
 you meager beauties of the n
 Night-air into the fresh n again
 Nightcap a n ducked his brows
 bring his n with him
 Nightcaps heads all in n
 Night-dress lectures in her n
 Nighted cast by colour off
 Night-flies hush'd up with buzzing n
 Nightgown downstarts in his n
 enter *Cesar* in his n
 Nightingale all but the wakeful n
 bright n amorous
 crave the tuneless N
 Earls ah, the N
 hundred-throated n
 I the n all spring thro'
 it was the n
 my n, we have beat them
 newe abayssed n
 N cries to the Rose
 n does sit so late
 n, if we shd sing by day
 n in the sycamore
 n's high note is heard
 n sings round it
 N that in the branches sang
 no music in the n
 O n, that on you bloomy spray
 O 'tis th' ravish'd n
 ourr you as 'twere any n
 save the n alone
 sings as sweetly as a n
 spoils the singing of the n
 the n's complaint
 where the n doth sing
 whither doth haste the n
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 Days
 chill thy dreaming n
 fled Him, down the n
 God makes sech n
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 n are lang and mirk

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n of waking
 summer n collected still
 the n arc very damp
 the n are wholesome
 thro the long, long wintry n
 to waste long n in discontent
 when n are longest
 Nile note the waters of the N
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 Nil ultra to my proudest hopes
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 Nimrod the mighty hunter
 Nimshi too similar to the son of N
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 fair N, forsaking Poetry
 lading his choir, the N
 leave the money and n
 n, ten, a good fat hen
 that will purchase n
 there be n worthy and the best
 Nine-fifteen romance brought up
 the n
 Ninety-three n in ready money
 Ninety-eight fears to speak of N?
 Nivech with N and 'lyre
 Quinquere of N
 Ninny compar'd to Handel's a n
 Ninth quiet till the year
 Niobe like N, all tears
 N of Nations
 Niobean womb
 Nip him in the bud
 Nipping and an eger air
 Nipple have plucked my n
 Nipt affection, not 'twas n
 Nitre warty n and quick sulphur
 No Araminta, say 'N'!
 are we downhearted? N!
 Charybdis of Aye and N
 n arts, n letters, n society
 n! it is an ever-fiv'd mark
 n! it's all corv'd
 'n, none at all', he replied
 n, n, my heart is fast
 n sun—n moon!
 'N' 'tis morning sir, I say
 Oh n John! n John!
 oh! he need not mention her
 the everlasting n
 the people cried, 'O N'!
 Noah before N was a sailor
 married N's daughter
 N begat Shem, Ham
 N he often said to his wife
 N said 'There's wan' av us
 N spoke him fairly
 to Greece, and into N's ark
 whereas it is N
 Nobby isn't it a n one
 Nobility all were noble save n
 ancient n is the act of time
 betwixt the wind and his n
 deny a god destroy m'n s
 leave us still our old n!
 new n the act of power
 n is a graceful ornament
 n of birth abate th' industry
 n prevents the rule of wealth
 true n is exempt from fear
 virtue alone is true n
 Noble all were n save nobility
 a n army, men and boys
 an old Castilian poet n
 ashamed with the n shame
 Homer is eminently n
 never yet was n man
 n and nude
 n grounds for the n emotions
 n living and the n dead
 n mind disdain to hide his head
 n nature, poetically gifted
 only n to be good
 quiet us in a death so n
 shd not be n to myself
 some work of n note
 to learn of n men

Noble (cont)

virtue not birth, makes us n
 what's brave, what's n
 where the n infant lay
 Nobleman as a n shd do
 celebrated, cultivated n
 king may make a n
 what may a N find to do
 Noblemen critics. brushers of n's
 clothes
 Nobleness allied with perfect n.
 n of life is to do thus
 N walks in our ways
 that great n of hers
 Nobler and the manlier one
 Nobles n and heralds, by yr leave
 n by the right of creation
 their n with links of iron
 where the wealthy n dwell
 Noblest amongst the n of mankind
 an honest man's the n work
 her n work she classes
 his n work is reckoned
 n Roman of them all
 n thing wh' perished there
 I ragedy is the n Production
 Nobly love n
 spurn not the n born
 Nobody business of n
 everybody's business is n's
 I care for n
 I care for n, not I
 n asked you, kind sir
 n calls you a dunce
 n cares for me
 n feels for my poor nerves
 n I care for comes-a-courting me
 n for myself, farewell
 n is on my side
 n shd be sad but I
 n takes part with me
 n walks much faster than I do
 pauper, whom n owns
 there's n at home
 where n gets old
 Nocturnal some n blackness
 Nod aff'ly n
 dwells in the Land of N
 if she chance to n I'll rail
 n and a wink for every maid
 Wyken, Blyken and N
 Nodded, barely napping
 Nodding if he sees anybody else n
 Noddlie my barmie n
 Nodosities of the oak
 Nods Homer n
 n, and becks, and smiles
 Reason n a little
 why n the drowsy Worshipper
 Noes honest hersey n
 Noise above n and danger
 a chamber deaf to n
 after n tranquility
 a little noiseless n
 a pleasant n till noon
 battle n with confused n
 body holds its n
 boys that fears no n
 didst thou not hear a n?
 full of foolish n
 God is gone up with a merry n
 happy n to hear
 inexplicable dumb-shows and n
 melt, and make no n
 n and snrl
 n like of the sudden brook
 n of the water-pipes
 nursed amid her n, her crowds
 the n of battle roll'd
 valued till they make a n
 w' fichtenn' n an' glec
 with a n of winds
 with spattering n rejected
 Noises came so full of dreary n
 like n in a swoond
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 given away by a n
 n called *Trustam Shandy*
 obligation to wh we may hold a n
 obl it is only a n
 scrupulous French n
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 Novels Balzac's n occupy on shelf
 loved, over after, French n
 Novelty create at last this n Earth
 n, n
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 N's leaf is red
 N's sky is chill
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 let me do it n
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 n sleeps the crimson petal
 n we sha'n't be long
 Nowher so busy as man
 Nubbly nice but n
 Nude keep one from going n
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 Nuisance to other people
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 Number in the n I do not know but
 one
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 multitude, wh no man cd n
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 n, weight and measure
 telkth the n of the stars
 the n of his name
 the n of my days
 the n of the beast
 Numbered name be n among theirs
 n with the transgressors
 Numbers add to golden n
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 I lured in n
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labour for his p
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p of love be sweeter far
repays a thousand p
so double was his p
taken no p with its sums
take the p to set me right
uneasy pleasures and fine p
Paint as fresh as p
does he p?
flinging a pot of p
he fain wd p a picture
I cannot p what then I was
let her p an inch thick
p the sable skies
putty, brass, an' p
showed the p, but hid the face
take off yr coat, grind p
those who p 'em trust
to p the lily
p to Thy Presence
Painted as idle as a p ship
mirror is not to be p upon
p to the eyes
paltry, foolish, p things
she p her face
upon a p ocean
Painter he is but a landscape-p
nature's sternest p
not a great p can be an architect
once more thit landscape p
some great p dips his pencil
the sinful p drapes his goddess
Painters I hate all Boets and P
poets, like p, thus unskilled
Painting amateur p in water-colour
p thy outward wools so costly
whose mother was her p
Paintings all the allegorical p
I have heard of yr p
Paints He p the wayside flower
Ingres's the modern man who p
to know a butcher p
Pair all in a chuse and p
aware of a princely p
blest p of Sirens
happy, happy, p
nor p, nor build, nor sing
such r mutual p
Palace a p and a prison on each
hand
a p fit for you and me
cypress in the p walk
hollow oak our p is
in his p of the West
in the lighted p near
love in a p
my gorgeous p for a hermitage
opes the p of Fertility
p name of wh was Beautiful
p of dim night
purple-lined p of sweet sin
Palaces builds p in Kingdom come
dragons in their pleasant p
fair, frail, p
hark! at the Golden P
mid pleasures and p
plenteousness within thy p
poor men's cottages princely p
saw in sleep old p
the gorgeous p
two-and-thirty p
walls, p, half-cut
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Paladin Sidney's self, the stary p
Palaeozoic in the P time
Palate against the p fine
his ample p took savour
no motion of the liver, but the p
p, the hutch of tasty lust
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Pale art thou p for weariness
behold a p horse
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moon p in her anger
on, p as yonder wan moon
over park, over p
p, and leaden-c'd
p as thy smock
p, beyond porch and portal
p contented sort of discontent
p grew thy cheek
p hinds I loved
p wh held that lovely deer
prithce, why so p
walk the studious cloisters p
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Pall in purple nor in p
I tragedy in sceptred p
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Pallas Apollo, P, Jove
Pallets upon uneasy p stretching
Palliate what we cannot cure
Pallid angels, all p and wan
Pall Mall shady side of P
Pall Mall Gazette
Palm bear the p alone
dominion over p and pine
dull thy p with entertainment
lands of p and southern pine
land, of p, of orange
quietly sweating p to p
to have an itching p
virginal upon his p
win the p, the oak, or bays
Palmer exerted her-elf to ask Mr P
sad votary in p's weed
sceptres for a p's walking staff
Palmerston pugilist (Lord P)
Palmerworm that wh the p hath
left
Palms in his p wh were hollow
padding p
p to the foot of my feet
they fronded p in air
the p of her hands
what are frequent in p dates
Palm-trees City of p
Palmyra Balbec and P
Palanodes by my knighthood, said
P
Palpable as a mountain, open, p
thro the p obscure
Palpsid lid
Palsy stricken wid de p
Paltry with us with a double sense
Paltry to be Cæsar
Pamirc mountain cradle in P
Pamphylla Phrygia, and P
Pamphileter on guano
Pan buy me a new p
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Pancras
P did after Syrnix speed
the great god P
turned the cat in p again
Pancras and Kentish Town
Panther of posterity
Pardoning King P
Panc. a tap at the p
Panes of quaint device
Pang e'en the p preceding death
ev ry p that rends the heart
learn, nor account the p
p as gras as when a giant dies
p of all the parturient
she feels no biting p
turned his face with a hastily p
Pangs cost her mother I clius
keener p
in the sweet p of it remember
keep we p
more p and fears than wars
p of disprn'd love
the p, the internal p are ready
Panic's in thy breastie
Panjandrum grand P himself
Pansie meet we no angels, P?
Pansies, that's for thoughts

Pansy the p at my feet
the p freak with jet
Pant I p, I sink, I tremble
Pantaloen lean and slippred p
Pants as p the hart
rict in fast thick p
end on the p triumphing
Papa eels his dear p is poor
P, potatoes, poultry
the word P
Papacy the ghost of Roman
Empire
Paper any news in the p
golly, what a p!
grey p with blunt type!
he hath not eat p
all the earth were p
just for a scrap of p
make dust our p
that ever blotted p
the virtue of p government
this p appears dull
Papa-mill thou hast built a p
Papist sinner or sinner
Paps with a golden girdle
Parasacral pleasures of the
Parasacral Mahomtan
Parasacral unangelic metal
Paradise Athens but the rudiments
of P
beautiful as a wreck of P
but at the gates o' P
by some supposed true P
dreams of p and light
drunk the milk of P
England is a p for women
enjoy p in the next (world)
even with P devise the snake
gather at the gate of P
learn't to be a p
how his she cheapen d p
in P, if we meet
Italy a p for horses
I was taught in P
Jane went to P
Linnæus the P of Fools
lost angel of a ruined P
to leave this P
O P I O P
P by way of Kensal Green
P, so late their happy seat
P subtle and mighty opium
to whom we fear of death
p within thee, happier far
skip upon the trees of P
sole propriety in P
such art the Gates of P
the desert were a p
thought wd destroy their p
thou shalt be with me in P
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this other Eden, demi-P
to him are opening p
to live in P alone
west a p of a sect
Wilderness is P now!
[Paradise Lost] most sublime poem
Paradises two P 'twere
Paradox man is an embodied p
p wh comforts while it mocks
Paradoxical old fort p
Paradoxical that sounds a little p
Paragon of animals
Parallel but ours so truly p
Parallelles delves the p in beauty's
Paramount of trutis
Paramount dark to be his p
thou shalt be try p
Paranours worn of p
Parasol Mima's p between them
Parcae thought him one
Parcel a p of their fortunes
p of boilers and vats
Parchmen bound in stale p
lamb shd be made into p
p, being scribbled o'er
virtue of wax and p
Pard freckled like a p
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if life was bitter to thee, p

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 p for too much loving you
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 the injur'd they ne'er p
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 Parent, bedside of a sick p
 don't object to an ag'd p
 on p knus, a naked child
 our first p, knew thee
 P of Good, Almighty
 p, perhaps that p mourned
 that wd put any p mad
 to lose one p misfortune
 Parentage p unguess'd
 what is yr p?
 Parents begin by loving their p
 besmear'd with p tears
 education given by most p
 joys of p are secret
 learned to bottle our p twain
 lords whose p were Lord knows
 p first season us
 stranger to one of yr p
 Parfit gentil knight
 Paris, fur away ez P
 P'rensh of P was to hir unknowe
 good Americans die they go to P
 good Americans they die, go to P
 Hilen with wanton P sleeps
 no good girl's lip out of P
 no lord of P, Venice or Florance
 P is well worth a mass
 the judgment of P
 Parish all the world as my p
 bason to be provided by the P
 his pension from his p
 Parish Church, place as way to p
 Park over p, over pale
 p where the peach-blossoms blew
 pug that paces in the P
 stands as Neptune's p
 with a cot in a p
 P Lane for choice
 Parks were the lungs of London
 Parliament crop-headed P
 honest by an act of p
 in the P of man
 Moli p, rabble
 P has no right to tax Americans
 P speaking to Buncombe
 'Three Estates in P
 Parliamentary as an old P hand
 Bap of P Eloquence
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 without party P government
 Parliaments England mother of P
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 Parlour is it a party in a p?
 prisoned in a p snug
 'is the pruttest little p
 will you walk into my p?
 Parlour boarder of a pig
 Parlous in a p state
 Parma foul scorn that P or Spain
 Parmacet for an inward bruse
 Parnassus you my chief P be
 Parochial art must be p
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 [Thoreau] he was p
 Parrots like p at a bagpiper
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 Parsee from whose hat the rays
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 his creed no p ever knew
 like a p's dance
 Monday is p's holiday
 p knows enough knows a
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 P lost his senses
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 then the P might preach
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 the p owns his skill
 tickling a p's nose
 Whig in a p's gown
 Parsons p are very like other men
 p do not care for truth
 this merriment of p
 Parsnips fine words butter no p
 Part a p to tear a cat in
 being p in all I have
 come in between and bid us p
 come let us kiss and p
 each man has some p to play
 fear God, and take yr own p
 few, few shall p
 for mine own poor p
 for we know in p
 from yours you will not p
 heart command of every p
 heart must bear the longest p
 his feet is not beside his p
 I am a p of all
 I have forgot my p
 list to the heavy p
 man must play a p
 Man of sorrows had a p
 Mary hath chosen that good p
 neither p nor lot in this matter
 only p to meet again
 ought but death p thee and me
 p in friendship
 precise in every p
 shall we never, never p
 the heart ay's the p ay
 the more p knew not wherefore
 thou and nature can so gently p
 to p at last without a kiss?
 we lose a p of ourselves
 we prophesy in p
 we so now p
 what pain it is to p
 Partakr with the adulterers
 Partakers of thy sad decline
 Parted a' p between twelve and
 one
 p a cherry, seeming p
 I p from my dear
 like friends once p
 mine never shall be p
 never met—or never p
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 p for ever
 the way we p
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Pellenore Pelles or P	277a	a p whom I have not known	437a	this p earth a solitude	426a
Pelop Thebes, or P's line	268a	a stiff-necked p	283a	Peoples all the p, great and small	234a
Pelting each other public good	107b	based upon her p's will	488a	by tear the muscians of our p	244a
Pembroke's mother	221a	benefit of a p never seen	460b	cry of the little P	236b
Pen before my P has glean'd	124b	be the p never so impatient	142a	new-caught, sullen p	179b
draw my p in defence bad cause	142a	bludgeoning of the p by the p	27b	p, distressed by events	236b
Falerian winged the p	75a	by p you understand <i>hot pollux</i>	294b	Peopling the lone universe	305b
foolish when he had not a p	210b	came of decent p	294b	Pear and Balaam p	276b
he held his p in trust to Art	131a	chosen P never conquer'd quite	473b	Pepper envy the p when he pleases	81a
his fingers held the p	111a	common p of the skies	480b	peck of pickled p	533b
I made a rural p	32b	company of all faithful p	176b	p and vinegar besides	84b
less brilliant p than mine	24b	fire and p do in this agree	245b	Peppered I am p, I warrant	365b
make thee glorious by my p	280b	fuel all the p	484b	I have two of them	377b
my tongue is the p	484b	forget also thine own p	120a	where lowly are p	379a
Nature take the p out of his hand	9b	from the p all springs	540b	Peradventure know beyond a p	460b
nose was as sharp as a p	382a	good of the p is the chief law	292b	p the darkness shall cover me	400a
p becomes a torpedo to him	64a	government of all the p	245b	Perceive both p and know what	479b
p is worse than the sword	124b	happy the p whose annals blank	80b	half crate, and what p	472a
prevents his holding a p	419a	he looked upon his p	522b	Perceive this thou p, wh makes	388a
scarce forbear to bite his p	250a	his p are free	55b	Perch and not their terror	351a
scratching of a p	343a	indictment against n whole p	469b	Percy <i>Esperance!</i> P!	379a
thv p from lenders' books	124a	in the P was my trust	58a	I am not yet of P's mind	377a
with such acts fill a p	344b	it makes the p's wrongs his own	138b	old song of P and Douglas	402a
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Penalty the p of Adam	563b	my p never to have it so	509b	in out of Northumberland	596b
to abolish the death p	99b	new p takes the land	93a	Perdition down to bottomless p	271a
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Perfect - be ye therefore p	505a	Permanence wh the sea cannot claim	181a	breeds p	31a
clear springs ever p	78a	Permanent nought s p human race	71b	from the noisome p	487b
if thou wilt be p, go and sell	507b	suffering is p	403a	p that walketh in darkness	507b
p democracv shameless thing	57a	Permission of all-ruling Heaven	271a	purged the air of p	366b
p the cup as planned	51a	Permisious weed	108a	shakes p and war	273a
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sprits of jinn made p	517a	Perplexed p her, night and morn	412b	Pests of society	33b
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Perfectibility speak of p as a dream	266a	Perplexity that stad is in p	474a	now sleeps the crimson p	436b
Perfection attain to the divine p	247b	Persecuted I p the church	514b	O filigree p	443a
culture ascertain what p is	9b	princes have p me	486b	Petals between His p wide	475a
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p, in its more ngl sense	299a	like the p of somebody reading	221a	p steps in amice grey	277a
p is nothing but discretion	219a	lively p of his father's face	155b	p steps of spring	36a
p the lumber of the schools	331b	look here, upon this p	315a	Pilgrimage he overtaketh in his p	472a
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there are dreamt of in yr p	219a	p it—think of it	35a, 91b	succced me in my p	54b
that untought innate p	369a	p placed the busts between	210a	Pilgrimages folk to goon on p	88a
this sunc p is a good horse	366a	reluctance to sit for a p	254b	Pilgrims happy band of p	287a
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vain wisdom all, and fake p	737b	apples of gold in p of silvr	186a	Pilgrim's Progress wished longer	212a
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Delos rose and P sprung	72a	my eyes make me	82b	Pillar p of a cloud, p of fire	494a
P' amorous pinches black	366a	the dead art, but as p	410b	ising seem'd a p of state	402a
P Apollo turned fasting trar	207a	the p for the page stone	329b	sit by a p alone	433b
P, arise	474b	use of a book without p	532a	she became a p of salt	403a
P, gins arise	79b	with savage p fill their gaps	171a	the triple p of the world	322a
P, like 'thirst wandering knight'	386b	you are p of doors	508a	you are a well-deserving p	121a
P what a name	115a	Picturesque quite, p hr	447a	Pillrid shade	276b
sweats in the eye of P	355b	Pie blackbirds biked in a p	533a	Pillars among her golden p high	30b
towards P' lodging	470b	eating a Christm is p	532a	icent p rear their heads	104b
whelps of P' waning	72a	to m like the gooseberry p	208b	antique p massy proof	208b
Phoenix I knew a p	364b	when the p was opened	30b	builed over with p of gold	30b
like the p, midst her fires	255a	Piece a p of him	15a	four p of government	15a
P builds her spick nest	72a	Pieces desb'd all to p	153b	his legs are as p of marble	58a
the maiden p	304b	Destiny with Men for P	153b	I bear up the p of it	30b
the p builds the p nest	364b	helpless P of the gum	195a	there Jerusalem s stood	30b
Phryse a fice fog the p	294a	peace is broken into p	413a	Pillcock set on Pillcock-hill	343a
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p by wn such things are scetld	212a	thirty p of silv	413a	like a p on a bed	132b
p wh wh bad historians are fond	304a	Picrust promises and p	518a	sigh d upon a midnight p	326a
portentous p 'I told you so'	304b	Pieman Simple Simon met a p	432b	stones Ihy p, earth Thy bed	405b
proverbial with a grund-sire p	66b	Pier from this here, p	19b	'tis my p white	393a
soft p of peace	337a	I walked upon the p	10b	Pillows smooth p sweetest bed	401b
sudden, unintelligible p	105a	Pierce into his hand, and p it	406b	Pills I swallow countess p	163a
that's an ill p	73b	Pierced hath p to the rote	88a	p aginst an earthquake	2b
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I took the oars the P's boy
oh, P! 'tis a fearful night
P of the Galilean lake
see my P face to face
the P shrieked
Pilots in learning p
Pilots best p have needs of mariners
p are thicker than pilchard.
Punny mummy, p
Pumpnel demmed, elusive P
p dozed on the lea
Pumples roughnesses, p, warts
Pin heard a p drop
his friend in merry p
life at a p's fee
pinn'd it w't a siller p
see a p and pick it out
stay not for th' other p!
with a little p boris thro'
Pinafore Captain of the P
Pinch death is as a lover's p
they brought one p
Pinches Phibius' amorous p black
Pindaric epic, nay P art
Pindarus the house of P
Pine beech and odorous p
dwindle, peak, and p
moist P for thee
p for what is not
p with fear and sorrow
palm and southern p
shall I ever sigh and p?
tallest p hewn on Norwegian hills
they p, I live
why dost thou p within
Pine-apple of politeness
Pined p and wanted food
p away seven of my years
she p in thought
Pine-logs bring me p
Pines arrowy white p
eat the cones under his p.
great p groan aghast
his thunder-harp of p
instead of p shall murmur
never get between the p
old acquaintance among the p
p are gossip p the wide world
she stay'd among these p
Pine-tree O p, O p
p's withered branch
Pine-trees black and gloomy p
Pines the nurse the p
Imagination droops her p
Pinions stayed his p from flight
the drift of p
with p skim the air
Pink bring hither the p
lavender wet tined with p
p pills for pale people
rose p and dirty drab
the p of courtesy
the p o' womankind
the p, the emblem o' my dear
the very p of courtesy
the very p of perfection
the white p, and the pansy
Pin-money what they call p
Pinnacle, like a feathered bird
Pinned it w't a siller pin
Pins here filed of p extend
Pinto Ferdinand Mendez P
Pint-pot peace, good p!
Pioneers p and all
p O p!
Pious stored with p frauds
this just, this p fraud
Pipe a p for my capacious mouth
as my small p best fits
draw his last breathe thro' a p
drop thy p, thy happy p
easier to be played on than a p
he called for his p
and who her p
p a song about a lamb
p but as the linnets sing
p for fortune's finger
p me to pastures still
p of half-awakened birds
p that song again

Pipe (cont)

p to the spirit ditties
p, with solemn puff
pip'd a silly p, and took tea
put that in yr p and smoke it
quite a three-p problem
rumour is a p
she loved the Dorian p
thy small p shrill and sound
to mirth eaten p inclined
Piped p with merry cheer
we have p unto you
Piper Hyperion of calves the P
I was to pay the p
Peter P picked a peck
p, pipe that song again
p ut the down and write
Tom, Tom the p's son
Pipers all men, especially p!
five-and-thirty p
w't a hundred p an' a'
Pipes grate on their scranell p
it's knock out yr p
soft p, play o' p
the p o' Havelock sound!
what p and tumbrel?
Piping helpless, naked, p
his p took a troubled sound
p down the valleys wild
p songs of pleasant life
weak p time of peace
Pipkin little p fits this little jolly
Pippa passes
Pippins old p toothsome
there's p and scuse to come
Piracies shd not again be sullied
Pirate sanctimonious p
to be a P King
Pistol when his p misses fire
Pistols have you yr p?
Piston steam and p stroke
Pit after them to the bottomless p
black as the P from pole
Eagle know what is in the p
enemies have beat us to the p
he that diggett a p
key of the bottomless p
law the bottomless p
man will go down into the p
many-headed monster of the p
out of the horrible p
Sytian smoke of the p
they have digged a p before me
they'll all a p
when I go down to the p
Pitch a bumping p
he that toucheth p defiled
nightly p my moving tent
of what validity and p soe'er
roller, p, and stumps
two p balls for eyes
when you make p hot
Pitch-and-toss one turn of p
Pitcher p be broken at the fountain
Pitchfork drive out nature with a p
thru on her with a p
Pitfall with P and with Gun
Pith arms had seven years' p
enterprises of p and moment
Pities he p the plumage
taught by the Power that p me
Pitiful ah! were she p
lips say, 'God be p
Oh! was p!
p, 'twas wondrous p
Pitiless ruffians, p as proud
Pitt as P is to Addison
o'er his mournful requiem
Pity a p beyond all telling
arousing p and fear
cherish p, lest you drive an Angel
crave p from blustering wind
gently p whom ye can't persuade
had p on the least of things
he has can p felt the woe
hern went p-zekle
his heart kep' goin' p-pat
His P allows them to leave
his p gave ere charity began
I learn to p them
in p and mournful awe

Pity (cont)

I p his ignorance
it was great p, so it was
it was the more p
knows some touch of p on me
looked for some to have p on me
lov'd her that she did p them
never any p for concetted people
no p to myself
no shall p me
p a human face
p him afterwards
p is sworn servant unto love
p, like a naked new-born babe
p me, then, and wish
my simplicity
p never ceases to be shown
p reneth some in gentil harte
p sitting in the clouds
p Sultan Mahmud
p them that weep
p the sorrows of a poor old man
p those they torture not
shew thy p upon all prisoners
the p of it, Iago
till P's self be dead
'tis P! She's a Whore
'tis P, 'tis p
to Mercy, P. Peace
virtuous poor, one can p them
what 'tis to p, and be pited
you feel the dint of p
Pixes pictures, roses and p
Place across a crowded public p
adorn'd the venerable p
a dozen dozen in her p
all move one p on
all rising to great p
a pick-took to a p
a p for everything
a savage p!
at the p where 'e is gone
before I understood this p
bounds of p and time
bourne of time and p
cares no more for one p
earns p the steed
every christian kind of p
face one wd meet in every p
find they a p or part
found no p of repentance
get p and wealth
grave's a fine and private p
his p nowhere be found
his p know him any more
home better p
hovering o'er the p's head
I go to prepare a p for you
in many a secret p
is there no respect of p in you?
men in great p are servants
nigh embrac'd the p
never the time and the p
no p, 'nd murder sanctuarize
no p to go
not wish'd to change his p
not to be changed by p or time
of p 'tween high and low
one in all doth hold his p
one-eyed, blinking sort o' p
p not good manners to mention
p of the slaying of Ithylus
p thereof shall know it no more
p to stand and love in
p where men can pray
p where the tree falleth
p where thine honour dwelleth
p wh' thou hast appointed for
them
receive yr reward in a certain p
reign in this horrible p
right man to fill the right p
rising man p is laborious
sat him down a lonely p
seldom go to p I set out for
smallest people in a great p
surely the Lord is in this p
the mind is its own p
there's p and means
till there be no p
time and p are lost

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Place (cont)

to keep in the same p
upon the p beneath
we are grown and take our p
when she a p
where to choose their p of rest
Whigs not getting into p
wryte in p lyte
Placed securely p between
Places all p, all airs make unto me
all p are distant from Heaven
all p that the eye of heaven
all p thou
all p were akin to him
angels keep their ancient p
hark, in thine ear, change p
love all waste and solitary p
perilous in steep p
p. of nesting green
plucking bon-mots from their p
proper words in proper p
Quires and P. where they sing
Scripture moveth us in sundry p
slain in thy high p
strange p cramm'd
they were in their proper p
wickedness in high p
Placid and self-contained
Plagiarism borrowing is accounted p
Plague and that's his p
any p come nigh thy dwelling
fiends that p thee thus
instruments to p us
oh! p of his sentiments!
pleasing p stole on me
p o' both yr houses
p of all cowards
p of sighing and grief
the red p rid you
thou! any p, or trouble
Plagued monster that has p the
nations
Plagues add unto him the p
of all the p a lover bears
two main p and common dotages
Plaguing charges of p in a hand-
some way
Plain beneath the tartan p
my p to the angry air
Plain as on a darkling p
base as is the lowly p
delicate p, called Ease
gleamed upon the glassy p
great Grombolian p
he will make it p
Homer is eminently p and direct
I'm not so old, and not so p
instead of p and sere
it's flat and p
knight was pricking on the p
noddling o'er the yellow p,
once more reach that p
p man in his p meaning
penny p and twopence coloured
stretched upon p
that p was but narrow
the way is all so very p
virtue is best p set
Waterloo's ensanguined p
waveless p of Lombardy
Plainly and more plainly
Planness perfect p of speech
Plains by thousands on her p
her silver-mantled p
p of pleasant Hertfordshire
ringing p of wandry Troy
whiten the green p under
Plain-speaking with Mr Snagsby
Plant tease her with our p
Plasters for wh there are no p
Plan fulfils great Nature's p
joined in the p
mighty maze! but not without a p
nothing rest on its original p
p pleased his childish thought
some usefu' p or beuk
the simple p, that they shd take
this was still his simple p
Plancus when P was consul
Planet born under a rising p
new p swims into his ken

Planet (cont)

p of Love is on high
p's tyrant, dotard Death
p Venus gone on business
ever wand'ring p s course
while Jove's p rises
Planetary stops of p music
Planets other p circle other suns
p, filled with Stargyrites
p in their radiant courses
p, let's hang strod
then no p strike
the p, and thus centre
the p, in their turn
with p in His care
Plank have to swab a p
Planned perfect woman, nobly p
Plans hopeful p to emptiness
p credit and the Muse
Plant an orange-tree, that busy p
fix'd like a p
green p growth, menacing
love us a p
O woked, wicked p
Sensitive P in a garden grew
Plantagenet thy rose a thorn, P
Plantation longing for de old p
Planted I have p, Apollo's watered
Plants grow up as the young p
like p in mines
p did spring
p suck in the earth
to his music p and flowers
upon his own vine what he p
Plastic dance of p circumstance
Plat of rising ground
Plat. of turk. green
Plates dropp'd from his pocket
Platform half the p just reflects
the p, 'twixt eleven and twelve
Platonic bullets made of p
Plato attachment a la p
Caesar's hand and P's brain
dozen persons who read P
lend an ear to P
P is never sullen
P's retirement
P the wise
P thou reasonest well
taught out of the rule of P
unsphere the spirit of P
Plats the manes of horses
Platter cleanly on the board
licked the p clean
no account of the p after it
Plautus too light
Play actions that a man might p
a little work, a little p
an hour to p
as children with their p
better than a p
but better at a p
by a good author, it's a good p
come ye here to p?
every day, for food or p
everything that heard him p
far p of the British liw
for once had p unstick'd
full crafter to p
girls and boys come out to p
good p needs no epilogue
guilty creatures sitting it a p
hear thy discourse than see a p
his p is always fair
I cannot p alone
I doubt some folk p
I shd like so much to p
is there no p, to ease the anguish
judge not the p before p be done
learned to p when he was young
little Arthur wants to p
may be p to you, 'tis death to us
multitude can p upon it
or a' the p was played
our p is done
our p is played out
p by thee, bathe in me
p out the p
p up! and p the gamel

Play (cont)

p with him as with a bird
rose up to p
see all her sons at p
seven up and six to p
sick much so nicely
the p is done
the p pleas'd not the million
the p's the thing
turn us out to p
what to say about a p
witty prologue to a dull P
yct cannot p well
you cannot p upon me
young barbarians all at p
you wd p upon me
Playbill tragedy of Hamlet
Playbills no time to read p
Played he p at the glove
he p so truly
if thus were p upon a stage now
I have p the fool
p by somebody I do not know
Played-Out I am also called P
Playcast thou p most foully
Player he the best p!
like a strutting p
p on the other side is hidden
poor p, that struts and frets
Players many of your p do
lenten entertainment the p re-
ceive
men and women merely p
one of these harlotry p
p in yr housewifery
the p have often mentioned it
will you see the p well bestowed?
Playfellow my p, yr hand
Play-house you and every p boy
Playing ever amid our p I hear
p of the merry organ
the purpose of p
Playing fields of Eton
Playmates I have had p
Play-place of our early days
Plea began of our p can boast wit
he loves no p, as thou dost
old p few to disgust
p, in the many games of life
Playing a little p-house
child's a p for an hour
some livelier p gives
Playthings p come alive
princes have great p
to love p well as a child
Playwright our P may show
Plea as I am, without one p
in law, what p so tainted
tho' justice be thy p
Pleas'd so what I p is just
Pleasance p, revel and applause
youth is full of p
Pleasant from p to severe
how p it is to have money
has come p dreams
of all that was p in man
p if one considers it
p it is, at the end of the day
think him p enough
very p hast thou been
Pleasant the colder
Pleasantness her ways are ways of p
p of an employment
Pleas blow on whom I p
difficult to p about victuals
not to p ourselves
p he'd that you may
she never fails to p
some circumstance to p us
studious to p
to tax and to p
towered cities p us
'twas natural to p
we'll strive to p you
we that live to p
whom to p? you whisper
Pleased all seemed well p
had he p us leave him a hint
he was well-p gave him a hint
in whom I am well p
p me long choosing

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Pleased (cont)		Pleasure (cont)		Ploughshares	beat their swords	
p with less than Cleopatra	139a	whereas is no p ta'en	366b	into p		501a
p with the danger	138a	without one p and one pain	433a	Plowed with my heifer		405a
p with what he gets	326a	working wrong, if p you attain	177a	Plowers plowed upon my back		490a
they please, are p	170a	yt all hope p	139b	Pluck p till time and times are done		476a
Pleascs every prospect p	184a	you were queen of p	423a	to p me by the beard		343a
if one p one makes more	105b	Pleasure-dome stately p	101a	Plucked p by his hand		452a
the pepper when he p	83a	Pleasure-house lordly p	435b	p then as we passed		104b
Plasing every p prudent part	302a	Pleasures brcd that take ther p	228b	the fruit, shd p she est		276a
p consists in bung pleased	183b	coarser p of my boyish days	472a	Pluckers wh the p forgot		111b
p without skill to please	206b	hypocrite in his p	211b	Plucking at their harps		231a
surest method of p	90b	look not on p as they come	187a	Plucks silk thread p it back again		305b
this p anxious being	174b	mid p and palaces	204b	Plum biscuit, or confectionary p		109b
Pleasure aching P nigh	219b	one of the p of having a rout	105a	he took a p		532a
all knowledge is p in itself	13a	other p all abuse	275b	Plumage gives out his snowy p		443b
body is capable of much p	75a	owes its p to another s pain	112a	pitics the p		202a
budge for no man's p	365b	paucity of human p	212a	p that had warm'd his nest		72b
business first, p afterwards	440a	purst of human p	16a	warmer climes give brighter p		241a
but fading p brings	402a	p arc like poppies spread	63a	Plumbing yr p's strange		216a
but the privilege and p	163b	p banish pain	451b	Plumblinc and I said, A p		504b
calmst of p	187b	p in a long immortal dream	219a	with p in his hand		504b
doubtless the p is as great	65b	p newly found are sweet	407b	Plume blasted-bruffed		179a
egg by p lud	110b	p of life conversation	404b	ruffles her pure cold p		429b
for thy p they are created	518b	that to verse belong	217b	Sir P, of umber snuff-box		302b
for yr p you came here	109a	p with youth pass away	407a	saw the helmet and the p		431b
gave p to the spectators	255b	suzc the p of the present day	131a	where yu see my white p slune		242b
happiness is not in p	140b	some p to prove	132a	Plum'd all like estridges		378a
hated is by far the longest p	71b	soothed his soul to p	179a	Plumlets rosy p		430b
I go to my p, business	473b	sucked on country p	113a	Plumes in its p the various light		201a
I have no p in them	499b	than all other p are	142a	jets under his advanced p		371a
I'm not to be stunted in p	461a	these pretty p might me move	307b	Plummet did ever p sound		368a
in trim gardens takes his p	268a	these uneasy p for curiosity	147b	Pump he hath a cushion p		90b
it becoms a p	406a	underst and the p of the other	219a	rusty Man, right p to sce		468b
let fall yr horrible p	342b	unrepovd p fre	268b	Plums berries and p to cit		102a
little p out of the way	87b	we will all the p prove	259a	p and apple trees		102a
love ceases to be a p	25a	with p too refined to please	302a	Plunder h's sherd in the p		110b
love of p, and the love of sway	302a	Pledge I will p with mine	216a	me that p forbear		309b
Lovel' thou doubtful p	173a	ne'er refused to p my toast	306a	no man stop to p		254a
make a bat of p	186b	O Motherland, we p to thee	228a	tke your ill-got p		287b
man's chief p society	117b	Pledges p of a fruitful tree	188b	Plunge a bargar, he prepares to p		49b
mund, from p less, withdraws	260b	p of Heaven's joy	278a	Festus, I p l		49b
mungled profit with p	542b	Pledging with contented smack	219a	p (after shocking lives)		76a
mixture of a lie add p	14a	Pleades flocks of 'luny p	102a	Plunged as I was, I p in		337b
music only p without vice	212a	sweet influences of l'	407b	p himself into the wave		165a
my p had I seen	428a	Plentiously bringing forth the	479b	p in thought again		7a
never had I p with her	277a	fruit	480b	Pluto in tears down P's cheek		269a
never to blend or	320b	Plentiful more p than hope	187a	won the Lar of P		269a
no p, nor no pain!	120a	Plenty here is God's p	142a	Ply the horn, lady-cow		534a
not P but poter	108b	in delay there lies no p	370b	Plying a-p up an' down!		231b
on p she was bent	409a	on the expectation of p	348a	p her need and thrad		106a
painful p turns to pain	165b	repent, and Pence and p	174b	Plymouth Hoe arl the time o' P		287b
pain that is all but a p	173b	scatter p o'er a smiling land	174b	P'o from quidus to P		117a
P at the helm	302a	wasn't fou but just had p	60a	lazy Schlidt, or winderung P		106b
P, blind with tears	242a	with P in the maize	437a	Poacher a keeper turned inside		226b
p eternally new	69b	Plague name of the other P	344a	Pobble's toes		243b
p in the pathless woods	111b	Plighter of high hearts	324a	Pocket carry the moon in my p		48b
p in poetic pains	490b	Pliny vouches it	202b	crept in at Myrr's p-hole		31b
p in the strength of an horse	321a	Plodders small have continual p	344b	diadem stole put it in his p		35a
p is intermission of pain	110b	Plods his weary way	174a	scruple to pick a p		120a
p is labour too	218a	Plot good p, good friends	377a	wid a p full of tin		156a
p never is at home	395a	green p shall be our stage	372a	Pocket-handkerchuf holding his p		84b
p of believing what we see	388b	gunpowder treason and p	512a	Pocket-handkerchiefs moral p		126b
p of the fleeting year	70a	her p hath many changes	307a	Pockets platos drop'd from his p		325a
p's a sin	177a	some melodious p	150b	young man feels his p		200a
p soon shall fade	150b	the p thickens	53b	Pods when the p went pod		117a
p, sure in bung mad	141b	this blessed p, this earth	375a	Podsnap Ml P		125b
p that boys head of a school	449a	what the devil does the p signify	53b	Pome adjunct or true ornament of p		270b
p that's all but pain	165b	women guide the p	400b	a tiny poem all composed		427a
p was his business	143b	Plots, true or false	138a	frowzy p, call'd the 'Excursion'		71a
p with pain for heaven	420b	Plotting some new reformation	141b	he fan wd write a p		49a
receiv'd with p none annoy?	387a	Plough following his p	470a	lit. of a man heroic		225b
refrain from the unholy p	213a	land you used to p	109a	like to be married to a p		223a
source of p is variety	213a	men of England, wherefore p	399a	long p is a test of invention		222a
stock of harmless p	139a	O Christ, the p	261b	mad on p, s' period		259b
story, feigned for p	338b	p deep and straight	108a	netres that makes a p		118a
suburbs of yr good p	231a	p anvil-spade	224a	ought himself to be a true p		279a
such as have no p	139a	p my furrow alone	87a	p lovely as a tree		257a
sweet is p after pain	240a	speed his p	45a	p, whose subject is not truth		49b
the greatest p I know	105a	tested his first p	76a	sake of writing or making a p		223a
p of having it over	482b	we p the fields, and scatter	109a	shorter a prize p is, the better		255a
there is p for evermore	101b	Ploughing is my team p	368b	Poems I can explain all the p		85a
the shadow of the dome of p	415a	Ploughman hard as the palm	475b	I will put in my p		458b
thy most pointed p take	129b	heavy steps of the p	174a	one of the most sublime p		142a
turn to p all thy find	460b	the p homeward plods	268b	p are made by fools like me		226a
type of a perfect p	25b	the p near at hand	357b	ye are living p		246b
ugliest of trades moments of p	48b	Ploughmen ye rigid P l	108a	force of heaven-bred p		372b
variety is the soul of p	244b	Ploughmen's whetters of the p	437a	God of life, and p, and light		69a
was yr youth of p wasteful?	68b	stern Run's p drives	62a	golden cadence of p		344b
wild, and effable p				Nature, Hope, and P		280a
what p lives in height				on the viewless wings of P		220a
when Youth and P meet						

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Poesy (cont.)

overwhelm myself in p
 p *unum demonum*
 shower of light is p
 the great end of p
 wit with p allied
 Poet and the p's dream
 a p 'd not but be gay
 p P ! put his heart to school
 a p soaring in the high region
 be accounted p kings
 business of a comic p
 business of a p, said Imlac
 dreams of a p doomed at last
 every p, in his kind, is but
 flattery lost on p's ear
 form'd the P' for the King
 God is the perfect p
 good p's made as well as born
 grute p of Itaille Dant
 here the p mucks his muse
 honour to the greatest p
 if any p. knew her
 if a P now and then
 I for an unhappy p
 is this the treat p
 like a P hidden
 living the same p wh. thou'rt now
 lunatic, the lover, and the p
 making a p. out of a man
 many a wd - be at this hour
 Milton was a true P
 music on Nature with a p's eye
 never durst p touch a pen
 'next P' — (Manners, B.N.I.)
 no p without unsoundness
 not deep the P sees
 notes, thy once-loved P sung
 on a p's lip I slept
 painter's work so with the p's
 passion's heart of the p
 P and 'sunt!
 p and the dramatist are distinct
 p did fugn that Orpheus drew
 p knows he speaks adequately
 p some time a philosopher
 p's eye, in a fine frenzy
 p's pen turns them to shapes
 rightly shd possess a p's brain
 sage and serious p, 's penser
 say, that when the P dies
 they 'll his p live
 Shakspeare is not our p
 so is a p's mind kindled
 spare p for his subject sake
 story-teller born as well as a p
 Swift who will never be a p
 the Hero can be P, Prophet
 the limbs of a p
 the Muse, m'e ever fand her
 the p does not work by square
 the p sing it with such airs
 they had no p and they died
 this is truth the p sings
 thy skill to p were
 true p thou'rt
 vex not thou the p's mind
 wd not be called a p
 whom no p sings
 Poetaster hunt a p down
 Poetess a madde p
 Poetic guide into p ground
 more strong than all p thought
 pleasure in p puns
 p justice, with her lifted scale
 Poetical claim to p honours
 gods had made the p
 Poet-ric, 'short such aches
 Poetry 'all metaphor is p
 angling is somewhat like p
 art of sinking in P
 as a friend he drops into p
 civilization advances, p declines
 cradled into p by strong
 fair Nine, forsaking P
 Fleshly school of P
 genuine p and p of Dryden,
 'Pope
 genuine p in the soul
 grand style arose in p
 I can repeat p as well

Poetry (cont.)

if p comes not as naturally
 language, is fossil p
 made p a mere mechanic art
 musing p
 Music and sweet P
 not p, but prose run mad
 or even enjoy p
 p *but* words in the best order
 p in Oxford made an art
 p is conceived in their wits
 p is the spontaneous overflow
 p of earth is never dead
 p of the smaller intestines
 p's a mere drug
 p shd be great and unobtrusive
 p shd surprise by excess
 p sinks and swoons
 p's unnatural
 P's star of p
 read a little p sometimes
 saying so in whining P
 scrap of dramatic p
 Shelley's genius music, not of p
 she that with p is won
 Sir, what is p?
 to the poetry, in his p
 to wh. p wd be made subsequent
 used p as a medium
 we hate p that has a design
 wd shd drop into p
 what is p? noble emotions
 where they had p, we have cant
 Poets all p are mad
 all the pens that ever p held
 as we to the brutes, p are to us
 certain also of yr. own p
 I hate all p and Banters
 in the hearts of mighty P
 I shall be among the English P
 many P sown by Nature
 mighty p in their misery dead
 Milton's the prince of p
 old p outing and outlove us
 O p, from a maniac tongue
 our local from p
 places of green, for p made
 pleasure which only p know
 p are needed to sing the dawn
 p better prove
 p' food is love and fame
 p, like painters, thus unskilled
 p (mike me) witty
 p that wrapt I ruth in tales
 p the unacknowledged legislators
 Savill his opinion touching p
 sensitive race of p
 sighs as youthful p dream
 souls of p dead and gone
 theft in other p victory in hum
 the P Militant below!
 things, that the first p had
 three p in an age at most
 to p, in three distinct ages
 to p, be second-rate
 very Janus of p
 we p in our youth
 what the sage p taught
 when amatory p sing their loves
 whose arrows learned p hold
 why don't p tell?
 Pogrom, presented to a P
 Point aloof from the entire p
 fine p of his soul
 faced p in a changing age
 not to put too fine a p upon it
 p against p
 p me out the way
 p me to the skies
 press yr p with modesty
 swim to yonder p
 the p envenom'd tool
 they do not p on me
 the I bore my p
 why, 'tis a p of faith
 Pinks kindred p of heaven
 Poising every weight
 Poison Adonias has drunk p
 coward's weapon, p
 he swallowed the p like
 if you p us, do we not die?

Poison (cont.)

I go about and p wells
 ounce, of p in an pocket
 pecks of p are not pecks of salt
 p for the age's tooth
 P while the bee-mouth sips
 strongest p ever known
 the potent p quite o'erflows
 Poisoned cans of p meat
 some p by their wives
 Poisons all the rest
 Poke as piggies do in a p
 drew a dir'l from his p
 Pokers' wreath iron p
 Pol. all sights from p to p
 as the needle to the p
 centre thrice to th' utmost p
 needle trembles to the p
 not rapt above the P
 soldier's p is fallen
 spread the truth from p to p
 were I so tall to reach the P
 was a ten foot p
 Poles upon the p of truth
 wheel between the p
 Police friendship recognized by p
 I'll send for the P!
 Policeman go back with P Day
 p's lot is not a happy one
 want to know the time ask a P!
 Policy based either on religion or p
 brow of careful P
 kings will be tyrants from p
 p to steal clear of alliance
 some love but little p
 Polish it at leisure
 Polished idleness
 Politic p to every country
 till the English grew p
 you're exceedingly p
 Politeness glance of great p
 Pine-apple of p
 when suave p, tempering zeal
 Political man is a p animal
 my remembrance of p affairs
 schemes of p improvement
 Politician a Brownist as a p
 like a scurvy p
 the pate of a p
 Politicians' whole race of p put
 togs
 Politic confound their p
 Conservatism nule of p
 finality not the language of p
 I taste no p in boll'd
 magnanimity in p wisdom
 mistaken zeal in p
 my p exceedin' accommodation
 Philistine of p, Ciomwell
 points of practical p
 p and the pulpit are terms
 p are not an exact science
 p go by the weather
 p in p loss disimulation
 p is perhaps the only profession
 p we bar
 range of practical p
 shoved him into p
 slipped from p to puns
 walking p a dinner
 these are my p
 they p like ours profess
 Poll but talk'd like poor P
 his heart was true to P
 Polly degraded poor P's life
 little P's kinder
 our P is a sad slut
 P put the kettle on
 P, you might have toy'd
 Pretty P sav
 Pollywog like a p's tail
 Polomes fine p
 Polyturk a lady P
 Polygamy before p was made a sin
 justified a chaste p
 Pomander sweet p
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 bright P ascended jubilant
 grinning at his p
 Heaven's p is spread
 his p, without his force
 in lowly p ride on to die
 p, and feast, and revelry
 praise his humble p
 pride, p and circumstance
 puts all the p to flight
 Sultan after Sultan with his P
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 the p of power
 the slave of p
 the tide of p
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 Pompey at the base of P's status
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 knew you not P?
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 p edged with grayish leaves
 Sir Thomas again in the p
 they have their stream and p
 Ponder oh, p well
 wise will p these things
 Pondered I p, weak and weary
 p sadly, weary and forlorn
 Poniards she speaks p
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 'Pontol' he cried
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 Pontus in P, and Asia
 Pool it must first fill a p
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 p of private security
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 Pools p are filled with water
 p I used to know
 Poop was beaten gold
 Poor all my goods to feed the p
 all things in common, being so p
 and given to the p
 anger keeps (dull men) p
 angry and p and happy
 annals of the p
 art thou p
 as for the virtuous p
 blessed are the p in spirit
 but let the p and 'Thou within
 come, Thou Father of the p
 Death, the p man's friend
 faith of the p is faint
 found'st me p at first
 give to the p
 good to the p
 great man helped the p
 great men have their p relations
 grind the faces of the p
 heaven make me p
 his dear papa is p
 how apt the p are to be proud
 how many p I see
 how p a thing is man
 I, being p, have only my dreams
 I can dare to be p
 if thou art rich, thou'rt p
 inconvenient to be p
 laws grind the p
 low estate of the p
 makes me p indeed
 marry a rich woman as a p
 most rich, being p
 my Friends were p but honest
 none so p to do him reverence
 ointment given to the p
 p always ye have
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 p are they have not patience
 p have crued, Cesar hath wept
 p, inform, weak
 p make no new friends
 p man at his gate
 p man is Christ's stamp
 p man loved the great
 p Person of a town
 p, reckless, rude
 p wandering one
 property of the p
 save the p, feel for the p
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 p so lonely, p of old
 the murmuring p
 the p advanced makes friends
 the p, in a loomp is bad
 the p man had nothing
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 tho' p in gear
 too p for a bribe
 warms the neighbouring p
 who now do bless the p
 without thee we are p
 Poorest he that is in England
 Poorly (poor man) he lived
 Popeness when I mock p
 Poa goes the weasel
 Poa better to err with P
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 poor P will grieve a month
 P with eye on his style
 wine from the royal P
 Popery antiquity inclines to P
 Popinjay pestered with a p
 Popish Apennines
 Poplar edge'd with p pale
 Poplars p stand and tremble
 the p are felled
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 p grow in Flanders fields
 p was nothing to it
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 Poppy blindly scattereth her p
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 p upon the brook
 Pores of the ocean
 Pore's earnest of tasting p
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 Porpentine the fretful p
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 Porridge pease p hot
 the halesome p
 what p had John Keats?
 Porridge take thy little p
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 claret wd be p if it cd,
 come into p greatly
 in every p a mistress
 every p a wife
 of royal p, but faded
 p after stormy seas
 p for men
 p seen a costlier funeral
 still bent to make some p
 the p is near
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 p these shores with me
 p thy heart, my own
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 thou dost p the things I seek
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 Possessor man p nothing certainly
 Possessing too dear for my p
 wealth or rank p
 yet p all things
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 P do something for us
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song of p be sung to p
song of thanks and p
succeed their fathers' p
surely add'd p to p
swells the note of p
that hath breath p the Lord
there were none to p
they turn from p
this is a King's best p
'tis some p in peers
to bury Cesar, not to p him
to utter all thy P
we p thee, O God
who Paint our trust P 'em most
wits to read, and p to give
Wonder, Love and P
would conspires to p her
Praised everybody p the Duke
I p the dead
more in him to be p
p him to his face
p wept and honour'd
who n'er said, 'God be p'
Praises delight in thy p
His p there may grow
let the p of God be
loud p sound at heaven's
sing p lustily unto him
sing p unto his Name
sing ye p with understanding
who p everybody p nobody
Praising p all alike, is p none
p what is lost
too near the p of myself
Prank daises p the ground
Pranks his p have been too broad
let heaven see the p
Prattle thinking his p tedious
Pray all together p
came, to scoff, remu'd to p
first taught Art to p
I did not p him to lay bare
I p for no man
I p you, kind sir
late and early p
live more nery as we p
look you, I'll go p
men ought always to p
never p more
no angels left now to p to
nor p with you
one to watch, and one to p
O p for the peace of Jerusalem
place where men can p
p, and sing, and tell old tales
p for my soul
p for you at St Paul's
p, Sweet, for me
p with Kit Smart
p without ceasing
so give alms, p so
this manner therefore p ye
too much sense to p
to whom the Dorians p
two went to p?
wash yr hands and p
watch and p
when I wd p and think
where'er he went p
Prayed, caught at God's skirts and p
having p together, we will go
p where he did sit
Prayer biddeth me to p
breathe our evening p
call'd the folk to evening p
call'd the house of p
each Paymyn voice to p
four spend in p
godly make his p unto thee
hcar our anxious p
he made his p to a rag
homes of silent p
ill-tasted, home-brewed p
in p the lips n'er eat
more things are wrought by p
offices of p and praise
oh, let the p re-echo
for all who lie beneath
p is the soul's sincere desire

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rise from p a better man
that same p doth teach
the people's p
this p I make
thou that hearest the p
'tis the hour of p
when p is of no avail
with stores of p
Prayers are the p of the saints
fall to thy p
feed on p, wh are age his alms
for a pretence make long p
God answers sharp some p
haye the p of the church
I know whose p
knelt down with angry p
long p I said 'they stv'
mention of you always in my p
not trust it without my p
of yr p one sweet sacrifice
p are disease of the will
p would move me
profit by losing of our p
short were the p we said
their three-mile p
where p cross
wd not say his p
Prayer-time His p
Prayth p best, who loveth best
p well, who loveth well
Praying insisted on people p with
him
no p, it spoils business
now might I do it he is p
Prays he p but fuintly
leave thy sister when she p
to deny that faintly p
wears a coronet, and p
Prayer could na p for thinkn' o't
I p for ever
p from ten till four
p not because say something
p the gospel to every creature
shd I p a whole year
sure to p again
Prayer-book flock I daily p
he practised what he p
I have p to others
I p as never sure to preach
p peace to you
p to death by wild curates
Prayerer a colder p
he, too is no mean p
judge, not the p
like the P found it not
powerfullest p
p every Sunday put God
p that rose or demerit
private advantage of the p
vanity of vanities, saith the P
Preachers company of the p
p say, Do as I say
Preaches wife who p
Preaching a woman's p
'church better than any p
God calleth p folly
p down a daughter's heart
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Preamble long p of a tale
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Precedency between a house flea
Precedent from p to p
p embalm a principle
recorded for a p
Precedents create good p
Precept ending with some p deep
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impossible p, 'know thyself'
p must be upon p
Precepts p for the teacher's sake
these few p in thy memory
Precincts of the cheerful day
Precious deserve the p bane
make vile things p
p stone set in the silver sea
so p as the Goods they sell
so p as the stuff they sell
that were most p to me
'tis p of itself

Precipice a castle p-encured
Precipices rang aloud
Precise too p in every part
Precisely thinking too p
Precisian devil turned p
Predecessors illustrious p
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Predetermined Lull round enmesh
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Predominant member
Pre-eminence Lord hath the p
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Premise a p'er p'm shio used
Preparation dreadful note of p
p of the Gospel of peace
profession for wh no p
Prepare I go to p a place
my shroud O! p it
p ye the way of the Lord
to p the mind of the country
Prepared to marry again
Preposterous ends
Prerogative dead and rotten as P
English subject's soken p
the first is law, the last p
Prerogative augurs look their own p
credit that that do p
Presagers of my speaking breast
Presbyter new P is but old Priest
Presbyterial or Prelatical
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Presbytery not a religion for gentle-
Prescription conservatism dis-
cards P
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Prudence better by their p
from whom unseen p the leaves
I'll P shall my wants supply
knowledge wh is the p of it
'(Napoleon's) p on the field
not thro his p
p of mind in a railway accident?
p that disturbs me
p that thus rose so strangely
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thy p is the fulness of joy
to paint Thy P
to the p in the room
whose p of mind w's amazing
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an un-birthday p
except the p company
his p and yr pains
his p is futurity
if this p were the last night?
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no redress for the p
nor powers, nor things p
no time like the p
predominate over the p
p in spirit
p joy as more to flesh
take the p tune
the Bard who p sees
things just in the p
things p, worst
Presents con-found all p wot eat
know as men by these p
P'ender Absents
p the god unshorn
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each to his choice, and I r
ek. r with me
from age to age thou didst r
good Christian m.n, r
I hear thee and I r
make this heart r, or ache
men r when they divide the spoil
r in the Lord always
r in the Lord, O ye righteous
r, O young man, in thy youth
r with me found my sheep
with them that do r
r ye dead, where'er yr spirits
we in ourselves r
wherefore r? what conquers
brings he
Rejoiceth not in iniquity
Rejoicing tolling—r —sorrowing
Related to whom r, or by whom
lsgot
Relation a poor r irrelevant
Relations augurs and understood r
even great men have their poor r
find for them the right r
maintain the most friendly r
square and his r
to his friends and his r
Relative in the r way
Relaxes blyr r
Relearn the Law
Release before I find r
our deadly forfeit shd r
the prisoner's r
Releasing thy worth gives thee r
Relent echoes wh he made r
r his first aw'd intent
Relentment in a most r
Relic fair Greece's sad r
Relics crosses, r crucifixes
other's hands these r came
r, b'ds, indulgences
that his hallow'd r shd be hid
unhonour'd his r are laid
with these r
Relief certain r in change
for this r much thanks
gave that thought r
not seek for kind r
oh! give r
the r of man's estate
Relieve the wretched was his pride
Religion against her foes R
ambition suspended r
amusements in England vice r
as if R were intended
Bible is the r of Protestants
bringeth men's minds about to r
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dogma principle of my r
England baseness in r
enough r to make us hate
find in love as in r
good man was thof r
her r so well with her learning
honesty either on r or policy
humminities of old r
I know of no other r
in matters of r and matrimony
in r, what damned error
man's r is the chief fact
man without r
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much i as my William likes
my pollerties, like my r
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pure r breathing laws
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r blushing veils her fires
r but a childish toy
r, if in heavenly truths attir'd
r in a mixed company
r invade private life
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r is the opium of the people
r is thus not simply morality
r, justice counsel, and treasure
r, knavery, and change
R of the smaller intestines
r prevalent northern colonies
r remedy for superstition
r's in the heart, not in knees
r without a prelate
rogue pretend to be of a r
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sensible men of the same r
slovenliness is no part of r
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straitest sect of our r
such men decide r prompt
superstition r of feeble minds
take my r from the priest
talks loudly against r
that they are so uneven
there is only one r
this man's r is vain
writers against r
Religious dim r light
first r principles
good but not r good
hope I will be r again
if only seem to be r
intellect in r enquiries
man is a r, animal
O ye R, discountenance
r factions are volcanoes
r persecution may shield itself
suspended my r enquiries
trouble in r doubt
Ruinquished one delight
Relish imaginary r is so sweet
Remain r with you always
still wd r my wit
things have been they r
Remains buckets had so long r
Remains all that r of her
look on love s r
what then r we still shd cry
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Remark his r was shrewd
which I wish to r
Remarkable nothing left r
Remedies all r refusing
will not apply new r
Remedy a r against sin
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r in nature against tyranny
r is worse than the disease
sharp r, but a sure one
they sought the r
things without all r
Remedy can I if thou forget?
dost thou r Sicily?
for calmness to r
happily I may r
he'll r with advantages
I can't r how they go
I do now r small beer
if I do not r thee
if thou wilt, r
I'll r thee, Glencarn
in the morning we will r them
I r how you smiled
I r, I r
I r the way we parted
I r, when I was in France
I wd r Him
Lord, r me when thou comest
names that men r
oh! still r me
O r not the sins and offences
please to r the Fifth November

Remember (cont)

plight shall be sweet to r
r and be sad
r, he's yr brother
r Lot's Wife
r March, the ides of March r
r me when I am gone
r not past years
r now thy Creator
r of this unstable world
r one man saw you, knew you
r such things were
r that thou keep holy the Sabbath
r the best of friends must part
r the Mamel
r what I must be now
r while the light lives yet
still r, if you mean to please
sweet pangs of it r me
no man r me
many branches he'er r
till thou and I forget
to r for years, to r with tears
we will r the name of the Lord
yet will I r thee
you will wail and r
Remember dream on waking
in their flowing cups freshly r
I wd have made myself r
must the r punishing be?
r thee in my bed
still r that he once was young
we in it shall be r
when we're there O Sion
Remembering r happier things
r him like anything
soul r how she felt
what she felt r not
Remember, when it passed is
Remember and the maid r
r its august abodes
r me of all his gracious p rts
Rememberance app'r almost a r
as the r of a kуст
dear r his dying Lord
fits a king r
praising makes the r dear
r fillen from heaven
r of a weeping queen
r of his holiness
r of my former love
r of things past
rosmary, that's for r
seem to drown her r
Rememberance design'dly dropt
Rememberance sing
Rememberance make one feel so sad
Remission without blood is no r
Remnant the r of our Spartan dead
smell my r out
Remnants antiquities r of history
Remorse abandon all r
far-well r good to me is lost
r the fatal gift by pleasure laid
stop up the passages to r
Remot. r from town he run
r unfriended melancholy
where the r Bermuda ride
Re-mould it nearer Heart's Desire
Remove dig my grave at each r
drives such r chains
Removed as far r from God
therefore shall she not be r
Remover to remove
Removes three r as bad as a fire
Remus traffic with proud R's sons
Render earth's r back
r therefore, to all their dues
r therefore unto Cesar
to r with thy precepts less
Rendervous I have a r with Death
my r is appointed
Rending the r of the tomb
Renewed wish I were r
Renewing is of love
Renounce r the devil
r when that shall be necessary
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 Rent I widened the r
 r for Mrs Rip Van Winkle
 r the envious Casca made
 why? for r!
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 Reparations upon mighty ruins
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 I will r
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 r what he has often repeated
 Repeateth he that r a matter
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 do truly and earnestly r
 from their marble caves, r, r
 I do r from my very soul
 it doth r me
 leisure marry'd, they r in haste
 marry'd in haste r at leisure
 never, my love, r
 nor falter, nor r
 no strength to r
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 r ye, for the kingdom of heaven
 shd I r me
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 First persons, who need no r
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 Reports bring me no more r
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 Repulsive vulgar r
 made himself of no r
 my r, Iago, my r
 purest treasure is spotless r
 r of five-and-twenty
 r, r, r
 win r down
 Reputations fuller's earth for r
 Request ruined at our own r
 the r of his lips
 Requests thou wilt grant their r
 Requiem, chants the master's r
 Fitt r mournful r
 to sing a r, and such rest
 to thy high r become a sod
 Require services to do, till you r
 what 'e thought 'e might r
 Required with gentle sway
 Requisite and necessary
 Requite I shd ill r thee
 Requested both are alike r
 Rere-nice war with r
 Rescue to the r came
 Resemble her to thee
 Resembled had he not r my father
 Resentment get up r towards persons
 Reserved I am r for some end
 r, carried about r
 Residence a fortified r
 thro' hulk's long r
 Resign few die and none r
 I'd crowns r to call thee mine
 I r myself to thee
 nor, when we will, r
 Resignation gently slopes
 Resist damned are those who dare r
 I ed r till I saw you
 r the devil, and he will flee
 Resistance passive r of the Tol-
 booth
 refinement principle of r
 the wrong that needs r
 Resisted know not what's r
 rejoice that America has r
 Resistless r, and grand
 short, bright, r course
 Resolute bloody bold, and r
 Resolution I pull in r
 my r is to die
 native hue of r
 reach that great r
 r thus beset
 road to r lies by doubt
 what r from despair
 Resolutions great and mighty r

Resolve come, Firm R
 prudent purpose to r
 that we here highly r
 Resolved in doubt is once to be r
 I r to honour
 think I'm best r
 Resolves dror r an' triggers
 r, and, and
 Resort all r of mirth
 to wh I most r
 various bustle of r.
 Resource infinite-r-and-sagacity
 piano-forte is a fine r
 Resources of civilization
 Respect idle wind, wh I r not
 is there no r of place
 means of procuring r
 no r of persons
 R was mingled with surprise
 the r that makes calamity
 Respectable a Hottentot
 devil's most devilish when r
 not one is or unhappy
 the more r he is
 when was genesis found r?
 Respected Peter was r
 Respector of persons
 Respects my best r to you
 private r must yield
 Responsibility liberty means r
 Rest and take thy
 angels sing thee to thy r
 a way for the people of God
 away the r have trifled
 budie, r a little longer
 come, r in this bosom
 find r unto yr souls
 glad, because they are at r
 good r to all
 he robs me of my r
 ill a-brewing towards my r
 in labour r most sweet
 I will give you r
 keep her from her r
 might it die or at last!
 now cometh r
 now she's a r
 one by one crept silently to R
 Quietude grown sick of r
 r a little from praise
 r comes at length
 r I well know where
 r, r perturbed spirit
 r thy weary head
 r will give a shrug, and cry
 r ye, brother manners
 Sabbath of his r
 safe lodging, and a holy r
 seals up all in r
 take r while you may
 there be all men's
 the r is silence
 there r, tho' fair and wise, commend
 the where the weary be at r
 they have no r
 they r not day and night
 to quiet r are gone
 we are taking r, master
 were not my heart at r
 we shall be with those that r
 we shall r, and we shall need it
 who doth my grave for r?
 will not let them r
 yue his soule good r
 young spirit r thee now!
 Rested the seventh day
 Resting war with rhyme, r never!
 Restless for my sake r heretofore
 r, unfix'd in principles
 sea-wind's, r night and day
 too r, too untamed
 Restlessness round our r, His rest
 with repining r
 Restore will r to you the years
 let me blood, and not r.

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Restore (cont)

time may r us
 Restraint I were free from this r
 Rests, without a stone
 Result full of all
 r happiness
 Resume resumption is to r
 Resumption is to resume
 Resuram hatchments R
 Resurrection attain unto the r
 came also the r
 certain hope of the R
 I am the r, and the life
 in the r they neither marry
 looking for the r of the body
 Retain jot of former love r
 Retard what we cannot repel
 Retention they lack r
 Retentive to the strength of spirit
 Retinue puffed up with this r
 Retire r me to my Milan
 skilled to r, and in retiring
 with a blush r
 Retired add to these r Leisure
 he is r as noontide
 Retirement r urges sweet return
 there must be no r
 Retort courteous
 Retreat a friend in my r
 I will not r
 loopholes of R
 make an honourable r
 woman's noblest station is r
 Retreats I tell thee it never r
 Retrenchment Peace, r, and reform
 Retrograde if it does not advance
 Return departed never to r
 dust r to the earth
 gone, and never must r
 if thou r at all in peace
 let us r to our sheep
 retirement urges sweet r
 r again, come!
 r no more to his house
 r, r, O Shulamite
 r, that we may look upon thee
 terrible will be day of their r
 Returned Creator from his work r
 mother's house private r
 Returning r were as tedious
 with vows of r
 Returns but unexpectedly r
 Reuben 'Transtr R
 Revealed all flesh shall be r
 last look by death r
 r them unto babes
 the glory that shall be r
 Revel go r, ye Cupids
 Revelation insured by divine r
 Revelations divine Book of R
 it ends with R
 Revellers Bacchus and his r
 you moonshine r
 Jewely pomp, and feast, and r
 sound of r by night
 Revels Antony, that r long
 elves, whose midnight r
 our r now are ended
 who are in hand
 Revenge Caesar's spirit, ranging for r
 capable and wide r
 hur r bang nigh
 I'll ne'er pursue r
 I will most horribly r
 little R herself went down
 man that studieth r
 my great r had stomach for them
 pride waiting r
 r his foul and unnatural murder
 R is a kind of wild justice
 r triumphs over death
 spur my dull r
 stir'd up with envy and r
 study of r, immortal hate
 sweet as my r I
 sweet is r, especially to women
 sweet r grows harsh
 Revenges I will have such r
 time brings in his r
 Revenue instead of a standing r
 no r hast, but thy good spirits?

Revenue (cont)

streams of r gushed forth
 Revenue she bears a duke's r
 Revered loved at home, r abroad
 Reverence have hem in r
 more of r in us
 none so poor to do him r
 mystic r to a true monarchy
 r in due to a child
 thousand claims to r
 yet r, that angel of the world
 Reverend ah, r sir, not I
 it is a r thing to see
 Revert r eye must see a purpose
 shall I dare to be r?
 Reverses from r so airy
 Revision no bright r in the sky?
 Reviewers chorus of indolent r
 r wd have been poets
 Reviewing read a book before r it
 Revels thou God's holy priest?
 Revivals art is the history of r
 Revive straight again r
 Revolt is it a r?
 Revolts it r me, but I do it
 leaders of r
 Revolution No it is a r
 r in the hopes of men
 R, like saturn
 Revolutionists age fatal to R
 Revolutions nursery of future r
 r are not made with rose-water
 r are not to be evaded
 r never go backward
 Revolving one r moon
 r in his alter'd soul
 r labours of the year
 Reward and nothing for r
 for their r be brought to shame
 full of glorious fate
 Lord r him according
 no r is offered
 reap his own old r
 r of a thing well done
 what r shall be given or done
 Rewards of thee be plentifully r
 they shall be greatly r
 Rewardest man according to his
 work
 Rewardeth happy he be that r
 thee
 Rewards thee crimes are their own r
 farewell, r and farewell
 neither r nor punishments
 Reynolds prefer a gipsy by R
 [Sir Joshua R.] own geese
 when Sir Joshua R died
 Rynnyng lycke a r ryver bee
 Rhapsody of words
 Rhemas Lord Archbishop of R
 Rhetoric(k) for he cd not ope
 ornate r taught
 r, able to contend
 r of thune eye
 Rhetoical all a r's rules
 Rheumatic duels do abound
 Rhine dwelth by the castled R
 henceforth wash the river R
 king-like rolls the R
 lively, lovely R
 river R, it is well known
 Rupert of the R
 the watch on the R
 wide and winding R
 Rhinoceros, you are an ugly beast
 Rhodope brighter than silver R
 there are no voices, O R I
 Rhetor if the eyes ask thee
 Rhyme a ruined r
 build the lofty r
 can r themselves into favours
 cd not get a r for roman
 free from r's infection
 free from r's wrongs
 have reason for my r
 in a sort of Runic r
 I r for fun
 it was neither r nor reason
 love hath taught me to r
 making beautiful old r
 many a mused r

Rhyme (cont)

master of unmeaning r
 Napoleon of the realms of r
 now it is r.
 outlive this powerful r
 reason war with r
 received nor r nor reason
 r invention of a barbarous age
 r is the root of all evil
 r the rudder is of verses
 shalt set love to r
 some careless r
 some free from r
 some a neebor's name
 some r for needful cash
 some r to court the clash
 suffice me that my murmuring r
 tyrant r hith so abused
 was never said in r
 wove the thing to a random r
 Rhymed to death as in Ireland
 Rhymes baker r for his pursuit
 pair their r as Venus her doves
 r are so scarce
 ring out my mournful r
 with uncouth r deck'd
 Rhyming Bacon of our crew
 bondage of R
 born under a mining planet
 Rhythm whole of a new r
 Rialto in the R you have rated me
 what news on the R?
 Rib I another r afford
 smote him under the fifth r
 the r made be a woman
 Riband lord in the blue r
 r in the cap of youth
 r to stick in his coat
 what this r bound
 Ribbed r like a drum
 r sea and sky
 Ribbon blue r of the turf
 Ribbons sleeves with r rare
 wi' r on her breast
 Ribbs God took one of his r
 casted heart knock at my r
 under the shadow of Death
 Rubstone Pippin right as a R
 Ricc. beside the ungather'd r
 must was on the r-fields
 Rich and with thee r
 art thou r
 easy to marry a r woman
 being r, my virtue then
 call ourselves a r nation
 camel than for a r man
 feed with the r
 grow r in that wh never rust
 he was r as r cd be
 if I ever become a r man
 if thou art r, thou'rt poor
 let him be r and weary
 maketh haste to be r
 making it r, and like a hily
 most r, being poor
 neither r nor rare
 no sin, but to be r
 poor and content is r
 poorly r, and meanly great
 pride of the r is all for sale
 r beyond the dreams of avarice
 r have no right to the poor
 r he hath sent empty away
 r in good works
 r in saving common sense
 r in the simple worship
 man his castle
 r man's joke is allis funny!
 r men furnished with ability
 r men rule the law
 r, not gaudy
 r, quiet, and infamous
 r with forty pounds a year
 r with little store
 r with the spoils of time
 seems it r to die
 something r and strange
 there was a certain r man
 they poor, I r
 we're r in love

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 Rise arts that caused himself to r
 but now they r again
 catch the manners as they r
 created half to r
 dead men r up never
 held me her shd r herself
 held we fall to r
 i' the dark to r by And I r
 off dull sloth, and joyful r
 of hope to r, or fear to fall
 raise the wretched than to r,
 r and trip away
 R I for the day is passing
 r, honest Muse
 r like fathered Mercury
 r, take up thy bed, and walk
 r up at the voice of the bird
 r up My love
 run, r, rest with these
 seen those dead men r
 stoop to r
 that we love we r betimes
 twilight that doth not r nor set
 when afar you r
 woe unto them that r up
 wd thrive must r at five
 ye hast to r up culy
 Run Christ, the Lord, is r to-day
 we ue r, and stand upright
 Run hoo-ray and up she r
 Running all r to great place
 rusted the sign in his r
 how oft herafter r
 in us r seem'd a pillar
 r and caving at the gun's
 r with Aurora's light
 Risk it on one turn
 Rite, no noble r
 r of lust and blood
 Rits for sacred r unfit
 hour when r unholy
 Rival in the light of day
 Rivrily with the dead there is no r
 Rivals and r rail
 dew to make men r their dea
 r ire the worst
 Rivr above the r Wey it is
 a living r by the door
 Alph, the sacred r
 among the r willows
 away rolling r
 beside the r make for you
 breast of the R of Lume
 down in the reeds by the r
 down upon d' Swanee R
 dragon-fly on the r
 fame is like a r
 flowing like a crystal r
 foid o' Kabul r
 fountains mingle with the r
 from the r winding clearly
 fruitful r in the eye
 grassy harvest of the r-fields
 grey-green, grew Lampoo R
 laugh as he sits by the r
 let the great r take me
 like the snow falls in the r
 Love for ever run like a r
 lvice a reynegre r bee
 majestic R floated on
 on a tree by a r
 on either sid, the r lie
 one more r to cross
 Pentridge, by the r
 primrose, by a r's brim
 reed with the reeds in the r
 ripples down a sunny r
 r at my garden's end
 r comes me cranking in
 r glideth at his own sweet will
 r Wescr, deep and wide
 runs not a r by my palace?
 sailed on a r crystal light
 she s fading down the r
 shewed me a pure r of water
 shines over city and r
 spake to the noble r
 there is a r in Mucedon
 there's the r up an' brimmin'
 the rush of the r

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 thy pace been as a r
 'urra-urra', by the r
 the r's trembling edge
 wearier r winds sale to sea
 we gather at the r
 white flows the r
 Rivers in discourse of r
 as the r in the south
 being suffered, r cannot quench
 brooks and r wide
 by willow r to whose falls
 nose of winds and of many r
 the r the greatest run
 awealth the springs into the r,
 the r run into the sea
 washed by the r
 Rivets busy hammers closing r up
 Rivulets place where r dance
 r hurrying thro' the lawn
 Road 'amunt along the 'ard 'igh r
 and the r before me
 and the r below me
 at the other end of the r
 beset the R I was to wander in
 does the r wind uphill
 drive the r and bridge the ford
 endless r you tread
 force and r of casualty
 free as the r
 golden R to Samarkand
 houn nussud' upon the r
 I like the you are travelling,
 I'll tak' the high r
 in the moon the long r lies
 I tak to the open r
 life may be a pleasant r
 life s r, so dim and dirty
 load has tipped off in the r
 long time the r
 my mistress still the open r
 my r leads me forth
 no expeditious r to pack
 no r ready way to virtue
 no 'rovi r' to geometry
 on a lone r doth walk
 one r leads to London
 on the r, the lonely r
 on the r to Mandalay
 r lies long and straight
 r that leads him to I nland
 r to bring us daily, nearer God
 R to tak Lilf-land
 r was a ribbon of moonlight
 r went up, the r went down
 rolling English r
 ough is the r
 rough r easy walking
 sd r lies so clear
 shut the r thro the woods
 the r is rough and long
 the world to be a grassy r
 they are upon the r
 to be out on the r
 use the ocean as their r
 who passes by this r so late?
 Road-rail, pig-leid
 Roads most r lead men homewards
 Roadway stand on the r
 Roam dunce that has been sent
 r
 ever let the fancy r
 r whatever realm to see
 the other far doth r
 who sovr, but never r
 Roaming R in the Gloomin'
 r with a hungry heart
 where are you r?
 Roar bark, bellow, and r
 hear the waves r
 I hear the hon r
 I will r, that I will do
 hon give a grievous r
 long, withdrawing r
 r as any sucking-dove
 r, as if of earthly fire
 r of the Milky Way
 r their ribs out
 swinging slow with sulken r
 Roared ran about the room and r
 well r, Lion

Roarers what care these r
 Roaring r lions of the Daily
 Telephone
 r in the wind
 Roast but to r their eggs
 no politics in boiled and r
 r me in sulphur
 r with fire, and unleavened bread
 strove to rule the r
 Rob r a lady by way of marriage
 r me, but bind me not
 Robbed he's not r at all
 he that is r not wanting
 that smiles steal something
 'ye have r', said he
 Robber Barabbis was a r
 Robbery in scandal as in r
 Robbing forbids the r of a foe
 Robe in a r of clouds
 intersticed r of gold
 nor the judge s r
 robbed me of my R of Honour
 r of mine change my disposition
 Robert Browning, you writer of plays
 Robert Emmet and Wolfe I one
 Robes arrayed in white r
 garlands and singing r about him
 have washed their r in the blood
 his flaming r streamed out
 in all his r pontifical expanse
 r of light arrayed
 r loosely flowing
 than r nche, or fithel
 when all her r are on
 [Robespierre] sea-green Incorrupt-
 tible
 Robin Auld R Gray
 bonny sweet R
 call for the red-breast
 gay R is seen no more
 hlices where the r built
 little English r
 no r over on the deep
 R Redbreast in a Cage
 R's not near
 sweat in the bush
 what will poor r do then
 where the gardener R day by day
 Robin Adair
 Robin Hood here lies bold R
 is R asleep?
 Robinson John P R he
 Robinson Crusoe except R
 Robin Crusoe
 Robs me of that wh not enriches him
 Robustous prim-pated fellow
 Rochefoucauld good-bye to R
 Rochets shall go down
 Rock all on a r reclint
 a pendant r
 for a r of offence
 impregnable r of Scripture
 it is the Incheape R
 R of ages, cleft for me
 r of the national resources
 rhyme is the r
 set my feet upon the r
 shadow of a great r
 she run upon no r
 then they rested on a r
 the till r the mountain
 think that you are upon a r
 this r shall fly
 they know the perilous r
 tree striking at the root
 upon this r I will build
 water out of the r
 Rocked he neither shall be r
 in the cradle of the deep
 she r it, and rated it
 ricket he rose like a r
 Rocking cradle endlessly r
 r a great man
 Rocking-horse thought it Pegasus
 Rocks between the ascetic r
 change from r to roses
 lights twinkle from the r
 mid these dancing r
 mountains and r fall on us
 on crystal r ye rove

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paled in with r unscalable
rified r leads to Hall
r, and stones, and trees
r, caves, lakes, fens
r for the conies
r on the mould
seas white, when r are near
she is older than the r
valleys and r never heard
willed round with r
Rodd Aaron's r
a creed is a r
all humbled kiss the r
a r out of the stem of Jesse
r to check the erring
bruse them with a r of iron
every r of empire crooked
eyeball owns the mystic r
honey with the end of the r
r and thy staff comfort me
r of the ungodly cometh not
r produces effect wh terminates
spareth his r hatch his son
throw away Thy r
thy r of incantation
Rode full royan he r
I r upon the Bed
nor second he, that r sublime
r all that day and all night
r between the barley-sheaves
r the six hundred
she's forth, clothed with chastity
stead, wh he r at full speed
Roderick Dhu
Roda bleeding from the Roman r
Roe and following the r
be thou like a r
Roebuck he is a gentile r
Roes breasts are like two young r
Roger's false flattering tongue
Rogue a dainty r in porcelain
bewitched with the r's company
busy and insinuating r
fiddler, and consequently a r
has he not a r face?
r and peasant slave
r is married to a whore
Rogues heap poor r talk of court
r in buckram suits
r obey you well
r that pretend to religion
you dissentionary
Roland to the dark tower came
Roll all away began to r
few more years shall r
never you mind! r on!
not in the r of common men
r dem bones
r forth, my song
r of the world eastward palpable
r on, thou bull
r on, thou deep blue ocean
r up and down our ships
r up that man
r upon yr Bed
Roller, pitch, and stumps
Rolling came r up ragged and brown
r down the Ratcliffe Road
r down to Rio
Rolls dig to guttered r
r, importantly on as Thou or I
r it under his tongue
Romage in the land
Roman a dog than such a R
after the high R fashion
a R meal
R's life a R's arms
R thought hath struck him
before the R came to Rye
bleeding from the R rods
butcher'd to make a R holiday
not get a rhyme for r
heard the snobish R say
his noses cast is of the r
I am a R citizen
I'm a R for that
know the sweet R hand
more an antique R than a Dane
nobler R of them all
not holy, nor R, nor an empire

Roman (cont)

play the R fool
R, be thus thy care
R by a R valiantly vanquished
R-Saxon-Danish
Rooshan, ain't it, no, sir R, R
so rude that wd not be a R
the R and his trouble
think no, thou noble R
virtue with the R clergy
writ in a R chamber
Romance a little given to r
'Confound R!
resounds in fable or r
R brought up the nine-fifteen
R I those first-class passengers
sitting by the shores of old r
symbols of a high r
think steam spoils r at sea
Romances r as they wd be
spruntalized
r paint at full length
to read eternal new r of Marivaux
vulgar authors in r
with high r blent
Roman Empire calls itself the
R Holy R
fall of the R
ghost of the deceased R
historian of the R
Rionism rum, R and rebellion
Romans are yet two R living
as when the R came
called Cassius the last of the R
friends, R, countrymen
last of all the R
pristine wars of the R
R call it stoicism
R were like brothers
to whom the R pray
wh came first Greeks or the R
Romantic deep r chasm
r Ireland's dead and gone
Romanticism tinge it with R
Rome asles of Christian R
at R live the Roman style
at R she hadde been
Bishop of R hath no jurisdiction
but that I loved R more
Church of R I found wd suit
come from R al hoot
evermore comes round by R
falls the Coliseum, R shall fall
fate of Cato and of R
first in a village second at R
grandeur that was R
Half-way House to R, Oxford
hook-nosed fellow of R
impossible R breed thy fellow
in all you writ to R
insolent Greece, or naughty R
it was at R, on the 15 of October
I've lost R
l'ye thou on for R!
let R in Thet melt
London is the R of to-day
now is it R indeed
Oh R I my country!
palmy state of R
rolls by the towers of R
R born growing up
R has spoken
R, in the height of her glory
R is above the Nations
R shall perish—write that word
R, tho' her eagle had flown
R thy trill's name
street gave marched to R
stands the Coliseum, R shall stand
stones of R to rise and mutiny
strangers of R, Jews
time will doubt of R
variety of censuring R
Voice of Cato is the voice of R
when R falls—the World
you cruel men of R
Romeo give me my R
O gentle R!
R, come forth
R's a dishclout to him
R I wherefore art thou R?

Ronald Lord R flung himself
Ronsard sang of me
Ronyon rump-fed r
Roof even upon the topmost r
look right thro' its gorgeous r
majestical r fretted
runs through the arched r
whose humble r is weak r-proof
worthy shd come under my r
Roofs building r of gold
Roof-tree heavens my wide r
Rookery leads the clanging r
Rooks choughs and r brought forth
r are blown about
r came home in scramble
r in families homeward go
Room altho' the r grows chilly
A R of One's Own
brings a t'p'er to the outward r
coming to that holy r
from my lonely r this night
from r to r I stray
how little r do we take up
infinite riches in a little r
is there r for Mary there?
large upper r furnished
left the r with silent dignity
like a bridegroom from his r
nae r at my head
Rome indeed and r enough
r, and verge enough
set my feet in a large r
take the lower r
there is not r for Death
there was no r for them
to make thee a r
who sweeps a r as for Thy laws
yes, there's r
you shall know yr r
Rooms know r of thy native
country
love the uppermost r at feasts
yr r at college was beastly
Rooshan, ain't it, Wegg
Rooshans people may be R
Roost come come come to r
Rooster hony r don't cackle
Roost axe is laid unto the r
have we eaten on the insane r
here, r and, all, in my hand
I am the r and the offspring
nips him r
r and father of many kings
of the matter is found in me
self-control is wisdom s r
they had no r, they withered
thy r is ever in its grave
Roots are r, and ever green
as if r of the earth rotten
broad on the r of things
poison England at her r
r that can be pulled up
send my r rain
Rojpe his throat in a r
pull at the r
r that banes my dear
sin as it were with a cart r
Roper Son R, the field is won
Rorum, corum
Rosaleen my Dark R
Rosalind and jewel is like R
Rosals Margaret and R
Rosaries pictures, r, and pixes
Rosary my r
Rose against the blown r
all June I bound the r
any nose may ravag a r
a r her mouth
a r in the depths of my heart
as red as any r
blossom as the r
breast that gives the r
bud, and yet a r will blown
budding r above the r full blown
Christmas I no more desire a r
die of a r in aromatic pain?
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English unofficial r
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more labyrinthine buds the r 52a
most sweet, and inviolate R 476a
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 r, and desperation, and dismay
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 r seize thee, ruthless King!
 u upon r, rout on rout
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 seed of r in himself
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 stern R's ploughshare
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 to r or to rule the state
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 you will r no more lives
 uned r at our own request
 r by buying pennynorths
 r of their natural propensities
 u ning along the illimitable inane
 uns float, the r grey
 human mind in r
 mean reparations upon mighty r
 rains and r are over
 the r of the noblest man
 ule all be done by the r
 declared absolute r
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 golden r is no golden rules
 good be each man's r
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 levell'd r of streaming light
 little r, a little sway
 no charge of r, nor governance
 no r is so general exception
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 R of Three doth puzzle me
 r to do the business of the day
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 to r the roast
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 416a upon a S day it fell
 221b Sabbaths new moons and s
 501a s of Eternity
 435a those endless s
 287a, 517a Sable and of s hue
 201a s silver'd
 350b Sbrins with his s drawn
 321a Sabina fair
 208a 'ack I'll purge and leave s
 6a intolerable deal of s
 378a nothing without s
 177b s and sugar he s fault
 380b the lot
 157a Sackbut, psalter, dulcimer
 504a Sacks to sew up wives
 449a Sacrament orb'd s
 402b 'sacred Alph, the s river
 101a feed his s flame
 161b Sacrifice bodies a living s
 513b coming to the s
 210b God will provide for s
 223b my hands be an evening s
 409b pay thy morning s
 224b pinnacle of s pointing
 246a prayers, our sweet s
 385b s for sin, hast thou not required
 484a s, oblation, and satisfaction
 480b s of God s troubled spirit
 485a s of God devil's leavings
 419a stands to the Graces
 90b stands the Throne ancient s
 471b thou desrest no s
 484a to obey is better than s
 405a turn delight into a s
 186b unptied s in a struggle
 56b 'Sacrificed passover s s for us
 514a Sacrifices, but not butchers
 318b Sacrifices upon such s, thy Cordelia
 247a 'Sacrilege you have consecrated s
 128b Sad ah, s and strange
 436a gentlemen wd be as s as night
 374a if you find him s
 322b know not why I am so s
 352b, 568b s as a man took s
 375b mine a s one
 316b more s are these we daily see
 182a nobody shd be s but I
 374a s and bad and mad it was
 46a s as angels for man's sin
 77b s or sun or weather
 423a s stuff (Shakespeare)
 571a

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Sad (cont)

s that she was glad
s tires in a mule-a
say I m s
so s, so fresh, the days
so s, so strange, the days
seem too solemn s
their songs are s
the s moonbeam
thou art absent I am s
when v s thou canst not sadder
wmd! thou art s
Winter sullen and s
s brought in a s
Sad-coloured sect (Quakers)
sadder canst not s
s and wiscr man
s even than I am
Saddest I'm s when I sing
s re, "It might have been"
s of all Kings crown'd
Saddle boot, s, to horse
my s and my bow
Sadly descends the autumn evening
Sadness a most humorous s
s feeling of a s longing
He fulceth for our s
no s of farewell
s in the sweet
s of her might
s of her
Sale I wish him s 't home
man's purditors to be s
s bind, s find
s for democracy
s lumc, s home
s shall be my going
s though all salty's lost
s where men tal
to be honest is not s
you're perfectly s
Safely but to be s thus
s, s guth'd in
thru the World we s go
Safcr s boms neck
s to be that wh we destroy
Safest die, s of all
just when we re s
Safety counsellors there is s
m in shall eat in s
pluck this flower, s
pot of alt, and s
sat though all's s lost
s and the health of the state
s, honour, and welfare
s is in our speed
under the smile of s
Sagacious, bold, and turbulent
Sagacity infinite-resource-and-s
Sage, be neither saint nor s
s ihm poke the vnrable S
hoirv s rply'd
Newton, childlike s
s beneath a spreading oak
s in meditation found
there at the saint'd s
without hardness will be s
Sager sort our deeds rprove
Sages holy s once did sing
Rhodori! if the s
s have seen in thy face
than all of the s can
the dozing s
Said a thing well s
bv and by is easily s
finer than anything wh he s
great deal to that was
he himself has s
he s nought to me
if I s so, it was so
I s the thing wh was not
never s a foolish thing
never to himself hath s
s anything that was remembered
s I to myself, s I
s it that knew it best
s on both sides
s or done in earth
s whot a owt to 'a s
she s, 'I am aware'
so very little s

Said (cont)

there's no more to be s
there's nothing to be s
'tis well s again
will s, as if I had s it
we s nothing, all the day
Sail s I a s
farther, farther s
fast for fear did he s
free the white s spread
never weather-beaten s
proud full s of his verse
s and s, with unshut eye
s the sea room
sea-mark of my utmost s
shook out more s
silvr s of dawn
time to take in s
two towers of s at dawn
we might s for evermore
white and rustling s
white s's shaking
Sailed never s with me before
s by the Lowlands low
s in to Bethlehem!
s off in a wooden shoe
s the wuntry sea
she hadna s a league
they s away for a year
Sailing come s to the strand
coms this way s
failing occurred in the s
s o'er life's solemn main
s o'er sea
three fishers went s
three ships a-s there
three ships come s by
Sailor before Noah was s
do with the drunken s
give ear unto the s
happiest hour s sees
home is the s
ho, s of the seal
lass that loves a s
light in the darkness, s
never more s
no man will be a s
s free to choose
s's wife had chestnuts
shrine of the s's devotion
soldier an s too
well for the s lad
Sailor-boys were all up aloft
Sailor-folk silly s
Sailor-men shd wear these things
Sailors guard the s tossing
joys and sorrows s find
s but men
s in every port a mistress
s of Bristol City
Sails loves t' have his s fill'd
not full s hasting
purple the s
s by the lowlands low
s fill'd, and streamers waving
s o' cranioise
s ripped, seams opening
still the s made on
thy white s crowding
torn s, provisions short
we out advance
white dipping s
Sail-yards tremble
Saint able to corrupt a s
accents of an expiring s
s in s' crape
by s neither s nor sage
bv s by savy, and bv sage
each lost day has its patron s
fellow yr S
frequent Doctor and S
his s is sure of his heart
in vain the s adore
his s best fits
Miracles of S Somebody
my late espoused S
neither S nor Sophist led
never s a took pity
Poet and S I to thee alone
s lead s
s run mad

Saint (cont)

s sustained it
sum s a when most the devil
she cd make of m a s
shrine of my dead s
to catch a s
weakest s upon his knees
wh the S had printed
worship oft the idol for the s
St Aldegonde had a taste
St Andrews by the Northern Sea
St Anne S was the mother
we'll sing at S
St Augustine will hast thou said
St Bride no, by S of Bothwell
St Clement's bells of
St Denis between s and St George
Sainted esky'd and s
St Gallows's Eve
St George England and S
St George that swung the dragon
Saint Hubert's breed
St Ives going to s
St James galice at S
ladies of s
St John awake, my S
his last chanter of s
Primrose Hill and S's Wood
S himself will scarce forbear
S sate in the horn
there S mingles
St Lawrence took his gnd
Saint-like yet not too s
St Loy by S
Saint Martin's summer
St Mary's Lake
Saint Michael was the steresman
St Nicholas soon wd be there
St Patrick's day we'll keep
St Paul description of the ruins of
S's
I am designing S's
sketch the ruins of S's
wh with S are literary terms
Saint Paul's ever was the church
Saints all s else be defaced
all the S adore Thee
avenge thy slaughtered s
calls His s around
drunken with the blood of the s
fear Han, ye s
for all the s
frets the s in heaven
ghastly glories of s
greatest s and sinners
grow into plaster s
his soul is with the s
lose with my lost s
men may just with s
never be S in heaven
pair of carved s
place with the race of S
s engage in fierce contests
s his devil secures
S, Heroes, if we will
s immortal reign
s in yr injuries
s may do the same things
s on earth in concert sing
s will aid if men will call
self-constructed s
twilight s
where s in glory stand
wh are the prayers of s
with s doth bait thy hook
with thy quire of s
ye fear s
ye that are his s
yet S their watch are keeping
St Satan s fold
Saint Valentine is past
Sake for my noble s
for old sakes s
for those dear s
s of a ribboned coat
Saki, you shall piss
Saray, Sarrev, little do we know
Saled Garrick's s
green pallor of the s
my s
primroses make a capital s

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Salad (cont)

s from the brook
s special receipt of his own
Salade a round s
Salamas sea-born S
Salary had a s to receive
Sale of chapmen's tongues
Sale-room 'babbie of the s
Salsbury blank cheque to Lord S
s likened Lord S to a lath
S and Gloucester
when Lord S makes a speech
Sallow, virgin-mudded
Sallows among the river s
s mealed-with-yellow s
Salley garden
Sally none like pretty S
S is gone
Sally Lunn
Salmon for the s's tail
it was the s
the first s
white as snow in S
Salmons there is s in both
Saloons Solomon of S
Salt fire and s
kissed moustache egg s
s pecks of poison are not pecks of s
pillar of s
s have lost his saviour
s of the earth
s on a woman's tail
speech be seasoned with s
yr bread and salt
Salted wherewith shall it be s?
Saltiness of time
Saltpetr. villainous s
salutary wise and s neglect
Salutations eye full of gentils s
Salute earth, I do s thee
I s thee, Mantovano
s one another with an holy kiss
s the happy morn
those about to die s you
Saluted inveterate foes s
Salvation generally necessary to s
Him that brought s down
my bottle of s
none of us shd see s
no s exists outside the church
now is our s nearer
s joins issue with death
seeks her own s
that publisheth s
things necessary to s
tools of working out s
work out yr own s
wot practice S
Samaritan ready to do the S
Samarkand Golden Road to S
silkens S
Same another, yet the s
Christ the s yesterday
endless years the s
go onward the s
go the s way home
he is much the s
I sang the s again
just the s as that
matter remains the s
s a hundred years hence
s as you an' me
that ever is the s
the s as if he had not been
the s as me
thou art the s, and thy years
what reason I shd be the s?
Samela fair S
Samian wine
Samite white s
Sammunato lamping S
Sammy, yr worn't there a alleby
Sampshire, dreadful tradel
Sampler ply s
Sampson Domine S
Samson carry the buckler unto S
Philistines be upon thee, S
S hath quit himself like S
Samuel Lord called S
Sanctities day's dead s
Sanctuary desire to raze the s

Sanctuary (cont)

help from the s
s within the holier blue
until I went into the s
Sand abstinence sows s
always play with s
beds of s and rushy isles
plow ploun to be seen in the s
I on the s
land of s and ruin
land of s and thorns
length of burning s appears
little grains of s
name upon the soft sea-s
o'er and o'er the s
on the edge of the s
ribbed sea-s
roll down the golden s
s-strewn caverns cool
speed in the slushy s
such quantities of s
throw the s against the wind
World in a Grain of S
Sandal battering s
heav cassia, s-buds
his s-shoon
Sands bind on thy s
s were for Clementine
Sanded fell upon the s floor
so flew, so s
Sandford down by S
Sands circled by the s
come unto these yellow s
golden s, and crystal brooks
here are s, ignoble things
lone and level s
ran itself in golden s
s begin to hem
s of Dee
steer too nigh the s
Sandwich-men of the Daily Mail
Sandwiches tall lady, eating s
sme fitter being s
Sang he worked and s
I s long years ago
s it all day long
s shoves to sleep
s the uncouth swain
s within the bloody wood
Sangreal story of the s
Sangreal, the lake of Blood!
Sank s by the Lowlands low
s her in the sea
Sane s teeth, s eyes
s Wine, s Song
Sap from her maternal s
s and sawdust
trees also are full of s
world's whole s is sunk
Sapphire a purer s
second s
Sapphires ivory overlaid with s
living s
Sappho burning S loved
s call s
S lay her burning brows
whither my S's breast
Saracens to the confines of Poland
Sarah S Battle
wherefore did S laugh?
Saracutcul this is rote S
Sardine glossy s
jasper and s a stone
Sardus sixth, s
Sardonyx fifth, s
Sashes his nice new s
Sassy sickly but s
Set as he s facing it
cassy and s down here
he s him down in a lonely place
he that s was like a jasper
people s down to eat
we s, side by side
Satan add home, S
finally to beat down S
get thee behind me, S
I beheld S as lightning
Lord said unto S
my S, thou art but a dunce
S, bowing low
S came also among them

Satan (cont)

S excited sat
S finds some mischief still
S met his ancient friend
S, so call him
S stood untriffr'd
S trembles, when he sees
the messenger of S
wh is the Devil, and S
Satanic dark S mulls
S School
Satchel schoolboy, with his s
Satiety love's sad s
occasion of s
Satan herowic mad into white s
Satire after all this s
let s be my song
praise is s
s is a sort of glass
s or sense can Sporus feel?
Satisfaction obliteration, and s
s of, if any in marriage
Satisfied or, having it, is s?
things that are never s
well paid that is well s
Satisfies where most she s
Satisfieth s the empty soul
that wh s not
who s thy mouth
Saturday betwixt a S and Monday
died on S
it's jolly old S
S, night
S's child works hard
that wash on S
Saturn hail, S's land
now S is king again
Revolution, like S
S and Love their long repose
while S whirls
Satyr heel of a s
Hyperion to a s
Satyrs my men, like s
Saucy ays we meet
Saul believe me, s, costs worlds
daughters of Ise, weep over S
O S, it shall be a I ace
S and Jonathan were lovely
S also among the prophets?
S hath slain his thousands
S was consenting unto his death
S, who persecutest thou me?
whose name was S
Saunders Clerk S
Sautrye fithcle or gay s
Savage by saint, by s
s, extreme, rude
s in his blindness
the noble s ran
Savageness out of a bear
Savages cant in defence of s
Save can, but will not, s me
choose time is to s time
conquer but to s
died to us all
due to s charges
dust thou wold' not s
enough to s one's own
God s the king!
life wh if I can s, so
many to s us all
s me from the candid friend
wilt thou s the people?
you wd s none of me
Saved endureth to the end shall be s
England has s herself
he s oth
s and hold complete
s the sum of things for pay
there be souls must be s
we are not s
whosoever will be s
Savill was asked by Essex
Savins a little child
Saviour around the S's throne
call'd 'S of the Nations'
her sins to her S
hide me, O my S, hide
lived on earth our S Holy
our S's birth s celebrat'd
S of 'is country

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Saviour (cont)

speak low to me, my S
the S comes, the S promised long
'tis thy S, hear his word
whereon the S was born
Savonarola had S spoken less
S love-a-hack!
Savoury mints, s, marjoram
Savour filths s, be themselves
keep sceming and s
salt have lost his s
send forth a stinking s
Savours' freckles live their s
Saw all I can sav is—I s it
coughing drew down the parson's s
do not s the air
he thought he s
I came I s, I overcame
I s and loved
I s him die
I s no one
nor no man ever s
no sound of s was there
nothing else s all day long
thy s of might
we s thee in thy balmy nest
when I s him, I fell as dead
Sawdust sap and s
Saw all s of books
drawler of old s
full of wise s
Saxon ancient S phrase
leave the S alone
S and Norman and Dane
S,—I am Roderick Dhu!
S is not like us Normans
Say can't s no fairer
content to s nothing
did I s so?
heard him s again
he knew not what to s
I can s little more
if I cd s how much
I have somewhat to s
I mean what I s
I s it, that sld not s it
I s to thee, do thou repeat
kind of good deed to s well
let me s that thou wert fair
let us not always s
Master, s on
Mrs Poyser 'has her s out'
must not s that thou wert true
nothing to s, s nothing
nothing to what I cd s
S I'm weary, s I'm sad
S I sent thee thither
s nay, s nay, for shame
s that she rail
s that we have no sin
she said, S on
somewhat to say unto thee
still we s as we go
we men may s more
what o'clock I s it s
what will this babblers s
what you s, or what you do
while you're thinking what to s
yet many things to s
you have to s something
you sldn't s it s not good
you sld s what you mean
Sayest farewell, and lol
Saying ancient s is no heresy
power of s things
rage of s something
Tar-baby ain't s nuttin'
tremble like s learnt
what are the wild waves s
Sayings like women's letters
Says little, thinks less
Scabbard sword, glued to my s
throw away the s
Scabs make yourselves
Scaffold brothel or on the s
to the s and the doom
Scaffoldage footing and the s
Scath Denil he could na s thee
Scale he, by geometric s
hur'd himself into the s
I have made a little s

Scale (cont)

Justice, with her lifted s
on every golden s
s weeping delight and dole
Scallop-shell of quiet
Scalp hairy s of such a one
Scan gently s yr brother man
s his work in vain
Scandal in s, as in robbery
love and best sweetenurs
no s about Queen Elizabeth
no s like rags
retired to their tea and s
s while you dine
the s, the incredible come-down
Scandalous monarch s and poor
Scatter of yr maiden presence
Scapegoat into the wilderness
Scarf from cliff and s
there is oft a s
Scarce rhymes are so s
Scarceness continue in s
Scare me with thy tears
Scarecrow s of the law
theatrical s
Scarers in print
Scarfe veiling an Indian beauty
Scaria garters, s
Scarlax apes, tho' clothed in s
cowards in s
in S town
line of s thread
lips are like a thread of s
s line was slender
tho' yr ans be as s
clothed you in s
Scars he jests at s
strip his sleeve and show his s
the s remaining
Scatter plough the fields, and s
s from an hearth
s my ashes
s their snow around
Scattered Israel s upon the hills
land s s with light
s his Maker's image
s the people that delight in war
writes her s dream
Scatterest soon as thou s them
Scatteringly doth shine
Scene a breath, a little s
all this s of man
gay and festive s
girded up my Lions and fled the s
highly impossible s
lst s of all
live o'er each s
lonely s shall thee restore
made a s of it with my Papa
of what s the actors'
our lofty s be acted o'er
proud s was o'er
see the distant s
speaks a new s
sweetest s the s where friendship
I sldn't s
upon that memorable s
very cunning of the s
Scenery mountains end of all s
s hne human nature is finer
the s divine
Scenes changing s of life
gay gilded s
no more behind yr s, David
s of crowded life
sicken at the shifting s
s sung by him
Scent and amber s
join not s to hue
rose's s is bitterness
s of the roses
s survives their close
sweetest flower for s
whose s the fair unknown
Scents murmurs s of the infinite Sea
sweet unmemorial s
their s the air perfuming
Sceptic s could inquire for
knowledge for the s's side
Scepticism s of the intellect
wise s, of a good critic

Sceptre her leaden s

477a
my s for a palmer's staff
s and crown must tumble down
s learning, physic
s show, the project s
'tis not the balm, the s
Sceptred avails the s race
dead but s sovereigns
Sceptress, free, uncircumscribed
Scheidt by the luzz s
Schemer, she'll project a s
sorry S of lings
Schemes many s thou breedest
s of political improvement
s o' m'ice an' m'm
Schiller has the material sublime
Scholar hu was a s
our S travels yet
s all Earth's volumes carry
s among rakes
showed him the gentleman and s
what tills the s's life assail
Scholars lor, it's need
nor it's great s great men
s and gentlemen
the land of s
School s the head of a s
drink g'es us mair than s
drew me to s along the way
example is the s of mankind
experience keeps a dear s
goeth to s, and not to travel
he's been to a good s
microcosm of a public s
reason for hating s
Satanic S
s of Stratford atte Blowe
such doctrine never was there s
three little maids from s
toward s with heavy looks
unwillingly to s
Schoolboy e'ery s knows it
e'ery s knows who imprisoned
not the s heat
s 's tale wonder of an hour
s 's tip
s whips his taxed top
voice of the s
what e'ery s knows
what s of fourteen is ignorant
whining s
Schoolboys from their books
School-bred, though s, the boy be
virtuous
Schooldays in my joyful s
School-divine Father turns a s
Schoolgirl pert as a s
s complexion
Schoolman's subtle art
Schoolmaster is abroad
Schoolmastering continue s
Schoolmasters injuries must be
their s
s s puzzle
s s deliver s
Schoolrooms build s for the boy
Schools and in learned s
bewildered in the maze of s
cobwebs of the s
for s' their college and s
jargon of the s
jargon o' your s
public s nurses of all vice
public s public folly breeds
Schooner Hesperus
Schumann's our music-maker
Schooner Art d's cannot exist
cometh all this new s
cookery is a noble s
detection is an exact
enough of s and of art
everything that relates to s
fair s' frowd id not
fair tale of s
Geometry the only s
his soul proud s never taught
pretend to despise Art and S.
Professors of the Dismal S
s and logic he chatters
s falsely so called

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Science (cont)

s is organized knowledge
s moves, but slowly
Sciences books must follow s
mother of the s
Scientific absence of s opinion
s a faith's absurd
theologians s terms
Scinde *peccare*—I've s
Scissor-man
Scoff some that came to s at him
Scope art, and that man's s
Score s and the tally
to that kiss a s
Scorer One Great S comes
Scores out with all men
Scorn disdain and s ride sparkling
dull eyc of s
figure for the time of s
fools may our s raise
Fortune knows we s her
foul s that Parma or Spain
haughty s wh mocked the smart
held the human race in s
I have had many a s
I s to change my state
not a thing to laugh to s
of her s the maid repented
s not the Sonnet
s of s
s the spear
sound of public s
to wait thur s
treat with virtuous s
what a deal of s looks beautiful
Scorned lov'd, was s and died
not s in heaven
Scornr of the ground
Scornful seat of the s
s, yet with jealous eyes
Scorns he that s and struggles
Scorpion and asp
Scorpions chastise you with s
Scot some be s
Scotch English little inferior to
joke well into a S understanding
party like the S terrier
S have found it
Scotched the snake, not killed it
Scotchman makes a S happy
much may be made of a S
noblist prospect S ever sees
S but what was a man of sense
Scotchmen trying to like S
Scota chief of S's food
old S's grandeur springs
Scotland be in S afore ye
grave livers do in S use
I do indeed come from S
in S, at the Oracles
left fair S's strand
Oats in S supports the people
proud gold S's sake
S, Madam, a worse England
shivered was fair S's spear
stands S where it did
succour S, and remede
Switzerland inferior sort of S
that S led in love
Scots kills S at a breakfast
Land of Cakes, and brother S
our dude S lords
S lords at his feet
S, wha hae wi' Wallace
S, whom Bruce led
Scotsman moral attribute of a S
S on the road
young S with £300
Scott flat as Walter S
Italy indifferent to sick heart
of S
not even Sir Walter S
(S) Aristotle of the North
Sir Walter S little Bartley
Scottish brave old S Cavalier
informs the S youth
Scoundrel General Good plea of
the s
given them to such a s
he was a s, and a coward

Scoundrel (cont)

man over fortis s s
patronism refuge of a s
Scoundrels healthy hatred of s
Scoured to nothing
Scourge s inexorably
s of small cords
whose iron s and torturing hour
Scourged to his dungeon
Scout blabbing eastern s
flout 'em and s 'em
Scowl with anxious s draw near
Scowls the far-famed hold
scramble home in s sort
Scrap of paper
Scrape potsherd to s himself
Scrapper never was s brave man
Scrappy when work was s
Scraps s are good deeds past
stolen the s
Scratch quick sharp s
s his name on the Abbey-stones
s the Christian
Scratched of purpose to be s
Priscian a little s
s with a stick
Scratch of a pen
Screaming out loud all the time
Screams strange s of death
Screen s from seeing
s them in those looks
Screw yr courage
Scribbative babblative and s
Scribble, scribble, scribble
Scribbling insatiate itch of s
Scribes authority not as the s
righteousness of the s
Scrp and scrippage
Scripture devil can cite S
unpregnable rock of S
I will better it in S
nail't wi' S
s moveth us in sundry places
Scriptures abjure the s
book of books holy S
holy know the holy s
mugby in the S
search the s
Scriver cropt s
Scroll long-cramped s
s of crystal, blazoning
scrutiments the s
Scurple some craven s
Scruples dark and nice
Scullion away, you s
Sculptor great s be an architect
the godlike s
Sculpture ancient s modesty
shapeless s decked
Scum [our army] is the mere s
Scurvy some, right s
Scutcheon a shielded s
honour is a mere s
my s plain declare
Scuttled that ever s ship
Scylla Charybdis of Aye and No
Scythe crooked s and spade
mower whets his s
Scythian Barbarian, S
Snow on S hills
Scout against a s of troubles
all as hungry as the s
all the s were ink
alone dwell for ever kings of s
alone on a wide wide s
and a flowing s
and the s rise higher
around the glavy s
as stars look on the s
beneath a rougher s
beneath the bosom of the s
bind the s to slumber stilly
birds on the foam of the s
blow the earth into the s
blue days at s
boat and went to s
Bohemia Country near the S
bottom of the deep blue s
bound in with the triumphant s
by the interesting s
by the deep s

Sea (cont)

by the sounding s
called the good s up to Him
can see nothing but s
centre all round to the s
cold grey stones, O S!
cross the narrow s
crowned with summer s
dance like a wave of the s
death, like a narrow s, divides
desert of the s
dolorous midland s
down to a sunless s
dreary s now flows
earth, nor boundless s
I glish (empire) of the s
espouse the everl isting S
even the billows of the s
far over the summer s
fearnest nor s rising
feeds her chicks at the s
for his fame the ocean s
for the s's worth
France and I glish is the s
from s to shinning s
from the flowers to the s
garden from the s
give them back their s
go down to the s in ships
grave, under the deep deep s
great and wide s also
great by land as thou by s
great fishpond (the s)
great markets by the s
gurlly grew the s
hail to the kings of the s
heaven broods o'er the s
Helicon in cliff to the s
he's drown'd in the s
he that commands the s
ho, sailor of the s!
if we gang to s, master
I leaped headlong into the s
in a bowl to s went wise men
in peril on the s
in peril the s
in the flat s sunk
into a s of dew
into that silent s
involute s
iron-boomed s
let me to rance the s
I've a friend, over the s
kingdom by the s
lands beyond the s
leagues beyond there is more s
learn the secret of the s
let me the s come in
he mirrored on her s
life's wild restless s
light upon the shining s
like a bursting s
like to the Pontic s
little fishes of the s
Lonely, the great s
lonely s and the sky
lookin' eastward to the s
looking lazy at the s
Love has something of the s
lover of men, the s
melts upon the s
moon may draw the s
mountains by the winter s
my mark is on the s
nearer the crystal s
never go to s
never sick at s
never upon on s or land
never was s so lone
not having been at s
nothing in s-description
one o'er a perfumed s
one foot in s
one is in the s
on such a full s are we afloat
ought to ha' sent you to s
our heritage the s
out of the s came hel
out of the swing of the s
over the s she flies
over the s our galleys went

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Sea (cont.)

over the s to Skye
 owe and bottom of the s
 paddles in the halcyon s
 plants his footstups in the s
 Proteus rising from the s
 quiver and beat of the s
 raging waves of the s
 ran purple to the s
 recuiveth as the s
 remn in the broad s
 righteousness as the waves of the s
 rude s grew civil
 sail'd the wintry s
 sail on the salt s
 sailors on the deep blue s
 say of a s that it is old?
 scatter'd in the bottom of s
 s, and all that in them is
 s b'ing smooth how many boats
 s blooms and the oozy woods
 s flower moulded by the s
 s gave up the dead
 s grows stormy
 s hath no king
 s is his, and he made it
 s itself flower in yr veins
 s of flesh was once, at the full
 s of glass like unto crystal
 s of glass mingled with fire
 s of Life and Agony
 s of the world's praise
 S shall give up her dead
 s, the open s
 S that hares her bosom
 s was made his tomb
 s, with such a storm
 scents of the infinite S
 seculph're there by the s
 serpent-haunted s
 serve Him on the S
 set in the silver s
 settle somewhere near the s,
 she looked across the s
 shine along the s
 shunt upon the Aral S
 sight of that immortal s
 somewhere salt to s
 Southward drums the s
 splash! splash! along the s
 spread like a green s
 springs of the s
 steep place into the s
 stilteth the raging of the s
 stillness of the central s
 strawberries grow in the s
 such pearl in any gulf the s
 sudden came the s
 sun was shining on the s
 sweet it is, when on the great s
 Sword went out to s
 there was no more s
 the s beneath my feet
 the s, the s!
 the s, where it goes
 the Thrixian s
 the waters cover the s
 thousand furlongs of s
 tigers or the roaring s
 to most dangerous s
 to fill the s and air
 to s, but to make him sick
 tremendous s of cloud
 trunk spouts out s
 under Malta by the s
 union with his native s
 unplumb'd s, salt, estranging s
 upon the slumy s
 uttermost parts of the s
 vengeance on the s
 Voices roll in from s
 water in the rough rude s
 waters cover the s
 waters of the dark blue s
 we'll beat to open s
 we'll o'er the s
 we men, at s, indite
 went down into the s
 went to s in a bowl
 went to s in a cave
 we were masters of the s!

Sea (cont.)

414b when I put out to s
 381b whether in s or fire
 310b whisper, o'er the s
 110a who hath desired the S,
 473a whose sound was like the s
 424a why the s is boiling hot
 518a woe s of misery
 271b willing foe and s room
 360b wind of the western s
 486a wind-ridden restless s
 502b with Ships the s was sprinkled
 356b within a walk of the s
 249a world's embracing s
 209a world's tempestuous s
 20a wrinkled s beneath him crawls
 181a yea, Sussex by the s!
 384b ye take away the s!
 480a yet the s is not full
 368b yonder is the s
 366b Sea-banks upon the wild s
 420b Sea-beast crawled forth
 519b Sea-breakers by lonely s
 6a Sea-breeze hand in hand
 313a Sea-change, suffer a s
 487b Sea-faring land-traveler s?
 445a Sea-fight fast s is fought
 5a Sea-flower moulded by the sea
 518b Sea-fogs lay and cling
 519b Sea-girt winged s citadel
 395b Sea-god breasts of a s's daughter
 407a Seagreen Incorruptible
 461a Sea-gulls among s hollow
 100a Sea-hall his long s
 473a Sea-King's daughter
 21a Seal as a s upon thine heart
 343a have not the s of God
 6a his s was on thy brow
 297b S and Macos
 154b s then, and all is done
 231a s then this bill
 375a yr hand, this kingly s
 236a Seald! but s in vain
 225b s it with his hand
 423a s thee for herself
 154b sear thy soul, and s thee His
 466b something s the lips
 422a so softly s
 441a Sea-life come to like a s
 310a Sea-line meets the sky
 395a Sealing-wax gunpowder and s
 506a ships at s
 486a s of love
 431a Scals to lose the s therof
 534a Seaman mighty S, this is he
 423a Sea-mark of my utmost sail
 84a Scamen ahead, is all her s know
 550b s made reply
 284b s were not gentlemen
 519b such as s use at sea
 35b Sea-monster more hideous than
 560b the s
 5a Sea-nymph hourly ring his knell
 422b sear fallen into the s
 367a Search after a s so painful
 366a but s will find it out
 354a in the s of the depths
 99b not worth the s
 112b s the land of living men
 49b s the scriptures
 275b Search! lord, thou hast s me
 231a Searching by s find out God
 464b I am s everywhere
 202a Seas all the s of God
 454b and the waste of s
 202a breaking the silence of the s
 407a but s do laugh
 231a danger of the s
 445b dark broad s
 375a dear hearts across the s
 231a down to the s again
 98a floors of silent s
 512b foam of perilous s
 243b gentle place and s
 231a guard our native s
 98a half s over
 512b his Briton in blown s
 243b incident o' th's
 231a lapidary s
 231a launch out on trackless s
 231a makes the hollow s

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426a multitudinous s incarnadine
 320b newly come from the s
 99a no less than labouring s
 214a on desperate s long wont
 467b on what s shall be thy fate
 84b O rushing s!
 395a raging s did roar
 518b s are quiet, winds give o'er
 416a s colder than the Helvides
 119b strange s of thought
 472b such as pass on the s
 27a the s are too long
 203a thro' the paths of the s
 141b 'twixt two boundless s
 426b up and down the salt s
 235a vext the dim s
 231a when the s were roaring
 499a Seasickness as universal as s
 47a Season comet of a s
 355a done at the same s
 470a each thing that in s grows
 201a 'gainst that s comes
 441a in s, out of s
 307a in the s of the year
 52b little s of love
 422b meat in due s
 410b s of all natures, sleep
 25a s of calm weather
 68a s of snow and sin
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 80b s yr admiration
 422b the soote s
 428b things by a seasoned
 419a think on at another s
 501a to every thing there is a s
 519a word spoken in due s
 184b Seasoned timber, never gives
 173a Seasons Age with his s done
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 324b anew, returning s bring
 321a as the swift s roll
 352a envious s roll
 529b few more s come
 334a four s fill the measure
 114b from s such as these
 430a in process of the s have I seen
 72b I play for s, not Eternities!
 208b knew the s when to take
 290a lovers' s run
 85a of all the s, most love Winter
 352a see the s through
 518b see the s alter
 435a the s' difference
 304a thou hast all s
 97a with the year s return
 437b Seat, castle hath a pleasant s
 255b echo to the s where lov's
 211a he full from off the s
 342a he grew into his s
 367a late their happy s
 367a panting for a happier s
 309b thus s of the scornful
 399b thus s of memory holds a s
 189b wild sequester'd s
 407b with such case into his s
 352b you'll look sweet on the s
 318a Seated all s on the ground
 510b s one day at the organ
 402a s upon the conv's mound
 497a Seaton Marie s Marie Beaton
 410b Seats blissful s
 457a Seaward on the rail, and looks s
 320b Seawards my road leads me s
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 77b S Class in the School of Life
 418b s eleven sort of chap
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thy s depart in peace
ye have a guide s
yr s's cut in half
Servants as one of thy hired s
equality in the s' hall
fire and people both good s
good s, but bad masters
hired s of my father's
hus s he with new acquit
man has a good many s
men in great place are thrice s
Press-men s of Light
s of the most high God
to s kind
we art unprofitable s
ye s of the Lord
Serve cared greatly to s God
freely w s
have not known shall s me
I him s with fear
I now will s more strictly
no man can s two masters
s it right for being so dear
s my turn upon him
s the, with a quiet mind
they also s who only stand
time to s and to sin
Served as thou hast s us
despised as but s s it
had I but s God
Jacob's seven years
Serves s and so for gain
take the current while it s
Serveth among you as he that s
Service all s ranks same with God
s bounden duty and s
choke their s up
desert in s
did me yeoman's s
done the state some s
essential s to his country
he s out on active s
h.c.w.n with constant s
in s high, and antlers clear
in the t had been s
s greater than the god
s is perfect freedom
s of a mind and heart
s of the antique world
s sweat for duty
small s is true s
sometimes to do me s
song the s divine
'tis the curse of s
weary and old to do s
Services nor s with
s of Angels and men
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s, proud in heart
Servisable loyalty and s
Servitors words airy s
servitude bare laws of s
s impatient of s
s is at once the consequence
s that hugs her chain
Sesame Open S I
Sesquipedalian blackguard
Sessions of sweet silent thought
Sestos and Abydos of her breasts
Set here is the whole s
I set her on my pacing steed
meet it I s it down
neck broken can never be s
play a s shall strike hazard
s a candle in the sun
s himself doggedly to it
s thou in my breast
s thine house in order
s up thyself, O God
to have it thus s down

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virtue best plan s
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Setter up and puller down of kungs
Seteth not by himself
Setting elsewhere its s
nearer he's to s
Settle less will you s to one
S's numbers
s somewhere near the sea
Settled people wish to be s
such things are nowadays
'tis s on the lee
Settlement parent of s
Settled lo that s in the mind
Settling perpetually s
Seven may lie till s
nay, we are s
s maids with s mops
s times s nature cant endure
seventy times s
s whole days, not one in s
down on Sixe and S
Seven Dials air of S
Seven-fold gifts impart
Settled grace of Sweet S
Maiden set s
Seventh day is the Sabbath
Seventies gets well into the s
Seventy times seven
Seventy-seven at s it is time
Sever kiss, and then we s
s themselves, and madly sweep
to s for years
Severe from lively to s
from pleasant to s
it's in aught
to nothing but herself s
wise he was, but not s
Sewered their graves are s
severely bangs me most s
Severity a breedeth fear
s of perfect light
summer with its usual S
treats with s serious subject
Severely clang from the S
or out to S strode
S into the narrow seas
twice a day the S fills
Severs those it shd unite
Sewell dogs of S
Sewed prophetic fury s the work
Swell and Cross young man
Sewers houses thick and s
reign o'er s and sinks
Sewing s as long as her eyes
s at once, with a double thread
Sex far s is yr department
for the ruin of our s
here's the S I
no stronger than my s
s to the last
sops, unhappy s
spirits can either s assume
the s whose presence civilizes
tyrants of thy s
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women are s by themselves
Sexes cleanliness of the s
old ladies of both s
old women (of both s)
there are three s
Sexton our honest s tells
s tolled the bell
went and told the s
Sextus false s
Hermus glared on S
to S nought spake he
Seye seek for to be s
Shackles s of an old love
their s fall
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alone summer s
Amaryliss in the s
between the shine and s
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by the s it casts
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crowd into s
dancing in the chequered s

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hawthorn bush a sweeter s
he is old and she a s
his steadfast s sleeps
I bear light s
in s of Lempe sit
narrow verged s
no s, no shine November!
old sit under the s of it
pillared s high overarched
present hour marked with s.
s and shadow and mire
s of His hand
s of melancholy boughs
s of that wh once was great
s of the old apple-tree
s that follows wealth or fame
sitting in a pleasant s
sitting in the s
sly s of a Rural Dean
song, or fleeting s
vois memorial in the s
wander't in his s
Shades chase the trembling s. away
doful s
far are the s of Arabia
life is full of s
fled the s of night
home to s of under ground
I have lived with s so long
mingle s of joy and woe
Oh, happy s—to me unblest
s did hide her
s of night were falling fast
s of the prison-house
till the s lengthen
where s of darkness
Shadow but s s bias
cattle s of the British oak
daisy, by the s that it casts
double, swan and s
dream itself is but s
earth be but the s of Heaven
fellow s
hence, horrible s!
hude, me under the s, of thy wings
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it is but a s's
life, is but the s of death
life's but a walking s
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like a vast s moved
man walketh in a van s
neither s of turning
on the earth the s of three
or s of felicity
out-soared the s of our night
saw the lion's s er himself
S doaked from head to foot
s of a glorious name
s of a great rock
S of shadows on the deed
s of s of unseen Power
s of the dome of pleasure
s of the steeple
s of the Valois
s of Thy wing
s to s, well persuaded
ship's huge s lay
substance that s seem'd
treads the s of his foe
unhappy s
vagus s of surmise
with colour and with s
yr s at evening
Shadowless like Silence
Shadows are s, not substantial
beckoning s dire
best in this kind are but s
come the s of us men
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s then they began to s
s to Silvia let us s
s to s them too
s used to s in the water
s we two alone will s
s we will s one song
s when he did s
s when you s, I'd have you buy
s whilst thou I s, I am a King
s wrong to s
Singe it do s yourself
Singed the beard of the Bishop
Singing King of Spain's heard
Singer after the s is dead
s he, the s, passes
s idle s of an empty day
s low as the s lies
s none hear beside the s
s O S of Persephone
s in France of old
s of sweet Colonus
s the music-hall
s thine ear against the s
s thou the s, I the song!
s when the s sings them
s youngest to the oldest s
Singers s also and trumpeters
s go before
s sweetest of all s
Singeth with her breast
Singing angels s out of tune
s carry up this corpse, s together
s I am sick of s
s love a woman for s
s Master of all s
s now the time of s
s parted those who are s to-day
s poured the deathless s
s as they shine
s in the Wilderness
s of birds is come
s of Mount Abora
s so rarely
s startle the dull night
s still dost soar
s to Father, Son
s will never be done
s stute of s
s suddenly burst out s
s sweet s in the choir
s there is delight in s
s waves of thy sweet s
s ye have a s face
Singing-boys ex little S
Singst as a s I am not a success
Single careless of the s life
s deepest still is s
s forever 'tis a word!
s in s blessedness
s married to a s life
s nothing in the world is s
s life doth well with churchmen
s thralldom
s wish I were s again
Single-hearted grown s
Singly who s hast maintained
Sings another Orpheus s
s Christian while he s
s grove he s in now
s he s, and he s
s in his motion like an angel s
s no pang the while she s
s for his supper

311a
43b
232a
282a
370a
362b
78a
502b
224b
483b
490a
422b
117a
240b
225a
100b
161a
372b
373b
102b
344a
156a
385b
373b
95b
410b
385b
407a
136b
414b
204a
284a
414b
241a
461a
424a
6a
164b
319a
103b
414b
423a
487a
406b
245b
196a
74b
47a
423b
342a
248b
262b
43a
2a
152b
500a
101b
319b
268b
398a
200b
316a
89a
316a
526b
241a
394d
397b
123b
19a
451a
430b
120a
75b
395a
114b
359b
14b
17a
524b
392b
275a
394a
110b
448a
100a
355a
162b
534b

Sings (cont)
s in his boat on the bay!
s on von pomegranate tree
small fowlys s on the spray
tell me what she s
wakeful bird s darkling
waking til she s
well s thou, cucu
Singularity in each particular
Singularity excess, and not by s
s is almost invariably a clue
s trick of s
Sinistr embroidered on normal
Sink not gross to s, but light
s not s 'I the scale
or s or swim
s by the Lowlands low
s me the ship
s to s with Lamplough
Sinketh lie that s in
Sinking alchemy in s
s at the light wind
s that s feeling
Sinks its, and I am ready
s reign o'er sewers and s
s slow s, more lovely ere his race
Sinners against thee only have I s
s Father, I have s against heaven
s for all have s
s havc yr s one sin
s more s against than sinning
Sinner I of her s s
s joy over one s that repentth
s merciful to me s s
s one sin will destroy a s
s Papist, saint or s
s say, poor s, lov'st thou me?
Sinners but s to repentance
s catch with publicans and s?
s for we are s all
s God and s reconciled
s greatest saints and s
s if s entice thee
s many po'ry s 'll be kitched
s mercy upon us miserable s
s s nigh with devils dwell
s of whom I am chief
s shall be converted
s s ways prosper
Sinning else s greatly
s sinned against than s
Sins bare the s of many
s be all my s remembered
s chain of our s
s commit the oldest s
s compound for s inclin'd to
s cover the multitude of s
s dead in trespasses and s
s drunkenness root of all s
s for the s of yr sure suffer
s her s to her Saviour
s her s were on her head
s madness come on us for our s
s manifold s and wickedness
s our s on the king!
s presumptuous s
s repent you of yr s
s season of snows and s
s set our s from us
s s scarlet books were read
s s they long to act
s s thro' wh I run
s thinlun' on their s
s tho' yr s be as scarlet
s vengeance of our s
s visit the s of the fathers
s weep for their s
Sion s shall delight thee
s lovth the gates of S
s O be gracious unto S
s sing us one of the songs of S
s strengthen thee out of S
s walk about S
s when we remembered thee, O S
s Sip be tasted in a s
s Sipping some s punch
s Sips three s the Aryan
s Sir s priest than s knight
s S, we wd see Jesus
s Sir-come-spy-see
s Sure by bleeding S to Son

425b
366a
114b
471a
273a
251b
522b
502b
222b
135a
371b
204a
386b
50b
377a
531a
437b
412b
14a
358a
221b
522b
241a
100b
70a
485a
500b
513a
235b
342b
105a
509b
510a
54b
305a
110a
506a
506a
465b
66a
497b
182a
478b
452b
510b
485a
198a
469b
342b
503a
110a
479a
381a
65a
517b
515b
204a
546a
196a
211b
428a
478a
352a
482a
480b
420a
488a
26b
364a
112a
61a
501a
478b
480a
458a
225b
487a
485a
490a
482b
490a
485b
372a
511a
19a
72b

Sire (cont)
s left with his s
s his thee's s return
s make their s stoop
s of an immortal strain
s still from the s the son shall hear
s Sybil Kindred's s
s thy s was a knight
s Siren drunk of S tears
s the S waits thee
Sirens Dist blast of S
s dear mel s, of course
Sires land of my s
s s have marched to Rome
s Sinus kingly brilliance of S
s Sir Robert slight S
s Sir Roger S sleep in [church]
s S told them
s Sisera mother of S looked out
s sisters fought against S
s Sis Tempy
s Sister erring s 's shame
s garden inclosed is my s
s had it been his s
s Innocence thy S
s kissed her little s
s leave thou thy s
s mustering angel shall my s be
s moon is my s
s my dear, dear S I
s my s and my s's child
s my s, good night
s my s, my love, my dove
s my s I my sweet s I
s no friend like a s
s our S the Spring
s our sometime s, now our queen
s shouts with his s
s S and Auntie say
s of the Seraphim!
s of the spring
s s, my s, O swallow
s s's husband's niece
s s, the whole day long
s swallow, my s, O swallow
s we have a little s
s yr s s given to government
Sisterly amonisty
Sisters all the s virtuous
s men with s dear
s s and his cousins
s s under their skins
s s spher-born harmonious s
s they were s, we were brothers
s two s sat in a baur
s weird s
Sit at last s down by thee
s cure is not to s still
s here we will s
s I shall s here on and off
s I s on a man's back
s let us s upon the ground
s rust s round it
s by the fire and spin
s s down quickly, and write fifty
s s every man under his vine
s s thou on my right hand
s s thou still when kings armng
s so I did s and eat
s to s for a picture
s s upon a hill, as I do
s though s down now
s w. wd s down
Site to change their s
Sits Ol he s high
Sitting cheap s as standing
s end of it's a an' think!
s listen where thou art s
s privilege of 'd
s s careless on a granary
s s well in order
s Stivation at the lighthouse
s Six five, s, pick up sticks
s in law I have study s
s Jones Kindred was s feet high
s let's fight till s
s rode the s hundred
s s hours in sleep
s s of one
s to my s lustrus
s world on S and Seveve

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found a crooked s	532a	Skirts caught at God's s	47b	wide and starry s	415a
f gave thee s l	78b	my s up in the air	53b	wild bells, to the wild s	431a
I only got s	535b	s of happy chance	430b	Skye beyond the Isle of S	530b
precious little for s,	535b	tents, whose cloudy s	103a	over the sea to S	414b
shot at for s a day	120b	s of his clothing	490a	Skyark despise the s's song	38b
s all too dear	361a	Skittles all beer and s	75b, 201a	s wounded in the wing	29a
s at a bookstall	144a	all porter and s	127a	Slab gruff thick and s	349b
s in her shoe	106a	loose him on to s	74b	Slack observing me grow s	188b
song of s	533a	Skittish in all motions	370b	the havoc did not	360b
Sixpences pockets were full of s,	120b	Skugg lies snug	156b	Slain above the noble s	184b
two-and-forty s guinea	211b	Skull found s and the flet	496b	can never do that s s	42b
Sixteen-string Jack	209a	Skulls lay in dead men's s	384b	ere thou hast s another	530b
Sixty men above s years	209a	Skulfeish disputants mind of		fight and no be s	53a
Sixtyfold some s, some thirtyfold	506b	the S		I fight and not be s	320b
Size s of pots of ale	65a	Sky about us in the s	199a	am s by a far cruel maid	371a
those of the largest s	84b	above the bright blue s	265b	many a gallant man was s	525b
Skater like the s on ice	427a	all the milky s	476a	O s and spent	421a
Slating over thin ice	147b	almost touched the s	102b	Saul hath s his thousands	495b
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Skeleton hiding the s	264a	beys the falling s	434a	s the Jaberwocky	84a
Skeletons brown s of leaves	90b	bed of daffodil s	22a	s think he is s	146a
Sketch first rude s	228a	blue s ethereal s	100a	thrice he slew the s	139a
Skiddaw red glare on S	252b	blue s bends over all	4a	vengeance brooding o'er the s	317a
till S saw the fire	252b	blue s of spring	153b	when they have s her lover	77a
Skies as long as s are blue	392a	Bowl we call the S	209a	who is in battle s	176b
baby small, drop from the s	214a	brags reverses in the s	445b	whom law, chance, hath s	133a
clear as are the frosty s	438a	broad as the blue s	105a	Sland'r devised this s	363a
cloudless climes and starry s	74a	build in the breezy s	151b	fear not s, censure rash	329a
distant deeps or s	32a	close against the s	436a	ring out the civic s	431a
exchange thy sullen s	111b	crimson of the sunset s	200a	shaft of s	294a
heifer lowing at the s	219b	die in your rich s	396a	s any moment's leisure	331a
hereditary s	142b	do not know beneath what s	37a	s, meanest spawn of Hell	427b
if morning s, books, and my food	415a	duffy night rade down the s	109a	who's angry at a s	479a
I'll meet the raging of the s	77a	evening s pavilions it	475b	Slang all s is metaphor	94a
kundled in the uppr s	146b	fearest nor s clouding	570a	Slatt, have to clean yr s	316b
looks commercing with the s	268a	first our s was overcast	326b	something off a s	227a
look up at the s	107b	foam of the s	140b	Slates jury wrote down on s	83b
look upward to the s	287a	forehead of the morning s	183b	Slaughter arrayed for mutual s	468a
mansions in the s	451b	for the s s red s	200a	as a lamb to the s	503a
only matched in the s	30a	freeze, thou bitter s	98b	as an ox goeth to the s	498a
paint the sable s	138a	from the four corners of the s	102a	breathless threatnings and s	330a
people of the s	473b	give me the clear blue s	83a	canon 'gainst self-s	52a
punts hei to the s	143a	held the s suspended	303a	great s of his own side	174b
rush into the s	300b	hot and copper s	262a	wade thro' s to a throne	220b
s are painted with sparks	237a	I stare into the s	394b	Slaughter d and made an end	287b
s so dull and grey	225b	like a diamond in the s	285b	Slav, Teuton, Kelt	426a
s they were ashen and sober	298b	like a tectry in the s	476a	Slave a fuging s	495b
soaring clam the s	157b	like strips of the s	139b	base is s that pays	381b
sparkle in their s	190a	lonely sea and the s	208a	been s to thousands	361b
Stamper of the S	475a	lustre in its s	179b	Being yr s, what shd I do	388a
stars are in the quiet s	222a	monarch of the s	303a	but like a sad s	388a
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watcher of the s	268b	Music shall untune the s	470b	here I stand, yr s	342b
watch-tower in the s	244a	my lyre within the s	258a	I am the very s of circumstance	73b
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Skill all s s to naught	470b	nursling of the s	433b	master o'er a s	466b
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foresight, strength, and s	492b	Opheucus huge in th' artu s	290a	no more s States s Territories	88a
my s goes beyond the depths	110a	out of the s as I came through	30b	Ol circumsised s	364a
never-failing s	191a	pealing up to the sunny s	200a	rogue and peasant s an II	332b
or none, or little s	35b	pilgrim of the s	224a	s I have set my life	385b
praise for s not spent amiss	57b	s-line meets the s	99a	s's offal	333a
sharpens our s	472a	s at their watch on the s	35b	s to no sect	301b
simple truth his utmost s	117b	s shunc upon the starry s	35b	sleep soundly as wretched s	382b
s comes so slow	380b	s shoulder the s	490b	what a s art thou S	185a
s is nothing without sack	190b	s sinful man beneath the s	413b	wd have made him a s	55a
s runs on the lees	398b	s belongs to them	469a	Slavry chains and s	62b
thy s to poet were	144b	s bounds the ocean	52b	s of the tea and coffee	97a
'tis God gives a	472a	s grows darker yet	71a	s they can have anywhere	56a
Skilled s in any tic	277a	s imbued with colour	246b	s weed a grows in every soil	56a
s to retire, and in retiring	378a	s is clear and blue	476a	taken by the foe and sold to s	176b
Skimble-skamble stuff	121a	s resum'd her light	300b	Slaves an army of s	73a
Skimpole Harold S	356b	s seemed not a s of earth	461a	be wholly s or wholly free	140b
Skin enamelled s	503b	s—what a scowl of cloud	443b	Brintons never will be s	443a
Ethiopian change his s	534a	sowhere smgs about the s	543a	by s that take their humours	374a
got a little hare's s	236a	spruce against the s	246b	freemen, are the only s	262b
his s dark	415a	stars be blown about the s	203b	French are all s	176b
I stuff my s, so full within	161a	that equal s	227a	land of s shall ne'er be mine	71a
s is ivory so white	497a	that is in the starry s	39a	make s of the rest	297a
s of my teeth	98b	th' embroiling s	73a	morality of s	569a
s was white as leprosy	303b	they change their s	459a	necessity is the creed of s	297b
that whiter s of hers	497a	thy s is ever clear	53a	not press you like s	188b
tho' after my s worms destroy	185b	tiger s	186b	s cannot breathe in England	111b
Skin-deep colours, that are but s	18a	till Earth and S stand presently		s, howe'er contented, never know	111b
joys like beauty, but s	230b	under that benign s			
Skins sisters under their s	178b	whatever s's above me			
Skip art of reading is to s	415a	wheeling out on a windy s			
blue-behinded ape, I s	344a	wh prisoners call the s			
I wd have milt all them s	249a	who armeth at the s			
Skipper taken his little daughter					

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Slaves (cont.)

s who dare not be in the right
s who fear to speak
tho' ruling them like s
Slav but s, and s, and s
Slayer red s think he slays
Slays moves, and matcs, and s
s red slayer think he s
Sleazy babies s Slays's fits
Slave of care
Sleep abuse the curtained s
after battle s is best
after-dinner's s
among the hungry worms I s
and we must s
ang'd spirits of s
as before, Love,—only s !
back from the City of s
be but to sleep and feed?
between a s and a s
but as a drunken s
but cannot break his s
can s so soundly as the slave
care-charmer s
care is heavy, therefore s you
charm that lulls to s
day dics with s
Death and his brother s !
deep and dreamless s
dewy-feather'd s
dovecote doors of s
drowsy approaches of s
everything but s
exposition of s
first s his last repose
first s in Persia
first sweet s of night
flowers, as in their causes, s
folding of the hands to s
freed us from everlasting s
from the fields of s
gentle s from Heaven
giveth his beloved s
Glamis hath murdered s
gray and full of s
great gift of s
held we s to wake
how s the brave
I am fain to s
illumined the land of s
incommunicable s
in guileless s
in s a king
in thy last long s
invites one to s
I shall s, and move with the
ships
I s, but my heart waketh
I s out the thought
I s well, but that's all
keepeth thee will not s
Macbeth does murder s
Macbeth shall s no more
make any one s that bedstead
medicine thee so that sweet s
mortality like unwilling s
no s till morn
one short s past
only the s eternal
or let me s always
O s ! O gentle s
O s ! the friend of woe
O s ! thou flatterer
quiet s and a sweet dream
rounded with a s
saw in s old palaces
season of all natures, s
shall not s, tho' poppies grow
silence and s like fields
silence of the s-time
Sir Roger s in [church]
s after toil
s again deceive me
s all the night with open ye
s an act or two
s and a forgetting
s, and if life was bitter
s, death's counterfeiter
s deeply above
s dwell upon thine eyes
s, full of sweet dreams

Sleep (cont.)

s, can get nane
s in dull cold marble
s in one another's arms
s in spite of thunder
s in the affliction
s in the night
s is a death
[s as] in fine, so like death
s is sweet to the labouring man
s ! it is a gentle thing
s, lest thou in smoky cribs
s like a top
s not sound, as sweet
s of a labouring man
s on, blest pair
s one ever-during night
s on my Love in thy cold bed
s, O s, with thy rod
s out this great gap of time
s, pretty wantons, do not cry
s rock thy brain
s shall neither night nor day
s shall obey me
s s no softer
s that is among the lonely hills
s that let us care
s, the certain knot of peace
s together at the foot
s, the innocent s
s the s of death
s the s that knows not breaking
s to fall upon Adam
s, undisturb'd, within this shine
s was acry light
s, why dost thou leave me?
s will come when thou art fled
s with it now!
such as s o' nights
sweet restorer, balmy s
that s of death
then s, dear, s
they are even as a s
they s, and it is lifted
think of them that s
thus s around indeed
thy sweet child s
till death like s steal on
time to awake out of s
to die, to s
to haunt thy s
turns in her s
unconquered s is flying
visit the soul in s
voice cry, 'S no more!'
we shall not all s
what hath night to do with s?
what's to s?
when man doth s
when s itself mend
whom they s beside
with the first s
wd I were s and peace
Sleepers glean of me the s
s, no more s
sun-flushed s
sun-baked s
Sleepers in that quiet earth
Sleepeth not dead, but s
peradventure he s
Sleep-flower sways in the wheat
Sleepers, cursed hum in s
Jock, when ye'r s
kind of s in the blood
lies my young love s
s and the dead are pictures
s found by whom they dread
s bound to wake
s three on a grid
s, waking, still at ease
s when she died
s woods all night singeth
some s killed
tha' s there below
try, by s, what it is to die
wakened us from s
Sleeps fiftal fever he s well
he that s feels not toothache
in slumbers light she s
in their s will mutter
now s the crimson petal

Sleeps (cont.)

one s where Southern vines
s, and never palat's more the dug
s as may beguile the night
s on his own heart
s with the primeval giants
so s the pride
where the old F H s he breakfasts
while my pretty one, s
Sleepy contentment is s a thing
in the s region stav
to bed, says S-head
Sleet fire and s
whistling s and snow
Sleeve ace of trumps up his s
my heart upon my s
will he strip his s
Sleeves lawn s and rochets
s with ribbons rare
Slight admire his s of hand
s perceive a juggler s s
Slender cedar tall and s
Slept dying when she s
first-fruits of them that s
hath it s since
he thought I s
I have s one wink
one that wd have s
resembled my father is he s
s among his ashes cold
s an hour less
s in the contriving of lust
s under the dresser
s with his fathers
while their companions s
Slew he was ambitious, I s him
Sled into my soul
Slide let the world s
Slight, loved so s a thing
s all the time
s not the songsmith
s what I receive
Slighter Liluc was of s stuff
Slime slimmer s
sprawled thro' the ooze and s
tare each other in their s
Slimy s things did crawl
thousand s things
Slings and arrows
Slingsby of the manly chest
Slings out of the race
Slip enemies the s for ever
gave us all the s
Slipped he s up somehow
Slipper and subtle knave
Slipped Hesper
Slips all s of hers
sigh grounds in the s
Slits the thin-spun life
Silver an envious s broke
s and s disbranch
Slog—slog—slog—sloggin'
Slogan cry the s
rose the s of Macedon old
Slopes s of the limbs
s thro' darkness up to God
the s of faces
upon life's darkening s
Slopes orchard s, and the Anno
resignation gently s the way
Slop-kittle, coffee and other s
Sloth but most of s
love, wh s maligns
peaceful s, not pice
resty s
shike off dull s
too much time in studies s s
Slothful not s in business
s man hath, there is a lion
Slovenly name of the s was Despond
Slovenliness is no part of Religion
Slovenly will spit on all things
Slow as tardy too s
but so s
clericy even itself is s
come he s, or come he fast
I am s of speech
I am s of study
may be light, but ain't it s?
or were he reckoned s
s and steady wins the race

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steps alone, mournful, and s	459a	rosed wd s as sweet	395a	their nurlings with their s	241b
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Slugg'd-bed get up, sweet s	189a	Smelling out a suit	364b	Smiling he hides a face	110a
Slugg'd toul's s comfort	80a	Smells grows and s, I swear	216b	it was s in my face	347a
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the s's cradle	87b	Smell st fair and s so sweet	303a	s the boy fell dead	47b
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Slug-horn to my lips	45b	blush and gently s	188b	villain, s, damned villain!	331b
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hrst thou golden s	118b	s his work to see	32a	a man who does not s	413a
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our s slighted
s a mere recreant prove
s, and afear'd?
s an' sailor too
s fit to stand by Caesar
s, full of strange oaths
s is a quiet grave man
s is better accommodated
s not a romantic animal
s of the Legion lay dying
s, rest! thy warfare o'er
s's a man
s's pole is fallen
s tried and valiant s
s wot the ten-year s tells
Soldiers amongst a thousand s
but we are s
Ireland gives England her s
Lord puts His best s
men like s may not quit
mustered their s by two
old s never die
old s, sweetheart, are surest
onward, Christian s
others, like s, armed
s bore, dead bodies by
S of Christ, arise
S of the ploughshare
steal my s' hearts
substance of ten thousand s
Wellington shots of his s
Soldier-saint O s
Soldier-saints, who row on row
Soldierly leucous s
Sole dove s of her foot
Solismism eternity without a s
Solism more s and serene
s creed with s sneer
Solennized their obsequies
Solicit for it straight
Soliciting still's eye
this supernatant s
Solicitor Protestant only go to his s
wound in the s very serious
Solid s man of Boston
too too s flesh
Solitary if you are idle, be not s
life of man, s brutish
saw a s cell
s, and cannot impart it
s place shall be glad
s sorrow best befits
took their s way
to wander s there
Soltude a s almost
bird in the s singing
bliss of s
City's voice soft like S's
come to him in s
he makes a s, and calls it peace!
I love tranquil s
in s what happiness?
lamp-lit desk in s
midst of a vast s
my faithful s
O still s
passing sweet, is s
race wh' disturbed its s
self-sufficing power of S
society than s is worse
s sometimes is best society
s I where are the charms
s, yet not alone, while thou
Soul to S returns
sweet retired s
this delicious s
this peopled earth a s
worst s destitute friendship
whisper, s is sweet
whoever is delighted in s
Soluteness misty s
Solomon all S's wisdom
felicities of S
greater than S is here
one man in a thousand, S says
S Grindy
S in all his glory

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S low many strange women
S of saloons
S wrote the Proverbs
song of songs, wh is S's
Solve 'em in a trice
Some s have too much
s tale of Alexander
s there be, wh have no memorial
Somebody brisk little s
heart is sair for S
let's stop s doing something
mine ain't dear s
must be s's son
Saint S
s's catching it now
s to hew and hack
when everyone is s
Someone s had blundered
s somewhere sings about the sky
Somerset rose a canker, s
Something driving rapidly from s
have to say s
I too will s make
know s of everything
s attempted, s done
s conversed about to be
s in a flying horse
s in its depths doth glow
s in it, tricks and all
s in this more than natural
s rich and strange
s, s that replies
s there is moves me to love
s there is do can't love a wall
s too much of this
s very like Him
s wicked this way comes
s will come of this
that s still with prompts th' sigh
time for a little s
'tis s, nothing
when there's s doing
Sometimes s coming, s coy
s this, and s that
Somewhere to say unto thee
Somewhere I came by
s the sun is shining
that truth lies s
Somnus in Homer
Son an only s, sir
Bogarily s of a gun
body of my brother s
by bleeding Sue to s
coarse-bred s of a livery keeper
conceive, and bear a s
crucify S of God afresh
do bear our s
Duke s —cook's s
England's greatest s
Epicurus owne s
Fuarshon had a s
foolish s is the heaviness
from the sire the s shall hear
his only-begotten S
good man teach his s
he was an esquire s
his little s into his bosom
honest man's s
I obeyed as s
kiss the S, lest he be angry
left s and what's a s's
Lord Randal, my s
manhood taken by the S
Monk my s
must be somebody's s
my little S, who look'd
my s, of what's a s's
my s, if sinners entice thee
my s in tears
my s's wife, Elizabeth
mystical body of thy S
O Abasalom, my s, my s
only s of his mother
O wonderful s
s had done nearly as well
S of God goes forth to war
S of Heav'n and Earth
S of Heaven's eternal King
s of his old age
S of man hath not where to lay

Son (cont)

S of Morn in weary Night's
s of man, that thou visitest him
s of morn
S of the old moon-mountains
sareth his rod hatred his s
struck the father when s swore
this is my beloved S
this is my s I clumachus
this s was dead
thus the carpenter's s
thy s, thine only s Isaac
to her s she ches
two-legged thing, a s
unto us s is given
wise s maketh a glad father
woman, behold thy s I
worthy to be called thy s
you r tardy s to chide
Song acquaints his soul with s
after all an earthly s
a goodly manor for a s
Alexandrine ends the s
all this for a s
an old s made by an aged
as it were a new s
be the morn of s
breeze of s
bright names will hallow s
brotherhood in s
but their low, lone s
but weigh this s with the great
civil at her s
conspiracy of our spacious s
end of ane old s
fable, s or fleeting shade
followed by a sacred s
ful w'l she s the service
glorious the s
God who best taught s
great her with his s
heard in tale or s
hear we these monks' s
her sympathy and s
his s of love
hopped with his s
I have a s to sing O!
I hav, no s to give you
I made another s
in England s s for ever
is it accepted of S?
I the s
dark becomes a sightless s
lasting is the s
lightnings of his s
melancholy out of a s
metre of an antique s
middle of my s
morning star of s
most topical s
my S, I fear thou wilt find
my vision with the s
never go beyond a s
never may I commence my s
new s's measure
no man cl'd learn that s
no sorrow in thy s
oaten stop, or pastoral s
old and antique s
one grand sweet s
one s, for as in my brain I sing it
only in you my s begins
on the wings of s
orb of s Milton
our s is the voice of desire
our s shall rise to Thee
passage of a s
penny my s
pipe a simple s
pipe that s again
rainbow and a cuckoo's s
rapid plumes of s
required of us then a s
roll forth my s
self-same s that found a path
shedding my s upon height
sing a faery's s
singing our s of God
singing s for s
sing me s bawdy s
sing me s s of a lad

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sings a solitary s
sings each s twice over
sing the Lord's s
sing unto the Lord a new s
s about a lamb
s and blood are pure
s charms the sense
s, from beginning to end
s in thy praise
s is considered a perfect gem
s is not truth
s is sung and past
s sung in lieu of ornaments
s of a merry man
s of Harvest home
s of sixpence
s of them that feast
s on yr bugles blown
s that echoes cheerly
s that nerves a nation's heart
s that shd spur you
s the Sirens sang
s too daring
s was wordless
s wd have been longer
sound my echoing s
still govern thou my s
subject for heroic s
swallow-flights of s
s swear to the truth of a s
swift stream of s
s take up thy S
s that glorious s of old
s that piece of s
s the burthen of his s
s the f-air commands the s
s the s for mcl
s they teach in s
s thinks two notes a s
s thro' all spheres one s increase
s till I end my s
s time our tedious s have ending
s turn out a s
s wanted one immortal s
s will sing another s
s wherefrom ye learn yr s
s will I frame my s
s wine, woman, and s
s woman, wine and s
s yet my s comes native
s you have heard the s
Songs anacis are swelling
s best of all trades, to make s
s cannot sing the old s
s coude s make and wel endyte
s dirty s and dreary
s ever piping s
s fall of s
s fruit for their s
s go, s, for ended
s Heine for s
s hcr matchless s does meditate
s hymns and spiritual s
s lean and flasy s
s let us go hence, my s
s merry s of peace
s my uncaerd-for s
s our sweetest s are saddest
s sing no sad s for me
s sombre s and sweet
s song of s, wh a Solomon's
s consecrate to truth
s for me and my aunts
s may inspirit us
s of Araby
s of expectation
s of happy cheer
s of his fashion bring
s of pleasant glee
s of the harp-player
s s that I made for thee
s their s are sad
s the Sussex s
s thou need'st not make new s
s with s of deliverance
s wrote my happy s
Songsmith slight not the s
Songstress sober-suited s
Sonnet it turned to a S
ode, and elegy, and s

Sonnet (cont)

scorn not the S
s is a moment's monument
Sonnets book of Songs and S
s lovers' s turned to psalms
Rafael made a century of s
s written s all his life
Sonneteer hackney s
Songs heart's not always true s
all *lapis*, all s
Arcturus with his s
as many s as I have hairs
bears all its s away
best of the s of the morningl
bind yr s to exile
fallen s of Eve
give them to yr s
God's s are things
if I had a thousand s
keener pangs than her s
methinks her patient s
Mothers that lack s
Muses chose their s by name
s seldom see we s succeed
s may grow up as plants
s of ale and brede
s of Babel, flown with insolence
s of Ceres, sin to present
s of God shouted for joy
s of Martha
s of Mary
s of men and angels
s of the waves
strong heart of her s
their s, they gave
things are the s of heaven
third among the s of light
we arraign her, her s
yr s and daughters prophesy
Soon day returns too s
s death's couch s or late
Death will come s, too s
Night, come s, s I
s in yr arms to feel so small
s think it s when others cry
s world with us, late and s
s you stand away so
Sooner make an end the s
s will his race be run
s it's over, the s to sleep
Soon take their flight
Soot in s I sleep
Sootie s
sooth it is silly s
Soothie friend to s the cares
Soothies saddens while it s I
Sop body gets its s
s Cerberus a s
Sophia followed me to India
Sophrat dark-browed s
s saint nor s led
s self-torturing s, wild Rousseau
s Sophisters, economists calculators
s Sophistry his fib or s
s universities incline wits to s
s Sophistical Sophisms! Oh!
Sops in wine
Sordello's story told
Sore critics, who themselves are s
s s with loving her
Sorts all kinds of s, and shames
Sorel meadow-sweet or s
s Sorrento and Amalfi
Sorrow brief s, short-lived care
s certain of s in store
s doeth it to his s
s down, thou climbing s
s ere the s comes with years
s far from s
s father's s
s from the memory a rooted s
s from the sphere of our s
s give s words
s gray hairs with s to the grave
s has th young days shaded?
s heart hath 'seap'd this s
s he died out of s
s I must bury s
s in s thou shalt bring forth
s knowledge increaseth s
s labour without s is base

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last his s, first his joy
lightnings of his song in s
like this s 'twill come
little fun, to match the s
Lyendas yr s is not dead
moan her s to the roof
more in s than in anger
muse of s but its own
my old s wakes
nac s there, John
nature cd not s hide
neither s, nor crying
never ate his bread in s
night of doubt and s
no grater s than to recall
no s in thy song
not a word of s
not be in s too?
not sure of s
now melt into s
parting is such sweet s
pure and complete s
regions of s, doleful shades
s resembles s only
shd water this s
shun the man of s
s shd cd blude or s fade
s sit by the fire-side with S
so beguile thy s
solitary s best bchits
some natural s
s and sighing shall flee
s and silence are strong
s breeds s
s dogging sin
s enough in the natural way
s for the lost Lenore
s like unto my s
s makes its way
s more beautiful than Beauty s
s never comes too late
s of the meanest thing
s proud to be exalted
s crown of s
s so royally in you appears
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s why dost borrow
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talus of a done
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thou s's heavenly
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s travail and heavy s
s trouble, s, need
s useless or hopeless s
s wear a golden s
s what s was, thou had'st't her know
s when in s, when in danger
s write s on the bosom of the earth
s you were thrall to s
Sorrowful he went away s
Sorrowing and swallowing both s
s toiling-rejoicing
Sorrows and carried our s
s as thy s flow
s costly in our s
s desire can make, or s breed
s enluts and swallows other s
s few s, however poignant
s for transient s
s here I and s sit
s it soothes his s
s losses are restored and s end
s san of s
s Man of s had a part
s my s are at an end
s my s have an end
s pity the s of a poor old man
s of my heart are enlarged
s of yr changing face
s when I come, thy come not single
Sorry death's self is s
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 he shall s for himself 529a
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 s for yourself, John 226b
 s, I'll go no further 331a
 s in French when you can't think 84a
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 s softly and carry a bag stuck 310a
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 strengthened with might by his
 S
 strength of thy s
 strike with our s's knife
 sweet S comfort me
 take not thy holy s from me
 the anointing S art
 th' enlightened s sees
 there's a wicked s
 they that are after the S
 things of the S
 this gray s yearning
 tho' at times her s sank
 thy s walks abroad
 to break a man's s
 to the s ditties of no tone
 unsphere the s of Plato
 voice did on my s fall
 voice my s can cheer
 with a joyful s I die
 with too much s to be at ease
 worse s a woman
 wounded s who can bear?
 yea, youth the S
 yet a s still
 young s' rest thee now!
 Spiriting do my s gently
 Spiritless degraded, s outcast!
 Spirit-like, eludes embrace
 Spirits actors were all s
 all s are enslaved
 angel s of sleep
 beauteous s do injure
 black s and white
 by our own s are we defied
 choice and master s
 come, you s that tend
 drooping s can rise
 flat unaroused s
 glorious s shine!
 Heaven with S masculine
 her wanton s look out
 inland petty s muster me
 violate pure s
 jump with common s
 maketh his angels s
 no revenue but thy good s
 our s, there are
 our s rushed together
 pluck up thy s, man
 ruffle up yr s
 rule our s from their urns
 seven other s more wicked
 she looked the s up and down
 s are not finely touched
 s can either sex assume
 s from the vasty deep
 s of just men made perfect
 s of those who were homing
 s passing thro' the streets
 s that know all consequences
 stories from the land of s
 thou s are in Heaven!
 unhappy s that fell
 weak ships and s steer
 we have the civil s too
 wh like two s do suggest me
 wonders at our quaint s
 Spiritual Germany was my s home
 s is stronger than material
 Spirituality about the face
 Spit my friend may s
 s on all things far
 s upon him, whilst I say he lies
 Spite I do to the world
 it were only to s them
 slander and the s
 Splash! splash! along the sea
 Splashing and paddling
 Splishen excite yr languid s
 in a s, unfaded both heaven
 so much Mirth and S
 Spleenly Lutheran
 Splendid s S Shilling
 load of s care
 s and a happy land
 s isolation
 s with swords

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splendid s and serene
 Splendour faded s wan
 guilty s
 its s, soon or late, will pierce
 more-than-oriental-s
 not in lone s
 over the s and speed
 pavilioned in s
 silvery s pant with bliss
 s among shadows
 s falls on castle walls
 s in the grass
 s of its prime
 stung by the s
 sun in his first s
 s are children of s
 Splendours, and Glooms
 splenitive tho' I am not s
 Splendid in the humdrum way
 Split Gaud won't s on a pal
 see did s
 s her in twain
 to make all s
 tongue shall be s
 Splend at the unwedgeable
 Spohr and Beethoven
 Spoil come and s the fun
 company, hath been the s of me
 household divided the s
 sign'd in thy s
 when they divide the s
 Spoiled the Egyptians
 Spoilers hands of the s
 s of the symmetry
 Spoils s that his own hand spread
 s the rod
 s the singing of the nightingale
 s were fairly sold
 stratagems and s
 Spoke all that's s is marred
 checked him while he s
 deny what I have s
 he s, and loos'd our hearts
 proud word you never s
 put a s among yr wheels
 sh s and panted
 s in her checks
 s what she shd not
 while he pleading s
 Spoken glorious things of thee are s
 Lord hath not s by me
 not live s
 speak when you're s to
 that never have s yet
 Sponge married to a s
 Sponty April
 Sponsors mountains are our s
 Spoon dish ran after the s
 runcible s
 worth a silver s
 Spoons let us count our s
 we counted our s
 we guard our s
 s of love silver s
 world locks up its s
 Sport all the s is stale
 animals never kill for s
 C us bleed in s
 d tested s
 sh s for love
 s for our neighbours
 S that wrinkled Crc dendes
 s, to the wild ocean
 s with Amaryllis in the shade
 to wd be as tedious
 untung s the s of kings
 Sported on the green
 Sporting mates were idly s
 Sports Christmas brought his s
 excel in athletic s
 joy of youthful s
 play her cruel s
 s of love
 Sportsman wot doesn't kick his wife
 Sports let S tremble
 Spot angry s doth glow
 for each one s shall prove
 out, damned s! out, I say!
 reach the S where I made one
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stir of this dim s
 there is s in thee
 tip me the black s
 with a s I damn him
 Spots gold coats s you see
 leopard his s
 s and clouds in the sun
 s in yr fear of charity
 s quadrangular
 Spousal bird of night sung s
 Spouse dear Christ, thy s
 John Gilpin's s said
 my sister, my s
 s of the worm
 Sprat Jack S
 Sprawled thro' the ooze
 Spray champ chaic toss in the s
 cower'n on the s
 never a s of yew
 snake slapt under a s
 th the bird clung to
 that on you bloomy s
 twirling a withered s
 Spread butter's s too thick
 masters, s yourselves
 money not good except s
 Spreading s chestnut-tree
 s of the hideous town
 Sprng of bays in fifty years
 Sprightly first s running
 sprng-muslin dress
 Sprng and id s to her
 apparell'd like the s
 a s of light
 been absent in the s
 blossom the s begins
 blue sky of s
 can S be far behind?
 chilly finger'd s
 clear s, or shady grove
 come, gentle S I
 cuckoo, messenger of s
 drunk deep of the Pictian s
 ever-returning s
 falsehoods, S, S
 firewell! thou latter s
 flowers that bloom in the s, tra la
 floures ginnen for to s
 found in the s to follow
 fresh s, and summer
 fresh s the herald of love's
 gay s leaping cometh
 has no second s
 haunted s and dle
 have as short a s
 heart be full of the s
 hounds of s
 how this s of love resembleth
 image of thine eyes in any s
 in the Fire of S
 in the S a young man's fancy
 I thought 'twas the s
 lap of the new comers
 lead the Surrey s again
 linnet courting his lady in the s
 lived light in the s
 made a lasting s
 meadow-gale of s
 melted into
 midsummer's s
 murmurs of the S
 nac second s
 nightingale, all s thro'
 no s, nor Summer beauty
 now s restores the balmy days
 O, baby s
 one master-s controll'd them all
 our sister the s
 pilgrim steps of s
 rifle all the breathing S
 sistr of the s shall blow
 s in the face a dream of S I
 S a livelier iris changes
 s and fusion of the year
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Sprites one of s and goblins	373a	s where every man must play	352b	Standfast Mr S	54b
sweet s, the burden bear	367a	the s's jewel	215a	Standing keep you s at that door	311a
Sprouting dependently	145a	this great s of fools	341b	s for some false shore	8b
Sprush cock it fu' s	193b	unperfect actor on the s	387a	s is slippery	14b
Spur these out of my mouth	532a	well-trod anion	269a	Standeth she s where it did?	352a
Spun my last tunic s	132a	we've still our s	44b	sturdy and staunch he s	131a
Spur danger s of all great munds	87b	wonder of our s!	215b	what s if Freedom fall?	229a
fame is the s	269b	Stage-coach follies faster than a s	170b	Stanhope's pencil writ	477b
I have no s to prick	347a	Stagers heard old cunning s	65b	Stanley approbation from Sir	
Spurgeon haberdasher to Mr S	67a	Stages his s may have been	399b	Hubert S	284b
Spurn not the nobly born	103b	Stagger like a drunken man	488b	here S meets, how S scorns	252b
Spurned me such a day	358b	Stagure staggered that stout S	349a	on, S one!	318b
Spurred Doeg s boldly on	132b	Stagnated seem well-nigh s	311b	[S] Rupert of discussion	128a
Spurs boy win his s	143b	Stagyrates planets, filled with S	282b	Stanza who puns a s	303a
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s too fast betumes	374b	offered free from s	252b	Star a bright particular s	322a
Spurt of a lighted match	48b	saw, with many a s	114a	against the morning s	394a
Spy all will s in thy face	132b	s in thine honour	521a	bid haste the evening s	92b
s to out the land	494a	suns of the world may s	387b	bright and morning s	520b
Squad let the awkward s	63b	without fault or s on thee	37a	bright morning s	270a
Squadron 'arf a s swimmin'	229a	world's slow s	392b	bright Occidental S	492a
Squamous, omnipotent, and kind	39b	Stained the water clear	32b	bright s, wd I were steadfast	220b
Square broke a British s	229a	Stains s and splendid dyes	221b	came forth to rebelhold each s	566b
circles can never make a s	310a	such a there	241a	catching s	256b
given a s clear	436a	Stair build a gorgeous s	208b	constant as the northern s	339a
grows a glimmering s	436a	going up another's s	567a	curb a runaway young s	74b
I have not kept the s	323b	led her up the s	230a	day-s arise in yr hearts	518a
meet you on the s	239a	rising by a winding s	14b	desire of the moth for the s	399b
s, and above the board	178a	Staircase wit	562b	dim soul of a s	423b
s with Ceneas again	45a	Stairs up s, down s	534b	evening s, love's harbinger	266a
Squares about the flowering s	431a	Stake deep s they have	324a	every wandering s	206a
Squash s is before 'tis a peacock	370a	have tied me to a s	351a	eve's one s	218a
this s, this gentleman	373a	head upon a s	280b	fair as a s, when only one	470b
Squat like a toad	274b	I am tid to the s	343a	first s shivers	154b
Squeak naturally as pigs s	64b	s in the country	573b	flowed right for the Polar S	8a
s and gibber	320b	still hae a s	59a	found the new Messiah by the s	140b
Squeaking of the wry-necked fife	320b	thumbeacrow and the s	359b	glittering like the morning s	426a
[Squeers] had but one eye	124b	we are at the s	330a	grappling with his evil s	430b
Squeeze a right-hand foot	85b	Stale how weary, s, flat	328b	great s early drooped	458b
Squeezing with you in the s of a		poor I am s	179b	hutch yr wagon to a s	148b
lemon	171a	Stalk half asleep as they s	475a	infect to the north s	358a
Squinch-owl say ter der s	181b	He hangeth on a s	328b	inquisitiveness of each s	443a
Squire s and his relations	121b	Stalked off reluctant s	328b	knock at a s	189a
s seemed struck in the saddle	93a	Stalking-horse folly like a s	217b	light of the morning s	31a
Squires gallant s of Kent	252b	Stalking yr Uncle S	380b	lights the evening s	76a
last sad s	93a	Stamford bullocks at S fair	432b	like a sinking s	438b
nine and twenty s of name	316b	by S town	186b	lit by one large s	263b
Squirrel joier s	364b	Stamp Christ's s to boot	85b	loftiest s of unascended heaven	397b
mountain and the s	146b	penny-postage-s	117b	most s under whose influence	329b
Stab my spirit broad awake	415a	s of his lowly origin			

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Star (cont.)

Moon, with one bright s
morning s of song
named a s
never s was lost here
O eastern s l
one s differeth from another s
our life's s
particular bateous s
ran against a shooting s
reflex of a s
running stream, O morning s
seen his s in the east
some fostering s
splendid, a s l
s for every state
s-inwrought
s is called Wormwood
s-like sparkle in their skies
s nor sun shall waken
s of my fate hath declined
s of peace return
s or two beside
s, that once had shone
s to every wandering bark
s to guide the humble
s to steer her till the
s, with lessening ray
s-y-pointing pyramid
sunset and evening s
take away that s and garter
takes the s's height
there s is a world
there was a s danced
thy soul was like a s
to the charge of a s l
troubling of a s
twinkle, twinkle, little s
unfolding s curls up shepherd
vague unpunctual s
youngest-teemed s
zenith like a falling s
Star-captains glow
Star-Chamber matter of it
Star-made Quintilian s
on the ground I see thee s
sury British s
time to stand and s
Stared I s into the sky
s, with his foot on the prey
Staring and looking upon me
Star Molly S's a widow
Star-led wizard s
Starlight by the s, naming
River floated into the frosty s
s and by candlelight
there was nae s
Star-like from s eyes doth seek
Starry this s stranger
where are those s woods?
Stars all the s looked down
amid a crowd of s
and calculate the s
and one the s
and she forgot the s
ask of the s in motion
asks of God, but of her s
as s look on the sea
baths of all the western s
beauty of a thousand s
between me and the s
blesses his s thanks it luxury
blue sky belongs to [s]
bright, patient s
certain s shot madly
close up the s
continuous as the s
s crowned with the s
s crown of twelve s
cut him out in little s
Danaë to the s
doubt thou the s are fire
eyes were blind with s
falling s are shooting
far beyond the s
fault s is not in our s
fleet of s is anchored
for mounting to the s
glows in the s
he made the s also

Stars (cont.)

in his right hand seven s
in the shining of the s
kinship with the s
look at the s l
morning s sang together
moves the sun and the other s
new-bathed s
night with her train of s
opposition of the s
peaks but to the s are known
praise Him, all ye s and light
preserve the s from wrong
rsen s and the fallen
sentinel s set their watch
shalt thou scale the s
shine aloft like s
silent s go by
some of us are looking at the s
s and sunbeams know
s and the winds are unto her
S are setting and the Caravan
s be blown about the sky
s before him from the Field
s began to blink
s came out far over
s, come out, all the night-wind
s hide their diminished heads
s in her hair were seven
s in their calm
s in their courses
s in their stations set
s move still, time runs
s of heaven fall
s of midnight shall be dear
s of the summer night
s of twilight far
s on Campden Hill
s peep behind her
s rush out
s t'unn-halls
s that have a different birth
s, th in earth's firmament
s that round her burn
s the glory of His eyes
s the sword down their spears
s to set
s, wh thou hast ordained
s without a name
Stone that puts the S
streams full of s
strives to touch the s
sun, moon, and s brother
Syrian s look down
tellecth thc number of the s
the s came otherwise
two s keep not their motion
under the passing s
wandering s, to whom s reserved
when s are in the quiet skies
with her splendid s
with s to see
ye quenchless s l
yoke of inauspicious s
Star-seared Guests S
Star-shine at night
Star-showers dissolved in s
Star-spangled banner
Start cannot once s me
s at its home
s ne so wildly
s of the majestic world
straining upon the s
will s from her slumber
wd s and tremble
Started she s one day
s like a guilty thing
Startled under a broken bow
Startle s or amaze it with itself
these thoughts may s
wh makes thee s at me
Startles at destruction
Starts up he s discovered
Starve, hinders our coming you'll s
let not poor Nelly s
s at door
sweat, fool, or s
that s with nothing
to s abroad
Starved saw their s lips
s, feasted, despaird

State

all were for the s
Argyll, the s's whole thunder
Atlas of the s
between my outcast s
burden on the reeling s
confession of his true s
done the s some service
eruption to our s
falling, was a falling S
first duty of S
founding a firm s
free church in a free s
from thy s mine never parted
gambler by the s licensed
glories of our blood s
grant me, Heaven, a middle s
great men landmarks in the s
health of the whole s
healthy s of political life
his s empties itself
I am the S
in a s of wild alarm
in that s I came, return
in the youth of a s
labours of a servile s
last s of that man
mock me far with idle s
my angle s of man
my s depose
my s, like to the lark
no assistant for a s
nothing doth more hurt in a s
obscure sequestered s
O Ship of S l
our s cannot be sever'd
palmy s of Rome
predicts the ruin of the S
quit thy s
rush into the s
scorning his s
seek no happier s
S for every Star
s in wonted manner keep
S's mellow forms prefer
S's pattern man
S wh warfs its men
s without means of change
Sun begins his s
the s of man
this is the s of man
thy s is the more gracious
to run to rule the s
traced the s
whole s of Christ's Church
with the storms of s
world of pomp and s
yet my s is well
Stately grow great and s
rather tall and s
she is tall and s
s homes of England
Statements was interesting
States indestructible s
s in s unborn
man s s
no more slave S
small s, Israel, Athens
s can be saved without it
s, like men, have their growth
Union of these S
Statesman, chemist, fiddler, s
one s of the present day
s if ridden in omnibuses
s, yet friend to truth
too nice for a s
Statesmen s at her council
S betray their friends
Staton gave me a private s
Statons know our proper s
Statistical Christ
Statua base of Pompey's s
statue hang him up and erect a s.
lips met with under the s
Statue of Newton
Statues sepulchral s lay
s on the terraces
towers and tombs and s
Statue add one cubit unto his s
of a tall s
s of my soul
to s of the gods

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fling but a s	175b	that honourable s	361a	s shall the good man teach	383a
for a s of stumbling	501b	the end then s	83b	tell me the old, old s	179a
give him a white s	518b	time must have a s	379a	that is another s	237b
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hurt not thy foot against a s	487b	nor s till where he had got up	109a	to tell my s	337a
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s the twenty-first	45b	oft amid thy s	221b	seven, eight, lay them s	512a
s where Alexander's ashes lay	18b	spread her wholesome s	168a	s shall be absolutely s	456b
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that ligs under a s	534a	Storehouse s for the glory of the		street wh is called s	512a
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under this s, Reader	149a	s windows richly dight	268b	of thy happy s	398b
untroubled heart of s	77a	Stones believe of my own s	203b	she loved the Dorian s	8b
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without gout or s	299b	s to rede	19a	that s I heard	269b
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Stones age in piled s	241b	with dismal s	54b	yon's s, hard s	231b
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this is wondrous s	331b	smooth s in smoother numbers	300a	Lord is the s of my life	483b
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'tis s the mind snuff'd out	71b	still glides the s	461b	man by his great s	484a
too s, too restless	5b	s that flasheth white	431b	man's s to comfort	228a
truth is always s	72a	s we not run long	37a	my s, and thy redeemer	485b
'twas s, 'twas passing s	360a	sweetness in the s	430b	my s is as the s of ten	438a
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Stranger a wiful s	414a	the dark, the silent s	394b	O man, thy s endure	16b
I am a s with thee	444a	the s runs fast	282b	on wh all s depends	403a
I, s and afraid	200a	trailed in the cool s	8a	profane the God-given s	378a
I was a s	508a	vagabond flag upon the s	322b	promise of s and manhood	170a
on earth I am a s	61b	Streamers and s waving	277b	requiteth in his s	407b
s doth not intermeddle	498a	fan spread and s out	105a	somehow tell of yr own s	284a
s! 'cave 'arf a brick	535a	s waving in the wind	161a	so shall thy s be	404b
s filled the Stuarts' throne	316b	Streamers alone spring the great s	6b	s and nature made amends	311b
s hath thy bridle-rein	289a	as shadow s run dimpling	303a	by limping away disabled	388a
s here in Gloucestershire	375a	as a meander	289a	s, distance and length	108a
s in a strange land	493b	by those mysterious s	44b	s in what remains	466b
s pause and ask thyself	123b	civil laws but as s	13a	s is to sit still	502a
s s caste or creed	305a	fresh s ran by her	363a	s might endure for a span	420b
s that is within thy gates	480a	gilding pale s	387b	s setteth fast the mountains	486a
s to one of yr parents	11b	his crystalline s	396b	s then but labour and sorrow	487b
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to-morrow a s will say	147b	more pellucid s	467b	true s of guilty kings	49a
wheeling s	350b	sands dam his s	8a	try the soul's s on	45a
Strangers all the Athenians and s	512b	sitting by desolate s	291a	unbend yr noble s	348a
by s honoured	299a	spent the s	37a	vexed his immortal s	16a
careth for the s	490b	stilled oft water fairest	158a	Strengthen s such as do stand	479a
forgetful to entertain s	517a	s full of stars	118a	s thee out of Zion	482b
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we may be better s	327a	s o'erflow yr springs	260b	s ye the weak hands	502a
Strangest in did come the s figure	50a	their channels deeper wear	61b	s to whist one stands	311a
Strangled throat around, and s her	50a	s, whereupon ye learn	37a	Strengthened to be c with might	516b
Strangling than s in a string	108b	strength of the s	428a	Strengtheneth with his strength	301a
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Stratagems nets and s	187a	Street brawls disturb the s	30a	Stretch s forth thy mighty hand	200b
s, and spoils	355b	by jostling in the s	68b	s hum out longer	344a
Stratford atte Bowe scold of S	88b	car rattling o'er the stony s	247b	Stretched s like a promontory	421b
Straw find quarrel in a s	335b	clamour of the crowded s	59b	s out on the spoils	446b
lion shall eat s	501b	foot-path of a s	29b	Strew flowers to s thy way	187a
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s of wretched s	260b	harlot's cry from s to s	145a	s them in the air	280b
s wh way the wind is	321a	he at the end of the s	127a	Stricken I was a s deer	112a
tickled with a s	301a	if the s were time	445b	s at Waterloo	93a
Strawberries Dr Boteler said of s	67a	key of the s	176b	Strut death, as s in his arrest	337a
I saw good s	385a	lane, highway, or open s	244a	Strictly I now will serve more s	90a
only netting a s	299b	long unevenly s	12a	Strife a double s	17a
s at the mouth	13b	man in the s	85b	and void of s	140a
s grow in the sea	534a	mockers in the roaring s	520a	but I am worn with s	425a
Strawberry [Butler] said of the [S]	67a	ringing down the s	512a	dull and endless s	471b
like s wives	13b	sell them in the s	137a	forms of party s	431a
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Straws errors, like s	141a	s wh is called Straight			
of hairs, or s, or dirt	303a	trouble every s			

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Strife (cont)

for the sake of s
graver had a s
in the common s
let there be no s
life, in ceaseless s
man of s
none was worth my s
nor in the s we feel benumbed
or a double s
O s, O curse
party conquers in the s
phantoms an unprofitable s
serv'd for that f'lanic s
soul, revolving hopeless s
stern s, and carnage drear
s comes with manhood
s too humble
s with the palm
the s is o'er
waters of s
what is peace? is it s?
when the s is fierce

Strike Britons, s home

honour, while you s
if you s a child
I s it, and it hurts
she will s and sink
s et when yr power's low
s it out
s thy bosom, sedge
themselves must s the blow
thou s not awry
yet afraid to s

Strikes how it s a Contemporary

s him dead for thine and thee
s where it doth love
String end of a golden s

String end of a golden s

harp not on that s
little bits of s
one long yellow s
sing in a hempen s
strangling in a s
untune that s

Strings her sighs the s do break

I had two to s my bow
instrument of ten s
languid s do scarcely move
revivis the leaden s
there are s in the human heart

Stripe for stripe

Stripes beaten with few s
cut 'is a away
forty s save one
things worthy of s
with his s we are healed

Stripling crossing the s Thames

nor spear the s took
Stripped when two are s
Strive shd s afresh against the foe

s, and hold cheap the strain
s nor weep
s officiously to keep alive
to s, to seek

Striving to better, oft we mar

Strode after me

Stroke none so fast as

no second s intend
past the tyrant's s
some distressful s
s most dolorous
tune of flutes kept s

Strokes amorous of their s

little s fell great oaks
Stroking me gently with the other
Stroll alone through fields

Strong be s and of a good courage

but s in wall
cruel he looks, but calm and s
faithful, s as death

Strife for strife

heavens are fresh and s
I again am s
most exquisite and s
O constancy! be s
quit you like men, be s
still going s

Strife against tide, th' whale

s came forth sweetness
s for service still

Strong (cont)

s in pursuit the rapid glede
s in the horse upon his speed
s is the Soul
s men shall bow themselves
s the gier-eagle
s the tall ostrich
s thro' the turbulent profound
s without rage
to keep the s in awe
to suffer and be s
victory is not a name s enough
wants that little s
we then that arc s
Stronger s with weakness
no s than my sex
s than the hosts of error
Strongest Cob was the s
wine is the s
Stronghold safe s our God is still
turn ye to the s
Strook so s with dread
Strove a little still she s
I s, made head
I s with none
Struck he s the top-mast
I s the bow
s him and dismiss'd
s so to the soul
Struggle alarms of s and flight
sacrifice in a contemptible s
say not, the s naught availth
s for existence
what s to escape?
Struggles and howls at fits
Struggling in vain with ruthless
destiny

Strumpet half some sturdy s

into a s's fool
most true s is a s
Strumped virtue rudely s
Strung with subtle-coloured hair
Strunt but ye s rarely
Struts s and frets his hour
s his dames before
Stuart's stranger filled the S' throne
went out with the S
Stubble base built on s
showed lik a s-land
sparks among the s
Stubborn matters of fact s things
s spearmen still made good
the s they chastise
too s and too strange
Stubbornness impious s
Stubbs footman to Justinian S
s butters Freeman
Struck like a s pig
stud out under the S
Studied more than I have s
rather s books than men
s men from my close
s with me at the U—

Studies arc of delightful s

he s in my
s serve for delight
too much time in s
Studious s let me sit
s of laborious ease
Study his s of imagination
I am slow of s
labour and intent s
live to s, and not s to live
much s is a weariness
my only s, is man
proper s of mankind
s a long silence
s evermore is overshot
s first propriety
s is like the heaven's sun
s made him very lean
s to be quiet
s was but ltel on the bible
s what you most affect
that did nothing s
the Fields his s
thy testimonies are my s
Studying s all the summer night
s how I may compare
Stuff bosom of that perilous s
listen all day to such s

Stuff (cont)

made of sterner s
of s so fat and dull
see the s again
skumble-akamble s
so precious as the s they sell
s o' the conscience
such s in my thoughts
such volubility s
we are such s
what s 'tis made of
Stuffed s with epithets of war
we are the s men
Stuffs out his vacant garments
Stumble brother! do not s
s that run fast
Stump stir it and s it
Stumps fought upon his s
Stung some bee had s it
Stunned one that hath been s
Stupid when a man is ashamed
Stupidity man's immense s
no sin except s
such an excess of s
with s the gods
Sty no better than a s
Stygian S can forlorn
S smother of the pit
ye S set
Style do it in a high s
grand s arises in poetry
his own towering s
how the s refines
in so strange a s
Johnson's s was grand
just the proper s
nothing to assert has no s
Pope eye on his s
s is the man
theirs for their s I'll read
true definition of s
Styles two distinct s requisite
Subdue chasten and s
he shall s the people
that must s at length
Subdued my nature is s
parties mainly are s
Subject duty s owes the prince
every s's duty is the king's
grant the artist his s
puny s strikes
spare the poet for his s's sake
my s heroic song
s made to yr hand
s of all verse
s to his birth
s we old men of lying!
unlike my s will I frame
what it is to be a s
with itself, but with its s
Subjection wh implied s
Subjects but show to s
greatness on her s' love
good of s is the end of kings
kings seek their s' good
my s for a pair of saints
paid his s with a royal wage
s are rebels from principle
s still to the Government
were their s wise
Sublime boundless, endless and s
egotistical s
knows the s
how how s a thing
my object all s
never tender nor s
step is short from the S
and the ridiculous
s dashed to pieces
s to the ridiculous
Sublimity possible s
Sublunary dull s lovers'
Sublimation make s to our King
yielded with coy
Submit must he s?
never to s or yield
we s to women so
wives, s yourselves
Submits his neck second yoke
Subscribe collects, tho' it does not s
Subscribers any list of s

340a
336a
186a
378a
154a
359b
332b
243b
357b
352b
359b
145a
374a
258b
356b
166b
391b
416a
100a
390a
45b
460a
207b
569b
124b
268b
204a
33a
11a
10a
94a
300b
300a
103b
310a
390b
10a
561b
387b
418a
139a
472a
484b
301a
389a
387b
367a
382b
204b
375a
107b
48a
42b
330b
380b
91a
145a
222a
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113b
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118b
189b
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 s dies the swan 418a
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 S with its usual severity thick-warbled notes the s long 277a
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 clear as the s 500b
 close to the s 426b
 comes to the air, and skies countenance was as the s 518b
 countst the steps of the S 32a
 crimson s went down 136a
 dewdrop from the sun 461b
 doubt thou the sun doth move 332a
 drum-bats following the s 454a
 dry s, dry wind 446b
 ere the s was set 447a
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 every morning the red s 3a
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Sun (cont.)

follow and find the s
follow thy fair s
gallant will command the s
glorious s he born
glorious s upst
glorious the s in mid-career
goblin of the s
God-curst s
God Himself is moon and s
great s begins his state
guilty of our disasters the s
had not the grea t s s c n
hath Britun all the s
headland, he beheld the s
heat of the s
he maketh his s to rise
hull, the s shims sweetly on
hold to the s my little taper
hooting at the glorious s
I am too much i' the s
insultin' the s
Joluit is the s
just as the s was rising
knies erupt out to feel the s
kiss of the s for pardon
labour he tsketh under the s
like-reflected s
lamp of Heaven, the s
lanus beneath another s
largess universal like the s
leave the blessed s
let not the s go down
let them not see the s
light a candle to the s
linden, when the s was low
livery of the burnished s
loss of the s
loves to live i' the s
marigold bed w' the s
midnight speak with the S
More's hills the setting s
most sheene is the s
my s sets to rise again
never assisted the s
never did s more beautifully
new thing under the s
no need of the s
nor s shall waken
no s — no moon!
nothing like the s
not quickened by the s
o'er thee the s doth pine
on wh the s never gets
owes no homage to the s
plants the setting s
plants wh never saw the s
quiet as the s
rest the s goes round
rime-ringed s
round the setting s
s vices a description of the s
scarce ed see the s
sca-daisies flast on the s
self-same s that shines
set a candle in the s
shall the s light on them
shall the S of righteousness arise
shoots at the midday s
side that's next the s
smitten with the morning S
somewhere the s is shining
splendid silent s
spots and clouds in the s
study is like the heaven's s
s and moon of the heart's desire
s and moon, rejoice
s and Moon shd doubt
s and stars to play with
s and the rain are flying
s and the south
s arisht, and they get them away
s come dazzling thro'
S came up upon the left
s climb slow
s feels like May
s had risen to hear him
s has left the lea
s has not attr'd wh the moon
s himself a fair hot wench
S himself cannot forget

Sun (cont.)

422b s himself must die
78a s, imagine me the west!
306b s in dim eclipse
223b s in the lap of Thetis
98b s is laid to sleep
403a s is mount'd
312b s itself is but the dark simulacrum
180a s knoweth his going down
415a s looked over the mountain's rim
308b s, moon, and stars, brother
342a s of Austerlitz
36b s of heaven prove a micher
328b s of my soul
404a s of York
329a s shall not burn thee
595a s shims always there
529a s 's rim dips
71b s, stand thou still
100b s that warms you here
329b s thro' the mirk
289b s to me is dark
305a s upon the upland lawn
523a s was flecked with bars
43a s was laughing sweetly
177b s was shining on the sea
409a s went down stars came out
397a s, who scattered into flight
190b s will be dimmed
443b s, with ardent frown
382b swear to a touch of s
414b swartheart of the s
485b sweet tale of the s
401a that s, thine eye
76b the bloody S, at noon
353a the maturing s
91a there to s itself
326a the rising of the s
171a the s, or the light not regulated
447b the sun, the sun
70a till the s grows cold
242b time this s is set
48b tired the s with talking
444a to have enjoyed the s
472b to-morrow let my s display
409a to myself in Huncamunca's
594a to the garish s
422a under the midday s
195a up roost the s
389a up rose the s
464a was sitting in the s
37b west as the s went down
285b when soft was the s
42a when the s in bed
224a when the s rises, do you not see
49b when the s sets, shadows
421a when the s set where, werc they?
449a window where the s came
211b wind up the s and moon
467a with the dying s
400a with the s to match
311b woman clothed with the s
424a yet the early rising s
373b Sunbeams bathe in the fresh s
519a mores in the s
504b s in a winter's day
401b s quickened thee, O man
416a Sunbeams stars and s know
436a s lifted higher
181b s o'er a bed of cucumbers
457a winds and s
64a Sunburn'd sicklemen
Sunday buried on S
Christ's S at morn
killing of a mouse on S
of a S morning
300a on S heaven's gate
see me on S
that calm S that goes on
Sundays begin a journey on S
Pulpits and S
S of man's life
Sundered up in the night
Sunderdown splendid and serene
Sunflower as the s turns
S I weary of time
where my S wishes to go
Sung I've only s it once
some are s

Sung (cont.)

77a s from noon to noon
176a Sun-girt city
272a Sunium on S's height
65b S's marbled steep
214b Sunk all s beneath the wave
200a in the flat sea s
41a some were s
488b s tho' he be
495b that s so low
34a Sunless down to a s sea
504b Sunlight as moonlight unto s
377b s and the sword
224a s clasps the earth
384b s drinketh dew
489b Summer side of doubt
294 Sunny S Jim
99a sat on a bank
204 that s dome
374b Sunrise desecrated at s prow
116b like s from the sea
277b lives in Eternity's s
174b seen their s pass
98b s blooms and withers
475a s in towns and country
415a that august s
417b Suns be where, s are not
152a blist by s of home
18a branding summer s avil
16a fore more s shall set
230b light of setting s
105b million million of s
377b other planets circle other s
482b process of the s
113b s and universes ceased
387b s may set and rise
221b s of the world may stain
470a s, that set, may rise
520a we are what s make us
426a Sunset as after s fadeth
490b sail beyond the s
475a s and evening star
425a s divides the sky
417b s embers
106b s ran, one glorious blood-red
107a there's a s-touch
157a 'tis the s of life
366a turns to s
267a Sunsets exquisitely dying
89a Sunset-seas continents of the s
141a Sunshine breezes and the s
400a by intercepting the s
242b from s to the sunless land
270b lived more in the bro'd s of life
295b made a s in the shady place
270b on a s holiday
295b s is a glorious birth
244a thunder and the s
706 Sunshot palaces high
195a Sun-thaw smokes in the s
74b Sun-treader, life
34a Sup he swallows, s by s
45b let's s before we go
519a who sipped no s
180a Superb against the dawn
187a Supererogation Works of s
180a Superfluities s of mankind
143a we must have s
241a Superfluity barren s of words
7b s comes sooner
247b s of naughtiness
418a Superfluous in the poorest things s
393b so s to demand the time
367b s lags the veteran
532b s to point out this is war
524a Superflux of pain
35a Superior most s person
187a Superstition image and s
528b Supersede the last fashionable novel
154b Superstition s in avoiding s
418b religion remedy for s
187a species of s to another
187a the religion of feeble minds
431a the fabric of s
185a Superstitious end as s
281b Superstitious he is s grown
32a more s, more bigoted
32a ye are too s
424a Supped full with horrors
441a Supper eat a good s at night

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Sweet-and-twenty kiss me, s
Sweeten this little hand
Sweeteners best s of tea
Sweeter music s than their own
s also than honey
s no girl ever gave
s than the marriage feast
s thy voice
thereby be the s
Sweetest possibly s
Sweetheart dead man's s
I prithee, s, canst thou tell
past and gone, s
s of the sun
Tray, Blanche and S
Sweeting pretty s
Sweetly flows that liquefaction
Sweetmeats breaths with s
Sweetness as may, with s
every s that inspired
fold's the lily all her s up
linked s long drawn out
loathe the taste of s
out of the strong came forth s
pursuit of s and light
s in the sad
s in the stream
s, mercy, majesty
very s yieldeth proof
want words, and s
waste its s on the desert
wh are s and light
with s fills the breast
Sweet peas on tuptoe
Sweets all its s are gone
box where s compacted
discandy, melt their s
instead of s, his ample palate
necared s
stolen s are best
s and the butters of love
s into your list
s that you suck
s to the sweet
s with s war not
Thy s along with Thee
wildness of
Sweet-William with its cottage
swill
Swell are taught to s
green s is in the heavens
s at full of tide
s, bosom, with thy fragrance
s gluts twice ten thousand
Swelling green buds they were s
she's s a wisely
Swept empty, s, and garnished
s it for half a year
Swerving patent back again s s,
Swift be s to hear
dividing the s mind
love is s of foot
oh, be s, my soul
s Anaplasts throng
s as a shadow
S' expires a drier
s in all obedience
s things for swiftness
s to be hurried
s without violence
S, you will never be a poet
too s arrives as tardy
with s, slow
Swiftness O s never ceasing!
s did I sue
Swike ne s thu
Swimmer in the ocean s
Swine cast yrr pearls before s
gold in a s's snout
husks that the s did eat
Swing fellow's got to s
I don't want to s a cat
out of the s of the sea
s me suddenly into the shade
v'ice hed seel a s
Swinged the dragon
Swinges the scaly horror
Swinging s round the circle
s slow with sullen roar
Swings one the more s into place
his and that way s

Swings (cont)
we pull up on the s
Swung, hoofs of s s multitude
Swipes finish up yr s
s they take in
Swiss no money, no S
Switched his long tail
Switzerland inferior Scotland
Swiveller Deck S
Swim but said I cd not s
naughty night to s in
s to Thee, my Maker
Swimmer never a s shall cross
never, I ween, did s
some strong s
to be crossed by any s
Swims new planet s into his ken
s, or sinks, or wades
who s in sight
Swoop one full s
Swoop for my dear old Dutch
Sword, born of thee are s and fire
brave man with a s
broached on his s
die on mine own s
employment with the naked s
famous by my s
fleshly maiden s
flourishing with his s
gird on thy s, O man
hack thy s as thou hast done
[Hamden] first drew the s
he had a s upstairs
huds a s from hilts
his father's s
his good s rest
I bear my trusty s
is the s unswayed?
Justice to break her s
lift up s against nation
lightnings Thy s
many have fallen by the s
more splendid than the s
mouth went a sharp two-edged s
my soul from the s
my I give
nor the deputed s
not to send peace, but a s
oyster I with s will open
pen is worse than the s
put up thy s
sharp as a two-edged s
sharper than any two-edged s
since put up my s
s, a horse, a shield
s, glued to my scabbard
s he sung a song of death
s, nor yet a lute
s of an Angel King
s of Common Sense
s of Hazzel
s outwears its sheath
S sleep in my hand
s sung on the barren hearth
s that severs all
s upon thy thigh
s was in the sheath
s was servant unto right
S went out to sea
take away the s
the s, the mace
they that take the s
tongue a sharp s
took his vortal s
two-edged s in their hands
unsmote by the s
we shall never sheathe the s
whispered my s
with s of justice thee ruleth
with s -sway, and with lance s
with the edge of the s
Swords keep up yr bright s
lifting up their s
sheathed their s for lack
splendid with s
stout hearts and sharp s
s into ploughshares
s must have leaped
s shall play the orators
turns our s in our own
yet be they very s

Swords (cont)
your s, made rich
Swore, as s, quaffed, and s,
our armies s terribly
Sikes habitually s
s not at all
tongue not my soul that s
what to say, he s
Swore had I so s as you
I have and am purposed
I have s thee fair
Swosser Captain S
Swound noises in a s
Sybil contortions of the s
Sycamore nightingale in the s
sighing by s a tree
Syldean showers
Sydney, whom we yet admire
Syllable chase a panting s
s of recorded time
Syllables heroic s both ways
s jar with time
these equal s alone
Syllogisms hang not
Sylph only s I ever saw
Symbols huge cloudy s
s of Eternity
we are s, and inhabit s
Symmetry its s be as of thunder
thy fearful s
Sympathetic gunpowder
Sympathies vain s
Sympathize I deeply s
Sympathy by admiration, by s
in the primal s
souls s s with sounds
s in choice
the secret s
with our heartfelt s
wrought to s with hopes
Symphonies five sweet s
Symphony and song
Symplegades narrowing S
Synagogues chief seats in the s
Synre for auld lang
Synod hold s s in thy heart
S of Cocent s
Syrens song the S
Syrian in the lorn S town
S damsels to lament
the S stars look down
Syrinx Pan did after S speed
Syrinx's lucent s
Syrups drowsy s of Arabia
Syrtas and soft Sicily
System educated by s
energies of our s will decay
I must Create a S
social s Prince's nails
s into s runs
while they oppose every s
Systems atoms or s into run
our little s
wheeling s darken
T
T mark it with T
to a T, sir
Tabbies we're not as t are
Tabernacle dwell in thy t
Orient t
set a t for the sun
Table about my t to and fro
Alice looked all round the t
carpenter made you a bad t
crumbs wh fall from masters' t
general joy of the whole t
requires the repairs of the t
scraped one out of the t
set the t on a roar
shalt prepare s before me
sit still for once t
t of the Moveable t'starts
write it before them in a t
Table Bay horse and foot going to
T
Table-crums attract his feet
Table-lands the shining t

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Table Mountain reside at T
 Tables fleshy t of the heart
 lave. God, and serve t.
 make it plant upon t
 my t—meet it is I set it down
 ncar a thousand t pined
 not yr trad to make t
 'Tablits' quick, thy t, Memory!
 Tabor as to the t's sound
 Tac Latin for a candle
 'Tackle swill with the touches
 fadlow walks the streets
 'Tadpole I' and Taper
 when you were at t
 'Taffeta doublet of changeable t
 wench in flame-coloured t
 'Taffy comes I' dancing
 I was a Welshman
 I was not at home
 'Tair rag, merry derry
 Tail brother, thy t hangs down
 cast silt on a woman's t
 'Chittabob's t was the finest
 some she with a tithe-pig's t
 corking-pin stuck through his t
 counsel to the t
 cow with the iron t
 durst not touch her t
 has a numble t
 her t came out
 he wagged his t, and wet his lip
 he with his t away
 his languid t above us
 hole where t came thro' 100b
 improve his shining t
 scaly horror of his folded t
 'snaatons of its' t
 such a little t behind
 switched his long t
 t must wag the rudder
 thur t the rudder
 thurby hangs a t
 thin mane, thick t
 trading on my t
 waving his wild t
 wh t she wags her
 wh was the head wh was the t
 'Talar he called the t low'n
 ninth part even of a t
 t make thy doublet
 'Talois four-and-twenty t
 rail, t, run or she'll kill you
 'Tale bring their t behind them
 holding their neighbours' t
 nasty long t
 t of both hung down
 t you lose
 'were stings in their t
 Tant but never t love
 'Take easy to t more than nothing
 from thee I did but t
 I believe, and t
 I can't t more
 I saw you t his kiss
 prays der Lord, t avnding
 shalt not t the Name of the Lord
 these thou shalt not t
 this cannot t her
 t and break us, we are yours
 t any heart, t mine
 t any shape but that
 t anything for granted
 t a suck at the lemon
 t heed therefore that the light
 t him for all in all
 t me to a brewery
 t me to you, imprison me
 t my counsel, happy man
 t my Muse and me
 t, O t those lips away
 t more tea
 t that, you found, and that
 t thee with her eyelids
 t of what this sweet hour yields
 t what thou wilt away
 they shd t, who have the power
 well, let it t them!
 ye shall t it patiently
 you mean you can't less
 Taken deny t use thoughtfully t
 I fear she will be t

182b
 515a
 512a
 504b
 331b
 405a
 407a
 7a
 466a
 151a
 323a
 149a
 129a
 404a
 371a
 376a
 232b
 512a
 532a
 290b
 244a
 65b
 20a
 364b
 19b
 250b
 515a
 534a
 216a
 19b
 192b
 90a
 475a
 408b
 82b
 270b
 17b
 25b
 100b
 228a
 119b
 361b
 386b
 81a
 217a
 216a
 361a
 80b
 171a
 514a
 514a
 532a
 211a
 20a
 401b
 115b
 519a
 363a
 83a
 442a
 145b
 81a
 203b
 349a
 480a
 423b
 416a
 185a
 166b
 304b
 128a
 19b
 509a
 330a
 523b
 131a
 103b
 215a
 352a
 83a
 175b
 408a
 304b
 112b
 470b
 152b
 517b
 81a
 70a
 531a

Taken (cont.)
 Lord hath t away
 not be t away from her
 one shall be t
 tho' much is t, much remains
 when t, to be well shaken
 'Takes' blesseth him that t
 like that it t away
 'Takung a'd done a-t o' mei?
 damnation of his t-off
 folks got t me for him
 in the t of it breathe
 t in one another's washing
 think, boy, of t a wife
 'Talbot Warwick and T
 'Tale and thereby hangs a t
 an over true t
 as it were a t that is told
 a t shd be judicious
 dark words begins my t
 debonair and gentle t
 doth the same t repeat
 every t condemns me
 fair t of a tub
 find a t in every thing
 her terrible t you can't assail
 I led t unaid
 interest to a twice-told t
 I say the t as 'twas said
 long preamble of a t
 many a t their music tells
 mere t of a tub
 my t of woe
 point n moral, or adorn a t
 sound unvarnished t deliver
 sad t's best for winter
 schoolboy's t wonder of an hour
 'shepherd tells his t
 sung or say his homely t
 sweet t of the sun
 t not too importunate
 t shall put you down
 told by an idiot
 t was undoubtedly true
 t wh holdeth children from play
 t, w, is strictly true
 tatline many a broken t
 tedious as a twice-told t
 tulle a t after a man
 tulle his t untrew
 thereby hangs a t
 to him my t teach
 tongue brings in a several t
 'Talent blest with each t
 his single t will employ'd
 I' does what it can
 t instantly recognizes genius
 t of the English nation
 that one t wh is death to hide
 'Talented I'm sure he s a t man
 'Talents if you have great t
 Tales fear increased with t
 our dreams are t
 poets that wrapt Truth in t
 seems to them as idle t
 t of love shall tell
 tcd old t, and laugh
 tell t of thee to Jove
 wild t to cheat thee
 'Talemnans books are t and spells
 Talk after-dinner t
 have him t withal
 but t of his horse
 by beginning to t
 Cabots t only to God
 difference of men's t
 fit time to t of Pensions
 have him t to me
 have out his t
 honest talk and wholesome wine
 hopes of high t
 I have no small t
 it would t Lord how it talk't
 leading one to t of a book
 leave the Wise to t
 let's t of graves
 loves to hear himself t
 made ignoble t
 my fireside with personal t
 night is crept upon our t
 no use to t to me

406b
 509a
 508a
 439a
 103a
 354b
 73b
 415a
 347a
 244b
 227b
 573b
 282a
 381a
 326a
 319a
 487b
 108a
 465a
 221a
 466a
 385a
 283b
 471a
 105a
 331a
 72b
 317a
 89b
 282a
 215b
 451a
 154b
 377a
 68a
 268b
 468a
 377b
 284a
 377b
 350b
 242a
 402a
 277a
 296b
 374a
 89a
 80a
 366b
 100b
 385a
 303a
 210b
 265a
 136a
 141b
 276b
 305a
 308b
 14a
 119a
 79a
 51b
 344a
 312b
 401b
 112b
 434b
 104a
 353a
 183a
 24a
 411b
 378a
 200b
 418b
 304b
 455a
 23b
 297a
 153a
 375b
 365b
 448b
 468b
 341a
 198b

Talk (cont.)
 Pelagius do vainly t.
 read not to find t
 Sailor-men shd t so very queer
 some little t awhile
 t about the rest of us
 t a little wild
 t, and none the intrigue crime
 t but a tinkling cymbal
 t him out of patience
 t six times with the same lady
 t so like a waiting-gentlewoman
 t was like a stream
 t with some old lover's ghost
 t with you, walk with you
 the mar they t
 the t shd north
 thy always t, who never think
 those who t most about mar-
 rage
 to t with many things
 we'll t with them too
 who t too much
 wished him to t on for ever
 winter t by the fireside
 'Talked believe they t of me
 'Coleridge t on
 Lord, how it t
 so much thy t
 t with us by the way
 thin t to him savorily
 worse than being t about
 Talkers most fluent t
 Talking foolish t nor resting
 I renchman must be always t
 he is t, or he is pursuing
 he will be t
 never mind her, go on t
 t about being a gentelman
 t and eloquence, not the same
 t of Mich'd Angelo
 t politics after dinner
 tired the sun with t
 you will still be t
 'Talking-machine red-tape T
 Talks t, and so very fast
 liked the way it t
 t about her hair
 Tall divinely t
 gallows neat and adequately t
 her stature t
 he s t man as any
 rather t and stately
 she is t and stately
 so t, he almost touched the sky
 t as Amazon
 t men had ever very empty heads
 were I so to reach the Pole
 'Taller by the breadth of my nail
 'Tallest of boys
 Tally score and the t
 Talmud all the fables in the T
 Tam but I was glorious
 'T kent what was what
 'T let's him like a brother
 'T I thou'll get thy turn
 Tamarisks noon behind the t
 Tambourine on her other knee
 Time be not too t
 glass, wh thou canst not t
 half-wild and wholly t
 who, ne'er so t, so cherish'd
 Tamed in one year t
 'Tamer of the human beast
 Tamtallan 'Time may gnaw T'
 Tanais flows the fringing I thro'
 Tane into unto the ether did say
 'Tang a tongue with a t
 'Tanner one Simon a t
 Taper a t to the outward room
 hold up to the sun my t
 hope the gleaming t's light
 'Tadpole and T'
 t of coarseness
 you t cheers the vile
 you saw the t burning
 Tapers hold their glimmering t
 lit her glimmering t
 priests, t, temples
 what is frequent in t wax
 Tapestry of a Turkey t

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Tar maiden and the t	166a	Tattle women have an entertain-		t times of hood and hoop	428a
Tara hangs as mute on T's walls	281a	ing t	91a	Tea-kettle always back to the t.	138a
harp that once thro' T's halls	281a	Tattlers also and busybodies	516b	Team is my t ploughing	109a
Taradiddles telling t	244b	Tattling many a broken tale	206b	t of little amities	304b
Taratara, taratara	166b	Tattycorran	123a	Tear all he had, a t	174b
'La-ra-ra-boom-de-ay	316a	and t in her eye	38b	and t comes in my ee	59a
Lar-baby he call a T	181b	they all've t me	282a	claims the homage of a t	68a
T ain't sying nuthin'	181b	he t, but first he folwed	88b	charm thee to a t	461b
Tur-barrel black as a t	84a	he t us little	6b	dropped a t into the Queen's ear	20a
Tare each other in their slum	430b	in them is plainest t	277a	dropp'd the bryne t	88a
Tarses clasping t, clung round	114a	mind what I am t	425a	drop upon Fox's grave the t	317b
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weeds and t of mine own brain	41b	say, I t thee	386a	every t, from every eye	29b
Tarn the dark t dry	119b	t by the Power that pites	169a	every wee a t can claim	72b
Tarnish late on Wnlock Edge	109b	t them as one having authority	506a	fallen a splendid t	434a
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Tarried have I not t?	368b	choicer than the Mermaid T	219a	Guy de Vere, had thou no t	298a
Tarty boatman, do not t!	77a	creating couplets in a t hall	72a	here did she fall a t	375b
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t till they push us	541b	Taverns he knew the t wel	88b	Recording Angel dropped a t	412a
why t the wheels of his chariot?	405a	t while the tempest hurled	109b	repressed the starting t	211b
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Tarrying make no long t	484b	Tawny Nightingale the t-throated	7a	t duly shed	103a
Tarshish howl, ye ships of T	502a	Tax Pexise a hateful t	212b	t blinded his e'e	526b
Tarsus statly ship of T	277b	to t and to please	55a	t him tattered ensign down!	104a
Tartan beneath the t plud	12a	Taxation and representation	305a	t him for his bad verses	340b
Tartarly so savage and T	73a	Taxed all the world shd he t	508b	t is an intellectual thing	30b
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he stole the t	532b	t horse, with a t bridle	405a	t was in his eye	252b
he stole those t	83b	Taxes all t fall upon agriculture	162a	t whisper with a little address	111a
[Tar water] chit but not inebriate	281a	as true t	124a	the sympathetic t	174a
Task all her t to be sweet	452a	except death and t	15b	the unanswerable t	70a
but one t for all	229a	people overlaid with t	405a	think to shed a t	386a
delightful t!	443b	t on everything on earth	230b	toning of a t	189a
good never will be our t	217a	whoever pays the t	201b	weep with thee, t for t	281b
great t of happiness	475a	Tay some'll swallow t	237a	Tear-drops no t	134a
labourer's t, o'er	115b	t is not my diversion	237a	Tears and the t of it are wet	323b
long day, t is done	124b	lyloll Shakespeare of divines	141a	baptized in t	242a
noivning sets some t begin	249a	I C in a Prospect of flowers	261a	beguile her of her t	360a
my t accomplished	185a	Tea coffee, t, chocolate	4b	big round t run down	443b
sets love a t like that	202a	counsel take—and sometimes t.	302b	bitter t to shed	106a
t for all that a man has	412a	dinner, lunch, and t	26a	death of sweet t	474b
thy worldly t best done	320a	honey will for t	56b	broomsticks and all my life!	474b
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command him t	362b	t without a stratagem	476b	drew iron t down Pluto's cheek	268b
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Taste all aspires to the t	282b	each and gladly t	88b	drop t, as fast as the Arabian	364a
always had a t for damning	110a	I can easer t twenty	353a	drop the stage with t	333a
but t a little honey	195a	let such t others who excel	300a	eyes and t be the same things	260b
common sense and good t	353b	mine to t me	63b	far too freely moved to t	26a
he had a kind of t	166a	oh me yet somewhat	438a	fills the eyes with falling t	307a
her t c'xiet	553b	she doth t the torches	365a	flow with t of gold	376a
judge of t	50b	still pleased to t	306b	fountain of sweet t	31a
let me t the whole of it	532b	t him how to tell my story	360a	full of t am I	371a
let me t yr verse	270b	t me at once, and learn	299b	gave me up to t	383a
mortal t brought death	484a	t me how a beggar be answer'd	305a	greatness of the world in t	476a
O t, and see, how gracious	449b	t me, my God and King	188a	had t for all souls in trouble	258a
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t my Anno Domini	516a	t me to live, that I may dread	224b	her t fell with the dew	433b
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t not when wine cup glisters	332b	t them how the mind of man	470a	I heard her t	311b
t yr legs, sir	371b	t the orphan-boy	431b	in t amid the alien corn	220a
terrible t for tripping	161b	t thy necessity to reason	374b	in the mist of t I hid from Him	441b
they never t who always drink	306a	t us to bear the yoke	228a	keep time with my salt t	214b
things sweet to t	774b	t you more of man	471b	kiss again with t	436a
tho' t, tho' genius bless	103a	let t woe another's t	320a	like Niobe, all t	330a
to the barrel	62b	what you t them first	207b	like summer tempest came her t	416b
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wh th' offended t rejected	276b	let Nature be yr t	471b	melted into t for thee	225a
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 no arithmetic but t 225a
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 sink 'at in thine own t 119a
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 source it carefully with t 157a
 t and laughter for all time! 44a
 t and smiles like us He knew t from the depth 43b
 t, idle t 436a
 t live in an onion 322b
 t no bitterness 251b
 t of the sky 61a
 t shall drown the wind 347a
 t that overflow thy urn 241a
 t, their little triumphs o'er T' wash out a Word of it 175a
 that sow in t shall reap in joy 153b
 the big round t cours'd 486b
 therefore I forbid my t 325b
 the smiles of joy, the t of woe those seeing t 282b
 tho' t no longer flow 260b
 time with a gift of t 38b
 tired of t and laughter 420b
 too deep for t 422a
 to remember with t 467a
 to these crocodile's t add sobs 4a
 votive t and symbol flower, 64b
 watered Heaven with their t 394a
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 wipe all t from their eyes 452a
 wipe away all t 519b
 with the bread of t 487a
 Teas treat housemaids to his t 93b
 Tease t us out of thought 219b
 thus t me together 160a
 Teases because knows it t 58b
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 t as a king 359a
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 t me the old, old story 170a
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 some old t, nodding to its fall 301b
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 Temples forsake, their t dim 270b
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 solemn t 367b
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 sessions of sweet silent t 409a
 sight or t be formed 361b
 some hollow t 244a
 some monster in his t 397a
 some sudden t 46a
 speech created t 462b
 splendour of a sudden t 183b
 steadfast of t 469b
 stood awhile in t 79a
 strange seas of 345a
 sudden t strikes me 505b
 swift as t in every power 428a
 take no t for the morrow 205b
 teach high t 365b
 tense us of t 68a
 tell of saddest t 331a
 the dome of I 300a
 the pale cast of t 302a
 thing they call a t 235a
 thinking to have common t 105b
 thus I have t that another man t 342b
 t again, but knew not what 367b
 t-exciting fires 130a
 t is fire 430a
 't is the child of Action 37a
 T leapt out to wed with T 466b
 t of grief refuse 80a
 t of our past years 370a
 t secreted by the brain 485b
 t's the slave of life 50a
 t upon thee when I was waking? 174a
 t wh destroys while it soothes 169a
 t wd destroy their paradise 5b
 thou wert a beautiful t 476a
 to believe for own t 568b
 to have loved t done 467a
 to kt one's t wander 147a
 two souls with but a single t 59a
 untouched by solemn t 505b
 vain or shallow t 140a
 wad yea a t 48a
 wh of you by taking t 381a
 whistled for want of t 383b
 white celestial t 105b
 wish was father to that t 490b
 working-house of t 18a
 ye t ye are not paid to think 51b
 Thoughts absent t o' ther 341b
 adieu—my morning t 437a
 all his t perish 396a
 all his t, fancies fugitive 347b
 all t, all passions 267a
 apt t of men 270b
 as thy t in me 43b
 busy t outnumber 267a
 cursed t nature gives way to 270b
 dark soul and foul t 43b
 did their silly t so busy keep 43b
 drawn from t more far

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Thoughts (cont)

drive my dead t
even so my bloody t
familiar to my slaughterous t
feed on t, that voluntary move
feed with lofty t
feeling of their masters' t
give thy t no tongue
gor'd mine own t
joy-extended t
holds her little t in sight
how many t there be
I do begin to have bloody t
in t more elevate
in t, not breaths
joy of elevated t
lift the t of m'n
mood when pleasant t bring sa t
my sad t doth cheer
my t are not yr t
my wanton t enticed
not make t yr aim
of all the t of God
on hospitable t intent
only to conceal their t
our t as boundless
pansies, that is for t
please yr t in feeling them
ripe t in my brain
second and sober t
sensations rather than of t
some strange t transcend
soothing t that spring
so thy t, when thou art gone
spirits that tend on mortal t
stal'd are my t
such stuff in my t
suspect the t of others
suspirions amongst t
sweet t in a dream
than I have t to put them in
these t may startle well
thou understand my t
t beyond reaches of our souls
t by England given
t come crowding in so fast
t control that of the swill
t go blowing through them
t half linger, half run before
t of men accurst
t of men are widened
t of youth are long, long t
t rule the world
t that arise in me
t, that breathe
t that do lie too deep for tears
t that wander thro' eternity
t to memory deaf
t wh may assault the soul
t which were not their t
t whose very sweetness yicdeth
throne of t and forms
trouble with any such t yet
undying t I bear
wayward t will elude
where branched t, new grown
whose t are ligible in the eye
with wh t the day rose
yet in these t myself desiring
Thousand draw for a t pounds
little one shall become a t
make that t up a million
mind has a t eyes
night has a t eyes
one among a t
one man among a t
one man in a t
one man picked out of ten t
one ten t of those men
one t shall flee at the rebuke
ten t at thy right hand
ten t times ten t
t fragrant posies
t scattered into Clay
t shall fall beside thee
who has a t friends
Thousands from the t He hath
freed
makes countless t mournl
saul hath slain his t
t counted every groan

Thousands (cont)

t equally to meant
t of gold and silver
t of years, if all were told
to murder t a specious name
Thousands Man will stand by
t hracian for the T ships
the sea
Thraldom single t, or a double
strife
Thral hath thee in t
t to the fair hair
you were t to sorrow
Thrasnical Caesar s brag
Threat at once, with a double t
feels at each t
hangs like a blue t
lunders needle and t
plying her needle and t
silk t plucks it back again
spun my last t
thus line of scarlet t
t of his verbosity
t of human life
weave their t with bones
threated together on Time's string
threaddene Street Old Lady of
t
Threat whiles I t he lives
Threats no terrors, Cassius, in yr t
threatened Englishman, being t
a lion
t its life with a railway-share
Thre Church clock at fun to t
forth went the dauntless T
God is I, and God is One
kingdoms are less by t
not t of my hundred left alive
Rule, of t doth puzzle me
the T in One, the One in T
this night she'll ha'e but t
tho' he was only t
t blind mice
t gentlemen at once
t hundred grant but t
t as company
t may keep a secret
t merry boys
t o'clock in the morning courage
when shall we t meet again
woodspeople has a cup of t
Three-and-thirty dragged to t
threefold cord
Threescore attain to write t
Thresh of the deep-sea rain
Threshold across my t
by the happy t
ghost over the t thereof
starry t of Jov's Court
Threw them back again
thrice t came on in fury
t hadde she been at Jerusalem
t he routed all his foes
Thrift due, respective t
large sample of wive t
my well-won t
t, t Horatio!
Thrifty housewife that's t
Thril glory's t is o'er
thrive he that wd t
swagging ed I never t
Thrive he that hath t
Throat 'Amen' stuck in my t
and an undulating t
brazen t of war
down the t of Old Time
eager t was parched
feel the fog in my t
felt you round my t
his t they cut from ear to ear
I took by the t
scuttled ship or cut a t
speak they thro' their t
three times her little t around
t is an open sepulchre
t is shut and dried
winding-sheet high as her t
with shriller t shall sing
yet straining his t
yr sweat driving t
Throats cut each other's t, for pay

Throats (cont)

cutting foreign t
mortal engines, whose rude t
serpents with soft stretching t
their patriot t
Throb and mutual sob
Throbbings restless t and burnings
t of noontide
Throe a t of the heart
dare, never grudge the t!
Throne a doubtful t is ice
angels fell before t
around the Saviour's t rejoice
round the t of God a band
barge like a burnish'd t
before the t a sea of glass
beneath the shadow of Thy T
cradle and His t
fierce light wh beats upon a t
Gehenna or up to the T
guiding the fiery-wheeled t
here is my t, bid kings come
high on a t of roval state
honour'd for his burning t
in mercy the t be established
in the midst of the t
loafing around The T
love's t was not with these
Mahmud on his golden l
nearer the great white t
on a t of rocks
Persian on his t
rainbow round about the t
river proceeding out of the t
royal t of kings
sable T behold of Night
saw a great white t
seek such t as this
sits lightly in his t
something behind the t greater
the living t, the sapphir-blaze
thou from a t mounted
t he sits on
t of bayonets
T sent word to a T
upon a t, high and lifted up
wade thro' slaughter to a t
when we owed the T
without fall before the t
Throned on ocean's wave
Thrones rose from their t
T, Domesticks, Frincdoms
Throng all the martyr t
leaving the tumultuous t
plaudits of the t
Throstle blithe the t sings
t with his note so true
Throstlecock ousel and the t
Throsles the t too
Through after his getting t it!
do you read books t?
Throve that on wh t it falls off
Throw he said, T her down
now t me again
away thy rod
t away thy wrath
t yr wedded lady from you
Thrush an aged t, frail
heigh! the t and jay
rarely ripes the mounted t
thaw the wise t
Thrust-block sweatn' t
Thrusts the thing prayed for
Thryddies T at Boston
[T or Xenophon] maintained
Times more useful than I
Times works of T
Thug and the Druse
Thule farthest T
Thumb bite yr t at us
he put in his t
twixt his finger and his t
Thumbs pricking of my t
t as rough and tarred
Thumbscrew and the stake
Thummin Urm and the T
Thumped him on the head
Thumps proves by t upon yr back
Thunder all-dreaded t-stone
as I pass in t
at the voice of thy t

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Thunder (cont)

bid the t -bearer shoot
 came a burst of t. sound
 cavern under is fettered the t
 dawn comes up like t
 deal t peal on peal
 felt him like the t's roll
 from the moan of t
 glorious the t's roar
 God made the t lightning made
 itslf
 he was as rattling t
 hills with t. riven
 hinges grate harsh t
 let the legions t. past
 loud roared the dreadful t
 sleep in spite of t
 sound like t—everlastingly
 steal my t
 such sweet t
 symmetry be as of t
 thou, all-shaking t
 t. and the sunshine
 t in the room
 t, lightning or in rain
 t of the captains
 t of the Odyssey
 t to t
 to sleep with the t
 what serve for the t?
 Thunderbolt a harmless t
 like a t he fall
 Thunderbolts gods, with all yr t
 oak-cleaving t
 Thunderd. vollied and t
 Thunderer's scowl
 Thunders Jehovah of the T
 t in the invah
 t of white silence
 Thundersstormy streams like the t
 Thunderstruck I stood like one t
 Thurlow remember T's answer
 T is a fine fellow
 wise as T. looked
 Thursday they that wash on T
 'T's child has far to go
 took ill on T
 t was on a Holy T
 Thus I refute it t
 that we are t. or t
 t from childhood's hour!
 t have I had thee
 t thou must do
 to be t is nothing
 why is this t?
 Thusness reason for this t
 Thwackum was for doing justice
 Thyatira in the city of T
 Thy-doxy Heterodoxy or T
 Thyme among the springing t
 sweet t true
 wield t blows
 Thyrsis T of his own will went
 away
 T, still on T'ree is there
 Thyself and I—and I—I—t
 he so true to t
 I am t—what hast thou done
 I no more shed see t
 many to save with t
 nor thee from t
 read to t alone
 resolve to be t
 suckst thou great things for t
 thou continuest such, owe to t
 thou t to all eternity
 t how wondrous thou!
 t thou gav'st, thine own worth
 t with shining Foot shall pass
 Tiber O, T! father T!
 Rome in T melt
 T trembled underneath
 Tiberius had T been a cat
 as T might have sat
 the Coin, T
 Tiber is beautiful too
 Tickle if you t us
 I'll t yr catastrophe
 Tickled trout are t best
 Tickling t a parson's nose
 trout that must be caught with t

Tiddle-taddle nor pibble-pabble
 Tide, all this tinkling t
 at the turning o' the t
 but came the t
 but such a t as moving
 call of the running t
 face upwards on the only t
 going out with the t
 grey wing upon every t
 I am drifting with the t
 lackeying the varying t
 lived in the t of times
 not this t
 people born t's in
 people die t's out
 side by side in the ebbing t
 tether time nor t
 t in the affairs of men
 t in the affairs of women
 t of human existence
 upon the wheeling t
 upon the swell at full of t
 western t crept up
 written what no t wash away
 Tidings dismal t when he frown'd
 glad t of great joy
 good t of good
 let ill t themselves
 O of comfort
 Tideless earth, t and inert
 t dolorous midland sea
 Tides impelled of invisible t
 salt t seawards flow
 Tidy Pachyderm
 Tie the silent t
 Tied and bound with our sins
 Tigr a ride on a t
 find a T. well repay
 imitate the action of the t
 on the face of the t
 t's heart wrapped in a player's
 t that hadn't got a Christian
 T, T, burning bright
 T Tim, come tell me true
 Tiger-moth's deep wings
 lingers inexorable than empty t
 tamed and shabby t
 t of wrath are wiser
 Tights she played it in t
 file where did you get that t?
 Tiles as many devils as there are t
 Tills knows he who t
 Tollyally, lady
 Tumb Tyny T
 Timber navy nothing but rotten t
 Tumbrel sound the loud t
 Tumbrels playing on the t
 time above the wrecks of t
 against that t when
 a good t coming
 a gude t coming
 all of the olden t
 ancient nobility act of t
 and T is fleeing
 and at the end of t
 a t, and times, and half a t
 a wary t I a wary t
 backward and abysm of t
 balance of proud t
 bald cheater, T
 bid sexton, T
 bank and shoal of t
 been so long t with you
 before her t she died
 be not coy, but use yr t
 bid t return
 books of all t
 bourse of place and t
 bourne of T and Place
 breaks t, as dancers
 breast of the River of T
 by T's devouring hand
 by T's slow finger
 choose the slow and slow t
 thinks that t has made
 chose thine own t
 conspiracy has t doth take
 cormorant devouring T
 corridors of T
 count t by heart-throbs
 creeping hours of t

Time (cont)

T' curney t saves t
 dark hills of t
 dear t's waste
 demand the t of the day
 did those feet in ancient t
 dismal terror was the t
 do not squander t
 down the throat of Old T
 dust on antique t, wd lie
 'eard 'em markin' t
 eighteenth century of t
 envious and calumniating t
 eternity is in love with t
 even such is t
 events in the womb of t
 figure for the t of scorn
 fly, envious T
 fool all the people all of the t
 foremost captain of his t
 foremost files of t
 for loss of t
 for t y-lost
 foulest birth of t
 friendship as had mastered T
 from this t forth for evermore
 'gaust the tooth of t
 gave peace in our t
 grand Instructor, T
 great gap of t
 half as old as T
 hardest t of all
 harmless folly of the t
 hatched to the woeful t
 he said, 'What's t?'
 he hath but a short t
 his golden locks t hath to silver
 his prison'd t made me
 his youth 'gaust t and age
 holy t is quiet as a nun
 how long a t lies in one word
 how I is slipping
 if the street were t
 if you want to know the t
 I have no precious t
 a t, t-worn
 in continuance of t
 in His good t
 innovations the births of t
 in our t, Thy Grace may give us
 inseparable propriety of t
 in such a t as this
 in the afternoon of t
 in the old t before them
 in t all haggard hawks
 in t small wedges pierced
 in t the flint is cleaved
 in t the savage bull
 I shall find t, Cassius
 it is some t to go
 it is t to be old
 it was the t of roses
 it will last my t
 keeping t, t, t
 king's t, in a moment of t
 last syllable of recorded t
 leaves have their t to fall
 [letter-writing] wry of wastin'g t
 little t while it is new
 long result of T
 long t between drinks
 look into the seeds of t
 love's not T's fool
 Love took up the glass of I
 meanwhile, T is flying
 mild and almost mythic t
 Miss Jenkins beat t
 mock the t with fairest show
 my t has been properly spent
 never the t and the place
 night of t surpasses the day
 no propo. of day
 nor that the only t
 not t to see, in broad daylight
 not of an age, but for all t
 now is the accepted t
 now it is high t to awake
 O aching t
 old T still a-flving
 old T makes these decay

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Time (cont)

old I' the clock-setter
only fault's with t
only t for grief
on the sands of t
O t too swift
panting T' toiled after him
pluck till t and times are done
present horror from the t
procrastination is the thief of t
quaffing, and unthinking t
redeeming the t, because the days
rich with the spoils of t
saltness of t
seen better faces in my t
seen the best of our t
series of new t began
shipwreck of t
short T to stay, as you
silent touches of t
sing of I or Eternity
so gracious is the t
some t, his good t
somewhere, beyond space and t
so shall I be
spared and blest by T
Speech is of t
speech is shallow as T
spirit of the t
stretch'd forefinger of all T
struggles with and conquers T
"sun-flower" weary of t
syllables jar with t
take a little T
take the present t
temple half as old as T
tether t nor tide
that old common arbitrator, T
that t may cease
that t of year thou mayest in me
the Bird of T
thee conversing I forget all t
the Gardener, T
then while t serves
the rage of t
there is a t of life, Sir
the T-Machine
the t returns again
the t will come
threaded together on T's string
thru' a maniac scattering dust
T ambles withal
t and my intents are savage
t and nonsense scorning
t and order of yr birth
t and patience will not dry
t and place are lost
t and the hour runs thro'
t and the ocean
T' an endless song
t but five days elder
T but the impression deeper
T can but make her beauty
T did beckon to the flow'rs
t doth settle
t doth transfix the flourish
t draws near the birth of Christ
T driveth onward fast
T 'ate their Vintage prest
t for a little something
t for labour and thought
t for such a word
t goes, you say
t has come, the Walrus said
t hath, my lord, a wallet
t hovers o'er, impatient
T I might have trod
T in hours, days, years
t is come round
t is like a fashionable host
t is lost wot is not hunting
t is money
t is our tedious song
t is out of date
t is the greatest innovator
t is the great physician
T, like an ever-rolling stream
T makes ancient good uncouth
I may gnaw I'amtalian
t may restore us

Time (cont)

T, not Corydon hath conquer d
T, Occasion, Chance
t of life is short
t of the singing of birds
t of this mortal life
T plays the fiddle
t remembered is grief
t runs, the clock will strike
T's snail
T's full hand defaced
T's fleeting river
T's flies
t's furrows I behold
t's glory is to calm
t's great wilderness
t shall moult away
I shall reap
I shall throw a dart
t's iron feet
T's noblist offspring
T's prindless torso
t's wheel runs back
I's winged chariot
T's wrecks and scars
T, that is o'er-kind
t that is surely be
T that takes survey
T, the avenger!
t the devourer of all things
I the reaper
T the Shadow
t to get them in
t to be born
t to win this game
T travels in divers places
t turns the old days
T was when Love and I
t we may comprehend
t, when all the lights wax dim
t when meadow, grove and stream
t when thou mayest be found
t whereof the memory of man 28b
t, wh antique as antiquities
t, wh the author of authors
t will doubt of Rome
I will run back
t with a gift of tears
I writes no wrinkle
t, the old gypsy man
t, you thief, who love to get
t's almost fairy t
t's but the t
t's t, descend
t's t to do t
t to beguile the t, look like the t
t to choose t is to save t
too much t in studies is sloth
to remoter t bequeath
to turn thow growest
t turn backward, O T
t unmeasurable touch of t
vry age and body of the t
Vintage rolling I' hath prest
waiting t, my brothers
wastes her t and me
what t, what circuit
when I, amber locks to grey
when t is broke
whips and scorns of t
whirlwig of t
who, in t, knows whither
with leaden foot t creeps
world enough, and t
wrinkled deep in t
Timely happy, timely wise
Times all t when old are good
coldness of the t
ever lived in the tide of t
form t shake hands
gidder-paced t
how many t do I love thee
if the t do bear it
my t be in Thy hand
nature of the t deceased
old t were changed
our t are in his hand
signs of the t
spacious t of great Elizabeth
stirring t we live in
sundry t and in divers manners

Times (cont)

tea-cup t
the good old t
t are changed with him
t go by turns
T has made many ministries
t have been, that, when the brains
t that try men's souls
T useful than Thucydides
t will not melt, till the king
usage of those antique t
wh cunning t put on
worst T succeed the former
Time-spirit proof from miracles
Timon hath made his mansion
Timotheus yield the prize
T'n pocket full of t
Tincture in the blood
Time my jewel it shd t
Tingle ears, heareth it shall t
Tingling whoison t
Tinka-tunka-tunk
Tinkle grasped it for a t
Tinkling with their feet
Tinklings lull the distant folds
Tinsel flap its t wing
Tintinnabulation that so musically
Tints that glow
Tip schoolboy's t
star within its nether t
t me the black spot
t them Long Melford
Tippenny my t, we feel nae evil
Tipperry long way to T
Tipple fishes, that t
Tippled drink, more fine
Tipping taste for t
tips with silver all dust
Tip-till-till the petal
tip-toe upon a little hull
Tire his duty to gaudy t
long before I t
t of all creation
Tired, dinner waits and we are t
tired down a t metaphor
I am t of tears and laughter
life process of getting t
man is t of London t of life
till t sleeps
t waxes, untily breaking
t with all these
t yet strong
Tires t betimes that spurs too fast
t, t in Grecian t are painted
Tiresias and Phineus
Tiring-house hawthorn-brake our t
Tirling at the window
Tirra-tirra lark, that t chants
t 't by the river
Tis done, but yesterday
Tit tell tale t
Titan t thy glory, T
tiple I-woman
pitiful-hearted I
the weary I
T kiss a dish of butter
Titania there sleeps T
Titanic alley t
T served for that T strife
Tithe or toll in our dominions
Tithe-pig's tail
Tither tane unto the t did say
Tither nobody cares about T
Tithe courage prove my t
does he feel his t
farced t running fore
honory t of T K
like my t, for it is not mine
read my t clear
t from a better man
whatever t suit thee
who gained no t
Titled to feed the t knave
Titles as due by many t
t despote thou t, power, and pelf
have manfold
high though his t
thy other t thou hast given away
t are shadows
what once had beauty, t
Titwillow oh willow, t

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I had rather be a t	302a	t upward in t night	247b	to be put back t	350b
rose-water over a t	205b	Toils drenched but by t	15	t and t creeps in	385b
t beneath the harrow	233a	superior t	1b	t blossoms	142a
t, ugly and venomous	325b	their t upbraid	260b	t do thy worst	108a
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refused to pluck my t	102b	drank as he was t	192b	t's uprising to deeds	284b
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to t our wants	64b	he t it not	72a	T'—Why, T I may be	190a
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going to leave off t	76a	that was t to me	195a	you can put off till t	406b
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 break the infant t
 by the Lildon T
 choose our t
 dark t, still sad
 drop like the fruits of the t
 fool sees not the same t
 Garden of Liberty's t
 God can make a t
 got me boughs off many a t
 he that aims at t
 highly impossible t
 if he finds that this t
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 I shall be like that t
 it was a trustee t
 laughing leaves of the t divide
 little girl sat under a t
 lone, sky-pointing t
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 may be ay striking in a t
 middle t and highest there
 more to my taste than a t
 not growing like a t
 Old M'n in a t
 On a t by a river
 our 'T yet crowns
 pledges of a fruitful t
 poem lovely as a t
 root of my t
 she gav me of the t
 singing by a sycamore t
 smell it on the t
 some single herb or t
 spare the beechen t
 than he that means a t
 that s why the t
 there's a t, of many, one
 these things in a green t
 three ravens sat on a t
 till the t die
 too happy, happy t
 top of every t
 t did end their race
 t is known by his fruit
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 t of life also
 t of the knowledge of good
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 Tumtum t
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Treen chalices
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 all the t are green
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 beside the lake, beneath the t
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 Dryad of the t
 fast as the Arabian t
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 gloomy, friendly T
 grotesques are shaded with t
 high in cooling t
 high in tufted t
 I see men as t
 it 'whispers thro' the t'
 lady by the t
 leafless t and every icy crag
 loveleaf of t, the cherry
 music of its t at dawn
 of all the t in England

Trees (cont)

O at the t
Tree (Crepus drew t, stones
 rocks, and stones, and t
 still climbing t in the Hesperides
 till ancestral t
 t and houses go wheeling
 t are full of sap
 t at spring do yield
 t hgan to whisper
 t did grow
 t in whose dim shadow
 t that are in the wood
 t that are therein
 t that grow so fair
 t they are so high
 t to speak
 t upon t, that nod
 t wept odorous gums
 t, where you sit
 under the rugged t
 vext garden-t
 when lofty t I see
 with his lute made t
 you lover of t
 Trelawny shall T die?
 Tremble, and despoil themselves
 t lest a saving learnt
 t like a guilty thing
 t, thou wretch
 Trembled all who saw them t
 all you t at before
 I kill t at the hideous nam
 there t through his air
 Tremblers boding t learn'd to trace
 Trembles it t to a lily
 Satan t, when he sees
 t, but it cannot pass away
 t in the breast
 Trumbling t, hoping, lingering
 t where I had stood
 with fear and t
 Tremulation I feels all over t
 Trencher dead Casar's t
 valiant T-man
 Trencher thy beauty's field
 Trench 'o'er the wide vale of T
 what was Burton built on T?
 Trespas that t against us
 Trespases forgive us our t
 who were dead in t
 Tress thrashed at midnight by a t
 Tresses breathing t, meekest Eve
 fair t man's imperial race
 knees and t folded
 t like the morn
 withered cheek and t grey
Tral democracy is on t
 t by jury a dclusion
 t of her strength
Tribe badge of all our t
 his t were gentlemen
 Idols of the T
 may his t increase
 richer than all his t
 thy t's black tents
 whole t of fops
 Tribes our supple t
 t, the Bored and Bored
 Tribulation came out of great t
 companion in t
 'mid toil and t
 necessary, and t
 ye shall have t
 Tribunal new t now
 Tributaries brooks are Thames's t
 Tributary not a cent for t
 passing t of a sph
 t to whom t is due
Trick into the t of singularity
 long t's over
 served such another t
 t of our English nation
 t with two of that
 when in doubt, win the t
 wild t of his ancestors
 vet it is our t
 Trick'd in antique ruff
 Tricks frustrate their knavish t
 plays such fantastic t
 something in it, t and all

Tricks (cont)

such t hath strong imagination
 thair t an' craft
 their t and their manners
 there are not in plain faith
 t arc either knavish or childish
 t that are vain
 women are like t
 Tried can't drop it if I t
 tried her seven times t this
 she for a little t
 thou also hav t us
 thou that hast not t
 too much are t
 t a little, failed much
 when he is t, he shall receive
 without consent been only t
 T rifle as 'twere a careless t
 rifled away the rest have t
 Trifler busy t
 Trifles but t with one
 man of sense t with [women]
 she who t with all
 t light as air
 unconsidered t
 win us with honest t
 Trigger after his death
 Triggers rascals an' t
 Trimmer innocent word 'T'
 Trimmings with the usual t
 Trinites tangled T
 Trinity Harrier an' T College
 I the t illustrate
 old fellow of I
 T Church I met my doom
 'I had never been unkind
 I rinket at my wrist
 Trip come, and it t
 his words t 'bout him
 once you on it, entail,
 our fearful t is done
 t it up and down
 t no further, pretty sweeting
 Tripe paunch, t, or thurm
 Triple casement t arched
 t cord with a man can break
 Trippingly on the tongue
 Troops trochee t
 Trisagion ruse the 'T'
 Trisvoin h'alf T
Trustam Shandy novel cilled
 T'S
 Triton near old T
 T blowing loud
 l of the minno vs
Triumph be pedestaled in t
 in ourselves, are t
 in their t die
 in t from the north
 in t thro' Persopolis
 I still, if Thou abide
 now is the Victor s t won
 poor t o'er the timid larcl
 pursue the t
 shout of them that t
 t o'er death and sin
 we shall not see the t
 what t I hark
 when learning's t o'er her foes
 who in t advances
 with T, and Dysvster
 Triumphs joyful t
 Triumphant joyful and t
 Triumphs glories t, spoils
 let the t of Lovv
 sickened at all t
 their little t o'er
 Triumph-song distant t
 Trivet right so, t
 Trivial rise from t things
 the t round
 Trochee trips
 Trod a time I might have t
 t that due to God
 Trodden little fire is quickly t out
 t the winepress alone
 Troilus methinks mounted walls
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 T'roynovaunt lusty T'
 Truant every t knew
 t been to chivalry
 t disposition
 Truce, formal t and as of right
 place where one day's t
 alighted in our new t
 Truck of the last manna-mast
 Truckle-bed piggung together
 same t
 Trudge'd along unknowing
 True always say what's t
 if one think what is t
 an over t tale
 Arabian Tales were t
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 can the devil speak t
 ed I doubt him t
 England to itself do rest but t
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 if here only
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 I love thee t
 I reckon rather t
 is more t we leave behind
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 light come, some t, some light
 long enough it will be t
 man had rather were t believes
 most t is that I have look'd
 nav, had she been t
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 t, but Heaven
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 part of death no one so t
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 nothing makes it t
 so young, my lord, and t,
 speak the thing that's t
 taking t for false
 rule was undoubtedly t
 tell you three times t
 that he is mad, 'tis t
 things not necessarily t
 things more t and deep
 thing they know isn't t
 tho' she were t, when you met he
 'tis easy to be t
 'tis t, 'tis pity
 'tis t, 'tis pity
 to thine own self be t
 as taxes is
 T' Thomas lay on Hurtle
 t to the t death
 we are sure they are t
 will to be honest and t
 what's t for you
 whatsoever things are t
 wh are t of heart
 was prov'd t before
 worn in t and fair
 worship considered equally t
 to the cost chaw
 True-fix'd and resting quality
 'prevernny art thou there, t ?
 'ruest those who Paint 'em t
 t and the holiest (story)
 Trump at the last t
 Lord with the sound of the t
 nothing steed, and the shrill t
 Trumpety with all their t
 Trumpet anon a sounds
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Turneth he t it upside down	490b	t of an eye	515a	Tyran budded T	220a
Turning at the o' t the tide	381b	Twins Clara threw the t	172b	sonic grave T trader	8a
but there s no t back	311a	every one bear t	500a		
by never t back	311a	rees that are t	500b		
neither shadow of t	517a	those t of learning	386b		
Turnp blood out of a t	250b	Twirl down the middle	131a		
t than his father	211b	Twist blossom t	442a		
Turnips who t cries	211b	t ye, twine ye	319b		
Turnpike consider supper as a t	144a	Twisted his mantle blue	270a		
Turns poor head almost t	7b	Twitchee Jeremy I	160a		
t no more t head	129a	Twitters the least t	187a		
t of chance below	129a	Two at the expense of t	106b		
whoso t as I, this evening	47b	bicycle built for t	116b		
Turret Galileo on his t	49b	can t walk together	504a		
the Sultan's T	152a	forfathers deemed it t	75b		
Turrets half-glimpsed t	442a	grows t thereby	186b		
Turtle the king of the t	49b	if they be, the arc t so	134a		
t green and glutinous	502a	in flour of t [eyes]	452b		
voice of the t is heard	500a	lies to hide it, makes it t	330a		
Turtle-dove bay horse and a t	444a	say, not so much, not t	235a		
soul of thy t	486b	never by t and t	532a		
t is heard	262b	one, t, buckle my shoe	444a		
Turves drop Mr T	121a	talks t to speak the truth	271a		
Tuscan ranks of T	253a	those other t equalled with me	288a		
Tusculan Mamilius	253a	t and t only supreme beings	203a		
Tusculum lay on for T	251b	t arc walking apart	160a		
I (beautiful T)	122b	t a time no mortal bear	97a		
Tush, they say, how shd God	486b	t lovely black eyes	365b		
Tush, distinctions of meum and t	115b	t may keep counsel	715b		
Tu-whit, tu-whio, a merry note	520a	t o'clock in the morning courage	160b		
Twa fell thr t between	59a	t of a trade	481a		
Twa hee run about	334a	t only, as generally necessary	478b		
Twain mischance between us t	322a	or three are gathered together	171b		
such a t can do't	501b	t things stand like stone	115a		
t he covered his face	28b	t to bear my soul away	45b		
t were casting dice	60a	t went to pray	74b		
Twal we short hour ayont the t	84a	we t stood there	198b		
Tweddelee Tweedledum and T	67a	when we t parted	269b		
'twixt Tweedledum and T	84a	Two-handed engins at the door	412b		
Tweedledum T and Tweedledee	67a	Two-legged unfeather'd t thing	23a		
'twixt T and Tweedledee	180a	Twopence go the length of t	84b		
Twelve Christmas Eve, and t	351a	I care not t	412b		
jury may in a sworn t	330b	t a week, and jam	404b		
parted between t and one	306b	t coloured	343a		
platform, 'twixt eleven and t	40b	without the oil and t	277a		
since t honest men decided	21b	Tyke bobol t	430b		
t good men into a box	109a	Tyne Severn to the T	45a		
T Pound Lock	157a	Type careful of the t	52a		
Twentieth year is well-nigh past	407b	funny t at Leipzig	407b		
Twenty at t years will reigns	73b	grey paper with blunt t I	461b		
first t years are the longest	45b	highest t of human nature	248a		
ivy of sweet two-and-t	190a	loose t of things			
let t pass	108b	noble t of good			
to that t, add a hundred	199b				
t will not come again					
Twenty-four we shall be t					

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Unbelief (cont.)

did it ignorantly in u
 gained them by our u
 and of u and fear
 one is u other 1 contumely
 U in denying them
 U is blind
 Unbend yr noble strength
 Unbends the rosy life (women)
 Unbent she u her mind
 Unbewail'd hold u their way
 Unbidden guests are often wel-
 come
 Un-birthday an u present
 Unblamed may I express thee u
 Unborn child may rue that is u
 ye u ages, crowd not
 Unbought grace of life
 Unbound spirit into bonds again
 Unbowed bloody, but u
 Unbroke keep all vows u
 Unbroken Pickwick
 Unburied bodies of u men
 Unbuly sole u thing
 Unbuttoned little ones, u
 Uncaptioned sleep is flying
 Uncared O my u-for songs
 Unceremoniously the rose
 Uncertain trumpet give an u sound
 u, coy, and hard to please
 Uncertainty certainty for an u
 Unchanged doth still remain u
 Uncharitableness and all u
 Unchapt, unfiled
 Uncircumcised daughters of the u
 Uncircumcision circumcision nor u
 Uncle married with mine u
 O my prophetic soul! my u!
 u me no u
 Unclank man of u lips
 Uncle George when yr U was
 living
 Uncle Talky yr U
 Uncle Toby U's business
 U whistling Lillaburero
 U with the in his hand
 Uncle Tom Cobbleigh
 Unclothe lo I u and clear
 Unclubbable man
 Unconfined unknelt, u
 Uncomely all things u and broken
 Uncomfortable moral when he is
 only u
 we u feel
 Uncomfortableness of it all
 Uncommon very u cook
 Unconcerned as when yr infant
 beauty
 Unconfined let joy be u
 Unconioning thou vr so u
 Unconquered sat u in a ring
 Unconscionable time dying
 Unconscious humour and irony u
 Unconsciously as heretofore
 Uncontrollable than thou, O u!
 Unconvincing bald and u narrative
 Uncouth not unkind because u
 Uncoucher better the u
 Uncover, dogs, and lap
 Uncreated nor three u
 Unction flattening u to yr soul
 Undeified my dove, my u
 so shall I be u
 tempted, and yet u
 u for the u
 Undercliff violets of the U
 Undercurrent about his name
 Undergrinding the ship
 Underground dwell the nations u
 lays lads u
 Underlings we are u
 Underneath are the everlasting arms
 Understend he's a bit u
 Understand fool doth not u
 honour wh they do not u
 I may not u
 I u thy kisses
 mankind u (Monarchy)
 more things than men u
 none aid you, and few u
 shure for men who u

Understand (cont.)

some who did not u them
 still the less they u
 things wh others u
 thirst to know and u
 thought I to u this
 to admire, we shd not u
 u a writer's ignorance
 what profits now to u
 when his friends did u
 wot do they u?
 Understanded of the people
 Understandest thou u my thoughts
 u thou what thou readest
 Understandeth who u thee not,
 loves thee not
 Understanding beasts that have no u
 find you an u
 for thy more sweet u, a woman
 give it an u
 God be in my u
 good things as pass man's u
 good u have all they
 he imparted them u
 horse and mule, wh have no u
 if thou hast u
 ignorant of his u
 u honour hath no u
 in length of days u
 light a candle of u
 more u than my teachers
 passeth all u
 sing ye praises with u
 spirit of wisdom and u
 to the u they strike a note
 u to direct
 wh passeth all u
 with all thy getting get u
 Understandings muddy u
 Understands think she u
 Understood all who u admired
 by her that bore her u
 Great First Cause, least u
 interpreter hardest to be u
 then u I the end
 u, I am not believed
 Undertakers as u walk before
 wot 'd become of the u
 Underwood green u and cover
 Undescribable describe the u
 Undid what thev u did
 Unashamed the fish
 Undo I will u myself
 come to u
 Undoing my heart's u
 Undone another victory, we are u
 Caelia has u me
 estate of the world were now u
 not to leave 't u
 petty done, the u vast
 some to be u
 to give, to want, to be u
 we have left u those things
 wishest shd be u
 we u me for I am u
 Uddress when I u me
 Underest if u at church
 Undulate round the world
 Undying thoughts I bear
 Unearned increment
 Uneasy coast u ones
 short u motion
 you are u
 Uneducated Chawcer was so u
 Unequal men are made by nature u
 Unextinguishable laugh
 Uneven in religion they are so u
 Unexpressed wh I call u
 Unexpert wiles more u
 Unexpressed uttered or u
 Unexpressive shes
 Unfaith in ought
 Unfamiliar curious, and u
 Unfeather'd two-leg'd thing
 Unfeeling th' u for his own
 Unfit for all things u
 u contrarious moods of men
 Unfixed in principles
 Unfolding star calls up the shepherd
 Unfolded heav'n and earth
 Unforgetful teach the u to forget

Unfortunate one more U

Miss Bailey
 Unfriendly u to society's joys
 u to the nose
 Unfrowning caryatides
 Unfurnished head to be let u
 Ungartered, and down-gyved
 Ungather'd beside the u rice
 Ungenerously how u he can look
 Ungodliness tents of u
 Ungodly as for the way of the u
 because of the u
 rod of the u cometh not
 seen the u in great power
 u fall into their own nets
 u perish at presence of God
 Ungratefulness call virtue thee u?
 Unguessed walk on earth u at
 Unhand 'u it, sir!
 u me, gentlemen
 u me, grey-beard
 Unhanged three good men u
 Unhappiness comes of his great-
 ness
 Unhappy dare to be u
 inconstant never be very u
 instinct for being u
 not one u respectable or u
 to itself u chief
 u families resemble each other
 Unheard those u are sweet
 u of as thou art
 Unholy hour when rites u
 shricks and sighs u
 Unhonoured u his relics are laid
 u, and unsung
 Unhoped that u serene
 Unhoused free condition
 Unhoused'd, disappointed
 Unicorn lion and the u
 Unicorn's horns of the u
 Un idea'd girls
 Uniform first I put this u on
 shd be more u
 u 'e wore 'nothin' much before
 u must not be away
 Uniformity use before u
 Uniforms fellows in foolscap u
 Unimpaired strong for service u
 Unimportant-important
 Unintelligent as upper class
 Unjoin an undetectable U
 broken Nature's social u
 our Federal U
 our u is perfect
 sail on, O U
 saved the U of these States
 u of hands and hearts
 u of total dissent
 u with his native
 yet an u in partition
 Unit misses in u
 Unitarian he became a U
 Unitarianism convert me to U
 Unite u them there
 severs those th shd u
 workers of the world, u
 Unted ev'ry flower is u
 U Metropolitain Improved
 u thoughts and counsels
 United States rise of the U
 these U
 Unties preserved the u, sir
 Unting by u we stand
 Unity live in u and godly love
 send up U
 to dwell together in u
 U peace, and concord
 Universal, relaxed into a u grin
 this u frame began
 u dovetailedness
 u frame without a mind
 with a u thank
 Unverse born for the U
 eye with wh the U beholds
 I accept the u
 in a boundless u
 in God's great u
 into this U, and Why
 measureless
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Usurpation I dare without u
Usury his money upon u
lent out my heart with u
souls not lnt in u
Other romance of U's son
Utmost what does the u
Utopia not in u
principality in U
Utter cannot what u it
not u what thou dost not know
to u all thy Praise
Utterance how divine is u
that large u
timely u gave
with what strange u
Uttered u nothing base
u or unexpressed
Uzziah year that King U died

V

Vacant a mind quite v
Vacuity indolent v of thought
Vagrom comprehend all v m n
Vague, a dizzy, a tumultuous joy
Vain a' is done in v
and full as v
because I weep in v
call it not v, they do not err
in v with lavish kindness
let not only mine be v
most v, most generous
Name of the Lord thy God in v
Pitently Impossible and V
profane, erroneous, and v
same. Garden after an v l
sweet is 'love tho' given in v
v are the thousand creeds
v man, said she
v, mightiest fleets of iron
v, those all-shattering guns
why, all delights are v
Vainly strives the soul
Vale as a v of tears
as that v in whose bosom
declin'd into the v of years
longest hill must end in a v
meet thee in that hollow v
acquirer d v of rural life
there lies a v in Ida
the v of Soul-making
the V, the three lone weirs
v of misery use it for a well
violet-embroidered v
vour taper cheers the v
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Valerius loathed the wrong
Vales and from our lovely v
to the hills and the v
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Valet no man is a hero to his v
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Valiant as he was v I honour him
be v, but not too venturesome
he who would v be
ring in the v man
the v never taste of death
v in velvet
Valiant-for-Truth
Valiant-young more v
Validity of what v and patch
Valley all along the v
darker grows the v
every v shall be exalted
he lies now in the little v
he paweth in the v
Love is of the v
sing in the v below
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the v sheep are fatter
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v of Humiliation
v of the shadow of death
v wh was full of bones
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piping down the v wild
sendest rain into the little v
v also shall stand so thick
v and rocks never heard
v of Ionian hills
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Valois shadow of the V
Valorous is a man against
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V and Innocence
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who wd true v see
Valorous more childish v
Value knows the v of nothing
more v than many sparrows
then we rack the v
v dwells not in particular will
what he most doth v
Valued but as 'tis v
Values as money are for v
Vampire like the v, she has been
dead
Van first took't the field
Vanbrugh's house of clay
Vandyke is of the company
Vain as money are for v
hope may v, but can die not
suddenly v away
Vanished as rare things will, it v
he v out of sight
it v quite slowly
v from his lonely hearth
Vanish if thus thou v
Vanisheth then v away
Vanishings fallings from us, v
Vanity all others are but v
children of men, they are but v
draw iniquity with cords of v
every man living is altogether v
every man therefore is but v
give not yourselves unto v
herein is not only a great v
lest they behold v
lighter than v itself
no love, nooth he, but v
no need of such v
oh, V of vanities!
out o' touch o' v
speckled V will sicken soon
that v in years
town is lighter than v
v and vexation of spirit
v, like murder, will out
v of vanities, saith the Preacher
wh is yr partickler v
women two passions, v and
Vanities Fair beareth the name of V
vanquish'd by a Roman valiantly v
ingratitude quite v him
the v had no despite
v, he cd argue still
woe to the v
Vantage forehand and v of a knp
might the v best have took
Vapour like a v over shrin's!
live upon the v of a dungeon
v sometime like a bear
what is yr life? it is even a v
Vapourous congregation of v
crudy v wh environ it
the v weep their burthen
v both away
Variable love prove likewise v
v as the shade
Vainetyennes in whom is no v
Variation admitting any v
Varieties different v of pipe
Variety fortune is full of fresh v
her infinite v
love's sweetest part, V
offer a charmin' v
sad v of woe

Variety (cont.)

source of pleasure is v
v about the New England weather
v is the soul of pleasure
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v's the spice of life
Variorum life is all a v
Various a man so v
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Vast and middle of the night
Vastness! and Age!
Vasty Hall of Death
Vats of Luna
Vault fretted v
in the v above the Cherubim
leave it burned in this v
lees is left this v to brag of
making the hollow v resound
nor, in thy marble v
Vaulted with such case
Vaultier green little v
Vaulting ambition
Vault all but an empty v
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must come, shall come w
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not feeling very w myself
not wisely but too w
pussey's in the w
they were in the w
they were w in
'twill all be w
use it for a w
very w where they are
w done, said I
w done, thou good and faithful
w for him whose will is strong!
w for the fisherman's boy
w for the sailor lad
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Wenlock Edge
Went I w by, and lo
what it knew w w
what w ye out for to see?
Wept he watch'd and w
he w not greatly, but sighed
he w to hear
that long before had w
thou comest, much w for
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Westminster Abbey England's Wal-
halla [W]
peerage, or W
walk by myself in W
W or Victory!
Weston Mr W's good wine
West Port open the W
Westward but w, look, the land
some eastward, and some w
w the course of empire takes
West, the w of and of wildness
w with Channel spray
Wether black w of St Satan's
tainted w of the flock
Wew above the river W it is
Whale confound the prophet with
the w
th' enormous w emerges
the w's way
very like a w
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Whales among the shurks and w
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Wharfish adjacent w
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w are they all
w are they among so many?
w from this day I shall be
w I has this thing appear'd
w have I done for you, England
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w is she can without a mother?
w is then to have no wife
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w is this that thou hast done?
w? I that loved
w's gone and w's past help
w we have been makes w we are
w can we will be
w went ye out for to see?
why, or which, or w
Whatever thou hast been
What-hol She bumps!
What's-his-name Sergeant W
W Thunmury
Whatsoever things are true

Whaups are crying

Whaups are crying
Wheat among w with a pestle
have a cake out of the w
measure of w for a penny
orient and immortal w
sleep among the w
sways in the w's head
two grans of w, hid
w for this planting
w set about with lilies
when w is green
Wheel and the w's kick
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fly atop upon axle tree chariot-w
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rolling w was still
nossy Ixionian w
turns the giddy w around
upon a w of fire
w broken at the cistern
w had been in the midst of a w
w has come full circle
whirling w of Change
yr w is new
w is out of order
Wheelbarrow she wheeled her w
Wheelbarrows tumble when they
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w stranger
Wheels all the w run down
call upon the w, master
for w of Hansom-cabs
handmost w of Phocbus' wain
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w within w
why tarry the w of his chariot?
Whelks bubukles, and w
Whelmed in deeper gulphs than he
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w or how I cannot tell
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some poisoned by their w	375b	a w's noblest station	251b	one to show a w loves her	49b
we have children, we have w	437b	a w's preaching	207b	one w can forgive another	159b

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only books were w's looks
 O w-country, wooed not wed
 O W! in our hours of ease
 perfect w, nobly planned
 pleasant to any sort of w
 poor lone w
 post-chase with a pretty w
 shallow, changing w
 shape of a w. has haunted me
 she is a w, therefore
 she was a worthy w
 silliest w manage a clever man
 sort of bloom on a w
 so unbecoming to a w
 so unto the man is w
 speaks small like a w
 still be a w to you
 still gentler sister w
 such a w oweth to her husband
 such beauty as a w's eye
 take a mere beggar-w
 that made a w cry
 thit princely w
 the female w
 there shone one w
 the rib made lie a w
 the wickedness of a w
 the w died also
 the w's a whore
 the w's deaf, and does not hear
 they are neither man nor w
 think myself a very bad W
 'tis brief as w's love
 'tis w, w, rules us still
 to a w not to show weakness
 tongue good when it a'taw's
 to play the w
 torrent of a w's will
 uncommon pretty young w
 untimely fruit of a w
 very honest w given to lie
 virtuous w is a crown
 vitality in a w
 was never yet fair w
 weak and feeble w
 what is better than a good w
 what is w? agreeable blunders
 what w, however old
 who can find a virtuous w?
 whose heaven shd be true W
 who takes a w must be undone
 who to a w trusts
 wicked w liberty to gad abroad
 wilt thou have this w
 wine, w, and song
 w among all those not found
 w as old as she looks
 w, behold thy son!
 w clothed with the sun
 w for the hearth
 w gained by every sort of
 flattery
 w, gentle w dare
 w had a bottom of good sense
 w hath found him already
 w having an alabaster box
 w in her selfless mood
 W, in the lofty character of Wife
 w in this humour wooed
 w is a dish for the gods
 w is a puzzle to me
 w is at heart a rake
 w in his game
 w is only a w
 w is so hard upon the w
 w is the lesser man
 W last thing civilized by Man
 w like a dew-drop
 w, lovely w, does the same
 w loves her lover
 w may marry whom she likes
 w moved is like a fountain
 w must wear chis
 w of so shining loveliness
 w said when she kissed her cov
 w's at bust a contradiction
 w sat in unwomanly rags
 w's cause is man's
 w's desire is rar'd, other
 w seldom asks advice

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 342b
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 110b
 70b
 440a
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 106a
 437a
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Woman (cont)

w's faith, and w's trust
 w's friendship ever ends in love
 w's happiest knowledge
 w's mind oft shifts
 w's reason to say
 w's whole existence
 w that deliberates is lost
 w that Lord Brutus took to wife
 w to obey
 w true and fair
 w waiting for her demon lover
 w wakes to love
 w well-reputed, Cato's daughter
 w what have I to do with thee?
 w I when I behold thee flippant
 w who did not care
 w who lived in a shoe
 w whom thou gavest with me
 w who wd tell ont that
 w, wine and song
 w with the heart
 w with the West in her eyes
 w yet think him an angel
 wiser spirit a w colour'd ill
 wd it not grieve a w
 yet a w too
 yr wish is w to win
 Woman'd see me w
 Woman-head more than one a bed
 Womanhood good, heroic w
 w and childhood fleet
 Womankind admire of w but one
 faith in w
 I do think better of w
 packs off its w
 the pink o' w
 worst he can of w
 Womanly now is pure w
 so w, her denouncing
 Womb chaste lady's pregnant w
 his mother's w untimely ripped
 immensity in thy dear w
 into her w convey sterility
 like a child from the w
 making their tomb the w
 sadder than the Nubian w
 teeming w of royal kings
 the grave, and the barren w
 w of nature perhaps her grave
 w of uncreated night
 Women Achilles among w
 alas! the love of w
 all w become like their mothers
 all w born are so perverse
 among thy honourable w
 are not w truly, then shadows
 as the weird w promised
 beautiful w of antiquity
 because w have cancers
 blessed art thou among w
 by bad w been deceived
 by subtleties these w ariel
 cry of w rose
 dead dead w, with such har
 devil wd have him about w
 England is a paradise for w
 experience of w many nations
 fairest among w
 fears than wars or w have
 framed to make w false
 from w's eyes this doctrine
 happiest w have no history
 hard for w to keep counsel
 her w fair, her men robust
 in the room the w come and go
 in w cd be fair
 I must have w
 in w, two almost divide
 Italy a hell for w
 jewels make w fat or thin
 Kent, sir hops and w
 lamps shone o'er far w
 learn about w from'er
 learned about w from'er
 Legend of Good W
 let us have wine and w
 let yr w keep silence
 like w's letters in the postscript
 lost and worn, than w are
 loved many strange w

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Marty, pity w
 men and w with our race
 men in w do require
 men that w marry
 men, w, and clergymen
 Monstrous Regiment of W
 my fifty men and w
 not deny'n the w are foolish
 old w (of both sexes)
 one of Shakespeare's w
 opinion of the generality of w
 other w cloy the appetites
 other w know so much
 passing the love of w
 practise with men and w
 proper function of w
 say that I know w
 seven w take hold of one man
 several virtues liked several w
 shame for w to speak
 sick of the hired w
 some w 'll stay in a man's memory
 souls of w are so small
 sweet is revenge, especially to w
 there be w, fair as she
 there's w whom in w
 these, tell-tale w
 though w are angels
 tide in the affairs of w
 to passionate w if it seem
 'twixt w's love, and men's
 two main plagues wine and w
 uniform work its way with the w
 wage no war with w
 were w never so fair
 were w never so false
 we submit to w so
 where w walk in public
 wh w don't understand
 with w the heart argues
 w and care and trouble
 W, and Champagne, and Bridge
 w and elephants never forget
 W and Horses and Power
 w and music - may be dated
 w and wine shd life employ
 w are angels, wooing
 w are a sex by themselves
 w are like tricks
 w are mostly troublesome cattle
 w are so simple to other war
 W are strongest
 w can true converts make
 w care more for a marriage
 w come out to cut up
 w desyrn to have sovereignty
 w do in men require
 w guide the plot
 w have an entertaining tattle
 w have but two passions
 w hav' no characters at all
 w labouring of child
 w more like each other than
 men
 w must be half-workers
 w must weep
 w never look so well
 w of good carriage
 w, then, are only children
 w who love their lords
 w, worst and best
 you shd be w
 Won baffled oft is ever w
 I am too quickly w
 I've w! I've w!
 I've w others to sin
 nothing that nor w
 not that you w or lost
 other palms are w
 she is w! we are gone
 she w, and Cupid blind did rise
 some say that we w
 spirit in wh thy are w
 where will new w
 why, having w her
 woman in this humour
 woman, therefore may be w
 woman, therefore to be w
 Wonder all a w and a wild desire
 all the w that wd be

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ITALIAN

A		L		R	
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		Mezzo nel m del cammuni	566b	Scale per l'altru s	567a
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Chiesa libera C in libero Stato	567a	Muove e pur si m	566b	Speranza lasciate ogni s	566b
			567a	Stato libera Chiesa in libero S	567a
				Stelle riveder le s	566b
D		O		T	
Dolore nessun maggior d	566b	Onorate l'altissimo poeta	566b	Virgilio or se' tu quel V	566b
				Viso sciolto	573b
				Volontate e la sua v.	567a
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		Panc lo p altrui	567a		
		Pensieri stretti ed il viso sciolto	573b		
G					
Galeotto fu il libro	566b	Poeta l'altissimo p	566b		
		Proverai sì come sa di sale	567a		
		Puro è disposto	566b		

SPANISH

C		L	
Caballero de la Triste Figura	567b	Linajes dos l solos hay	567b
F		T	
Figura Caballero de la Triste F	567b	Tenir el t y el no t	567b

GERMAN

A		H		R		
Anders	ich kann nicht a	569a	Hast ohne H , aber ohne Rast	568b	Rast ohne Hast, aber ohne R	568b
B						
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Bedeuten	was soll es b	568b	mein H ist schwer	568a	über allen Gipfeln ist R'	568a
Blätter	grün sind deine B	566b	wenn das H auch bricht	568a		
Blonde Bestie		566b	Herzen zwei H und ein Schlag	568b		
Blut und Eisen		567b	Himmel bestirnte H über mir	568b		
Böse jenseits von Gut und B		569a	Hunde, wollt ihr ewig leben?	568a		
Burg	feste B ist unser Gott	569a				
C		I		S		
Canossa	nach C gehen wir nicht	567b	Italien ist ein geographischer Begriff	569a	Schlag zwei Herzen und ein S	568b
D		K				
Dächern	Z egel auf den D	569a	Kann ich k nicht anders	569a	Schon du bist so s	568a
Deutschland	über alles	568a	kennst du das l and	568a	Seelen zwei S und ein Gedanke	568b
Dinge	zwei D erfüllen das Gemuth	568b	Knochen die gesunden K	567b	zwei S wohnen in meiner Brust	568a
Drang	Sturm und D	568b			Sinn nicht aus dem S	568b
Dummheit	mit der D kämpfen	566b			Sklaven-Moral	569a
Götter					Sturm und Drang	568b
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Eisen	Blut und F	567b	l aub im dunkeln L	568a	Teufel so viel T	568b
			Leben Narr sein L lang	569a	Traurig ich so t bin	568b
F						
Flügel des Gesanges		568b	wollt ihr ewig l?	568a		
Fragen	ich will dich f	568b	Licht mehr l l	568b		
			Liebe was ist denn L?	568b		
		M		V		
			Lorbeer hoch der L steht	568a	Verweile doch! du bist	568a
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G		N		mel		
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Geographischer Begriff		569a				
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Gesetz	moralische G in mir	568b				
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